We Think Caged Birds Sing, When Indeed They Cry

by ValkyrieM

Summary

Godric is saved by another telepath, one whose heart feels the pull of his dead one.

A fic in which Godric lives and how events could have changed due to him surviving.

Notes

Hello!
This is a fic I have been working on for a good long while in my spare time or when I had writer's block on my other stories. I am cleaning out my computer and thought I should go ahead and post this. It will not be updated very regularly but it will be finished...eventually.

The name Birdie is one that is kind of odd, I know. But it is the name/nickname of a very dear human to me and I thought I would honor her in a way by borrowing it for this character.

*I do not own True Blood or The Southern Vampire Mysteries.*

Enjoy. :)

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Chapter 1

Birdie led the donor up to the hotel room that ordered him for the night. She dreaded this part of the job, the part that made her interact with the humans, their minds were so loud. Travis was practically screaming how much he wanted to pleasure the vampire that ordered him off “the menu”. Birdie found it disgusting that he was excited to be someone’s meal. She would never say that out loud because she valued her life and vampires would not take kindly to such thoughts, especially where she worked. The Hotel Carmilla was equal parts a relief and a horror to work at. Birdie was telepathic, she hated it but it was a fact of life. She was a freak, always had been. She had learned early on to keep her mouth shut and pretend like she was just like everyone else. Birdie had noticed that over the years she would come across a few people here and there passing through town whose mind she couldn’t read. It did not take her long to notice that those people were only out at night and seemed to be off slightly. It wasn’t until the vampires “came out of the coffin” a few years back that she actually realized what these people were. She had moved out of her small hometown outside of Dallas and ended up in the big city. Birdie knew it was a risk, she truly did, to work with vampires but the silence they gave her had saved her life.

At times she had thought of jumping off the nearest cliff to end the torment of constantly hearing those around her. She left Gilmer, Texas behind along with everyone that thought she was insane to live in a city where no one knew her. They didn’t know anything about the dark haired girl. She was free of the judging looks or the whispers about her needing to be locked up in the “looney bin”. The tradeoff was that she had to be more careful. If vampires knew what she could do she knew they would do something horrible to her. She didn’t quite know what they would do exactly but she sure as hell did not want to find out.

Birdie was brought back out of her thoughts by the opening of the hotel room door in front of them. A smiley blonde woman with a thick Louisiana accent had opened the door.

“Male. Straight. B-negative.” Birdie told the woman. The woman was not a vampire, at least Birdie didn’t think so. But it wasn’t the dark haired girl’s job to know. She only had to escort this prostitute...erm...Donor to the paying customer and then she was done for the night. She could go home and soak in that bath she wished to be in.

Bonehead beside her smiled widely at the blonde woman. “Hi. I’m Travis” He said in a dopey voice.

Birdie fought the urge to roll her eyes. ‘Surprised you even know your own name, you idiot.’

The man was pretty but boy was he dumb. A redheaded vampire woman zoomed to the door startling Birdie slightly. She thought she would get used to their speed but it still shocked her when she was not ready for it.

“That’s for me,” The redhead said with a coy smile as she chewed nervously on her thumb. She reached out a hand to dumb-ass Travis and the two disappeared into the adjoining bedroom.

The blonde woman stared at their retreating forms. ‘What am I supposed to do? I know Bill doesn’t want her to do this. How old is he anyway? He looks barely legal’.

Travis did look young, Birdie had to agree with the woman. But he was of age. “He’s 21”. She answered the girls thought.

The blonde woman whipped her head towards her and stared at her with a small smile on her face. ‘It’s almost like you read my mind’. The woman thought.
That is because I did read your mind. Damnit, Birdie! Just smile and act like it's a coincidence. Worst case scenario you can convince her she did speak out loud. Keep your stupid mouth shut. This is why you should never get overtired. You are gonna get yourself killed, stupid girl'. Birdie chastised herself and fought the urge to slap herself.

"But it's not a coincidence." The blonde said aloud.

Birdie’s fight or flight instincts kicked in and she chose flight. Turning on her small black heels she sped down the hall.

"Birdie! Birdie, wait!" the blonde woman yelled behind her.

' Oh shoot! Shoot! Shoot! Shoot! She is following me. Dammit. What are you? Please don't hurt me’ Birdie yelled internally and picked up her pace.

The blonde woman had her cornered at the elevators and grabbed at her arm. “I am the last person you should be afraid of. And I'm so pleased to make your acquaintance. Sookie Stackhouse.”

Birdie nodded and pressed the elevator button again, the blonde looked nice enough, but she was not taking any chances. When the elevator didn’t open immediately she decided to take the stairs. “Gotta go.” she voiced as she darted around Sookie towards the stairwell.

“We have to talk about this” Sookie said excitedly, following Birdie's every move.

Birdie shook her head and rubbed at the sweat collecting on her forehead. “No we don’t” the dark haired girl stopped and nodded to the man walking down the hall. “Good evening, sir,” she said as pleasantly as possible. The man walked right through the two women.

“Well excuse you.” Ms. Southern Belle beside her said in a sassy tone towards the man.

Birdie grabbed her arm and shook it, “Don’t do that!”

“He didn't hear. He's glamoured, can't you tell? Listen. His mind's full of fog and disco music. By the way, they can't glamour me. Can they glamour you?” Sookie was clearly thrilled by their association but Birdie was anything but thrilled.

“No, but I fake it.” Birdie said firmly. She was flustered and this woman would just not shut up!

‘You ever hear vampire thoughts?’

Birdie slapped a hand over Sookie’s mouth and looked around her waiting for the vampires to descend. “God, no. Do not even say that out loud!”

“Oh. I didn’t” Sookie said around Birdie’s hand.

The dark haired woman ripped her hand back and attempted to calm herself by rubbing at the nonexistent wrinkles in her black sheath dress uniform. “Listen, I don't know what little fried-corn-on-the-cob town you're from, or what candy-ass vampires you're with, but this is Dallas, baby.” Birdie’s whispered harshly trying in vain to get the country bumpkin in front of her to understand the gravity of the situation. “Dallas vamps are scary as shit.”

“So are mine thank you very much,” Sookie said indignantly and crossed her arms over her chest. “I had to learn pretty quick how to handle myself.”

Birdie shook her head and breathed harshly through her nose. This girl was just not getting it. “If
they knew what we could do they would suck us dry!"

“They’d do worse than that. You think I don’t know? That’s why we need to swap stories. We can help each other.” Sookie said excitedly.

Birdie put her hands out in front of her in a “stop” motion to keep Sookie from following her as she escaped down the stairwell. “I don’t want any help! You can’t tell anyone about me, please” Birdie was never one to beg but in this instance, she would do what she needed to. After getting the pleading words out she ran.

The dark haired girl clocked out quickly and then sprinted to her car. Throwing her purse in and then sped out of the parking lot. She tried to control her breathing on the way towards her small one bedroom apartment. When she got home she locked the door behind her and began to calm ever so slightly but not entirely until she had donned her silver cross and rings. On the off chance that a vampire had heard her and country-bumpkin-with-the-loudest-mouth-ever talking and had followed her she wanted to be prepared.

Now it was time to think. She liked where she lived for the most part but she was not overly attached if she was being honest with herself. If necessary she could flee, she had always wanted to check out Florida or maybe California. She went over to her little safe and pulled out all the cash she had. She could make it to California and get an apartment with her savings.

‘ You could do it if you need to.’ she told herself in way of a pep talk.

The dark haired girl had no family in Dallas, hell she had no family left at all. All she had had was her daddy but he had died in a car accident a few years back. She didn’t have many friends if any because of her disability. Why keep around a friend who thinks bad thoughts about you, questioning your intelligence or is constantly thinking how much prettier she was than you? ‘ No thank you. I am fine by myself.’

Birdie set up a plan for the next day. She would return to work and hope southern-legally-blond was checked out of the hotel so she could resume her life again. If that was not the case and the blonde started more trouble Birdie would quit and move on to California. Playing with fire had never been something she enjoyed and she was not about to start now, or so she thought.

The next morning Birdie got to work early and began her business for the day. She was just setting up breakfast for the humans when a familiar mind popped up in her own.

‘ Fuck ’ Birdie groaned internally.

‘ Well that’s not very ladylike ’ Sookie thought back at her.

Birdie chose not to answer, she didn’t even raise her head.

“So this is a continental breakfast,” Blondie said with a large smile.

Birdie tried to will the woman away but when that didn’t work she went for rude. “Yeah, what’s wrong with it?”

“I just thought it would be more...well continental,” Sookie said in that annoyingly chirpy voice.

“Well, the danishes are danish. And they are free.” Birdie said in a bored voice.

“Free!?” Sookie practically clapped. “I didn’t know that. Would it be alright if I...?” the blonde
reached for the danish.

“Yeah, whatever.” Birdie growled and turned her back.

“Now Birdie, cute name by the way. Let’s get to it.”

Birdie whirled on the blonde woman. “Why won’t you just leave me alone?” The dark haired girl could feel her eyes beginning to water. She was scared and this girl was a loose cannon who was going to blow up her life. She just knew it.

“Because I have never met a telepath! Have you?” Sookie said excitedly.

“No. And don’t say that word.” Birdie answered shortly. It was the middle of the day so the vamps were sleeping but you never know what their day men might find interesting to tell their masters.

“It's what you are. Nobody else knows what it's like to be us. We need to stick together. It's nothing to be ashamed of”. Sookie beamed.

“Yes, it is. My life is hell. I can't do anything normal people do. If I'm not around a bunch of vampires, I can't hardly think and then I am scared all the time because they are vampires and I am just...so tired.” Birdie huffed. Why was she opening up to this woman? She didn’t know.

“I used to feel exactly the same. Like I had a disability.” Sookie rubbed at her arm gently.

“More like a curse.” Birdie fought off the tears threatening to spill over as she remembered her life.

“But lately, since I met my boyfriend, it seems like telepathy can come in handy sometimes. You can even make a little money. I'm starting to see it in a whole new way.” The blonde said happily.

“Then you're even crazier than I am.” Birdie whispered back as she saw another woman approaching.

The lady was practically screaming in her mind about her Brazilian wax and how bad it hurt. Then she thought about finding a vampire sugar daddy and wanting to be bit. Birdie rolled her eyes at that thought and wished once more that she could get rid of this curse.

‘Concentrate. Shut her out. Concentrate so hard your hair hurts, till everything goes quiet. Concentrate… ’ Sookie chanted in her mind.

‘Quit it!’ Birdie answered back in an irritated mental tone. She looked up to the woman with the Brazilian wax walking their way.

“Do you know if Hotel Carmilla's hiring? There wasn't anybody at the desk”. Wanna-be-sugar-baby asked.

“No, ma'am, we're fully staffed, but you can fill out an application and we'll keep it on file. Come with me.” Birdie hated being kind to these dumb bimbos but it was part of the job. She gestured towards the front desk and moved to walk behind the woman when Sookie grabbed her arm.

“You can control it.”

“I wish it was true.” Birdie said with a soft sigh

“Birdie, it is. I can teach you how”. Sookie gripped her hand harder.

“There's enough people in my brain already. Bye, Sookie.” Birdie whispered and went after the
other woman looking for the front desk.

She had tall, anorexic and stupid fill out an application and then went about her work day. By the time two o’clock hit, her shift was over and she entered her manager's office. Quitting was surprisingly easier than she had thought. They had no need to glamor her because they had just done the weekly glamor after the last “vampire rage in the lobby” incident and they had no idea she could not be glamoured. She gathered her things from her locker and scheduled a time to pick up her next check for the following day then made her exit.

She hustled home and started going through the motions of picking up her life again. It wasn’t the first and probably wouldn’t be the last. Birdie packed all necessities, clothes, shoes and the few photographs she had of her family. It took all of three hours to have all of her belongings packed and ready to go. She had never truly settled into the small apartment in Dallas. A part of her knew she was never going to be able to stay in one place long now that Vampires had made themselves known.

The dark haired girl had never truly known what she was but she did know that the vampires should never find out what she could do. Her father had been very clear about that after the vampires had come out. She had asked him time and time again if he knew what she was but he swore up and down that he didn’t. Only that she was special and it should stay a guarded secret, especially from vampires. He died a year after that and she always wondered if he died at the hands of a vampire. She had been told more than once that she smelled delicious to vampires and she wondered if she was not the only one that smelled amazing to them.

Shaking the thought from her mind, the dark haired girl grabbed the last of the photo albums and placed it in the box. Inside was the only picture of her grandfather, Fintan. Grandma was a nurse in the Vietnam war sent to the front lines as a combat nurse. Her husband had died in the jungles of Thua Thien, leaving her a twenty-two-year-old widow. It was after that and on the front lines that she met Fintan. He had joined the fight after his heart had been broken. The two were both lonely and took pleasure in one another to appease that loneliness. It wasn’t until the end of the war that her grandmother had found out she was three months pregnant and by then she couldn’t find Fintan. She had tried for a few years, according to Birdie’s father. But she could never find him and gave up trying after Birdie’s father, John, was four years old. There was only one picture of the man who sired her father. He was tall, blonde and handsome, especially in his uniform. In the picture, he was smiling with his arm around her grandmother’s shoulders. You could still see the sadness in both of their eyes but on the outside, they looked happy. According to her grandmother, Fintan swore that she looked like his former lover, Addy. Birdie didn’t find it a compliment but her grandmother did. But what did Birdie know? She had never been in a relationship, due to her curse it made dating impossible.

Birdie sighed wistfully and crawled into bed. She would be gone soon. She had two more days left in Dallas and then she would be on her way to California.

The following day when she picked up her check things were smooth and she felt like she could breathe once again as she left the Hotel Carmilla. Twenty-four hours and then she would never have to see the place again. The rest of her day was spent saying goodbye to places that had brought her peace in her time in the city. Cedar Ridge Preserve was one of her favorite places for quiet and she went to bid it a teary goodbye. She cheered herself up by thinking of all the fun things she could do at the beach. Maybe she could save up enough money and get a boat. Just her and the ocean, pure bliss in its lack of minds that drabble on.

Something kept nagging at the back of her mind as she packed her car the following afternoon. It
was something that Sookie had said. ‘You can even make a little bit of money...you can learn to control it’.

Birdie could even hear the country bumpkins thick accent in her mind. “Ughhhhhhh!” The prospect of being able to control this thing raging in her mind was enticing as was the money. But did she truly want to be surrounded by the supernatural her entire life? The answer should have been a big fat “NO” but for some reason she paused. Maybe if she was around the candy ass vampires of Louisiana it wouldn’t be that bad.

‘Hell no, Birdie! Do not let them tempt you. Get in your car and go.’ she chastised herself and pushed away the tug on her brain to stay in Dallas and seek out Sookie.

Birdie jumped into her car and began to drive to California. She was near two hours out when the distinct sound of Sookie came into her mind.

‘Birdie? Birdie, can you hear me? You've got to help me. I need you to go to the hotel and find Bill Compton and tell him I'm at the Fellowship of the Sun Church in the basement. The sheriff is here somewhere and I'm in big trouble. Please, don't ignore me. This is a life or death situation. Please.’

“Fuckkkkkkkkk” Birdie growled and pounded on the steering wheel as she whipped around on the freeway and sped back towards Hotel Carmilla. By the time she made it back to the hotel the sun was beginning to set. The dark haired girl climbed out of her car and gritted her teeth.

‘I swear to god, Sookie. If I get killed because of this shit I am going to come back and haunt your ass.’ There was no response from the blonde telepath which spurred Birdie on faster. She picked Mr. Bill Comptons room number off of Jenny working the front desk and went running up towards his room. She took a deep breath before she knocked on the door.

There was a moment of silence before a woman answered her in a sugar-sweet voice that was sure to kill any diabetic in the area. “Yes?”

Birdie fought herself to get the words out. Fingers crossed she didn’t die for this. “I have a message for Bill Compton, is he there?” She asked through the door.

Another pause before Mrs. Death by Sugar answered. “I’m sorry, he is tied up right now. I’ll be happy to pass the message along.”

Birdie sighed in relief. “Tell him Sookie Stackhouse is in the basement of the Fellowship of the Sun Church. She said the sheriff’s there and she's in some kind of trouble.”

The dark haired girl jumped as the door behind her shut. She turned and hightailed it towards the elevator as she talked to Sookie in her mind. ‘Sookie, you hear me? This is the last time I'm doin’ you and your vampire buddies a favor, so don't even...’

Her thought was cut off when she was grabbed and thrown over someone’s shoulder. She thrashed and squirmed trying to get away but the large man had a painful grip on her. When the elevator doors closed and he set her down, she saw who her kidnapper was. It was a huge blonde vampire with red-rimmed eyes. She shrunk back from him as far as she could get.

“How did you get the message from Sookie?” The large man peered into her eyes trying to glamor her. She did her best to fake it but before she could even open her mouth he saw right through her.

“You can not be glamoured, can you?” He growled in a deep voice.

‘Great. This is how I go. Eaten in an elevator like fast food. Prepare for me to haunt your ass,
Sookie!’ Birdie growled internally shutting her eyes tightly not wanting to see what was going to happen.

“I will spare your life human. If you help me get to the Sheriff and Sookie.” He clicked his fangs down before continuing. “Or I can kill you now.”

“Okay,” She said shakily. “I’ll help you.”
Birdie had been abducted by the big blonde vampire and they were soon speeding towards the Fellowship of the Sun in what she assumed was his sports car.

“Can you hear her?” He growled at her.

‘Fuck. Do I fess up to the mind reading or pretend to be stupid? He knows you can’t be glamoured.’ She went back and forth until he growled loudly at her making her bladder work very hard to not release itself all over the car’s seat in fear. “No. I can’t hear her. I heard her as I was leaving town and turned around and came back to deliver that message to her boyfriend or whatever the hell he is” Birdie stammered nervously.

“Keep trying to contact her.” The blonde vampire ordered.

Birdie nodded excessively and continued to dig in her mind as roads passed them at incredible speeds. ‘ Sookie!? Sookie!? Please fucking answer me. I am about to be a vampire meal for your ass and I need you to answer so I can live. Come on Sookie!’ She cried through their mental bond.

It wasn’t until they were a few miles out from the church that she could dip into the blonde’s mind.

“She is scared.” Birdie said alarmed. She practically screamed as she heard Sookie’s screams in her own mind. The dark haired girl rubbed at her temples in pain.

“What is happening?” The vampire growled in anger but she detected fear in there as well.

“There is a big man. She thinks he is going to rape her. She is trying to figure out how to fight him off.” Birdie felt tears sting her eyes at the fear flooding her mind, not to mention the mental images.

The vampire driving roared through the car making Birdie jump near a foot. She dipped back into Sookie’s mind as the view of the church came up in front of them. “She is wondering what a man named Godric is doing in her cell...He saved her from Gabe” Birdie sagged in her seat with relief. That is until she was forcefully grabbed from the seat and thrown over the man’s shoulder again.

“Where is she?” He asked her angrily.

“Downstairs I think. It looks like a dungeon slash storage room with concrete walls.” Birdie answered quickly fear clogging her voice as she pulled up Sookie’s mental images. Wind rushed past her as the man ran at vampire speeds into the church. He stopped in the lobby and quirked an ear, then sped towards a hidden set of doors and down the stairs. When he reached the bottom he practically threw Birdie to the ground, only her quick reflexes had her landing on her feet and keeping her balance. The large blonde man knelt in front of a shorter vampire wearing a linen shirt and pants set. His shirt was open by a few buttons showing a strong muscled chest with a tattoo that resembled a necklace of sorts. When her blue eyes traveled up to his face she saw he was young looking, but most likely not that young. You truly never knew with vampires.

“You were a fool for sending humans after me, Eric”. The young man, Godric she assumed, said to the blonde vampire kneeling at his feet.

‘ So that is my kidnapper's name’ The dark haired girl thought with a shake of her head.

‘ He kidnapped you?’ Sookie asked in her mind.
*Yes. He took me after I delivered your message to Bill and that woman he had in his room* Birdie didn’t understand why the words had Sookie wincing.

“I had no other choice. These savages they...they seek to destroy you”. Eric explained head still bent to who Birdie assumed was his maker.

“I'm aware of what they've planned,” Godric said in a voice as smooth as rich honey. That rich honey voice was paired with an accent that was sure to make any female's knees week. Birdie felt her heart beat a little faster at the sound. “This one betrayed you,” Godric spoke, pointing to an unconscious man on the ground.

Sookie piped up then. “He's with the fellowship. They set a trap for us”.

“How long has it been since you've fed?” Eric ignored Sookie, instead choosing to look over his maker.

“I require very little blood anymore”. Godric explained and ran a hand over the blonde’s head in a fatherly manner. Birdie was about to pipe up that they should get the hell out of there when the lights began to flicker and an alarm blared through the space.

Godric looked up and seemed to have seen her for the first time. His eyes widened ever so slightly and he blinked a few times before looking back down at the blonde man. “Save the humans.” Then he locked eyes with Sookie first and then Birdie. “Go with him”

‘*You don’t have to tell me twice*. Birdie thought.

Sookie ran over and grabbed Birdie’s hand pulling her towards the stairwell. “Come on! We have to go, Eric!”

“Spill no blood on the way out, min son”. That smooth honey voice commanded the blonde and soon Eric was racing ahead of them. They stopped at the top of the stairwell and looked out to see four rednecks with stakes and guns guarding the front door that would lead to freedom.

“Brothers and sisters, we are on lockdown. Women with children, please take them to our classroom buildings. Men, and able-bodied women, security personnel will provide you with stakes and silver just outside the chapel. Our Soldiers of the Sun are on their way to protect our church but safely evacuate the building now. Brothers and sisters, the hour is upon us!” A high and mighty voice came over the loudspeaker making Birdie wish to plug her ears.

“I could have you both out in seconds”. Eric began to strategize.

“There are kids out there”. Sookie cried.

“All those humans wouldn't think twice about hurting us”. Eric’s eyes bore into Sookie’s making Birdie think that perhaps there was some sexual tension there.

The blonde woman must have heard her because she looked over with narrowed eyes. “Why didn't you bring Bill with you?”

It was Eric that answered her question. “His attachment to you is irrational. It clouds his judgment. He would kill every child in this church to save you”.

“Why aren't you?” The blonde woman challenged.

“I'm following Godric's orders and getting you out, that's all”.
“Godric is his maker” Birdie supplied to the blonde.

“He’s your maker isn’t he?” Sookie questioned.

“Don't use words you don't understand”. Eric growled as he eyed the four redneck guards.

“You love him”. Sookie said softly.

“Do not use words I do not understand”. Eric chastised her softly.

Birdie had had enough of this talk, she was itching to get the hell out of this place. She saw her chance and took it walking out towards the guards ignoring Sookie’s mental calls to retreat.

“Hiya. I was in the washroom when the announcement was made and I am so lost.” Birdie said in a pitiful voice. The four men looked at her critically as if not sure what to do with her. She decided now was the time to lay it on thick. “Please, I am so scared! I heard there was a vampire on the loose and I am terrified. I don’t wanna be some fanger’s snack!” Tears fell down her cheeks and the men immediately lowered their weapons to give her their full attention.

“Come on, darlin’. I’ll take ya to the classrooms”. The largest man wrapped an arm around her shoulders. It was then that Eric attacked. He was swift in knocking all four men unconscious. Birdie wiped at her tears and looked over at Eric getting a nod of approval and a smirk from the vampire. She peered out the window to see men with crossbows. She ducked back and looked over at Eric.

“They are everywhere. They all have crossbows with wooden arrows.”

Sookie grabbed Eric’s hand. “Quick through the sanctuary.” The trio ran towards the sanctuary which ended up just being a large chapel with huge glass windows.

“Where is the exit?” Eric asked pulling Birdie along behind them. She wanted to tell him to get the hell off her but she did not want to get left behind with these redneck freaks. She may have been kidnapped by the big blonde dead man but he was tied to Sookie and if she started screaming for help Sookie would be in big trouble, probably Birdie as well. The men here looked more like shoot first, pray for their souls later type of people.

The jumble of minds reached Birdie’s just as the large doors slammed shut behind them. Revealing none other than the vampire-hating Reverend, Mr. Steve Newlin and a large group of lackeys. “There are several exits, actually. For you, the easiest one takes you straight to hell.”

Birdie once again cursed Sookie Stackhouse for getting her elbow deep in this bull shit.

“Let us leave. No one needs to die!” Sookie pled. Eric’s fangs were out and he was prepared to die fighting it seemed.

“The war has begun you evil whore of Satan. You vampires cast the first stone by killing my family. The lines have been drawn. You're either with us or against us. We are prepared for Armageddon”. Steve looked like he was giving a sermon up at the pulpit as he glared at them.

“The vampire you're holding prisoner got away. He's a sheriff. He's bound to send for help”. Birdie piped up hoping to scare the reverend into letting them go. At that moment multiple men stepped forwards and grabbed roughly at both her and Sookie holding weapons to their faces. They would not have been able to advance so quickly without Eric tearing them to shreds if it were not for the rifle's pointed at their hearts.

“I'm not concerned with Godric. Any vampire would do for our grand celebration, and we got one
right here”. He pointed to Eric with a maniacal look on his face.

Both Sookie and Birdie’s eyes landed on Eric in horror.

“I’ll be fine”. He assured them in a soothing tone that did nothing to soothe them whatsoever.

He walked toward the altar sending glances back at Sookie to comfort her. He was silvered and only winced at the pain as they shoved him down on his back onto the altar.

‘Why is he doing this?’ Birdie asked Sookie.

‘To save us’ Sookie’s mental voice was full of tears.

“Brothers and sisters, there will be a holy bonfire at dawn!” Steve roared happily.

Eric groaned in pain as his flesh sizzled where the silver rested.

“You see? Just as our Lord, our Savior, was betrayed for 30 pieces of silver, a few ounces of silver can betray a child of Satan to the world!”

“That doesn't make any sense. How can you people listen to him?” Sookie yelled out.

“Dumb rednecks will believe anything he says. They are too stupid to think, Sookie. If they had the brains to open the bible and read for themselves they would see this asshole is full of bullshit and hate.” Birdie growled and spit at Newlin. She was rewarded with a punch to the side from one of her captors.

‘What has gotten into you?’ Sookie asked her with a small hint of approval.

Birdie wondered herself perhaps it was the fact that she had accepted she was going to die tonight and she wanted to speak her mind. ‘I don’t know’ She answered truthfully.

“I offer myself in exchange for Godric’s freedom. And the girls as well”. Eric said in a strong voice.

“That’s noble. But they are just as culpable as you are. Both are traitors to their race. The human race. They hardly deserve our mercy. Maybe we should tie the blonde to you so you can meet the sun together. Hope this marshmallow will roast up nicely. The dark haired one we will keep around for the next bonfire.” Newlin ran a finger down Birdie’s face near her mouth. She moved her face swiftly and bit down on his finger viciously. He yelped loudly and stepped back trying to staunch the blood flow.

‘If I am going to die it might as well be tonight. No way, no how, am I gonna be stuck in this shithole by myself.’ Birdie answered Sookie’s unasked question about her ferocity. Her fight or flight instincts had obviously chosen to fight this time.

Just as Newlin was about to slap Birdie the doors opened to reveal a dark haired vampire.

“Sookie!” The vampire cried out.

"Bill!” Sookie cried out and smiled warmly at him.

Noticing this reaction Newlin quickly pulled a gun from his belt and aimed it between Sookie’s eyes. “One more step, Vampire, and the girl dies.”

“If you shoot her, everybody here will die! Let her go now”. Bill growled in a deep southern accent.
“Honestly, what do they see in you?” Steve asked Sookie in a bewildered tone. “Soldiers, some silver chains for our friend here”.

“Don't, he's done nothing to you!” Sookie cried out.

“Sookie, I'll be fine”. Bill tried to soothe her.

Birdie began to pray for a miracle. That miracle came in the form of a blonde man with tight jeans that hugged his every muscle and curve.

“Newlin!” the man yelled from the upper balcony. Then a shot was fired. Birdie shut her eyes tightly waiting for the sound of impact. When she creaked open her eyes she saw Newlin, gun knocked out of his hand, dancing around shaking his hand as if it hurt. When she looked closer she saw a paintball had splattered on his flesh.

“Let em go, fuckwad!” The man in the balcony demanded then let off another shot right between Newlins eyes knocking him to the ground while he cried out in pain.

‘Serves you right, you bastard.’ Birdie thought smugly. She roughly pulled against her captor's hands and they let her go seeing their general on the ground. Birdie rubbed at her side as she hobbled up to Eric. Sookie moved to follow but was called back by Bill.

As quickly as she dared she pulled off the silver. Birdie held back the urge to vomit as the flesh came up with the silver chains. “I’m sorry” she whispered as she peeled them off. Eric grimaced in response.

Eric was up and zoomed to pick Newlin up by his throat.

“Don’t kill him!” Sookie cried out.

Balcony man with the paint gun screamed the opposite. "Fucking kill the bastard!"

“Go ahead. Murder us. Murder us before God. We are willing to die”. Newlin said in that creepy way that only cult leaders know how.

Birdie listened in and heard quite a few objections to that. “I don’t think they agree with you” She tilted her head towards the shocked members of his mini-mob.

The doors opened and multiple vampires stalked into the room.

‘Fuck me. Here we go’ Birdie groaned internally.

‘Stan? Who are those with him?’ Sookie asked her fellow telepath.

‘Vampires of Texas, baby.’ Birdie answered sarcastically but with no small amount of fear.

“Steve Newlin! You have pushed us too far. You expect us to sit on our thumbs while you round up your men to come lynch us? We'll kill you first. Same way we did your father”. Digging in Sookie’s mind showed Birdie that the vampire speaking was, in fact, the Stan she had mentioned earlier.

“Murderers!” Steven wheezed clawing at Eric’s hand on his throat.

Stan, the vampire dressed in full black cowboy regalia, laughed. “Destroy. All of them” He ordered the vampires around him.

Birdie felt fear jump up her throat. ‘This is the shit I was talking about, Sookie!’ She screamed
“We need to go now,” Bill ordered Sookie and grasped her hand to pull her to the back of the church. Sookie grabbed Birdie’s wrist to anchor herself against Bill’s pulls. Birdie looked at Bill and saw him shoot her a look of annoyance.

“Bill, Eric, Stop them!” Sookie cried out.

The vampires swarmed then each grabbing a human. Fangs were exposed and cries were ringing in the chapel.

“Enough!” A commanding voice spoke over the crowd. Birdie shifted her blue eyes up to see Godric standing on the balcony overlooking the entire chapel. Everyone stopped immediately much to Birdie’s surprised. “You came for me I assume, Underling,” Godric asked Stan.

“Yes, Sheriff”. Stan grumbled.

“These people have not harmed me. You see? We can coexist. Mr. Newlin, I do not wish to create bloodshed when none is called for. Help me set an example. If we leave you in peace, will you do the same?” the honey-voiced vampire asked diplomatically.

“I will not negotiate with subhumans! Kill me. Do it. Jesus will protect me.” Steve answered.

“I am actually older than your Jesus. I wish I could have known him, but I missed it’.

‘Damn he is old’. Birdie thought.

‘I know right?’ Sookie answered amazed.

“I daresay my faith in humankind is stronger than yours,” Godric said gently and turned to gaze at her. She felt heat flood her cheeks at the attention and her heart beat faster.

‘Should I bow? Do I need to curtsy?’ she wondered as he walked towards her. ‘Fuck fuck fuck what do I do?’

“I thank you for your help,” Godric said to her with a soft smile as he reached out for her hand. Her pulse went wild when he touched her skin. “You do not need to fear me.” He whispered to her as he raised her hand to his lips and pressed a soft kiss to it.

She nodded not knowing what else to say. It is not like she could tell him it had absolutely nothing to do with fear but that her body apparently had a death wish as it called out in a primal way to the ancient vampire.

“My Childe dragged you here, did he not?” Godric asked.

“Yes, he did.” She said with slight annoyance because he did physically drag her here.

Godric cracked a smile that made her knees a little weak. “I will make sure you are safely deposited back where you were taken from after the meeting in my nest.”
“Thank you.” She whispered and squeezed the hand she realized (with some embarrassment) she was still holding. He gave her a soft nod before turning back to his child and speaking rapidly in what she thought might be Swedish but she didn’t know for certain.

Eric stomped up to her and grabbed her arm to pull her towards the car. “Eric, mild (gentle)” Godric’s voice floated up from behind them. Eric nodded and released his sharp hold on her arm, opting to instead drape an arm over her much shorter shoulders in a casual manner. She didn’t know which was worse.

As she was walked out of the building she looked around for Sookie and saw her being pulled towards another car by Bill.

‘I’ll meet you at the party. Don’t leave yet, please. I want to talk to you.’ Sookie pled.

Birdie nodded her head. ‘Okay.’ she answered. She didn’t know why. She should be running for the beaches of California as she planned but something was holding her here.

The ride to the nest was near silent apart from some muttered words between Godric and Eric in Swedish. She felt tired, so exhausted. This was not how she had imagined this day going. The car pulled up in front of a nice looking modern home and piles of vampires jumped out of cars and into the home.

‘What have I gotten myself into?’ she groaned internally.

Godric opened her door and helped her out of the car. She thanked him softly and followed behind him and Eric as they walked into the home. Her eyes immediately sought out Sookie when they entered and she sighed in relief. She shouldn’t feel this happy to see a woman that had gotten her in so much trouble but she did feel happy to see her. She felt a strange type of kinship with her.

‘Well near death experiences do make people grow closer.’ Sookie answered in her mind.

Despite herself, Birdie chuckled. She was beside the blonde now and the woman threw an arm around her shoulders as if they were the best friends in the world. The balcony man with the paintball gun was also there beside Sookie.

“Birdie, meet my brother, Jason Stackhouse.”

Jason, the tall blonde, lusciously muscled, man gave her a wink and shook her hand. “Well hello there, Darlin’.” His voice dripped with sex making Birdie blush. Sookie smacked him and rolled her eyes.

“Oh, I need to go speak with, Mr. Godric,” Jason said as he noticed people lining up to speak with the vampire. He quickly left, leaving the two girls alone together.

“Thank you,” Sookie said sincerely and wrapped her arms around the younger woman.

Birdie tried not to choke up but it was hard. She was exhausted, surrounded by vampires and vulnerable. And to top it all off she had not actually been hugged since her father had died, it felt better than she had expected.

“Oh sweetie, that is horrible,” Sookie said aloud and rubbed at Birdie’s back soothingly.

‘It is so weird to have you read my mind’ Birdie said to the other telepath. ‘Maybe I do need to learn some things from you. Like how to block people out...’
Sookie pulled back with a bright smile on her face. “You have changed your mind!?” ‘you could come to Louisiana. I know you don’t work at the Carmilla anymore. You could stay with me! Oh, we could have so much fun’ Sookie gushed via the mind link.

“I have always wanted to see Louisiana…But I can afford to get my own place, I think.” Birdie told her with a small smile.

Sookie squealed quietly and pulled Birdie into a hug. Birdie smiled widely at Sookie and felt her chest began to grow warm. It felt strange to have a friend. But that is what the country bumpkin was now, right?

‘Yes, we are! Though I do resent the country bumpkin comment’ Sookie said in an amused tone.

Sookie saw Bill talking with someone else across the room and decided to approach him. She looked over at Birdie as if she was contemplating staying for the younger girl.

“Go. I am fine.” Birdie assured her with a wave. She stood back and watched as Sookie and her boyfriend spoke rapidly. She could not hear from here but she was sure it was not the easiest going conversation. Especially when Eric walked up and all three began to speak. Birdie could hear all of the names Sookie was calling Eric in her mind and had to stifle a laugh at her creativity.

“What are you laughing about over here all by your lonesome, darlin’?” Jason asked as he came up beside her.

“Oh, no reason. I’m gettin’ delirious, I guess. Overly tired and all that.” Birdie answered with a small smile. It was the truth, she was so exhausted she could hardly even think straight. That might be why she had now agreed to move to the backwoods of Louisiana instead of the beaches of California. ‘I wonder if it is too late to back out now…’

‘It is absolutely too late! You need training, Birdie! We could help each other.’ Sookie practically yelled through their minds. She excused herself from Eric and Bills side to march back over to Birdie.

“Hey, Sook.” Jason smiled at his sister and tipped his beer. “You want one?” He asked his sister.

Sookie shook her head so he turned towards their dark-haired companion. “You?” He asked.

“Yeah, If you wouldn’t mind.” Birdie smiled softly at the beautiful blonde man. He gave her a winning smile before turning around.

“Do not even think about it. I love my brother but he is a horn dog.” Sookie said as she saw Birdie’s blue eyes focused on Jason’s retreating form as he walked into the kitchen to get her a beer.

“I wouldn’t dream of it! He is your brother and I feel no attraction for him. He is just...pretty.” Birdie answered for lack of a better word.

Sookie chuckled “Oh I am sure he would just love to hear that you think he is pretty.”

The two girls laughed with one another as their eyes roved over the celebration. Isobel entered the room dragging a worse for wear looking Hugo. She plopped him in front of Godric as a hush fell over the home.

“This is the one who betrayed us”. Isobel said in a strong voice that was liable to break at any moment.
Godric looked down at the man from where he was seated. “Hugo. He's your human, is he not?”

“Yes, he is”. She answered thickly.

The ancient vampire looked between the two before settling his eyes on Isobel. “Do you love him?”

Godric caught the Spanish woman off guard and she stumbled to answer through the blood tears leaking down her face. “I... I thought I did”.

“It appears you love him still”. Godric told her softly.

“I do. I'm sorry. But you are my sheriff. Do with him as you please”.

The room was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. “You are free to go”. Godric said down to the human.

‘Woah.’ Sookie and Birdie thought at the same time.

“What?!” Stan snarled from his spot behind Hugo.

“The human is free to go. And do not return. I fear it is not safe for you here”. Godric answered calmly.

“This is a travesty”. Stan growled.

For the first time since she set eyes on him, Godric’s face became hard. “This is my verdict. Eric, escort them out. Make sure he leaves unharmed”.

“Yes, Godric,” Eric answered obediently.

“Thank you. Thank you, sheriff.” Isobel said around her tears.

Eric yanked up Hugo and walked him out of the home. The party went back into full swing after that.

“What was that about?” Sookie asked.

“Godric is sheriff and he has the authority to…” Bill spoke behind them making Birdie jump near a mile in the air.

“I mean, with Eric. Why are you talking to him if he kidnapped you?”

Birdie realized this was not a conversation she wanted to be privy to so she began to edge away from them.

“It wasn't Eric.” Bill sighed loudly.

“Then who was it?” Sookie asked angrily.

Birdie was out of hearing range by then. Jason found his way to her side with her beer in hand. “You even old enough for this?” He asked once he handed it to her.

“My I.D. says I am.” Birdie said in way of answer.

She didn’t want to tell him she was only eighteen and that her fake I.D. said she was twenty-one. She had always been an old soul, mature beyond her years. Why did it matter that she wait till she
was twenty-one to drink when she had to take on the responsibility of one much, much older than her?

“Well alright then,” Jason said with a smirk and tapped the neck of his bottle to hers. He took a deep swig before sauntering away towards Bill and Sookie.

Birdie held up the wall and tried to look completely unspectacular so as not to bring attention to herself. Her guards may be up and she may not be as high strung as she normally would be at the Carmilla but she should be. She surveyed the room, her eyes immediately seeking out Godric. He was fascinating to her. He seemed so peaceful but also so incredibly sad. She saw him sitting in his throne-like chair with Eric kneeling on one knee beside him speaking softly. The blonde man looked very concerned over his maker.

Birdie saw Jason and Bill leave Sookie in the middle of the room by herself to go walk outside. ‘Need some company?’

‘God yes.’ Sookie answered.

The dark haired girl made her way to Sookie’s side and the two stood quietly, well it appeared they were quiet. They were having a grand old time speaking to each other through their thoughts.

‘I could get you a job at Merlotte’s. It’s a little joint I work at.’ Sookie supplied.

‘Surrounded by drunk rednecks all night, no thanks. I will find something. Don’t you worry about me. I have been taking care of myself for a while now.’ Birdie answered.

Sookie was about to answer when a vampire woman approached them.

“Hello, there. I’m Lorena”. The tall woman with raven hair spoke. Her voice was slightly grating to Birdie’s ears. She recognized her as the voice from Bill’s hotel room.

“Nice to meet you. This is my friend Birdie and I’m Sookie.”

“Yes. You are what all the fuss is about.” Lorena spoke never taking her eyes off of Sookie’s face. Birdie’s eyebrows shot up in surprise.

“Excuse me?” Sookie said in her sweet southern accent.

“Aren’t you a morsel”. Lorena added a bite to the end of her words.

“I’m sorry. Who are you?” Sookie was losing her patience. It was coming through in her sharp tone.

‘Calm down Sookie. Keep your head.’ Birdie thought.

“Well, we have a mutual friend.”

“Bill?” Sookie asked bewildered.

“That’s right. Funny he never mentioned me. I practically made him what he is today.”

‘Is this his maker?’ Birdie wondered.

‘God, I hope not.’ Sookie answered.

“Lorena” Bill spoke suddenly from behind Sookie.
“Oh, hello, darling. I was just getting to know your plaything. You always did like to prey on the innocent”. Lorena said with a sneer.

“Bill, is this your maker?” Sookie said in a sugary tone that promised things that were none too sweet.

“She released me years ago. She no longer has any hold over me”. Bill said between clenched teeth.

“I wouldn't say that. We had a marvelous night in your hotel room.” The tall vampire woman

“What?” Sookie’s tone was at an ear-piercing level.

“Did you know your boyfriend hit me over the head with a 52-inch plasma television earlier tonight? Everyone says they're so thin and light, but let me tell you when wielded properly, it's quite a weapon.” Lorena touched lightly at her head as if she could still feel the wound.

Birdie was frozen in place watching this all unfold.

“You did?” Sookie asked in a small voice.

Bill ignored her question and turned to his maker. “Lorena, you need to leave”.

In turn, Lorena ignored Bill deciding instead to focus on Sookie. “I hope he doesn't pull the same shenanigans with you. There really is no excuse for domestic violence.”

Bill finally turned towards Sookie. “What she has failed to mention is that she was holding me, prisoner.”

“Pshaw. We were just catching up is all. You must have been worried sick, wondering where he was. I admit it. It got a bit heated. But you know how old lovers can get sometimes.” Lorena trailed a hand over Bills chest.

Quick as a snake Sookie smacked the vampire woman’s hand away from her lover’s chest. “Do not touch him.”

‘ Sookie. Be careful!’ Birdie pled but she could tell the blonde woman was not listening.

An arm crept around Birdie’s thin waist and she looked up sharply to see Eric behind her pulling her slowly away from the scene. She stared at him bewildered until he gave her a nod of assurance. She allowed him to pull her away from the fighting trio until she was a safe distance away. Even then he still kept a protective arm around her, she wondered why. Then her eyes locked with Godric’s across the room and he gave her a small smile that sent her heart beating faster.

“My, we're feisty too...You're no more than a blood bag. You cannot win this.” Lorena growled.

“I've already won. Bill chose me. And yet you still won't give up. Don't you have any shame?” Sookie snarled. The blonde woman had no sense of self-preservation.

Bill stepped in between the two women hoping to avoid a fight. “Sookie, stop.”

“I'd listen to him. Run away, little girl. William and I love each other.” Lorena sneered at the human woman in front of her.

“You've gone mad. Now get out.” Bill growled at his maker.

“Maybe you do love him. Who am I to guess? But he doesn't love you. He never has, and that we
both know.” Sookie shouted at the vampire woman.

The fury on Lorena’s face was clearly evident. It made Birdie wince. “Take those words back or they shall be your last.”

“We're leaving!” Bill roared and tried to push Sookie gently towards the door but she was not having any of that.

“Sookie, no!” Birdie whispered at she saw the words formulating before they came out of Sookie’s mouth. Eric looked down at her confused.

“Go find someone else, you fucking bitch! You've lost this one!”

Lorena snarled loudly and lunged to bite Sookie but a hand on her throat stopped her.

“Retract... your... fangs. Now.” The sheriff tightened his hold on her throat until she did as he said. “I neither know nor care who you are. But in this area and certainly in this nest, I am the authority. Do you understand?” Godric’s tone was hard. Birdie could see the leader he was now as he spoke.

Lorena looked towards the floor as Godric released her “Yes, sheriff.”

“This human has proven herself to be a courageous and loyal friend to our kind. And yet you treat her like a child does a dragonfly, pulling off wings for sport. No wonder they hate us.” Godric said with a grimace.

Lorena looked like a pouting teenager as she spoke. “She provoked me.”

“And you provoked me. You disrupted the peace in my own home. I could snap you like a twig. Yet I haven't. Now, why is that?” The ancient young man asked

‘Because he is merciful’ Birdie answered the question in her mind.

“It's... your choice,” Lorena said as if it were acid on her tongue.

“Indeed it is. You're an old vampire, I can tell. You've had hundreds of years to better yourself, yet you haven't. you are still a savage, and I fear for all of us, humans and vampires if this behavior persists.” Godric shook his head at Lorena and then turned towards Bill. “You. You seem to know her.”

“Yes, sheriff.”

Godric nodded thoughtfully. “Escort her from the nest.” he looked back at Lorena, eyes hard. “I wish you out of my area before dawn.”

Bill grabbed Lorena by the arm and pulled her out the doors.

Godric walked to Eric’s side which happened to be Birdie’s side as well and the two began to speak rapidly in Swedish. Then Eric took his leave.

“How are you feeling, Miss Birdie?” Godric’s honey voice asked her.

She could feel the blush building in her cheeks and she knew he noticed. His smile widened ever so slightly in response. “I’m okay. Just tired…” She was cut off by the mind that had just entered the room. The thoughts were snarling and angry. Like black snakes sliding against each other.

‘God accept my sacrifice.’ The mind said.
Her eyes lifted and she saw the young man step into the room.

‘Excuse me, everyone. If I could have your attention. My name is Luke McDonald. I’m a member of the Fellowship of the Sun. Steve Newlin sent me…No no. That is not right. Excuse me, everyone…’

He was rehearsing what he was going to say and then he had an image of him dropping his coat to reveal a bomb.

“He has a bomb! Everyone down!” Birdie screamed, no longer able to keep her mouth shut.

Her scream spooked the boy and he skipped his speech to press the button but he was a second too late.

A body pinned hers to the ground as the explosion sounded. The air was knocked out of her in the tackle making it near impossible for her to breathe not to mention the amount dust and debris in the air. Birdie tried to open her eyes but they were not working quite right.

“Birdie? Birdie?!” She heard someone calling her name but it sounded like she was underwater.

A cool hand touched her face, then she felt what she believe to be a head on her chest checking for breathing. She successfully opened her eyes and saw green eyes gazing down at her.

“Hallå (hello). Welcome back” Godric said softly as he swept her hair to the side off of her face.

Her mind was too discombobulated to come up with a response, so instead she just gaped at him like a fish out of water.

He seemed to recognize her problem and helped her sit up. As she looked around she witnessed all the gore. There was blood everywhere and she could faintly hear groans of pain through her shell-shocked ears.

“Is everyone…” she began but her voice was so hoarse.

“There was only one casualty,” Godric said softly. “Thanks to you.”

He looked at her intently as if he wished to say more but just then Jason came up beside her and began checking her over. Godric nodded and took his leave to go check on his subjects.

“Jesus Christ. I knew he was a prick but I didn’t think he was this crazy” Jason mumbled as he helped Birdie stand.

“You knew him?” Birdie whispered.

Jason looked like he was going to be sick to his stomach but he nodded. His mind was screaming about what he should have done to stop him.

“You couldn’t have known what he was going to do.” Birdie said aloud.

Jason nodded for a moment then turned to stare at her carefully. “How did you know that?”

Birdie closed her eyes and sighed. ‘Get it together or you are going to die.’ She chastised herself for answering yet another mental question.


The dark-haired girl didn’t feel like answering so she decided to just go ahead and nod. He was going to find out anyway.
‘Keep that a secret, girl. You don’t wanna be one of these vampire’s play thing, ya hear?’ Jason thought while he stared at her.

She let him know she understood and went in search of Sookie. What she saw was Sookie yelling at a smirking Eric laying on the floor.

‘What did he do?’ Birdie wondered.

‘He tricked me into drinking his blood.’ Sookie answered grumpily.

“Everyone, please”. Isobel spoke loudly over the injured crowd.

“Hey. Y’all listen up” Jason barked. It caused a painful ringing in Birdie’s ears as she was tucked into his side.

“They may come back. Go to the Hotel Carmilla, they've been alerted, security is in place”. Godric spoke as everyone began to move.

Jason began to pull her towards where Sookie and Bill were standing and talking animatedly about something that neither of them seemed to want to speak of.

“She is staying with us and that is that,” Sookie answered as soon as they stepped up to them.

Sookie pulled her out from under Jason’s arm and wrapped her in a soft hug. “Come on, sweetie. We are gonna go back to the hotel and you will stay with us for the night. We can all travel back to Bon Temps together.”

‘Are you sure? Your vamp doesn’t seem to keen on the idea…’ Birdie pushed a mental image of a scowling Bill to Sookie.

“He can get over it,” Sookie said aloud and shot a scowl of her own over her shoulder to Bill.

Everyone was ushered out to their cars and were soon on their way to the hotel. Jason and Bill were sitting in the front seat as Sookie Birdie sat in the back.

Birdie wanted to cry as Sookie brushed through her hair and tried to get debris out of it. It was the first time she had been mothered in a good long while and it made her feel so good she couldn’t stop the tears from leaking down her cheeks. She kept seeing Bill sneaking glances at them in the rearview mirror. It unsettled her something awful.

‘Hey, Sookie…’

‘Yeah?’

‘Can you keep my curse a secret from everyone? Even Bill?’ Birdie could see the confusion on Sookie’s face but the blonde could hear the stress in Birdie’s thoughts and nodded to her.

‘Of course. If it means that much to you, I will.’

Birdie didn’t answer she just wrapped her arms around Sookie and hugged her tightly.

‘Near death experiences make me cuddly, I guess.’

Sookie chuckled ‘me too.’

The ride was surprisingly short and they exited the car quickly. Birdie stopped by her car to get her
While Bill and Sookie showered Birdie decided it was time to swear Jason to secrecy.

“Jason.” She said quietly pulling his attention away from the T.V.

“Yeah?”

“I need you to do me a big favor, okay?”

The blonde man sat up and looked at her confused.

“Please don’t tell anyone about what I can do. Especially not Bill. I don’t think he...likes me very much. And I don’t want him to know about it.”

Jason rubbed the back of his neck before answering. “Sure, Birdie. But Bill is real good with secrets. He knows about Sook and all.”

Birdie rubbed at her temples as Jason’s mind filtered through memories of Bill and Sookie together. “I know. But that is Sookie’s secret, not mine. And he is in a relationship with her, not me. He doesn’t need to know my secret.”

“Okay. I won’t say anything.” Jason gave her a crooked smile that she was sure if she were a lesser woman would have melted her panties right off.

She rose up and gave him a kiss on the cheek in thanks.

*‘She is mighty pretty, even if she is young. How old is she?’* Jason thought.

“I’m eighteen.” She answered before moving out of the room to jump in the newly vacated shower, leaving a slightly embarrassed Jason behind.

When she got out of the shower there was a note from Sookie saying they had to attend a meeting with the AVL and would be back before dawn. Definitely, not something Birdie wanted to be a part of, she decided to go up to her favorite spot in the hotel and take a few minutes to collect herself.

Once on the roof, the dark haired girl sat cross-legged down on the rooftop and looked out at the sky. She had pulled on her tight black yoga pants and loose black t-shirt, her regular sleeping attire, to wind down on the roof. It had always brought her comfort to escape the insanity of work and come up on the roof during breaks. The hotel roof gave a wonderful view of Dallas. She could stay up there for hours and not hear another human mind which was her main reason for coming up here, the silence. As she sat and thought she wondered if it was worth it to get hooked up with Sookie.

So far she had been kidnapped, punched by a grown man in the ribs, threatened death and perhaps torture at the hands of the freaks of the sun, and she had been blown up. The girl was a trouble magnet. But she had never felt more comfort than she had when she was around Sookie. For the first time in years, perhaps ever, she felt accepted, like she had a friend and that was worth the near death experiences in her book.

*‘What happened to the lone survivor? The runner?’* Birdie asked herself. “I don’t want to run anymore,” she whispered answering her own questions.

She didn’t know how long she was up there for when the doors opened and a being walked up onto
the roof with her. She turned her head and saw Godric walking up. She was about to rise and speak with him when the doors opened once again and another vampire sped up the stairs. Eric knelt before Godric and began to beg with his maker. Birdie didn’t understand what they were saying but she understood the pain. It brought tears to her eyes. She tried to swallow them back but she couldn’t. When she wondered if she should make her escape there stood Sookie blocking the doorway.

‘Stay with Eric, I will stay with Godric?’ Birdie asked her.

Sookie nodded and followed a crying Eric as he made his way down the stairs into the hotel.

Birdie stood on shaky legs and made her way to Godric’s side.

“What are you doin’ up here? It’s close to sunrise, you know.” Birdie told him quietly.

The ancient young man smiled softly at her. “That is why I am here.”

“I’ll stay with you. As long as it takes.” She whispered reverently.

“It won’t take long. Not at my age.” He answered just as quietly.

They stood side by side for a moment until Birdie reached out her hand and grabbed his. He looked at her in surprise but did not remove his hand.

“Can I ask you a question?” Birdie spoke after a moment. “Why are you doin' this?”

Godric thought for a moment before answering. “I am tired. I have been here for two thousand years, Little One.”

The nickname made her think of her father which brought sobs into her chest. Godric stared at her in confusion for a moment.

“Sorry. My father called me that.” She said and wiped at her tears. “He is in heaven now.”

“And you weep for him even though he is in your religion’s holy place?” Godric turned towards her and held both of her hands.

“Of course. I miss him, every day.” A cool hand moved up and wiped at her tears.

“So you believe in God then?” He asked her.

“Yes.” She answered with a small smile.

“If you are right, how will he punish me?” Godric asked with a small amount of fear.

“God doesn’t punish he forgives.”

Godric smiled widely at her and looked towards the now lightening sky. They still had a few minutes before the sun rose completely. “I don’t deserve it. But I hope for it.”

“Then why not stay and work towards deserving it?” She asked him.

“I have done so much wrong, I do not believe I ever could be deserving of it.” Godric looked at her as if he had not thought of her answer.

“You are immortal. Why wouldn’t you be able to work towards deserving it? You could live for another two thousand years and make up for all the harm you have caused.” Birdie pressed.
Godric cupped her face with one hand and brushed at her residual tears. “You think I could do it?”

“Of course. You are good, Godric. You could make a real difference, why not stay and try?”

“I am not good. If you knew the things I have done, you would run from me screaming.”

“Then I guess it is a good thing I don’t know. But I can see you are different Godric, you have evolved. Why not stay and try to help others do the same? You may think it is too late for your soul but you could redeem another if you stayed.”

Birdie knew she had hit the jackpot when he smiled at her and nodded.

“We need to get off the roof. Come on.” she pulled him towards the stairwell and breathed a huge sigh of relief when they were within the doors.

He took over and pulled her towards his room entering quickly. Birdie felt strange she didn’t know why but it was extremely important for her to save this man from his death. But it was not just that. She did not fear him, at all. Which was not how she should feel around vampires. She was so far in her own mind that she didn’t realize he had led them to a bed and had laid down himself. The dark haired girl snapped out of it and went into mother mode. She pulled the covers up over his chest and ran a hand through his hair. He leaned into the touch and closed his eyes in bliss.

Birdie took that as her cue and moved to leave but a hand grabbed her wrist. “Will you stay with me? Just a little while?” He asked softly. He looked so very young like this and she felt her heart constrict.

“Yeah, I will.” She whispered and moved to the other side of the bed and climbed under the covers. He grabbed her hand and pulled her closer.

“May I embrace you?” He asked in a quiet voice.

“Just don’t bite me.” She joked lamely. Though he did chuckle.

“I promise, I will not.”

He wrapped his muscled arms around her and pulled her close to his strong body. Birdie had not realized that she needed this but for some reason when her chest touched his, her heart filled a void that she didn’t even know was there. The dark haired girl melted into his embrace.

“Thank you, Little Bird,” Godric whispered to her and pulled back to place a soft kiss to her forehead. “Sleep,” Godric said with a fond smile. Still embracing each other the two beings fell into a deep sleep.
Chapter 3

Birdie awoke to the sound of her name being called and a pounding noise. She pulled herself from the bed quickly and ran to the door. She flung it open to see a very worried Sookie and Jason on the other side.

“Oh thank God!” Sookie cried and pulled Birdie into a tight hug. “You scared me half to death!”

Birdie hugged Sookie back softly. “I’m sorry to worry you, I fell asleep.”

The blonde woman pulled back and gazed at Birdie. “With Godric?”

Jason began to waggle his eyebrows making Birdie scowl. She playfully punched him for good measure too.

“Yes, Godric is here.” Birdie said softly. She didn’t know why but butterflies erupted in her stomach just saying his name.

“Let’s go get lunch. We have a lot to talk about!” Sookie crowed happily.

“Oh okay. I need to go back to your room and change first. Give me a second” Birdie shut the door on them and rummaged through the desk and pulled out a pen and paper.

Godric,

I went to go get food with Sookie and Jason Stackhouse.

Call me if you need anything. I will be in their room #315.

-Birdie (214)555-5555

The dark haired girl left the note on the pillow as she gazed down at the handsome man one last time. She didn’t know how old he was when he was changed but she did know that he was in his late teen’s very early twenties by the look of it. She would guess he never made it to twenty but what did she know. He didn’t look like a little boy and for that she was grateful. He was muscular with broad shoulders and a strong jaw. She pressed a kiss to his cool cheek and headed out of the room with a bright blush on her own cheeks.

Exiting the room she heard Jason and Sookie playfully arguing about something. She guessed it was about her and dipped into their minds before she opened the door.

‘She has got it bad for Godric.’ Jason was thinking.

‘I think they would be cute together.’ Sookie was thinking. Thankfully the thoughts were kind and sweet. Birdie smiled and opened the door. The trio went back to Sookie’s room so she could change her clothes. Birdie slipped on a pair of dark wash skinny jeans, a long black and white baseball T, and white converse on her feet. She pulled her long hair up into a high ponytail and put on some light mascara before making their way to the restaurant below.

“Phoebe?” A voice called behind her making her cringe ever so slightly. Jason and Sookie turned to look at her confused as she turned around to see her old boss.
“Hi, Jenny” Birdie said softly.

“What are you doing back here? Would you like your job back?” Jenny asked kindly. The woman was nice enough. She was the human supervisor and was much nicer than her vampire counterpart, Gerald.

“Oh. I am just staying here with some friends before we head on out tonight.” Birdie said softly.

“Well, it was good to see you, Phoebe. If you ever need employment again let us know.” Jenny told her with a smile and made her exit.

“Phoebe?” Sookie asked.

“Yeah. That is my first name” Birdie said and made her way to their table to sit down and finally eat. She hadn’t eaten since yesterday morning and she was starving.

Sookie and Jason sat down with her and began to peruse the menus. “So what is your name?” Jason asked.

“My name is Phoebe Elizabeth Horowitz. My family always just called be Birdie instead of Phoebe and it stuck.” She explained. She had taken Birdie as her main name when she moved to Dallas but on all of her legal documents, she was Phoebe Horowitz. Their waiter came over and took their orders saving Birdie from more questions.

“Alright. Let’s get down to business” Sookie said after swallowing a bite of her chicken fettuccine “How did you talk Godric off the ledge last night?”

Birdie smiled softly remembering their conversation last night. She didn’t want to say everything out loud it felt too...personal. “We just talked. He is different from anyone I have ever met.” She said reverently.

Jason was too busy checking out every woman that walked by to pay much attention to their conversation. He was also stuffing his face in a way only an adonis of a man can without looking like a disgusting pig.

“Jason Stackhouse. Have some manners.” Sookie chastised as she read Birdie’s mind.

Jason waved his sister off and rolled his eyes. “Back off, woman.” He grumbled.

Birdie giggled making Jason look up and wink. “You two stop gettin’ all chummy,” Sookie grumbled. “I can already tell y’all are gonna gang up on me.”

“Never!” Birdie said with mock horror.

The trio laughed and chatted about light things for a few minutes until Birdie remembered Eric.

“What happened with Eric last night?” Birdie asked and watched as a blush spread across Sookie’s cheeks.

“Nothin’.” But she didn’t put up her shields in time. Birdie saw a flash of what she thought might have been a dream of them in bed together. Then an image of Sookie kissing a weeping Eric’s cheeks. Then Eric smiling widely “She saved him,” he said and picked Sookie up to swing her around the room happily.

Birdie raised an eyebrow at Sookie in response. “Ugh. This may be less fun than I thought, bein
around someone like me.” Sookie grumbled.

Birdie shrugged happily. She felt so content it was making her wary that something bad was coming.

‘Don’t think like that. You will make yourself sick with worry. It’s gonna be alright. We will take care of each other.’ Sookie thought at Birdie.

By the time they finished lunch and made it back up to the room it was almost sunset. Birdie felt her nerves get the better of her when she thought about seeing Godric again. ‘Will it be weird? Did I overstep by staying all night? Or cuddling him?’

‘You cuddled Godric!!?? He doesn’t look like the cuddly type!’ Sookie mentally shouted.

‘Ugh. When can you teach me to shield?’ Birdie grumbled. She could feel Sookie picking in her brain. “Stop pickin’”. Birdie growled at Sookie with narrowed eyes.

Sookie only laughed and stuck out her tongue. A zoom sounded and then there was Bill dipping Sookie to kiss her. Birdie didn’t know why but the vampire made her superbly uncomfortable.

There was a knock at the door and Birdie volunteered to get it just to get away from the gooey couple. She knew it was a vampire by the void on the other side. She opened the door hoping to see Godric but it was his childe that she saw.

“Good evening Ms. Horowitz,” Eric said in that sultry deep voice of his.

“Hi...Mr. Northman.” She picked the last name out of Sookie’s brain. “Are you here for Sookie or Bill?”

The blonde Viking in front of her shook his head. “No. I am here for you.”

Her heart rate picked up in fear. “Uh...me? Why?” She squeaked.

“You have nothing to fear from me. I wish to speak with you back at my room if that would be acceptable.” He held out his hand for her but she hesitated in taking it.

‘Will I be safe with him, Sookie?’ The dark haired girl asked.

Sookie made her way towards the door with a grumpy expression on her face. “Eric.” She said shortly.

“Sookie. You look lovely this evening. One thousand-year-old blood does wonders for your complexion.” He purred making Sookie roll her hazel eyes.

“Yeah sure. What do you want with Birdie?” Sookie grumbled.

Eric stood up straight and dropped his smile. “That is between me and Ms. Horowitz.”

Sookie narrowed her eyes at him while she calculated his motives. ‘He won’t hurt you but he might try to seduce you. Do not sleep with him. He is a womanizer.’ Sookie threw a myriad of images she had seen of Eric ruthlessly pounding into a naked woman. The woman looked to be enjoying it but Birdie was sure her pelvis would have been broken if she was in the woman’s place.

‘No problems there’ Birdie answered Sookie.

“You are not going to hurt me are you?” the dark haired girl asked with narrowed eyes.
“You have my word, I will not harm you,” Eric answered. His blue eyes piercing her own with sincerity.

“Okay. I will be back in a little while Sookie” Birdie took Eric’s outstretched hand. ‘Make sure you are listening for me if I need help I’ll start screaming for you’ She thought to Sookie.

Sookie nodded as Eric led Birdie away across the hall. He sat her down on the couch and took a seat across from her.

“How long have you been able to read minds?” He asked her once he was comfortable in his seat.

Birdie toyed with herself on answering his question straight off. “What do you mean?”

Eric shook his head with a small smirk on his face. “Do not lie to me. I know you are like Sookie. You are a telepath. I noticed when you couldn’t be glamoured and not to mention the warning on the bomb last night. Did you forget we spoke of it on the car ride to the church? How long have you been a telepath for?”

Birdie sighed loudly. “My entire life.”

Eric studied her for a long moment. “I would like to offer you an employment opportunity.”

Birdie had not been expecting that. Her eyebrows knitted together in confusion. “Why? And doing what?”

The blonde Viking pulled several stacks of paper off of the desk behind him and placed them on the coffee table between them. “I have a need for a telepath in my establishment, Fangtasia. It is a bar of sorts. You would be reading the thoughts of the patrons looking for underage drinkers, undercover cops, drainers, etc. I would require your services four days a week. I will pay you a hundred dollars per hour, you would work seven hours a night maximum.” Birdie began doing the math in her head.

‘Shit that is seven hundred dollars per night, over a hundred thousand per year. Sookie was not kidding when she said you could make money using this curse.’

“Why me? Sookie is a better telepath than me” Birdie said honestly.

Eric tapped his fingertips together while staring at the dark haired girl. “Her boyfriend is making working with her...complicated.”

“Why is that? Is this a dangerous job?” she narrowed her blue eyes at him.

“No more dangerous than everyday life as a telepath is,” Eric answered diplomatically.

Birdie already knew her answer but she needed more information. “And how would I go about informing someone of these unsavory people in your establishment? I don’t think it would be very safe for me to yell it out loud.”

Eric chuckled and tilted his head. “Yes, you are correct. You will have a guard with you, you tell the guard and the guard will tell me or will take care of it themselves.”

“Who will my guard be and what will you do to the people I help you catch?”

“Does it matter what happens to the humans?” Eric mused.

“Yes. It very much does.” She growled back.
The Viking grabbed the contract and in elegant script added a clause. “They will be handed over to the appropriate human authorities instead of being dealt with as I would see fit.”

“You do know that I am in fact underage as well, right?” Birdie asked with a raised eyebrow.

Eric chuckled once again. “Yes. I know. But your documents do say you are twenty one do they not?” Birdie nodded. “Very clever little girl. So will you do it or not?”

“Will I have protection?” She asked. She was not an idiot. She knew she was getting deeper into the Supe world and that meant it was going to get more dangerous for her.

“As long as you are in my area and working for my establishment you will be under my protection.” Eric’s voice rang with sincerity.

Birdie nodded and picked up the pen. “Here goes nothing.” She whispered as she signed.

“How did you even know my full name?” She asked after reading through the documents that displayed her name, social security number and a myriad of personal information.

“Oh, Phoebe, I have a vast amount of connections.” He winked at her.

“I prefer Birdie if that would be alright with you, Mr. Northman.”

Eric nodded his head and accepted the contracts she was finished signing. “It is just Eric, while we are in a casual setting.”

He set one last packet of contracts in front of her and she gazed at it. It was the deed to a house in Shreveport. “What is this?” She asked bewildered.

“It is the deed to a house and paperwork for a new vehicle,” Eric said nonchalantly.

“Do you give all new employee’s houses and cars?”

“No,” Eric said shortly.

“Then why are you giving them to me?” Birdie pressed. She did not want to be bought.

“You have given me a gift that is of immense value to me.” Eric stared at her intensely.

“What gift? My telepathy?”

“No. More time with my maker.”

Birdie shook her head and pushed the contracts back towards him unsigned. “I did not do that for a reward. I don’t want gifts for it.”

Eric stood and took a seat beside her making her flinch. “And that is why I wish to give you these gifts. You did not expect anything for being kind, I admire that in a way. It confuses me and it is not the way of vampires. I find you...fascinating.”

“Well, I am glad I am a cool science experiment for you. But I don’t want payment for talking with Godric. It would be wrong. I will rent it from you but I am not going to accept an entire house as payment.” She said in an irritated tone.

Eric shook his head “Fine.” He stood and put the contracts on the table with the rest of them.
“You never did say who my guards were going to be,” Birdie said breaking the tense silence.

“It will either be my childe Pam or…” Eric began.

“Me.” Godric’s voice said behind her making her jump ever so slightly.

She couldn’t stop the smile that spread on her face. “Hi, Godric.”

“Hello, Little Bird.” He sped to her side and lifted her hand to plant a soft kiss on her knuckles.

A bright blush flooded her cheeks and her heart rate picked up. “Aren’t you a little over qualified to be my guard night in and night out at a bar?” Birdie asked softly.

Godric squeezed her hand lightly. “Perhaps. But it will be a new adventure.”

“Mmhmm.” She hummed stupidly. Her brain too foggy to come up with a sentence.

“Fader, I do believe you have broken my telepath.” Eric chuckled, snapping Birdie out of it. She pulled her hand back and shot a glare at Eric.

Godric smiled widely, never taking his eyes off of the dark haired girl.

“Well if that is all, I need to pack my stuff. I need to start driving if I want to make it to Bon Temps within the next few days.”

“It has been taken care of,” Eric told her.

“Excuse me?” Birdie looked back towards him. “What do you mean it has been taken care of?”

Eric smirked at her. “I have had your car with all of your belongings driven to the house that you refused to accept as payment” Eric rolled his eyes at the last word.

Birdie felt fear rise in her gut. That was everything in the world that she owned the only memories of her family she had left were in that car. “Is it safe?”

“I swear to you, it is all safe,” Godric told her softly. Birdie immediately felt calm at his words.

“You will be flying with us. Our flight leaves in an hour. Go gather your bags and meet us back here.” Eric said in a dismissive tone.

“Oh...Okay? Thanks…” Birdie shook her head. Everything was moving so fast she didn’t know if she could keep up. She turned and walked out of the room towards Sookie’s.

The blonde was already waiting on the other side of the door, eyes wide as she picked at Birdie’s brain. “Are you sure you want to work for him?” Sookie said aloud after she pulled the young girl into her room.

“Work for who?” Bill asked.

“Eric” Sookie answered.

Bill grimaced. “Doing what?”

‘Mouth shut, Sookie.’ Birdie practically growled when she saw what Sookie was going to say. “Waitress or bartender.” She told Bill.
The vampire shook his head. “That environment isn’t conducive for a lady such as yourself”.

“I appreciate your concern but I will be fine.” Birdie said politely, gaining herself a scowl from the vampire. ‘What is his problem?’

‘He is just on edge with everything that has happened.’ Sookie defended weakly.

‘And he hates me. Don’t forget that tid bit.’ Birdie thought in a sarcastic tone.

‘He does not…’ Again with the weak defense.

“Are you going to start driving now?” Sookie asked her.

“Eric already sent my car and stuff, I guess. He got me a flight with him. It leaves in an hour. I just gotta grab my bag and head back over.”

“Sounds like Eric.” Sookie huffed. “Are you going to stay at my place tonight? I can give you my address” she offered.

“Oh. no.” Birdie began awkwardly. “Eric offered me a home to rent. Well, he wanted to give it to me but I refused, so I am just going to rent it.”

Sookie’s eyebrows near disappeared in her hairline. “He wanted to give you a house!”?

“And a car!” Birdie supplied while she gathered her stuff.

“For what?”

“For talking to Godric. I didn’t want any payment for it, but apparently, that is what vampires would expect or somethin’ like that.” Birdie slung her bag over her shoulder and turned towards Bill and Sookie.

Bill was gazing at her critically and Sookie had a soft smile on her face. “Beware of Eric, Birdie.” Bill began. “He is trying to buy your favor. I do not know why, but it is something he would do. You are young and do not know the ways of men such as Eric.”

Birdie bristled immediately. “Again, I appreciate your concern Bill, but I will be fine. Sookie, here is my number, text me tomorrow” Birdie handed her a slip of paper with her number written on it.

Sookie pulled Birdie into a hug and helped her out the door.

Birdie sat beside Godric on the private jet getting ready for takeoff. She was amazed at everything around her. “Never been on a private jet?” Godric asked.

“Never flown at all actually.” She answered looking over at him with a wide smile. His presence calmed her so much that she finally felt like she was herself for the first time in years.

“Lady and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. Our flight time will be fifty minutes long. At this time, make sure your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position. Thank you.”

Birdie looked round her seat for her seatbelt before turning worried eyes up to Godric. “There are no seat belts on this private jet. You will be safe, I will protect you.”

Again, the dark haired girl blushed brightly before thanking him quietly. When the plane began to rumble and then sped up Birdie gripped the armrests so tightly that her knuckles were turning white.
She didn’t realize that she had not actually been gripping the armrest on her left side until it began to move. She popped her eyes open and saw Godric remove her hand from his forearm to thread his fingers with hers. She squeezed his hand in a death grip that was sure to hurt any normal man but did not faze the ancient vampire.

After what seemed like an eternity the plane finally leveled out and Birdie was able to breathe again. Excusing herself to use the lavatory she hobbled on unsteady legs towards the back of the plane. She didn't need to empty her bladder she just needed a moment to herself. Life had been crazy the last few days and her mind was just now starting to catch up. The dark haired girl splashed water on her neck and her cheeks trying to get rid of some of the heat there. She stared at herself in the mirror. She had changed so much in the last few days that she wasn’t sure who she was anymore. When she looked at herself in the mirror it was a small relief to see that her appearance was at least the same. She still had her long chocolate colored wavy hair, bright big blue eyes, a small button nose that turned up slightly on the end, high cheekbones, pink lips and straight white teeth. Her small frame was still petite so it looked as if perhaps her personality was the only thing that was altered by these new experiences. Figuring she had spent enough time in the bathroom Birdie unlatched the lock and stepped back towards her seat. The jet only held four seats but there was a small kitchenette, a couch further down and what she suspected was a bedroom in the back.

‘I'm sure Eric has gained his mile high membership many times on that bed’

Speaking of the devil he looked to be truly stunned as he stared at his maker.

“Everythin’ alright?” She asked when she reached her seat.

Eric shook off his surprise and slid the mask of indifference back on his face. “Yes. So Birdie, I look forward to working with you.”

“Oh yes, when do I start?” Birdie couldn't believe she had forgotten to ask that little tidbit.

“Tomorrow night,” Eric answered shortly. Birdie nodded and turned her face to look out towards the window. Godric and Eric were speaking rapidly in Swedish. She didn't want to eavesdrop, even if she couldn't understand so she studied the window.

“Birdie,” Eric claimed her attention once more. “Do you have family or a boyfriend you need to inform of your new move?”

The dark haired girl shook her head. “My family is all deceased and I have no boyfriend to speak of. But you already know that from the file you compiled on me.”

Eric chuckled and pursed his lips. “Touché”

Birdie turned towards Godric and caught sight of him smiling at her. Once again he made her heartbeat speed up and her knees go a little weak. ‘Thank the lord I am seated’.

“How can I ask y’all a question?” Birdie was finding strength in Godric’s presence.

Eric tilted his head in acceptance.

“Bill...He doesn’t like me much and he makes me feel a little...well...jumpy I guess. Did I break some sort of vampire code of etiquette without realizin’ it?”

“Does he know of your gift?” Godric interrupted whatever Eric was starting to say.

“I hope not. I asked Sookie and Jason to keep their mouths shut. I don’t want anyone knowin’ that
I'm a freak, especially not someone that I don’t trust.”

“You are not a freak and it is wise of you not to trust Bill. I do not know why Sookie does. It may be because of the blood but I truly do not know.” Eric told her.

Birdie sat back and thought for a moment. “The blood?”

“By giving her his blood he can soften or hype her emotions or connections,” Godric explained.

The dark-haired girl stared at him with wide eyes. “Really? Y’all can do that? I just thought because they were in a relationship she would trust him.”

“Yes, we can,” Godric said almost sadly.

“What does their relationship have to do with their trust in one another?” Eric asked her.

“What do you mean?”

The blonde Viking had an annoyed look on his face. “Exactly what I said.”

“Lugna ner dig (Calm yourself).” Godric said lowly at his Childe.

Birdie looked between the two nervously before answering. “Well, when you are in a relationship with someone you are supposed to trust them. You enjoy their company and want to be near them. And to do that you have to trust them, you know?” She felt like she was explaining relationships to a child.

Eric only looked at her blankly in response and turned back to his laptop. Birdie looked over towards Godric concerned. He only smiled at her and shook his head as if to tell her not to worry. He reached out a hand and placed it over hers in a comforting gesture. Feeling bold she turned her hand over and laced their fingers together. His answering smile was blinding. As always her heart rate sped up, her cheeks burned with blood and butterflies erupted in her stomach.

“Stop touching her, Fader, I am afraid her heart may beat out of her chest any moment now,” Eric said with a smirk.

Birdie jerked her hand back and turned her body towards the window of the plane in embarrassment. ‘Damn their hearing is good. I need to be careful around them’. She pulled her knees up and wrapped her arms around them, making herself as small as possible.

Birdie could hear the two speaking inhumanly fast with one another but she chose not to acknowledge it, instead, she looked out the dark window and tried to make out shapes. Soon her lids began to droop, eventually closing and allowing her to drift into a deep sleep.
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Godric's POV

Godric POV:

The first time he saw the dark haired girl he had thought his heart may have begun beating once more. Her dark hair was long and wavy touching near her waist. She looked frightened and unsteady on her feet down in that dungeon. It was then that he truly felt sorry for allowing himself to be taken by the Fellowship of the Sun. If it meant that she was in danger than his remorse had no bounds. When he saw her so afraid of him in the chapel his cold dead heart seized in pain. Her blue eyes were wide with fear and her heart rate was up at a near impossible rate. He could have had Eric take her home immediately before the gathering at his nest but he needed just a little more time with this beautiful creature.

He knew she was not full human, she smelled like something else, something much sweeter. Her and the blonde human, Sookie, smelled very similar. He was intrigued and indulged himself for a few extra hours before he planned to meet the sun. Godric told himself that he needed to stay away from her, to just watch from afar, but he couldn’t. He wanted to hear her sweet voice as much as possible. He tried not to get jealous when he saw the blonde man, Jason Stackhouse, flirting with her. It took everything in him not to steal her away and growl “Mine!” When she gave warning of the bomb something in Godric broke. His mind only had one thought, “Save the girl”. When she couldn’t open her eyes he very nearly ripped into his skin and fed her his blood. The only thing that stopped him was the beating of her heart. When those blue eyes opened, he felt his soul weep in relief.

The third time he saw her up on that roof he was not sure what to feel at first. Then after listening to her speak of repentance and redemption, he let her lead him back into the hotel. Though he was back in the darkness he had never seen so clear. Godric knew he did not deserve her, gods he knew it, but he couldn’t stop himself from pursuing her. When she had tucked him into bed in a way that had not been done in over two thousand years he knew he couldn’t let her go. She had agreed to stay with him for a little while and he kissed her forehead in thanks. When his lips pressed against her skin, he felt their souls recognizing one another, he had found his mate. He had thought it was only legend, but Little Bird in front of him had proved that all wrong. Godric pulled away from the kiss to fall into his daytime sleep, he could feel it approaching and did not want to die for the day with his lips pressed to her forehead. He had not felt as warm as he had since he had been changed into a vampire two thousand years ago.

Godric awoke to an empty bed that still smelled of her sweet scent. He gathered her pillow up to his nose and breathed deeply, memorizing the scent.

He pulled himself from the bed and listened for the noise he knew was coming.

“Enter, my childe”

Godric was seized around his waist by his much taller childe.

“Fader.” Eric cried in relief.
“I am sorry, min son.” Godric ran a hand over his son’s blond hair.

“She saved you.” Eric stood and wiped at the blood on his face.

“Yes. She did.” Godric said with a small smile in memory of the young girl.

“How?”

Godric could feel the jealousy coming through their bond. Eric was jealous that the girl had been able to sway his maker’s plans when he himself had not been able. The maker sent a wave of calm and peace through their bond relaxing his child.

“I wish to be near her,” Godric answered the question his son had not spoken.

Eric paced the small room. “I planned to offer the telepath a position at Fangtasia. I want Sookie but Birdie will do for now. Her skills can be honed and perfected over time.”

“I will come be her guard,” Godric spoke evenly as he moved around the room slowly gathering his clothing for the flight.

Eric said nothing at first, but surprise was strong in their bond. “Are you sure? You could be a ruler over any land you wish. Are you sure you wish to babysit a human girl?”

Godric gave his childe a warning glance. “Do you not wish me there, min son?”

“No! That is not it, Master. There is always a place for you at Fangtasia. You know that.” Eric quickly amended. “I will go prepare,” Eric said with a respectful nod and made his exit.

Godric stripped off his clothing and climbed into the shower. This had been one of his favorite inventions throughout his long life, showers. They had the ability to heat his skin to almost a human degree if the water was hot enough. He tore himself from the shower only when he felt his son’s emotions spiking. Lust, annoyance, sadness, then glee. He wondered what that could be about.

Dressing slowly he pulled on jeans and a t-shirt, not his favorite materials, but they would do for now and made his way out of the room. He walked at human speed to Eric’s room and heard his Little Bird speaking within.

“You never did say who my guards were going to be…”

“It will either be my childe, Pam, or…” Eric began.

Godric opened the door to his son’s suite and sped to Birdie’s side. “Me” He supplied.

He heard her heart speed up and the smell of excitement flow from her. “Hi Godric” Her voice spoke of her fondness and nerves making him chuckle ever so slightly.

He smiled softly at her and grabbed her hand to press a kiss to it. Her skin was so soft he knew he would never tire of touching her.

“How, Little Bird” He could see her

The sight of blood spreading through her cheeks made wicked thoughts run through his mind. “Aren’t you a little over-qualified to be my guard night in and night out at a bar?” Birdie asked softly.

Godric squeezed her hand lightly. “Perhaps. But it will be a new adventure.”
“Mmhmm.” Birdie practically moaned. The sound sent desire rushing through him.

“Fader, I do believe you have broken my telepath.” Eric chuckled, snapping Birdie out of it. She pulled her hand back and shot a glare at Eric. Godric smiled widely, never taking his eyes off of the dark haired girl, she was too beautiful. He was afraid he would miss something.

“Well, if that is all I need to pack my stuff, I need to start driving if I want to make it to Bon Temps within the next few days.”

“It has been taken care of,” Eric told her. This was no surprise to Godric, his childe always had a knack for getting what he wanted and making sure it went his way. Sending her car, before she even accepted the job was Eric's way of ensuring he got his way.

“Excuse me?” Birdie looked back towards him. “What do you mean it has been taken care of?”

Eric smirked at her. “I have had your car with all of your belongings taken to the house that you refused to accept as payment” Eric rolled his eyes at the last word.

“Is it safe?” Her voice held so much fear that Godric felt the overwhelming need to reassure her. If anything happened to her prized possessions he would personally see to it that they were all replaced no matter what lengths he needed to go to.

“I swear to you, it is all safe,” Godric told her softly. He watched in fascination as she accepted his words and relaxed into her seat.

“You will be flying with us. Our flight leaves in an hour. Go gather your bags and meet us back here.” Eric said in a dismissive tone. Birdie thanked them and then made her way out of the room.

Godric held Eric’s stare as his childe tried to figure out what Godric’s tie to the girl was. Instead of asking Eric changed the subject.

“I have multiple houses you may choose from, Fader.”

Godric thought for a moment then revealed a little more of his connection to the girl. “I will take the house closest to Birdie’s.”

His blonde child arched a brow but wisely chose not to question his maker. “Of course, Fader.”

Godric turned his attention away from his child and listened in on the conversation next door.

“Bill’s opinion is not high of you, it is?” Godric asked with a smirk knowing his son heard the words of the former confederate soldier. Eric rolled his blue eyes in response. “Why is that, min son?”

“I will have what is his in time.”

“The blonde telepath? Is the reason you hired Birdie, not for that purpose?” Godric asked.

“I want her for more than her telepathy. I find Sookie…intriguing in most aspects.”

If it were not for his two thousand years of age Godric would have laughed at Eric’s explanation. But he reigned it in and only tilted his head slightly while his son ignored him.

Holding Birdie’s hand during take off had been a thrilling experience, one that Godric had not had in a long while. He had partaken in pleasures of the flesh in his two thousand years but it had never
been with someone whom his soul had connected with. In truth, he was not sure he had ever held hands with anyone. After take off she had relaxed and excused herself for a moment and that was when his childe decided he had had enough of his maker’s secrets.

“If you want a human to have sex with there are easier ways than a virginal telepath. Though her blood would be a treat, I am sure.”

Godric felt this blood boil but kept his voice in check. “Do not speak of her like that.”

“Like that?” Eric said with false innocence.

“Like she is a trophy to win,” Godric said between clenched teeth.

“Is she not?”

Taking a deep unneeded breath Godric centered himself. “She is my mate”

Eric’s jaw went slack and he stared at his maker with a myriad of emotions passing through their bond. It was then that Birdie made her reappearance.

“Everythin’ alright?” She asked when she reached her seat beside him.

Eric shook off his surprise and slid the mask of indifference back on his face. “Yes. So Birdie, I look forward to working with you.”

“Oh yes, when do I start?”

“Tomorrow night,” Eric answered shortly.

“När ska du göra anspråk på henne (When are you going to claim her?)” His child asked rapidly, turning his attention from Birdie.

“Jag kommer inte att göra anspråk på henne förrän jag vinna hennes fördel och hon går med på att bli min (I will not claim her until I have won her favor and she agrees to be mine).” Godric answered firmly.

“Och om hon redan krävt av en annan (and if she is already claimed by another)?” Eric asked in that annoying way of his.

“Hon luktar inte av en av vår sort (She does not smell of one of our kind)”. Godric reasoned.

“Inte av vår sort. Men tänk om hon har gjort anspråk på en människa (not of our kind. But what if she has been claimed by a human)?”

Sensing that Godric was at a loss for words Eric turned the conversation to their dark-haired companion.

“Birdie.” Eric began. “Do you have family or a boyfriend you need to inform of your new move?”

The dark haired girl shook her head. “My family is all deceased and I have no boyfriend to speak of. But you already know that from the file you compiled on me.”

Godric felt his undead heart clench at the pain she must have felt in her short life but also felt a bit of pride for her being strong enough to fend for herself. He smiled warmly at her as he studied her profile. She was beautiful, truly a creation he wished to gaze upon for eternity.
Birdie turned towards Godric and caught sight of him smiling at her. He knew it was human etiquette to look away when one was caught staring but he was not human, so he found those rules did not apply to him.

“Can I ask y’all a question?” Birdie asked in a strong voice. “Bill...He doesn’t like me much and he makes me feel a little...well...jumpy I guess. Did I break some sort of vampire code of etiquette without realizin’ it?”

“Does he know of your gift?” Godric interrupted whatever Eric was starting to say. He could sense the fear coming from the girl. Bill did not make her feel “jumpy”...he scared her. ‘I will kill him for her to feel safe’ the vampire formerly known as Death thought.

“I hope not. I asked Sookie and Jason to keep their mouths shut. I don’t want anyone knowin’ that I’m a freak, especially not someone that I don’t trust.”

Godric felt relief at knowing that Bill had not been told of her gift. It was best if none truly knew of her gift. She would be very valuable in the supernatural world and not many would give her the choice to be of help. They would force her to do their bidding. The thought alone had his fangs nearly dropping.

“It is wise of you not to trust Bill. I do not know why Sookie does. It may be because of the blood but I truly do not know.” Eric told her.

Birdie sat back in slight confusion. “The blood?”

“By giving her his blood he can soften or hype her emotions or connections,” Godric explained.

The dark-haired girl stared at him with those beautiful wide blue eyes. “Really? Y’all can do that? I just thought because they were in a relationship she would trust him fully.”

“Yes, we can,” Godric said sadly. So many of his kind had controlled hers through their blood.

“What does their relationship have to do with their trust in one another?” Eric asked her.

“What do you mean?” Birdie was confused by Eric’s question. It was evident in her furrowed brow.


“Lugna ner dig (Calm yourself),” Godric said lowly at his Childe. He would not allow anyone, let alone his own son, to be rude to his mate.

Birdie looked between the two nervously before answering. “Well, when you are in a relationship with someone you are supposed to trust them. You enjoy their company and want to be near them. And to do that you have to trust them, you know?”

‘Trust? That is the base of a relationship. I could get her to trust me. I can be trustworthy for her. Does she enjoy my company? I enjoy hers, I will always enjoy her company.’

His childe was busy working on his laptop, most likely securing Godric’s new home as well as Birdie’s. How he wished they could live with one another already. He felt fear at her being alone in a home by herself. What if someone came to attack her? What if Bill extracted the secret out of the blonde man named Jason Stackhouse? His stomach rolled in knots at the thought of her being in danger. To calm himself he reached out a hand and placed it over hers. She surprised him by turning her hand over and lacing their fingers together. He felt as if he could fly, he smiled widely at her and was rewarded with the sound of her speeding heart, blood rushing to her cheeks and the faint smell
of sugary arousal.

“Stop touching her, Fader, I am afraid her heart may beat out of her chest any moment now,” Eric said with a smirk.

Birdie jerked her hand back and turned her body towards the window of the plane in embarrassment. She had pulled herself into a tight ball and attempted to hide away from him.

“Du kommer att betala för att min son (You will pay for that my son).” Godric growled.

“För vad, Fader (for what, father)?” Eric said with false innocence.

“Inte spela dum. Det har aldrig passat dig (Do not play dumb. It has never suited you).”

Godric chose that to be the end of the conversation. He glared heavily at his child making the larger man wince ever so slightly. Within moments he heard heavy breathing and looked beside him to see Birdie fast asleep. Her head was rested on her knees in what looked like a terribly uncomfortable position. Godric waited a few minutes, ensuring she was in a deep sleep before he stood and very gently lifted her small frame. She weighed so little he worried for her health. Within seconds he had her tucked into the bed at the back of the jet. He pressed a soft kiss to her forehead and made his exit to deal with his child.

“I am happy you are still with us, Fader,” Eric said sincerely. The vampire did not enjoy showing weakness, he abhorred it and when Godric had revealed his intention of walking into the sun on that roof Eric had broken. It had been especially harsh to show his sadness in front of two mortals.

“As am I, min son. I am sorry for the pain I have caused you.”

The rest of the flight was filled with planning for how he would approach the Queen. She would find his presence in the area of some threat. The Queen was just barely over five hundred years old. Much younger than Godric, therefore making him a threat. He had no want or need for her kingdom and he would have to spend a good amount of time convincing the sniveling brat of such things but it must be done if he wished to reside near Birdie. Eric and him revised plans on what his role at Fangtasia would be. Eric had wanted to pay Godric a large sum of money to be Birdie’s guard but once again he had no need or want for money. He had made mass amounts of money in his years on this earth. He would never want for anything that could be purchased. In the 1920’s he had played the stock market and practically quadrupled his money. Then again in 1980’s. He continuously played the market or had Pam do it for him. The woman truly was a wonder when it came to the dealings of Wall Street. He was wealthier than Eric and Pam combined which was a hard feat. But he also did not spend as the two of them did. They both enjoyed spending money and having lavish things. Godric briefly wondered what Birdie was like as far as money went. Would she want to have physical gifts? Would she want closets of designer clothes and to be dripped in diamonds? From what little he had learned of her so far he did not believe she would.

The plane began its descent and soon their tires were touching on the tarmac. Godric had expected Birdie to be awake by now but a quick check in the room proved that she was asleep still. He took an extra moment to study her while she slept. Her dark ponytail was spread out behind her in luscious chocolate waves. She was curled on her side arms wrapped around her pillow, plump lips slightly pursed and brows pulled together in what Godric thought looked to be pain. With the plane fully stopped and the car waiting outside Godric pulled her once again into his arms and carried her sleeping form out to the car. He kept her bundled in the blanket from the Jet bed afraid she would wake up from the chill of his skin. He climbed into the car still holding her to see Eric smirking.
“I fear now with you around she will never be allowed to use her legs again.”

“Quiet” Godric said to his son with a fond smile.

Birdie snuggled deeper into his chest breathing deeply and mumbled “yummy smell”. He had heard that some humans spoke in their sleep but he had never actually witnessed it. On the drive to her new residence, he wondered if perhaps this was the beginning of his redemption. If this young woman in his arms was going to be the catalyst that changed his entire being. He had never held a human as gently as he was now, he had never wanted to. He had never allowed a human to hold his hand or capture his attentions, but here he was, enthralled by this young woman.

Godric was aware of his son’s feelings through the bond, there was the usual feelings that his son felt, superiority, confidence, small amounts of anger, but what had truly surprised him was the jealousy that was in the bond.

“What is it, min son?” Godric asked gently. Eric continued looking out the dark windows as if with his superb hearing he did not hear his father’s words. “Did you want her for your own?”

“No, Fader. I am feeling as a childe does when a new sibling comes along, nothing more. It is a silly notion, one that I am much too old to be feeling.”

Godric sent his son a small wave of love through the bond. “You are not being replaced, Eric. She is my mate, yes, but you will always be my first childe, my son and my greatest creation.”

Eric nodded his head slowly and allowed his maker's words to wash over him taking with it the doubt that had previously arisen in his soul. The rest of the ride was silent as they neared Birdie’s new home. When they pulled up Godric felt a large sense of pride at how respectful his son was. The home for his mate was absolutely beautiful. It was a two-story colonial revival home, painted white with black shutters on the front windows. A large heavy oak door that was stained black as well. It boasted gorgeous white columns and a red brick porch. It had a large front yard with green grass and small flower gardens on both sides of the porch.

“You picked well, min son,” Godric told his son with approval dripping in their bond.

Eric ducked his head at the praise and pulled Birdie’s bags out of the trunk. Eric found a key out under the mat and entered the house. Quickly he typed in a code on the security system beside the door. Godric took a quick look at the system and found that his son had also included a state of the art security system. Eric led Godric, still holding Birdie close to his body, up to the master bedroom.

“I had Pam decorate the home, I do not know Birdie’s tastes but it should do for now,” Eric told his maker. Eric pulled back the covers of the large plush king size bed for Godric to deposit Birdie. When the ancient vampire attempted to do so Birdie grabbed his shirt in a death grip. He gently tried to remove her hands to no avail.

“You are going to have to wake her, Fader, or stay here with her. This room does have light tight capabilities.” Eric said with a small chuckle pointing towards the steel shutters that would drop down with the simple press of a button on the bedside remote.

Godric was at a loss of what to do. He had shared a bed with her before, but he did not want to assume she would be alright with it again. As much as it pained him to be parted from her he knew she would need to come to him at her own pace, he would not push it and sleeping in her home uninvited was pushing it.

“Little Bird” Godric said gently. When she didn’t wake and only burrowed into his chest, even more,
he began to chuckle ever so slightly. He had not felt this light in all of his long life. “Little Bird, I
must leave you.” He said a little louder. He watched in fascination as her eyelids fluttered open and
she stared at him with confusion. “Little Bird, I must leave you now and go to my own home. I will
see you tonight.”

She closed her eyes once again and frowned deeply before opening those beautiful blue orbs once
more. “Okay.” Her voice was hoarse with sleep and she looked entirely unhappy at the possibility of
being separated from him, which made his heart soar. She loosened her hands from his chest slowly
then ran her hands down his muscled torso softly.

“Night, Sugar.” She whispered and rolled over to her other side.

“Goodnight, mit hjerte og sjæl (My heart and soul)” Godric whispered. He took one more deep
breath of her scent before returning to his son out in the kitchen. He rummaged through the nearby
desk for a pad of paper and a pen. He wrote her a quick note and then departed from Birdie’s new
home. Every mile he traveled from her made his heart ache fiercely.

‘Soon we will be one. Soon our souls will be intertwined and we will never leave one another’ He
thought as he watched the dark trees pass by.
Chapter 5

Birdie awoke feeling much more refreshed than she thought possible. She creaked open her eyes and felt confusion settle heavily upon her. The bedroom she was in was gorgeous. The room was painted a light gray with white trim. Sitting up Birdie took in the entire room. Her bed had a plush light gray headboard with white sheets, pillows, and comforter. There were fresh white roses on a bedside table that was also painted a very light gray. Overhead there was a trendy crystal light fixture. There was a set of cream colored wingback chairs on the wall opposite her bed. Her eyes caught sight of a set of double doors and she stepped out of bed to explore it further. When she opened the white doors she found herself in a huge walk-in closet complete with white shelving and mirrors on every wall.

“Good lord. Who has this many clothes?” She wondered aloud.

Closing the doors behind her Birdie went in search of a bathroom to silence her screaming bladder. She found the master suite’s bathroom and about died at the sight of it. Her bedroom, bathroom, and closet combined were bigger than her entire apartment back in Dallas.

The bathroom was all white marble. White marble floors and countertops. There were his and hers sinks attached to an entire mirror wall. On the left side of the room was a large jet tub that looked to be able to fit four in it. On the right was a glass shower she was absolutely sure could hold up to seven and through a small door led to the toilet that was still somehow beautiful.

“Oh I am going to love it here,” Birdie thought excitedly.

She walked up the sink and found that her toiletries had all been unpacked and put into their rightful places. She wasn’t sure how she felt about someone unpacking her belongings but as long as everything made it into the home safely she would ignore the invasion of privacy. The dark haired girl quickly brushed her teeth and hair, unsure of if she would run into anyone. Although it was daylight and she was ninety percent sure this was her new home she didn’t want to be overly confident. Deciding it was time to explore she left the bedroom and made her way around the home. It was huge, much bigger than anything she had ever lived in and boy was it gorgeous. She wasn’t sure who had decorated it but it was clear they had superb taste. The home itself was four bedrooms, three baths, and about three thousand square feet if she was counting correctly. She near fell over when she saw the size of the kitchen. It was enormous and oh so gorgeous. She almost wished she had a multitude of friends just so she could cook for them in this kitchen. Maybe Sookie would join her in this kitchen. Speaking of Sookie, Birdie grabbed her cell phone and stepped out into the back of the house to give the fellow telepath a call. The dark haired girl sat out by the in-ground pool, dipping her feet in the water while she returned Sookie’s call.

“Hey, Sookie.” Birdie said once the blonde answered.

“Hiya, Birdie! How was your flight?” Sookie was as always a giant ball of cheer it appeared.

“Good! Awkward but good.”

“Awkward…?” Sookie pressed. Birdie could hear the smile in the blonde’s voice.

“Eric embarrassed me that’s all. But you should see the house he set me up in! I have no idea how I am going to pay rent on it but it is damn beautiful. Hopefully, with what Eric is paying me I can afford it.” She rambled.

“Oooh! I can’t wait to see it. We are just pulling into town but how about I call you tomorrow and
we can set up a time to start trainin’ and I can check out the house. Plus I want to hear all about Godric”

Birdie rolled her eyes but couldn’t stop the smile that crept up on her face at the mention of the ancient vampire’s name. “Okay. Call me tomorrow. Any advice for me about my first day of work before you go?”

“Try blocking people out by concentrating so hard your hair hurts. It sounds crazy but it works. If you need to focus in on someone try thinkin’ only of them. Stare at them if you have to, but try to think about tappin’ into their mind like a safe. It always helps me. We can go over it more tomorrow. I gotta go. Bye, Sweetie! Be safe”

“Bye, Sookie.”

Birdie’s stomach growled loudly pulling her from the water. She made her way into the kitchen and found that someone had fully stocked it. She pulled out the makings for a sandwich realizing that it was much closer to dinner than it was the breakfast. She had slept the entire day away and apparently the night as well.

‘Near death experiences will do that to you.’ she thought. As she was eating she noticed a slip of paper sitting on the kitchen bar. She picked it up and began to read.

Dearest Birdie,

Welcome to your new home.

I hope everything is to your liking and you enjoy it here.

I will be picking you up to take you to Fangtasia at sunset.

I look forward to seeing you once again.

Yours, Godric

“Even his writing is beautiful.” She mumbled. She pulled the note to her chest and smiled widely.

‘Get it together girl, he is ancient, he is not interested in you. This is just a little crush, you have no future with him. Calm down.’ She chastised herself and went back to finishing her food.

She walked up to her room and found her boxes of clothes tucked into the corner of her gigantic closet and thanked whoever it was that unpacked the rest of her stuff that they allowed her this privacy. Digging through the boxes she pulled out a pair of her tight, dark-wash, long bell bottom jeans, her gold wedges and a slinky silk cami with buttons down the front. She didn’t know what to wear to a bar, she had never been and she certainly had not been to any place like Fangtasia. So she chose what she thought was pretty but casual enough. She curled her long chocolate colored hair and had just finished putting on the last bit of her simple makeup when the doorbell rang.

She practically ran down the stairs to the door. When she pulled it open the view took her breath away. Godric stood on the porch with his hands in the pocket of his black jeans. His black sweater clung to his muscles in the most delicious way, she felt her stomach clench at the sight.

“Hello, Birdie” Godric’s smooth voice reached her ears heightening the arousal she had already felt just by seeing him.
‘Hold it together!’ she screamed at herself.

“Hi, Godric. Would you like to come in?”

He nodded and entered the house brushing past her ever so slightly. She tried to calm her rising heart rate before it became too noticeable.

“Your home is quite lovely.” He said as he eyed the space.

“Thank you, but I really can’t take credit for it. Whoever decorated it really is talented.”

Godric turned to face her with a bright smile on his lips. “Eric’s childe Pam decorated it. She is partial to compliments if you feel inclined to get onto her good side tonight.”

Birdie giggled slightly. “Thanks for the tip.” She stared at him for a second more before shaking off her stupor. “Do I look okay to go to Fangtasia?” She asked in a self-conscious voice.

Godric grabbed her hand and helped her spin in a slow circle. “You are lovely.”

The dark haired girl blushed brightly and gave up her self-control with trying to contain her heartbeat. “Thank you. Let me go grab my purse and then we can go.”

The ride to the bar was quiet until they pulled into the parking lot. She went to open the door but Godric grabbed her hand softly prompting her to look at him. “I want you to be safe tonight. Do not take unnecessary risks, please. Do not let anyone know of your gift unless you trust them. Does this sound agreeable?”

An odd sensation coursed through the young girl, it had been quite a few years since someone had cared for her. She was used to taking care of herself and yet Godric wanted to keep her safe, wanted to protect her. She did not doubt his sincerity like she would have any other being. For some reason, she trusted him with her life and she didn’t even know him, which bothered her in a way. “I have been taking care of myself for a while, Godric.” She said softly. “I will be careful, I promise.”

Godric pulled her hand up to his lips and pressed a soft kiss to the back of her hand. “Okay. I will be here to protect you as well. No one will harm you with me around.”

“That I do not doubt. Let’s get this party started, shall we?” Birdie said with a large smile and went to open her door but in a flash, the door was open for her and Godric was standing there with a bright smile.

“Damn you are fast.” She grumbled earning a chuckle from the dark haired man.

Godric placed a hand on her lower back as they walked through the employee entrance in the back. Her heart beat so loud she was sure vampires back in Texas could hear her. His hand though cold felt as if it were burning into her skin, marking her for eternity.

They walked down the hall and stopped in front of a door. “Enter.” A voice beckoned from inside.

Godric opened the door for her, which gave her a visual into the office of Eric Northman. The Viking sat at his desk in an all black suit, she had to admit that he did cut a striking figure.

“Well, well, well. I knew I heard your delicious heart beating down the hall.” Eric said with a smirk. A low growl sounded behind her and she turned to see Godric glaring heavily at his child.

‘Well that’s interestin’ she thought. “Good evening Eric.”
“Hello, Birdie. I would like you to meet someone.” Eric said getting down to business. At his words, the door opened to reveal a tall gorgeous blonde woman in a dress that had to have been painted onto her body. Birdie recognized it as one of those latex dresses. She wondered briefly how one would even manage to squeeze their body into it.

“Grandsire,” Pam said with respect to Godric. She pressed a kiss to both of his cheeks. Before turning her eyes onto Birdie.

“Hello” Pam purred at Birdie.

“Hi. I’m Birdie.” the dark haired girl nodded to the blonde woman. She knew that vampires did not touch so she did not even bother to hold out her hand to shake.

“Pam” the blonde answered still eyeing her critically.

“Pam? Oh, you are the one that decorated the home I am staying in. You have a gift, the house is absolutely gorgeous. Thank you for all your work on it.” She figured it was time to whip out the compliments.

Pam smiled at her coyly and winked. “Hmm. Flattery will always get you far with me young one. Someone must have clued you in that kissing my ass was a good idea.”

Birdie gave her a wink in return. “Well, you do have a beautiful ass for kissing.”

Pam laughed loudly in return. “Oh, I like her.”

‘Where the fuck did that come from?’ Birdie thought. She had never been this bold. But she assumed this was the way to survive around these people. She was nothing if not a survivor. She could adapt to any situation, she could be an enigma.

Her blue eyes slid over to Eric and found him smirking proudly at her. She looked over at Godric next to see him looking at her with an expression she could not determine. He looked almost...serine?

“So what do I need to do to get started?” She asked as she wrung her hands together.

Godric led her to a chair across from Eric’s desk and sat her down in front of a stack of papers while Eric spoke.

“Fill out these forms, put signatures where they are needed. By the time you are done the vermin will be arriving and you may sit at the bar and listen in.” The three vampires exited the room so she could have some peace while she filled out the paperwork.

She was nearly finished when she began to hear the thoughts of others filling the space around her. She cringed at the invasion but finished her work quickly. Before she left the office she tried what Sookie had said. She concentrated on blocking out everyone else. She focused only on silence until her head felt like it was going to explode. Though there was not complete silence the volume did go down making the girl gasp loudly in joy and begin to dance in a circle.

The door was flung open then startling her. She turned mid-dance to see Godric standing in the door eyes darting around the room looking for danger. When his eyes settled on her she felt the blood rush to her face.

“Are you okay?” He asked calmly, but his lips twitched making her think he perhaps saw more than she had hoped.
Bringing her hands up to her face she cringed heavily. “Yeah...just being silly.” She said and gathered her purse.

She walked out of the room, towards where Godric had indicated a booth had been put aside for them. She climbed into the booth and told the waitress what she wanted to drink before scanning the crowd.

“You have wonderful dance moves,” Godric said with a teasing smile.

She couldn’t stop the laughter that bubbled up in her throat. She playfully slapped him on the chest and shook her head. “Don’t make fun of my victory dance.”

“Victory dance? Were you victorious while I was gone? Do share.”

Birdie leaned in close to him very aware of how good vampire hearing was now and she was not about to risk another vampire hearing her. If it meant she could get as close as physically possible to him as well it was a win-win.

“I was able to dim some of the voices. I have never been able to do that before.” When she pulled back she noticed that his pupils were dilated and he looked at her like he was hungry. She was about to ask him if he was okay when he snapped out of his daze.

“I am very proud of you, Little Bird. Congratulations.”

Before she could answer or say anything else for that matter the waitress came back with their drinks. True blood for him and a ginger ale for her.

‘Holy shit he is hot! I wonder if he would bite me. God, I would open my legs for him in a heartbeat. I wonder if they are together.’ The waitress in the barely-there-leather-shorts and fishnets thought as she looked at Godric. She added in an obscene image of her fucking the ancient vampire in what Birdie thought looked like a storage room. “Is there anything else I can get you, hun?” The woman said as she leaned over showing off her assets.

Birdie wasn’t sure why but it made her angry as all hell for him to be hit on in front of her. She wanted to climb into Godric’s lap and rub herself all over him in a show of claim. ‘He is not yours. He could very well go in the back and fuck her real quick if he wanted to and you could do nothing about it.’ Birdie chastised herself.

“No, Thank you,” Godric said to the waitress with a touch of coldness in his tone. He then turned his green eyes on her. “min søde, would you like anything else?” His voice was like warm honey washing over her and she wanted nothing more than to drown in it.

It took her a moment to pull her eyes away from him and back to the waitress. “No, thank you.”

‘Are they together? I bet I could tempt him away from her. She looks too pure to be with a vampire’ the waitress thought as she gave one last lusty look at Godric who completely ignored her and made a show of putting his arm around the back of Birdie’s seat. The waitress took her leave, Birdie thought perhaps Godric’s arm would move back to his side. She nearly cheered when he left it behind her.

“I hope you do not believe whatever she was thinking.” He whispered into her ear in that accented English that had her stomach tying in delicious knots.

“How do you know what she was thinkin’?”
Godric brought a hand up and brushed a stray curl away from her cheek, streaking a path of fire where he touched her skin. “I may not be able to read minds but your face clearly said whatever she thought you did not like.”

Birdie gave him a wry smile. “She wanted to have sex with you in the storage room. She was quite graphic in her thoughts.” Godric did not seem upset by this, it was as if he already knew of how appealing he was to the opposite sex and she was sure to his own sex as well but the sounds of some of the human men around them. “She also wanted to steal you away from me. She thought we were together.”

Godric’s eyebrows pulled together in concern. “And this bother you, her thinking we were together?”

“No, not at all.” Birdie chirped a little too quickly, bringing her blush back in full force.

“Good. Because I believe it would be best if we looked like a couple, less suspicious to others. If others see a human being guarded by a vampire it is assumed they are of importance and need to be coveted. Us vampires are very greedy.” Godric said in a husky voice making arousal flush through her system.

“But if we look like we are in a relationship they won’t wanna covet me?” She asked with a dubious grin.

“Correct. If they believe you are just my companion and not my charge it is less likely for them to challenge me. I am very old therefore very strong, no one would dare try to take what is mine if they believe we are just in a relationship.”

Birdie’s eyebrows shot up playfully. “Your’s huh? Is that what I am?”

Godric chuckled in response. “Hypothetically, of course.”

Birdie hummed in agreement and took a deep sip of her drink. “Sounds good.”

‘I can’t believe that ID actually worked. Best two hundred bucks I have ever spent.’ a mind near the entrance thought. In her distraction with Godric, she had completely forgotten about the minds around her. It was a thrilling notion until she remembered her job was not to block out the voices but to invite them in. She did as Sookie said and concentrated on the boy near the entrance. He was dressed in tight leather pants and a leather vest, no shirt underneath. He had dark eyeliner around his eyes and his black hair was spiked in a mohawk.

“Godric. Guy in the leather vest and mohawk.” She whispered to her companion. “He is underage.”

Godric nodded and zoomed from the seat beside her to where a large Asian man was walking around the bar.

“Hello, darling,” A deep voice with an English accent said beside her.

Birdie looked up and saw a man standing in front of her. He had slicked back black hair, a pencil-thin mustache and matching goatee. He was staring into her eyes intently making her uncomfortable. But she had been raised with manners and she was still human. This vampire could snap her like a twig if he wanted.

“Hi” She answered back with a strained smile

“May I buy you another drink?” He asked politely.
“Oh...uh...No thank you,” she said as nicely as she could. She had never been approached in this way before.

“Let me buy you a drink and then we can get out of here.” the man ordered staring into her eyes even deeper.

She knew what he was doing, she could feel the pinch on her brain signaling that someone was attempting to glamor her. ‘Do I pretend until Godric gets back or do I let it be known that I can not be glamoured?’ While she was warring with herself Godric returned.

“She is Mine,” Godric said in a menacing tone. The other vampire stared at Godric stunned for a moment then bowed his head in submission.

“Of course, Mr. Nervii. I did not know she had been claimed. Forgive me” The black haired vampire zoomed out of the bar after that, not giving another glance back at her.

Godric scooted into the booth beside her and put an arm around her shoulder pulling her into his side tightly. He leaned his head down and brushed his lips against her ear as he spoke. “I am sorry I was not here to protect you from him. It took longer to expel the boy than Chow thought. It will not happen again”.

“It is not a big deal. I am just fine.” Birdie said and placed a hand on his thigh in a calming gesture. Though it did not do much to calm her. She felt as if she were on fire...delicious fire.

The two sat like that for some time. Birdie listened in on the minds of those around her. It took its toll on her but now that she knew how to quiet some of the noise she didn’t feel like an insane person. After listening in she caught the sound of someone in the back room thinking about how good it felt to be drank from.

“Godric. Someone is being drunk from in the back room. Eric might want to know.” Birdie said in a strained voice. Godric pulled out his phone and sent a quick text off. Birdie watched in fascination as Pam walked towards the back and returned carrying a vampire by the scruff and pulled him into Eric’s office.

“What is she going to do to him?” Birdie asked softly.

Godric looked towards the door Pam disappeared through then looked back at her with a thoughtful expression. “She is giving him a warning I believe. It is forbidden for Fangtasia patrons to feed on the premises. She is either banning him from the bar or punishing him lightly for a first offense.”

Birdie cringed at what her mind produced for what a vampire punishment might be.

“Little Bird. Would you do me the honor of teaching me some of your victory dance moves?” He asked with mirth dancing in his eyes.

The dark haired girl laughed loudly but took his hand and scooted out of the booth. When they reached the dance floor she was pulled into a fast paced dance by the ancient vampire. She had been having so much fun she did not even focus on the thoughts swirling around the two of them. When Godric pulled her into him and gazed down into her eyes she felt like she might just turn into a puddle on the floor. Even with her four-inch heels, he was still a few inches taller than her. She was only 5’2 and petite whereas Godric was a solid 5’11 and broad shouldered.

‘I bet she is a good fuck. Tight little ass like that. Wonder what she sees in a fanger. If a dead man’s prick is good enough for ‘er wonder what she would do with a live one.’ a lecherous voice thought behind her. She immediately cringed as the thought hit her. Godric noticed the movement and tucked
her under his arm once again. He moved them back to the booth not saying a word. Birdie checked over her shoulder and saw a man staring at her with a little too much curiosity in his eyes. She glared at him heavily before turning her head back towards the crowd.

“Two underaged kids and one biter, not too bad for your first night” Pam said with a drawl as they closed up the bar. The patrons had all left near twenty minutes before and Birdie was dead on her feet. “You may just be better than that other breather that Eric is so fond of.”

Birdie shook her head in disagreement. “I am nowhere near as good as Sookie. She accepted her curse and worked on it while I ran and hid from mine all these years. Hopefully, I can catch up to her soon but we will see.” She answered honestly. Her head ached something awful and she swore she would be smelling the liquor of the bar even in her sleep tonight. “Anything I can help with Pam?”

The blonde shook her head and dismissed Birdie.

She walked back towards the office and heard Eric and Godric speaking in rushed Swedish that stopped when she was right outside the door. She gently knocked and was told to enter.

“Is there anything else you need from me, Eric?”

Eric was seated at his desk with Godric seated on his couch. “No, you are free to go. I will see you tomorrow same time.”

Godric moved from his seat and grabbed Birdie's hand to help her walk out on wobbly feet. As soon as she had closed the office door she pulled off her heels and sighed in relief at finally being able to get off her heels. The shoes were beautiful and much more comfortable than most heels but she wasn't used to wearing them for seven hours straight.

As they stepped out of the back door Birdie suddenly felt her feet go out from under her. She was about to scream when she realized what happened. Godric was holding her bridal style and walking her through the gravelly parking lot.

“I can walk Godric. You don't have to carry me. I know I am not exactly light. I could always put my shoes back on.” She said softly.

Godric opened her car door and helped her in before answering. “You are light and I do not mind.” She could hear in his voice that he actually did not mind at all it.

The two had spoken a lot that evening about simple things but Birdie wanted to know more.

“Godric.” She said softly prompting him to look at her as he drove. “Is it rude to ask you about your human life? I don't want to offend you.”

“No, it is not rude per se. Some vampires do not wish to speak of it, especially if they do not know the person asking. But I will tell you whatever you wish to know.” Godric said as they pulled into her driveway.

“Do you want to come in for a drink?” She asked hoping he would say yes she found herself more and more attached to him and she wasn't exactly sure why but she knew she liked it.

“I would love to. Are you sure you are not too tired? I do not wish to disrupt your sleep.”

Birdie waved off his concerns and went to open her door. But again there was Godric opening it for her. Quickly the two entered the home and Birdie input the security code.
“True blood?” She asked as she stepped into the kitchen.

“Sure,” Godric answered and sat at the kitchen bar to watch her make her coffee.

“Do you think I did alright tonight?” She asked as she poured creamer into her hot coffee.

“You did wonderfully. Erikir was very pleased.”

Birdie breathed a sigh of relief. “Thank you.”

“How is your head feeling?” Godric asked as he zoomed over and brushed his fingers across her forehead. He had noticed the voices taking their toll on her heavily the last few hours of her shift.

It took everything in her to not moan loudly at the contact. “Better now. Your hands feel good” she said stupidly. “I mean…because they are cold” she fumbled. Godric only smiled widely and nodded. He accepted the TrueBlood she held out to him and allowed her to push him towards the living room.

She quickly excused herself to put on something more comfortable and ran up to her room. She needed to be away from his intoxicating presence. The man made her week in the knees and stopped her brain function. She was afraid if she didn't get away from him for a few minutes she would have done something horrbly stupid like mount him and drool all over him.

Quickly the dark haired girl threw on a tank top and her yoga pants before darting back downstairs. When she entered the living room she found Godric looking at her family photo albums that were sitting on the glass coffee table.

“You look like your mother.” He told her without looking up.

Birdie folded herself beside him and gazed at the picture he was looking at. It was her mother and father hugging one another outside their first house together. “Yeah, I have been told that but I got my daddy's mouth and eye color.” She said pointing to her father in the picture.

“Were you close with them?”

Birdie sat back and took a sip of her coffee before answering. “Mama died when I was born. She didn't stop bleeding and they didn't catch it in time so I never met her. But I was close with my daddy. He and grandmama raised me together.” Speaking of them brought sadness to her heart. She missed them all so much. She was alone in this world and at times it took its toll on her.

“I am sorry I have saddened you.” Godric said quietly.

Birdie shook her head at him. “You didn't. I just miss them is all” she turned the pages until she got to the picture of her grandmama and Fintan.

“This is my grandmama and my grandfather, Fintan, in the Vietnam war.” Godric stared at the picture intently as if something had shocked him. “Were you there?” She asked coming to a sudden realization.

“Where? Vietnam war?” He asked never taking his eyes off of the picture.

“Yeah.”

Godric finally tore his eyes away from the picture. “Yes. Eric and I both were. We have been involved in many wars throughout history.”
“Wow. I guess I forget how long you have been around when you look...well the way you do.”

Godric raised an eyebrow and smirked at her “and what way is that?”

“You know perpetually young and hot” she answered allowing her mouth to run off with itself. “How old are you anyway?” She asked trying to cover up the fact that she just called him hot.

A warm smile tugged at his lips as he answered. “I was changed when I was seventeen years of age. But I have been on this earth over two thousand years.”

Birdie blinked in surprise. She had known he was young when he changed but he was not even eighteen yet. “Where are you from?”

“I was born in Gaul which is approximately modern day Belgium. I lived there until I was ten years old when I was captured by the Roman army and taken to Rome where I was given to my Maker as a slave.”

“You were just a little boy, a baby really.” Birdie said sadly.

“Yes I suppose. I do not remember much of that time. I remember what my mother looked like but I do not remember my father. I know I had a brother that was younger than me.” Godric said.

“Was your Maker at least kind?” She hoped he was.

Godric let out a mirthless chuckle. “No. He was a cruel vampire. He enjoyed torture and the screams of others. He had a taste for young boys especially. There were three of us in his home that he used as playthings.”

Birdie felt tears well in her eyes and begin pouring down her soft cheeks. She grabbed him softly and pulled him into a tight hug. Godric hugged her for a moment until he heard her small sob. He leaned back and looked at her in alarm. “Did I frighten you?”

“No. I am sad for you.” She sobbed. “Please tell me he is dead.”

Godric chuckled softly and brushed her tears away with his cool fingers. “He is dead. I killed him after my second year as a vampire.”

Birdie pulled him back into a hug and held onto him tight. “Thank god.” She whispered against him.

Godric chuckled and ran a hand up and down her back in a comforting gesture. Birdie melted into the action pressing herself even closer to him. She couldn’t remember the last time she felt this relaxed, it could have been the time she slept in the same bed beside him but she truly didn’t know. All she knew was that she never wanted to move ever again. The scent of sandalwood, light leather and some sort of musk, his scent she realized, was filling her nose and she felt like she was home. It was a strange feeling for her, one she hadn’t felt in years and she never wanted to let go. Her eyes drooped shut but she refused to let go of his firm body. She vaguely felt him pulling her up into his lap and wrapping his arms more securely around her but that was her last thought as she was pulled under into a deep sleep.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

NSFW chapter. Heavy groping and making out in this chapter.
Godric's POV.
Thank you for taking the time to read this fic! :)

Godric had never told a human his story, he had never wanted to. It was not until the last few years that he actually thought of humans as anything more than blood bags or cattle. It saddened him to think of how many lives he had forfeited just for his own enjoyment all because he was angry and in pain for two thousand years. It was shameful and something he knew he would never fully forgive himself for. Telling Birdie of his creation he had found oddly...cathartic. To have a human weep tears for him was something he would not have thought possible and yet here he was. A human woman, in his arms, crying tears for his misfortunes. He wondered if she would still cry tears of sorrow for him if she knew of all the horrible things he had done. He doubted it but he was not entirely sure. Birdie had a sweet spirit, this he knew. He was brought out of his musings at the heavy breathing coming from her. He chuckled silently and pulled the now sleeping girl more fully into his lap and wrapped his arms around her torso. He knew he had only two more hours until sunrise but he couldn’t find it in himself to part from her yet. She was so warm in his arms, so absolutely delectable in her scent but something troubled him. Seeing the picture of her grandfather he now knew of why she smelled so delightful, she was part fae.

It had been many years earlier when he had last seen the half fae, half human hybrid known as Fintan. It had been during the fae wars many centuries ago, they had fought side by side against the earth fae. Godric had owed Fintan’s father, Niall, a favor and the Fae prince had decided to cash in for that war. It had taken someone of his age to be able to resist the blood of full fairies being spilt. It was the most delectable of all the blood in all of the world’s. Godric knew it had been torture for his young son, Erikir, at the time to resist the blood but with a Maker’s command he physically could not disobey godric and drink from the fallen creatures. Participating in the war far exceeded the favor Godric owed Niall and the two came to an agreement that Niall now owed Godric a favor. The ancient vampire thought on this, he believed he had now found the perfect way to use that favor.

Looking down at the beautiful dark haired girl in his arms he felt a flash of something strong rush through him. He wanted to say it was the mating bond forming but he wasn’t sure. He had not felt anything like this before. He wanted to call it love, like what he felt for Eric, but it was not the same, it was stronger. He shook off his thoughts on love when he realized he only had an hour now left before sunrise. He lifted Birdie up softly and walked her up to her bedroom at a human speed. He wanted to relish in the feeling of her in his arms. He had been given a taste of being close to her when she had slept in his bed that first night and now he could not get enough. Seeing the other vampire in Fangtasia trying to glamor her had him thanking his years of self-control. Had he not had them he would have ripped the throat out of the other man without a second thought. His alter ego, Death, had been put away from many years now and he did not want him to make a reappearance, especially not in front of Birdie.

He shook off the anger he felt rising and began tucking her into her bed. It took everything in him not to shed his clothing as well and climb in beside her.
Maybe someday’ he thought with hope.

He pressed a kiss to her forehead and made his way down towards the kitchen. He wrote her a quick note and returned to his own home. When he reached the small home he changed into linen pants for his day rest and pulled out his cell phone. The technology was extremely useful but he did not rely on technology as much as some vampires. He still preferred talking face to face but now he had no choice with it being so close to dawn.

“Fader” Eric said into the phone.

“Minn Son. I have learned what Birdie is.” He spoke shortly. The two were never ones for small talk. “Do you remember Fintan from the fae wars?”

“Prince Fintan? The fae human hybrid?” Eric asked confused.

“Yes. she is his granddaughter.”

“Jåvla (fuck)” Eric swore. “Prince Niall does not know of her then?”

Godric knew what his son was saying without having to speak the words. If Niall knew his granddaughter was near his old associate, Death, he would drag her back to the fae world whether she wanted it or not. “I do not believe so. Birdie said they met during the human war of Vietnam and had a short fling which resulted in a child that Fintan knew nothing about.”

Godric heard Eric sigh on the other end of the line. “You must bond with her quickly, Fader. Once Niall knows of her he will try to take her back with him.”

“I will not push her, childe. Niall owes me a favor, it will either bide me time or remove our concerns completely.”

“Yes, Fader.” Eric answered dutifully. “It makes sense now why she smells as good as she does.”

“Yes but she must be protected even more now. I need a day guard for her, someone you trust.”

“Of course. We will look into guards tonight at Fangtasia.” Eric was sending peace through their bond making his maker smile at his eldest child.

“Thank you, minn son. Until tonight.” He hung up the phone and entered into his day rest with plans ringing through his mind.

When his eyes opened for the night he quickly went about showering and dressing in black clothing. He did not particularly love the color, he was more partial to gray but he wished to fit in and black was what the human patrons of Fangtasia expected of vampires. He also wanted to blend in to be able to keep Birdie hidden as much as possible. He did not want extra attention brought to either of them. He ran his hand through is wet hair as he climbed into his black SUV with the tinted black windows and went to pick up Birdie.

As he had the previous night he knocked on the door and listened to her heart rate go wild as she stumbled down the steps. He smiled widely at the thought that she enjoyed time with him. When the dark haired girl flung open the door with a nervous smile on her face. If he had a heart it would have stopped then went wild at the sight before him. She was wearing a black dress on her beautiful body. It was tight to her gentle curves showcasing her tiny waist and flared hips. The top was held up by thin straps that allowed the eyes to rove over the creamy skin of her shoulders and went down to a V in the middle of her chest showing a glorious amount of her cleavage. His eyes traveled further down
over her flat stomach then her hips to her legs where the hem of the dress rested at knees.

“Do I look okay? I didn’t really blend in yesterday and this is the only black dress I own so I thought it might work. Maybe Pam can take me shopping to help me get clothes that will help me blend in. Is it too much? Should I change?” Birdie rambled.

Godric put his hands on the soft skin of her shoulders and allowed his hands to run down the length of her arms stopping at her wrists.

“You look gorgeous. Though I will be honest I do not know how well you will blend in tonight. You will be the most beautiful woman in the building” His voice came out husky giving a hint to the need he was feeling for her. He had not felt this much like a horny teenager since he was changed two thousand years ago. The woman in front of him made him feel more human than he ever thought possible. Perhaps that was part of his redemption, feeling as they do. It was a strange thought.

“Oh shut it you.” Birdie said with a laugh and rolled her eyes. “I could never compete with half of the women in there especially Pam. I swear she could wear a garbage bag and still look a million times better than me.”

Godric scoffed and pulled Birdie against his body looking down into her eyes. She was not yet wearing those torture devices women wore on their feet, making her quite a bit shorter than his frame. “You are by far the most gorgeous woman I have ever laid eyes on in my two thousand years. No other woman could compare to your beauty, my Birdie.” the smell of her arousal hit his nostrils making him want to do something he vowed he would not until she invited him into her bed of her own free will.

“Really?” She asked in a small dazzed voice.

“Really.” He confirmed and pressed a soft slow kiss to her cheek before forcing himself to back away. “We must be leaving if we wish to be there on time.” He need to get out of her house, away from her bed or else he was sure that is where they would end up and he did not want to push this process.

“O-o-okay.” she stuttered. She turned swiftly wafting more of her arousing scent towards him and pulled on a pair of **black heels** with a large bow on the strap. She grabbed a matching **black purse** and set the alarm before stepping out of the house. He followed behind her watching as her hips swayed ever so slightly and her chocolate hair ran down her back in **beautiful waves**.

His cock hardened at the sight, he attempted to contain it while he helped her into the car and began to drive to the bar.

“How did you sleep?” He asked her as they drove.

“Like a rock. I didn’t know a bed could be so comfortable.” She said with a small laugh. “I slept the entire day away. I didn’t even wake up until about five in the afternoon. My daddy would be rollin’ over in his grave if he knew. But I gotta acclimate to vampire hours. When I was workin’ at the Hotel Carmilla I was on Vampire hours as well.”

“Do you not miss the sun?” He asked.

“Not much. I never really liked the heat of the sun, funny me being a Texas girl and all. I do miss mornings though. I like the feelin’ of wakin’ up when the air is still a little chilly, bundling in a blanket and sippin’ coffee on the porch swing” She said wistfully.

Godric had never thought much of it but at this moment he desperately wanted to feel that with her.
“I have never tasted coffee. Is it good?” He asked.

Birdie looked at him with a shocked look on her face. “You have never tasted coffee!? Oh my god you are missin’ out.”

He laughed at her incredulous tone. “It was not drunk when I was human.”

“I don’t know if I could live without coffee. It is a little bitter at first, but I put creamer and sugar in mine to sweet’n it up…” It looked like she was about to say more when she tilted her head as if she was listening.

“There are scared kids inside.” She whispered as they pulled into Fangtasia’s parking lot. “There is something wrong with their mama. They are seeing her with black eyes, like a demon almost”

He had never seen a demon with black eyes but he had seen multiple films in which the humans had given the demon in the film black eyes to make them look different from regular humans. If humans could see a real demon they would not notice a difference in the demons from themselves….at least not in this realm.

“Is there danger inside?” He asked her.

She shook her head slowly. “I don’t think so. The little girl inside thinks Pam is pretty and the boy wants to look like Eric when he grows up. They are with a man but his thoughts sound weird. Kinda like he is underwater almost?”

Godric helped her out of the car and walked her through the back door. He put an arm around her shoulder in a protective manner and walked out into the main bar. The place was not open yet for the night meaning the lights were all on and the human employees were readying the bar for the night. Godric saw his son sitting across from a blonde man that smelled distinct.

“He is shifter.” Godric whispered to Birdie.

“Shifter? Like shape shifter?” She asked bewildered. “Those are real?”

Godric nodded but did not say more as they advanced on the small group. He saw the children Birdie had spoken of sitting beside the shifter. One little redheaded girl and a little blonde boy.

When they walked up he saw the shifter move in front of the children ever so slightly as if to protect them.

“Peace. I do not mean harm to you or the children.” He said in a soothing voice.

“Sam Merlotte this is my Maker, Godric, and his companion Birdie. Godric may be able to answer your questions.” Eric spoke.

Birdie must have noticed the discomfort of the children and attempted to pull their attention away from the conversation. Sam did not seem willing to allow her to speak with the children until she said she was a friend of Sookie’s. “She works at your restaurant, right?” Birdie asked in a sweet tone.

“Yeah, Sook works for me.” He did not seem to trust her entirely but her friendship with Sookie put him at ease slightly.

Birdie pulled out her phone and began to ask the kids if they wanted to play a game on her phone effectively pulling the children from their worries.
“You had a question for me, Mr. Merlotte?” Godric asked the shifter.

The blonde man began to explain the town of BonTemps current predicament in the form of a Maenad. He had not heard of those creatures in some time. But he had knowledge of them.

“Why should we help you?” Eric interrupted their conversation to question the man.

Godric sent annoyance through their bond at the interruption but did not stop his son from speaking.

“Because I need your help. We need your help, please” Sam answered truthfully. “And hopefully someday I might be able to give you somethin’ you need”.

That peaked Eric’s interest, Godric could feel the curiosity through their bond. “Can you give me Sookie Stackhouse?” his childe blurted.

“Sookie? No, I can’t give her to you. She is her own person.” Sam sounded offended.

Godric once again sent caution through the bond to his childe. Eric nodded minutely to his maker and backed down slightly.

“That would be a tribute I would not soon forget.” Eric mused aloud.

“I am not here to give you tribute Eric” Sam was getting exasperated, it was clear in his tone. But there was also an underlying fear there.

“No, you’re here to request our help based on a hypothetical future in which you return the favor. But you are known to not be friendly toward those like us. Why should we trust you?” Eric asked with a false nonchalance.

Godric was going to help this man whether he had something to offer or not but Godric knew it would be helpful in the future for Eric to have a favor owed to him by this shifter, especially one that was close to Eric’s newest obsession, Sookie Stackhouse.

“Because until somebody starts trusting somebody, we’re all single targets just ripe for the picking.” Sam answered Eric. Godric agreed with the shifter and it seemed Eric did as well because he nodded to his maker to give the man the answer he seeked now that Eric had gotten what he wanted.

“She must be very old if she is able to sink an entire town into hypnosis, meaning she is powerful and will be very hard to kill. Near impossible, in fact.” Godric told the man sadly.

“She may have once started as a human but she is far from it now. She has deluded herself into thinking she was immortal and therefore she is. You would need to get her to her weakest point and then kill her.”

Sam rubbed at his temples in a manner than told Godric he was thinking hard. “How do we do that?”

“You said she is preparing an offering for the God who comes?” Godric clarified. “If that is so when she offers herself to him you would need to stab her through the heart.”

“Offers herself to him? You mean when she is doing that vibratin’ thing?” Same asked.

“In a way yes. She will not offer herself until she sees him.” He explained.

“What does he look like?”

“There are many ideas, but the most common is that he will take the form of a pure white bull with
long horns when he comes.”

“Pure white bull. Got it.” Sam said jumping to his feet. “Thank you, Godric.”

The ancient vampire bowed his head to the shifter in acceptance of his thanks.

“Is Sookie safe?” Birdie asked worriedly now that they had finished speaking.

Sam ran a hand through his hair. “I think so. She is with Vampire Bill for the time being. He seems to protect her when he isn’t draggin’ her through trouble himself.” Sam’s words were bitter as he spoke of the young dark haired vampire. Godric could understand why, the vampire seemed to rub more than a few the wrong way, including his son Eric.

“She hasn’t answered my calls today, I guess I am just worried.” Birdie chewed on her bottom lip gently. “If I were to go lookin’ for her. Where would I find her?”

Godric’s protective instincts rose like a tidal wave. “Birdie, no. It is far too dangerous for you to be near Maenad.”

Birdie turned back to him with fear in her eyes. “But what if I could help?”

“If we need the help I will call you.” Sam said looking between Godric and Eric.

“Okay. I guess. Just watch out for her...if you can.” Birdie begged lightly of the shifter.

Sam nodded and began to gather the two children.

The dark haired girl bent down to the children’s level. “Y’all be safe okay. I want to play more labyrinth with y’all some time, alright?” The two kids nodded at her and pulled her into a hug. The reaction his body gave him in reaction to the scene was strange. He chest began to warm ever so slightly and his dead heart jerked.

When the children turned back to the three vampires standing before them they looked at them in wonder.

“Can we see your fangs?” The little boy asked. Sam was about to reprimand them when Eric’s fangs snapped down followed by Pam’s and then Godric’s. He smiled softly at the children showcasing his fangs in as non-threatening way as possible. He caught sight of Birdie staring at him in wonder and winked at her making her blush brightly.

“Wow! That is so cool!” The little boy said and stepped closer. The little girl was a little more cautious than her brother choosing instead to take a step backwards away from them. ‘Smart girl’ Godric thought.

“Don’t you like vampires, little girl?” Eric teased.

“Our almost stepdaddy hated vampires, but we don’t. He went on a vacation with Jesus.” The girl said sadly.

“Du gör mig så glad att jag aldrig haft någon av er (you make me so glad I never had any of you)” Pam said in disgust. The idea of Pam having children made both him and Eric chuckle.

“Kom igen, Pam. De är roligt (Come on, Pam).” Eric said with a smile at his progeny. “De är som människor, men miniatyr. (They're funny. They're like humans, but miniature).”

“Tekopp människor (Teacup humans).” Godric added with a chuckle. He looked over to see Birdie
smiling at him softly. He knew she didn’t understand what he was saying but she liked hearing him speak.

“Jag hatar dem (I hate them). De är så dum (They’re so stupid).” Pam grumbled.

“De är barn. De är inte menade att vara intelligenta än. (They are children. They are not meant to be intelligent yet)” . He informed his grandchilde.

“Men de är läcker (But they are delicious)” Eric said with a large smile at the children. Godric rolled his eyes in response.

“I will walk you out.” Eric told the shifter and children as he herded them towards the exit.

“Bye, Birdie!” The kids sang as they walked out.

“Be safe, kiddos.” Birdie said in return. He could see the worry etched on her face as they exited the building. She stood staring at the door for a moment before pulling her phone out of her purse and putting it up to her ear.

“Hey Sookie, Its Birdie. I just talked to Sam Merlotte and I am worried about you. Call me and let me know you are safe okay? Please?” her voice was strained making Godric worry.

Pam flashed behind the bar and then up to Birdie with a drink in her hand. “Here, drink this”.

“What is it?” Birdie asked as she looked at the amber liquid.

“Tequila. It will help you relax.” Pam said in that usual bored tone of hers.

Birdie took it from her hands and downed the shot. She winced as it went down her throat but did not show any other outward signs of discomfort.

“Looks like little Bird has done this before. Naughty naughty girl” Pam chastised with a wink and went back to getting ready for open.

Birdie gave her a tight smile before moving to stow her purse in Eric’s office.

“It’s gonna be okay right?” She asked turning towards him with worried eyes.

“I am sure it will. ‘ even if I have to take care of it myself just to make you happy’ He added.

Birdie pulled him close and hugged him tightly. He would never get tired of having her body pressed against his and he thanked the gods she was a physical comfort type of person.

“I am sorry I am always throwing myself at you.” She whispered against his chest.

Godric rubbed her back softly relishing in the heat that flowed through his hand. “It is not a bother to me.”

“Thanks” She pressed her face more fully into his chest before pulling away. “I am just so worried about Sookie. I just met her but I feel like I have known her forever, you know how that feels?” she asked.

‘ More than you could ever know”. He thought but he only nodded to her in agreement.

“I can hear them. It’s time to go out.” She whispered and held out her hand to him. He clasped his hand with hers and out they went into the bar. He could see the moment she tried to turn down the
volume. She squeezed her eyes shut tightly and scrunched her small nose up then a moment later breathed in relief.

“I am getting better.” she said with a small smile.

“I am proud of you.”

They scooted into their booth and sat staring out at the patrons. The night passed swiftly and with little upset. Until the last hour. They had just come back from her dinner break in Eric’s office when she grabbed his arm roughly and pulled her body to his. To the outsider it would look like a couple enjoying a close moment with the woman nibbling on the man’s ear.

“There are two drainers here. The two men at the bar. They are trying to decide who would be easiest to subdue.”

Godric wrapped his arms around her and spun her slowly. So he could get eyes on the two men. He saw the two men who looked poorly dressed sitting at the bar. They looked like typical addicts. Thin, unkempt, twitchy with hungry eyes.

He pulled out his phone and sent a text to Eric.

“Oh and sugar…” Birdie said smiling to those around them as she leaned in close to his ear. “They have silver chains on them”.

He nodded quickly and walked her over to Pam for her to “chat” while he went to help Eric deal with the drainers.

Eric and him met with the drainers. It had taken a Maker’s command to keep Eric from killing the two men as he had promised Birdie in her contract. The two men were handed over to the human authorities. Godric had turned a blind eye when Eric had planted more “evidence” on them than necessary to get the hardest conviction possible.

By the time they had finished with their statements to the police and walked back in the bar had begun to close. Godric didn’t see Birdie with Pam and felt a panic run through him. He ran towards Eric’s office and found her curled up on the couch.

“Ready to go, Little Bird?” He asked softly.

She gave him a tired smile and accepted his hand to help her up. The two walked hand in hand to the car and began the drive home.

“She still hasn’t called me.” Birdie said as she worried her bottom lip.

“Give her another day and if she still hasn’t called you I will go check for you, okay?” Godric said.

“Thank you, Godric. You are so wonderful to me.” She squeezed his hand and gave him that smile that had his undead heart wanting to burst.

“Anything for my Birdie.” He raised her hand to his lips and pressed a small kiss to the back of it.

The rest of the car ride was silent as they drove to her large home. He walked her to her door and was about to turn and leave when she gripped his hand a little tighter.

“Can I...uhm...Ask you a silly favor?” She whispered, her blue eyes focused on her feet.

“Anything”
When she turned her pleading blue eyes up at him and chewed on that bottom lip he knew he would give her whatever she asked for, he would move heaven and earth to bring it to her.

“Can you stay with me tonight?”

Godric’s mind went completely blank that had not been what he was expecting, at all. His mind flitted through scenarios or rather fantasies of what could happen if he did stay with her.

“I am sorry. That was totally over the line for me to ask. I am just so freaked out with the whole maenad thing and Sookie not calling me back and then some of the thoughts of the guys in the bar. I shouldn’t have asked. You already have to babysit me at the bar. Don’t worry about it. Forget I asked, you are probably tired and want to be in your own home…” She babbled bringing him out of his stupor.

“I would love to stay with you.” Godric said hurriedly, trying to soothe her worries.

“Oh thank god.” she said with a small laugh and pulled him into the house. “Are you hungry? I think I have some Trueblood in the fridge still.”

“No, thank you. I do not require much blood at my age, synthetic or not.” He told her with a small smile. He was not sure how to proceed with her. He had never wanted a relationship with a human and he was not sure how to go about creating one.

“Wanna watch a movie?” Birdie asked. Her beautiful face blushed brightly making Godric wish not for the first time that he could read her mind.

“Sure.” He followed her lead thinking at first they were going into the living room but they ended up in her bedroom.

She walked into her closet and shut the doors tightly behind her leaving him standing awkwardly in the room. He had seen the room the night they had brought her here but he would be lying if he said he did not take in any true details of the room that night. Her room looked barely lived in. The bed was made perfectly and there was not an article of clothing upon the floor. The only tell that she lived in this room was her scent filling the space. He took a deep breath imbedding the scent more deeply in his brain.

The doors opened revealing Birdie in sleep shorts and a tank top. He nearly bit through his own tongue when he noticed that she did not have a bra on under the thin material.

“I have some basketball shorts that would fit you if you wanted to change into something comfortable.” She handed him a bundle of material and pointed to where the bathroom was. Using his vampire speed he rushed to the room she pointed out and changed quickly. He opted not to wear a shirt and made his way out of the room barechested with the strange long shorts on. He had seen human men wear them before but had never donned a pair himself. He rubbed a hand down his chest absently, a human tick of his that he was never able to kick. The smell of her arousal is what hit him first then the faint smell of blood as it flooded her cheeks with color.

“Am I making you uncomfortable?” He asked with a small smirk. Her blue eyes were glued on his muscled chest and she was audibly gulping.

“Huh?” She said in a dazed voice. “What? No. I am totally fine. Totally...alright” The dark haired girl began fiddling with the remote and before handing it to him. “Here pick what you want while I get ready for bed.”

He watched her walk into the bathroom and chuckled quietly. He looked through the tv program,
something called Netflix, and picked a strange looking movie called Grease. It did not look threatening or like it was meant to be a thriller which would be good for the already scared Birdie. Speaking of the woman she came out of the bathroom without any make up and smelling like mint. He studied her face for a moment taking in its natural beauty. She truly did not need the chemicals on her skin, she was flawless to him.

“Grease? I love this movie.” She said in an excited tone. She climbed into the bed and patted the other side. “You comin’ or what?”

He did not need to be told twice. He slipped under the covers as well and sat beside her as the movie began. Within moments she was getting more comfortable which included snuggling up to him. He sighed happily and kissed the top of her head as she used his shoulder for a pillow.

“Can I ask you a question?” She said after a few moments.

“Of course.” He tightened the arm that was around her and pressed his nose into her hair.

“What do your tattoos mean?”

He knew this conversation was coming and to be honest he had expected it sooner. “My people, the Gaul, worshiped the elements specifically water. That is what the tattoo on my left arm signifies. I received that when I turned eight. The collar upon my chest signified me as the chieftain’s son and his heir, it was a symbol of protection. The runes on my right arm are a prayer for good fortune and straight aim. On my spine, that tattoo is the symbol of a sea serpent that my people worshiped as well. Then there is the brand on my shoulder from the Romans marking me as a slave.”

Godric had been staring at the ceiling as he spoke unaware of how close the girl had gotten until he felt her press a kiss to his chest, where his collar tattoo rested. He couldn’t stop the groan of approval that came out of him nor could he stop himself from pulling her up so he could capture her lips. The kiss was slightly clumsy making him think that perhaps she was her first kiss. The thought made his cock painfully hard. He swiped his tongue across her mouth and felt her jerk backwards ever so slightly.

“Are you okay?” He asked her in a husky voice.

“I’ve never kissed with tongue before...Hell, I’ve never been kissed before...” She said in an embarrassed voice.

“Oh there is so much more you can do with tongues.” He whispered and flipped them quickly so he was hovering over her, pressing her into the bed with his pelvis against hers. He pressed his lips to hers and nearly shouted in joy when she responded enthusiastically. Once again he tried to coax her tongue into playing with his. She touched his tongue tentatively with hers at first but after a few moments, she got the hang of it. Godric’s mind swirled with lust, mostly the lust for her body but the blood lust was strong as well. The taste of her was enough to have him second guessing his vow of not pressuring her into sex, but he had evolved. He had come a long way from the physical embodiment of Death.

Birdie pulled away from him to bring in a much needed breath baring her neck to him. His self control holding his fangs back snapped and the snick of his fangs descending could be heard over his companions panting. Her hooded eyes popped open wide and her heart rate went wild, she even went as far as flinching away from him.

He felt his undead heart crack a little. He retracted his fangs and sat up, separating himself from her and turning his back on her, he couldn’t stomach her fear right now. He had never felt so human in
his entire existence. “I will not harm you.”

He heard the sheets rustling and expected to see her running for the door, but instead he felt the bed dip directly behind him then her warm arms settling around his neck from behind. He could feel her chest pressed against his back.

“I know you won’t.” She whispered. “You just surprised me is all. Are you hungry?”

Godric shook his head.

“Then what is it?” the dark haired girl pressed.

“Vampire’s fangs descend when we are aroused as well.” He told her honestly.

The girl was quiet for a moment when the scent of her own arousal hit him like a freight train. “You are aroused? By me?”

Godric turned to looked at her and chuckled at the wonder on her face. “Of course. I told you you are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. To get to be near you is a great gift and being able to kiss you is even better than my dreams could concoct.”

Birdie captured his lips once again with a firm kiss but pulled back before he could get more into it. “If you bit me would it hurt?” She asked.

Godric blinked a few times before he could answer. “Not the way I do it.”

The dark haired girl pursed her lips ever so slightly. “Would you be able to stop if I let you taste me?”

“I have self control. I would be able to stop whenever you wanted. But you do not need to let me feed from you, I am happy to continue kissing you without any biting.” He assured her. He had heard some women felt the need to pay men with their body for their attention and he did not want that to be the case with Birdie. She was young and naive in the ways of flesh.

Birdie bit her lip and looked up at him through her dark lashes. “I have always wondered what it felt like.” She said it so quietly if he did not have advanced hearing he would not have caught her words. “I mean it must feel good if fangbangers are so willing to throw themselves at any vampire around, right?”

Godric chuckled. “I have heard it can feel quite good, as you put it.”

Birdie stared into his green eyes for a long moment. “Where would you bite me? I don’t want it to be on my neck. Are there other places you can do it?”

Her innocence near knocked him over. He felt his darker desires beginning to take over, not the murderous ones mind you. He slowly pushed her backwards so she was laying flat on her back. He grasped both of her delicate wrists gently and held them with one hand above her head. Her breathing picking up, coming in short pants. He kissed down her jaw then to her neck. He licked it gently making her squirm against him, urgently.

“Patience, Little Bird. So you do not want to be bitten, here?” He pushed his pelvis down into hers for a moment, rubbing his hard erection against her center as he kissed her neck.

“No. Not there.” She whispered.
He kissed his way across her collarbone to the inside of her bicep. “I could bite you here.” He released one of her wrists and brought it to his lips. “Or here.” She shook her head, eyes closed, chest heaving. He moved his hands down her body, tracing her subtle curves until he had his hands on her bare beautiful thighs. He moved slowly never breaking eye contact with her as he moved down between her legs. He lifted one of her bent legs and kissed from her ankle to her thigh before stopping there.

“Oh I could bite you here.” He said in a husky voice.

She nodded enthusiastically making him chuckle.

“Are you sure, Little Bird? I do not wish you to regret this.” He would rather starve for the rest of his days than make her fear him for biting her.

“I’m sure...Just be gentle.” She whispered.

“Oh min elske (my love)” He pressed another kiss to her thigh.

He rose up and decided she needed to relax a little more before he bit into her. He kissed her once again, slipping his tongue against hers until she was panting once more. His hands moved up and cupped her breasts gently, waiting for her to push him away but she did nothing of the sort. She pushed her chest up into his hands. He could feel her taught nipples brushing against his palms, making them both groan loudly. Godric shifted so his hips were between those luscious thighs of hers and began to grind his erection into her covered center. The beautiful woman below him moaned loudly and moved her hands into his hair tugging lightly. Her arousal was thick in the air driving him mad with desire. It took everything in him not to shed her of her shorts and push into her fully. He distracted himself from those thoughts by moving his mouth down to her breasts. He nibbled on the taught tips through the thin fabric of her chemise. Birdie moaned loudly in response and gripped his hips tightly with her thighs.

He decided she was near the cusp after grinding against her center and teasing her breasts. Godric slowly kissed his way back down between her thighs. He licked the inside of her thigh making Birdie snap her thighs shut nearly on his head. His only saving grace were his vampire reflexes. He spread her thighs apart and continued kissing her thigh, reaching one hand up he began to rub at her clit through her shorts. She mewled loudly and grabbed his hair, pulling tightly.

“Oh god!” She chanted above him.

He smelled the rush or her arousal before the orgasm hit her. When it did he plunged his fangs into her thigh. The flavor that burst on his tongue was unlike anything he had ever tasted in his life. It was as if delicious sunlight was pouring into his mouth. He could never compare the flavor to anything else, for he had never tasted anything so delightful. Godric took a few more pulls of the blood before his self-control kicked in. He sliced his tongue on one of his fangs drawing blood before licking the fang marks, effectively healing them. He licked lazily at the leftover blood on her skin while she panted from her orgasm.

The vampire looked up to see his mate laying back, arm flung over her eyes, chest heaving and mumbling about “what had she been missing all these years”.

He chuckled and climbed up the bed next to her. Godric had never felt so wonderful. His body felt stronger than it ever had and he felt like he could think clearly for the first time in two thousand years. He felt...alive.

“Oh my god. That was amazing.” She huffed and pulled her arm off her eyes so she could look at
him. “Do I taste alright?”

It was such an asinine worry and he was so happy that Godric could not hold his laughter. “You taste better than anything that has ever touched my tongue. You taste like pure sunlight.”

Birdie broke out in a blinding smile. “Really? You like it?”

“I do not like it, I love it. You are addicting, my dear. But that is not surprising to me, many of your kind are.” The words slipped out of him as he thought of the few faery hybryds he had tasted in his two thousand years.

“My kind? You mean human?” She asked worriedly.

Godric shook his head and gathered in her in his arms. Pulling her back against his front. “No. I mean the part of you that is not human, the faery part.”

Birdie began to laugh. “You are funny.”

“I am serious. You are part faery.”

Birdie looked at him over her shoulder absolutely bewildered. “Faery? Those are real?”

Godric could tell just by looking at her she was thinking of the the mythical creatures parents had been reading to their children about for centuries. “Yes, but they are not what you are thinking of I am sure. The tiny creatures with the wings are pixies and those are extinct. You are faery. Your kind is powerful and enticing, especially to vampires. They have many powers, including your mind reading. I do not know what other powers you possess, it could be many that you have not learned of yet.”

Birdie sat still in front of him. “How do you know?”

“Well, apart from your smell, your taste has now confirmed it but I suspected after you told me of your grandfather.”

Birdie pulled away from Godric’s arms and turned to look at him. He immediately missed the warmth. “My grandfather?”

“Yes. Your grandfather, Fintan. I have met him.”

“You have met my grandfather? When?” Birdie rubbed at her temples as if she were in pain.

Godric pulled her back against his chest and began to massage her scalp gently while he spoke. “Long ago the fae were having something of a civil war. The Sky Fae, who you belong to, were warring with the Earth Fae. Fintan’s father, Niall Brigant Prince of the Sky Fae, had called in a favor I owed to him and asked me to fight for his side. Eric and I fought beside Niall and Fintan both. Fintan was a good warrior, not near as good as me or Eric, but very good for his age and kind. He could read minds as well.”

Birdie turned around in his lap to straddle him and hugged him while resting her head into the crook of his neck. “I am so confused. I mean I always knew I was weird. But to think Faeries exist is just crazy.”

Godric rubbed a hand up and down her back gently. “You are not weird. There are far more beings in this world than you could ever imagine. Humans are not as alone as they have always thought.”
Birdie nuzzled deeper into him tiredly and yawned loudly. “Does that mean Sookie is a faery too?”

“It would make sense.” He agreed.

“Hmm.” she hummed and he could tell that she was beginning to fall asleep. He picked her up and began to gently lay her down. “Stay with me?” She asked with heavily hooded eyes.

“I would love to” He said and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. He grabbed the remote off of the bedside table and shut off the tv before pressing the buttons to make the room light tight and secure. The steel shutters on the windows fell into place and the heavy lock on the door clicked shut. Godric breathed a sigh of relief and settled down into the bed for his dayrest. He wrapped his arms around Birdie and pressed one last kiss to her lips before dying for the day.
Chapter 7

It was strange waking up with another in her bed, but it was a good type of strange. Birdie awoke with her entire body wrapped around Godric, leg thrown over his hip, arm over his ribs and face firmly planted against his chest. The ringing of her phone had her scrambling to answer it. In her scrambling, she ended up straddling Godric’s waist.

“Sookie!?” Birdie asked in a breathless tone.

“Hi, Birdie.” Sookie’s exhausted voice came through the phone.

“Oh thank you, Jesus.” Birdie whispered and pressed the phone to her chest in relief. She brought the phone back up to her ear and heard Sookie breathing heavily into the phone. “Are you okay? Sook, what happened!?”

Sookie relayed the events of the Maenads death. She talked about Sam shifting into a great white bull and then piecing the heart of Maryanne. It was a thrilling tale but by the end, Sookie was in tears.

“My house...Birdie...My gran’s house. It is destroyed. I don’t know what I am going to do.” Sookie sobbed into the phone.

“Come stay with me.” offered.

“I couldn’t...” The blonde began.

“And why not? I have three extra bedrooms, fully furnished Sookie. I even have a pool. I am lonely here anyway. Please, you would be doing me a favor. Come stay with me until you get your house fixed up. It will be funnnnn.” Birdie said in a tempting voice.

Sookie let out a watery laugh on the other side. “Okay. Give me your address, I'll come over. I can’t stand to look at this house right now anyhow.”

Birdie rattled off her address and bid Sookie goodbye. The dark haired girl looked down between her thighs finally realizing just what, or who, she had been sitting on this entire phone conversation. She hopped off him and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek before jumping in the shower.

After a quick shower and tidying up the house Birdie set to work on cooking some food for Sookie. No doubt the girl was going to be starving. She fixed up some southern chicken, beans, and rice while she waited. Her ears picked up the sound of a car door slamming and then footsteps coming up the walkway. She ran to the door and threw it open to reveal a red-eyed, blotchy faced, crying Sookie. The two girls embraced for a long while before Birdie pulled her in and sat her down at the kitchen table then began practically force-feeding the blonde.

“I was so worried about you, Sookie.” Birdie told her once they were both well and truly stuffed full of food.

Sookie held Birdie’s hand and tried to fight back tears. “I was so scared. But it’s over and done now.” She wiped at her tears and stood up to help with dishes. By the time the girls finished cooking it was only an hour until sunset.

“I left a note for Bill, I hope you don’t mind I gave him the address where I was. I didn’t want him to worry.”
Birdie was uncomfortable with Bill knowing where she lived but she guessed if Sookie trusted him she could put aside her discomfort for now. It wasn’t like she didn’t have a two thousand-year-old vampire guard at her beck and call or anything. Bill was no match for Godric and everyone knew it. “That’s fine.”

The girls talked until night fell. As soon as the sun had set a zoom sounded throughout the home. Birdie looked up to see Godric directly in front of her.

“Little Bird.” He said in way of greeting and pressed a kiss to her forehead. “Hello, Ms. Stackhouse.” He said to the blonde with a kind smile.

“Hi, Godric. Thank you for your help with the Maenad. Sam told me you gave him the information he needed.”

Godric dipped his head as if to say "you're welcome".

“Are you hungry?” Birdie asked Godric.

He smiled deviously at her and shook his head. “No. I am still full from last night but thank you, min elskeende”

Remembering last night brought a bright blush to her cheeks. She could still feel his lips on hers and his fingers against her center. She hoped that Sookie’s sense of smell was not as keen as vampires because she did not want her friend to know she was incredibly turned on from the memory.

Godric had been looking at her coyly one moment and then his fangs were out and he was hissing the next.

Birdie stumbled back as he flew to the front door just as someone tried to open it.

“Sookie!?” A voice called from outside.

“Bill!?” Sookie yelled and ran towards the door. Godric retracted his fangs at the name but still stood in front of Birdie protectively while Sookie and Bill had their reunion. Birdie came up behind Godric and held on to the back of his shirt. She didn’t know why but the former confederate soldier gave her the willies.

“Compton,” Godric said in an annoyed voice.

“Sheriff,” Bill said and nodded his head to the elder vampire.

“I am no longer Sheriff, you may call me Godric,” Godric informed the vampire.

Bill nodded and pulled Sookie close to his side as if Godric wanted the little blonde. Birdie hoped he didn’t and nothing in his posture or voice said otherwise. Godric stood still and firm in front of Birdie, broad shoulders keeping her smaller frame from Bill’s view.

“Sookie. Your brother and Sam are looking for you. May I suggest we go speak with them?”

“Okay. Is that alright Birdie?” She asked her dark haired friend.

Birdie peeked out from behind Godric’s unmoving shoulder. “Of course. I am workin’ tonight so just call me when you are wantin’ to come back and I will give you the code.”

“That won’t be necessary. Sookie will be staying with me.” Bill said to Birdie in a firm tone that caused Godric to tense.
“I don’t know, Bill. Birdie wanted me to stay with her…” Sookie said softly but one look at her boyfriend’s dark scowl had her halting. “We can talk about it in the car. I’ll call you later.” the blonde said as Bill pulled her away from the house without a goodbye.

Godric and Birdie stood there in silence while they listened to Sookie’s car pull out from the driveway. The dark haired girl let out a sigh of relief and went to go get ready for work but Godric stopped her by gathering her against his chest and pressing kisses into her hair.

“Good evening.” He whispered in her ear.

“Hi…” Birdie said with a stupid giggle. The man just made her knees weak and caused all conscious thought to fly out the window.

He slowly, as if giving her time to back away, pressed a soft kiss to her lips. She wanted to drown in the kiss and perhaps never wake again. He pulled away and she pouted until he planted another kiss on her.

“We need to ready ourselves. May I use your shower?” He asked politely.

‘Only if I can get in with you’ She thought to herself. ‘Wow. down girl’ the dark haired girl mentally berated her gutterbrain.

“Yeah. Do we need to leave early to go swing by your house to get you fresh clothes?” She asked.

“No. Pamela is bringing me a change of clothing to Fangtasia.” He followed her up the stairs and to their bedroom. ‘No. My bedroom’ she growled internally. She really needed to get a handle on her hormones.

Godric jumped into the shower while Birdie changed into black skinny jeans. She was just about to pull her black shirt over head when Godric walked out of the bathroom, towel slung low across his hips. She stopped in her mission to clothe herself opting instead to just stare at his nearly naked form. His chest was chiseled with a beautiful set of six pack abs and that deliciously defined ‘v’ that led to the muscle that made him a man. And oh what a man he was. She wanted to lick every part of him. To stop herself from doing such things she turned her back on him and pulled her shirt over head. In a flash, he was behind her wrapping his arms around her.

“I do not mind if you look,” Godric said with a kiss to the back of her neck.

“If I keep lookin’ I am going to do something that I don’t think I am ready for,” She told him honestly.

Godric stepped away from her and using his vampire speed was completely dressed in yesterday’s clothes by the time she turned around. “Better?”

Birdie sighed dramatically. “I guess.”

He chuckled with her and pulled her against his chest. “I believe, my Birdie, that I am addicted to touching you. I can not seem to keep my hands to myself when I am near you.”

The dark haired girl pulled back and shrugged. “I don’t mind too much.” She teased getting another chuckle out of the vampire.

“I should hope not because I am not planning on stopping anytime soon.” The words hit her hard in the chest.
“I made you sad?” He asked watching as her face fell.

“No. How long do you plan on staying here? I mean you can’t live the rest of your life as my guard.”

Godric looked at her confused, his dark brows pulling together in confusion. “I can’t? Do you not wish me to?”

Birdie stepped out of his arms, needing the distance to think clearly. “It is not that. It’s just...anyone I lo... get close to dies.”

Godric cracked a smile and moved closer to her, wrapping a strand of her long hair around his finger. “It is a good thing I am already dead then, have been for a long time.”

The absurdity of his words made her come out of her self-loathing and chuckle. “You are funny”

Godric pressed a kiss to her forehead. “But I am serious, I would like to stay near you as long as you will have me.”

Birdie looked up into his green eyes. “Why?”

Godric scrubbed at his face with a large hand, another human tick that seemed to have stayed with him since he was turned. “I hold affection for you and I believe...you are my mate.” He said the last bit quietly.

“Your mate?” Birdie asked confused and slightly alarmed.

“A destined partner that my soul recognized the moment my eyes met yours.”

Birdie stumbled away from him. “What?”

“Did you not feel it too? Do you not wonder why you are not afraid of me or my line? Why you feel at home with me? It is because your soul is home, Little Bird. It is at home with my own soul.” He spoke with such conviction that she almost did not question him.

“I...I am a little overwhelmed Godric. Last night I find out that apparently I am a faery and now that you are my soul mate? I just need time...to process everything.” She watched as his face fell and then went blank.

“Do you not have feelings for me?” He asked in a nonchalant voice.

“No. That is not it. I like you a lot. More than I think is normal for knowing someone less than a week. But I am eighteen, Godric.” she said in a pleading tone.

“And I am technically seventeen.” He argued back. “It means nothing. You are far wiser than your years, Birdie. Do not plead that you are a child when I know full well you are not and have probably never thought like one either. I will give you time if that is what you wish. I do not want to push you. But we are mates, Birdie. I know you feel it.” He said it calmly and with no malice, just like he was stating facts.

“You’re right that I feel...something. But Godric, I just feel like we don’t even know each other that well. How can you think we are soul mates? We are not even dating!”

Godric straightened where he was standing. “Dating? What is that?”

Birdie looked at him as if we were joking but his face clearly said he had no idea what she was talking about. “Going out on dates. You know...like courtin’?” She tried to think of what they might
have called it back in the day but she was coming up blank.

“Courting? You wish me to court you?” He asked just as surprised.

“I don’t know.” She said out loud, but her blush gave away her real answer which was a very loud ‘YES!’.

“So you wish to be a couple? Like we act in Fangtasia?” He clarified.

“That is the idea, except go on dates. Go out to concerts, dinner, or something small like have movie nights. That kind of stuff” Birdie dodged his direct question and thought she had gotten away with it until he smirked at her.

“Little Bird, you are flying around the question. Do you wish to be part of a couple, with me?”

The dark haired girl blushed bright red. “Do you want to with me?” She turned the question back on him.

“Yes.” He said without hesitation. “If that is what you need to accept that we are mates, I will do whatever you wish. So we are a couple now?”

Birdie began to laugh at the absurdity of a two thousand-year-old vampire asking her to be his girlfriend. “Yes.” She kissed his cheek before passing him to do her hair and makeup in the large master bathroom. Godric followed her into the bathroom and sat on the counter watching her do her makeup. When she finished painting her face, she began to toy with her hair.

Godric appeared behind her and touched her chocolate locks gently.

“May I braid your hair?”

Birdie stared at him in the mirror in surprise. “You know how to braid hair?”

Godric laughed lightly. “Yes. My mother taught me to braid. It was something a husband would do for his wife in my tribe.”

“Okay!” Birdie rushed to sit on the edge of the tub with her back to him so he could braid her hair. She moaned lightly when he began to lightly pull at the strands of hair. She heard his fangs descend with a snick. She tensed slightly waiting for the bite, but then she remembered last night’s bite and almost wished he would bite her.

“Were you ever married Godric?” She knew he had been taken by the roman soldiers while he was young but she didn’t know if he had a wife while he was a slave.

“No. But I was betrothed. She married my brother when I was taken, I believe.” He answered.

Birdie frowned. “I am sorry.”

“Sometimes I forget that humans have changed so much.” Godric admitted and pressed a soft kiss into her hair letting her know it was done.
Birdie walked towards the mirror and looked at her hair. It was beautiful. Down the middle of her hair was three small French braids side by side, that ended before they reached the back of her head. Then he braided a small braid above each ear, in a braid pattern she had never seen before. He had pulled those back along with the hair on the sides of her head to meet in the back and pinned them. The rest of her hair was left flowing down her back in gentle waves.

“Thank you. It is beautiful” She whispered and hugged him tightly. She pulled back and tentatively kissed him. He kissed her back, building the passion between them until Birdie’s alarm on her phone began to ring.

“We gotta go!” in a rush, she threw her phone in her purse, pulled on her heels and ran down the stairs. As always Godric was faster than her. He was waiting at the front door, hands in his pockets and leaning against the doorframe.

“Show off.” She grumbled as she opened the door and ran out to the car. Again Godric was in front of her, pulling the door open for her. He zoomed to the other side and hopped in.

It wasn’t until they were nearing the bar that she remembered something. “Shoot. I forgot to leave a key for Sookie.”

Godric patted her hand softly trying to help her relax. “It will be fine. They can always stop by here to get a key.”

Birdie relaxed and threaded their fingers together startling the vampire. She noticed and tried to pull her hand back but he held on tight. He turned that kind smile of his over to her that made her heart melt and simultaneously race. He raised their linked hands to his mouth and pressed a kiss to it. A bright blush flooded her cheeks and butterflies erupted in her stomach.

The bar was busy that night meaning Birdie had to concentrate more than normal. Godric stayed at her side, arm thrown around her shoulders, posture relaxed but eyes hard. Like the many days before the problems did not start until near closing. Birdie figured that was normal for any bar, the later the hour the more drinks consumed and the more stupid people got. It appeared vampires and humans were the same in that fact. Godric had to escort out a few rowdy vampires alongside Chow, another vampire employee, leaving Birdie with Pam. It was when she was with her that Sookie called. Birdie made her way out of the bar to Eric’s office and took the call.

“Hey, Sookie! You comin’ back tonight?”

“Uh. No. Bill really wants me to stay with him tonight” Sookie sounded worried so Birdie concentrated on tapping into her mind. ‘He is actin’ weird, Bird. I don’t think he trusts me being around Godric and Eric. He got all possessive and “forbid” me from staying there.’

Birdie eyebrows went up in surprise. “Oh. Okay. Well, I will miss you. If you want to come hang out during the day I have a pool!” she said with false enthusiasm. Apparently, it was enough to make Pam raise an eyebrow at her. Birdie flipped her off in response making Pam bark out in laughter.

“Okay. Sounds good. I’ll call you tomorrow.” ‘And Birdie, I think Bill knows something is different about you. I swear I didn’t tell him anything but he suspects something. He was askin’ me questions. But he is a good man, you can trust him.’

“Yeah. Call me tomorrow” Please don’t outright tell him still. I want to keep this as quiet as possible, you know for my job”

“Of course. Bye, sweetie.” Sookie said happily into the phone before hanging up.
Birdie leaned back against the couch suddenly very tired.

“Trouble in paradise for the little blonde?” Pam asked in a bored tone.

The dark haired girl only shrugged in response. “Bill is just…”

“A creep,” Pam answered.

“Yes! I hate sayin’ that about someone who Sookie loves but damn, he gives me the willies, ya know?”

“That’s because he is a strange little vamp,” Pam said matter of factly. She had her feet up on Eric’s desk and was filing her nails. “Trust your instincts, human.”

“Pam. I thought we were closer than that? Just human? I have a name you know” Birdie joked.

The blonde vampire only scoffed in response and rolled her eyes.

“Hey, I was gonna ask you. I need to go shoppin’, I don’t really have any clothes that fit the style here. Any places that I should go that are good?”

Birdie watched in fascination as Pam’s entire face lit up, showing the truly beautiful human she once was. Pam was always gorgeous but in a dangerous way, she screamed deadly. But when she smiled the way she was now, she looked so gorgeous and innocent that it almost knocked the wind out of Birdie.

“You wish to go shopping?” Pam said in an excited tone, one that Birdie had never heard before.

“Yeah. You wanna go with me?” Birdie offered. She did want to get to know her other guard better. She knew Pam was a good friend to have, the last thing she wanted was to be on the blonde’s bad side.

“Oh, I am going to like having you around. So much more fun than the boys. I’ll pick you up tomorrow at sunset. Wear sturdy shoes, we have a lot to do” She said gazing down at Birdie’s clothing with destain. Pam walked out of the office only to be replaced by Godric.

“min elskede” he said in way of greeting.

“Hi. So I just talked to Sookie. She isn’t comin’ back tonight. Bill doesn’t want her to.” She told Godric with a frown.

“And this saddens you?”

“Well, yeah. I wanna hang out with her, I need to start training with her. That was the whole reason I moved out here originally. I just feel like Bill is tryin’ to keep her away from me.” Birdie said with a heavy heart.

In a flash, Godric was beside her and wrapping his arms around her frame. She leaned her head on his shoulder and breathed in his scent. He smelled like sandalwood and the faint scent of delicious herbs. “Sookie also thinks Bill knows about me.”

A growl erupted from Godric surprising Birdie enough that she jerked backward.

“Come, min son,” the ancient vampire said aloud. Birdie barely had time to blink before Eric was in the room. “Tell him what you told me,” Godric ordered.
Birdie’s eyebrows rose. This was the first time since he threatened Lorena, Bill’s maker, that he looked truly dangerous. “Sookie said ‘I think Bill knows something is different about you. I swear I didn’t tell him anything but he suspects something. He was askin’ me questions. But he is a good man, you can trust him’.”

Eric growled as Godric had moments before. They began rapidly speaking in Swedish, or what she thought was Swedish. Birdie was smart enough to keep quiet while they spoke. She did not like the tension that had rolled into the room and like hell was she going to turn their irritation to her. They both finished speaking rapidly and stared at her for a moment.

“Yes?” She asked.

Godric sat down beside her once again. “Birdie. I have been called to see the Queen tomorrow. I am worried that perhaps Bill Compton has told her about you.”

Birdie felt bile rise in her throat. “I don’t want to catch her attention, right?”

Eric stood above them, with his large muscled arms over his chest. “No, you do not. The Queen enjoys...collecting humans for various reasons.”

Birdie’s self-preservation kicked in and she began mentally packing all of her clothing and picking a random town on the map to flee to. As if sensing her ideas Godric cupped her face between his hands. “You do not need to flee. I will protect you. I am three times the age of this queen. She could never match me in a fight, or Eric. You will be safe.” His words washed over her like a warm wave.

“Okay. What do we need to do?” She said getting down to business.


“I thought you already did?” She thought that was what their conversation this morning was about.

“A blood bond is what I speak of.” Godric sounded almost apprehensive about her reaction.

“Okay. How? You give me your blood and I give you mine type of thing?” She asked.

Eric looked surprised. “And you are okay with that?”

“Why would I not be? If it keeps me safe ill do it right now.” She answered.

“Sookie wouldn’t,” Eric told her. The way he said her name was like a caress. Birdie absently wondered once again the Viking’s feelings on the southern belle.

“Yeah, well I am not Sookie.” She said with slight attitude. Birdie was far more frightened than Sookie about the supernatural world they had both found themselves in. Plus Birdie had seen more horrors by vampires in her time at Hotel Carmilla. But Sookie and she were alike in more ways than the telepathic connection. They had both put their trust in members of their most feared race. Birdie still could not figure out exactly why she felt so safe with Godric, maybe he was right about the predestined mates business. But right now was not the time to figure it out.

“No you are not,” Eric said still studying her face. “The Queen will not take my telepath. I will protect you, Phoebe Horowitz.”

Godric growled slightly when Eric said “my telepath” but otherwise seemed pleased with Eric’s declaration.
“You are released for the night so you may begin the bond. I understand Pam is going to be with you tomorrow night?” Eric asked her.

“Yeah. We are goin’ shoppin’.” Birdie told him making both him and Godric grimace.

“Good luck,” Eric said with a shake of his head and exited the office.

Birdie sat still slightly stunned because of the last five minutes, but she was also incredibly tired.

“Shall we?” Godric asked taking her hand.

Birdie nodded and gathered her belongings before taking Godric’s hand as he led her from the building.

“Hey Godric,” she asked as they began to drive towards her house. “What do you think about maybe staying with me for a few days until this blows over? You don’t have to sleep in my bed if you don’t want to, there are three other bedrooms you know and I am pretty sure Eric has a cubby hidden somewhere in the house. I don’t know if you would be more comfortable in there. But you can sleep with me too...” She rambled.

Godric looked over at her, completely taking his eyes off the road. “You do not mind?”

“No. I would really like it. You make me feel safe.” she whispered self-consciously. “Except when you driving without looking at the road!” She said with a laughing smile making him turn his eyes back to driving.

Godric let out a breathy laugh. “I have never heard those words from a human’s mouth before. Me, making a human feel safe” Birdie gave him a quizzical look. “My past is dark, love. For the past two thousand years, I have been a monster, the star of every child’s scary stories. The things I have done are...deplorable.”

Birdie reached over the console and took his hand, lacing their fingers together. “I don’t care about what you have done in the past as long as this version of you, the evolved version, the sweet version of you is what you are like from now on.”

Godric squeezed her hand and pulled his eyes back to the road. “I do not deserve you.”

“Well, I don’t know about that.” She told him with a smile.

“Well, I do.” His heart sounded so heavy that it made her own ache.

“Then continue working towards deserving me and I will work towards deserving you right back,” She said and leaned further over to plant a kiss on his cheek but at the last moment, he turned his face to capture her lips making her smile.

Birdie pulled away and sat back in her seat looking at the dark streets passing by them. “So you will stay with me?” She asked.

“Yes. I was going to ask you anyway. I do not trust Bill Compton or the Queen.”

His words caused fear to curl up her spine. Godric was worried which meant she should be absolutely terrified and she was. She kept her head about her for now, but she knew when she was alone she would absolutely lose it.

“Do we need to stop by your house and gather your clothes?” Birdie said to distract herself from her
He nodded and took them down a few unfamiliar streets before pulling up to a small home. He helped her from the car and the two walked into the home hand in hand. The house was beautiful within. Everything was up to date and stunning. Godric led her down a hallway then pressed a few keys into a keypad that was hidden behind a generic picture of a sunrise. The wall opened in front of them leading to a series of stairs.

“Well, that was cool.” She whispered in awe.

Godric laughed at her lightly. Down the stairs was a large bedroom that she figured must have been dug out to be a type of basement. The walls were steel reinforced with no windows. There was a large beautiful bed as the centerpiece for the room. A small kitchenette area was in the far right corner and a large dresser. Godric began packing his clothing while Birdie explored his room. She found on the bedside table a few photographs. Some of them extremely old looking. She gravitated towards a tintype picture of Godric and a beautiful dark haired woman dressed in eighteen hundred's garb. Godric wore a top hat and a waistcoat, his arm linked with the dark haired woman.

‘*My god she is beautiful. How could I ever compete with someone like that?’* She wondered as the jaws of her self-consciousness gnawed at her.

“That is my childe Nora.” He told Birdie from beside her, startling the girl. Godric chuckled lightly at her reaction.

“I didn’t know you had more children.”

“I have Eric and Nora. That is all.” Godric said as he played with the ends of her hair.

“I know you said you were not married but did you have any children while you were alive?” she was afraid of his answer.

Godric thought for a moment. “I suppose it is possible but I do not think so. There was a slave girl that I had relations with but I do not believe she ever fell pregnant, at least not by me”.

Birdie felt jealousy bubble up inside her and tried to push it away. It would do her no good. ‘*Of course, Godric has been with other women. He already admitted he was no angel the last two thousand years.*’ She decided not to ask more questions and put the photograph back.

“Ready to go?” the dark haired girl stood with her back turned to Godric.

He came behind her and wrapped his arms around her waist pulling her back to his front. “What is wrong, Love?”

“Nothing.”

“You are bad at lying.” He pressed a kiss to the shell of her ear making her shiver. Godric ran his large hands over her waist making those damn butterflies erupt in her stomach once again. In a flash he had her turned around and in his arms. He picked her up holding her under her bottom while her legs went around his waist automatically. “Do you wish to tell me what has bothered you?” His forehead was pressed against hers and his green eyes pierced her own blue ones.

Birdie closed her eyes and shook her head. His scent was intoxicating and she couldn’t think straight with him holding her in such an intimate position. Her body was screaming for some action and she was trying her hardest to keep it at bay. He began to pepper her face with kisses moving down to her collarbones. He brushed his lips against hers softly but not kissing, just teasing. She was getting
frustrated and sought out his lips on her own. He pulled back away from her ever so slightly making her growl in frustration.

“Tell me.” He demanded gently.

Birdie sighed loudly. “I am jealous.” She knew she was blushing from her head to her toes.

“Jealous of what?” His dark brows were pulled together in confusion.

Birdie squirmed to get out of his grasp but he would not budge instead he moved her to the bed and laid her down on her back with him above her, still connected at the hips.

“Jealous of what?” He repeated while nipping at her neck gently with his blunt teeth.

“Jealous of the women you have been with. I can’t compare to them.” She whispered.

Godric pulled himself up onto his elbows. “Can’t compare? You mean much to me, whereas they never did. I have never felt...this pull to another. Vampire or human. You are my mate. You are much more to me than any other being could possibly be, even my own children.”

Birdie gazed into his eyes and found he was telling the truth. She kissed his lips hungrily, Godric responded in kind. It was not long before she felt like her clothing was much too constricting. She pulled at her shirt giving Godric the hint she wanted it off. He gently pulled it off of her before removing his own. Her mouth watered at the sight and her panties grew wetter. His tattoos were on display as well as his toned muscles. He was not bulky like some men, he was lean but defined and much more muscular than she had ever seen anyone his age be. ‘Probably because he had to do manual labor his entire human life.’ she thought darkly as she ran her hands over his abs. She heard the telltale sound of his fangs dropping but was not afraid of it anymore. The memory of the night before still fresh in her mind. His fingers dipped into her pants as if asking permission to remove them. She nodded shyly biting her lip. Using his vampire speed her pants were soon lying on the floor beside her shirt as well as his, leaving her in only her black lace bra and thong. No one had seen her in such little clothing before but she did not have long to dwell on it because soon Godric’s mouth was back on hers demanding her attention. Hands roamed over flesh and hips were grinding. Feeling bold Birdie began pulling at her bra making Godric groan loudly.

Her bra soon joined the rest of her clothing. It was only moments before Godric’s mouth descended on her newly naked chest. He pulled one of her pink tips into his mouth, sucking gently causing Birdie to keen loudly and jerk her hips upwards.

“Oh god.” She moaned loudly when he pushed his hardness against her dripping center.

Birdie pulled at his pants and began to unbutton them. She dipped her hand in and grasped his hard length then pushed his pants down his hips awkwardly with one hand. Her small hand barely fit around him sending a bolt of fear through her. She knew that at some point she would give her innocence to this man above her and the idea of that fitting in her was...scary.

Godric noticed her stopping and pulled back to look at her. “We do not need to go further, min elskede”

In response, she pumped him in her hand. She had never done this before but she had seen it done enough times in people’s minds that she found herself a seasoned pro. She had always been curious about how a man would feel in her hands. Godric felt like velvet iron beneath her hand. He was not warm per se but his member was certainly warmer than the rest of him.

He cursed in a foreign language when she pumped her hand up him again.
“Am I hurting you? Do you want me to stop?” She asked worriedly.

“Please don’t stop.” he practically whimpered against her throat.

She felt a surge of power run through her at the ability to cause Godric, a two-thousand-year-old powerful vampire, whimper. She continued to pump him up and down while occasionally adding a slight twist to her movements. His hips jerked ever so slightly with each movement of her hand. His own hands had wandered, she heard a rip and looked down to see him pulling at what was once her thong and throwing it out of the way. His fingers moved through her wet folds gently. It was now his turn to tease her, she could tell he was well practiced in the act. His thumb played with her pleasure button bringing her close to climax but not quite. He slipped his index finger into her and she saw stars. She moaned loudly as her orgasm washed over her. Her body twitched pleasurably as she came down. She had paused in her ministrations of him when he brought her to completion but continued as soon as her mind began to right itself.

“You are beautiful” Godric whispered and pressed kisses to her face.

She hummed happily and continued to stroke him. He bent his head to once again suck on her breasts. She felt the tide within her begin to rise once again as he inserted another finger within her and slowly worked them in and out.

“Do you want to do the bond now?” He asked against her chest, his green eyes looking up at her.

“Okay,” she said slightly breathless.

Godric did not immediately bite her he continued to toy with her breasts and folds until she was near the brink once more. She could tell he was close as well by the way his hips were jerking with her hand movements and the groans falling from his lips. It was when her orgasm was right on the cusp that Godric quickly grabbed the dagger on his bedside table and made a cut on his neck. She moved her mouth to suck at it as his fangs bit into where her neck and shoulder met. Birdie came hard when he began to suck on her, taking deep pulls of her blood. She did the same to him and soon felt his seed spray onto her stomach. She sucked at his wound pulling his delicious blood into her mouth. It did not taste as she thought it would. It was not metallic like her own. He tasted unlike anything she had ever had in her life but it was good tasting which surprised her. She sucked on the wound until it closed then she leisurely licked at it cleaning the blood from his skin. She could still feel him taking small pulls from her own wound. With each pull aftershocks of her orgasm hit her. Godric soon licked her wound spreading his own blood from his cut tongue into the wound to heal it. Birdie panted as she came down from her amazing high.

Godric moved from the bed shedding his pants entirely and walked to the kitchenette to wet a rag. Birdie felt a blush crawl up her body as she watched him walk naked around the room. His manhood was impressive, not that she had seen many in person, but she had seen enough in others minds to know that he was well above average in the manhood department. In a flash, Godric was back and wiping his seed from her belly. After he was done Birdie pulled the comforter around her to try and hide some of her nakedness.

“Being shy, min elske?” He asked her with a small smirk. She only giggled nervously. He picked her naked form up and placed her beneath the blankets before crawling in beside her. He held her in his arms and hummed a tune into her hair. Birdie could feel the bond between them. It felt like an invisible string between the two. She could feel his happiness as well as her own. It was a strange feeling, completely alien to her but she found that she liked it. The dark haired girl nuzzled into his chest comfortably.

“Isobel was right” He murmured while he played with her long hair.
“What do you mean?” She asked looking up at him. ‘Isobel the new Sheriff in Texas?’ she wondered.

“Your feelings are so much stronger than vampires. I have never done this with a human before but Isobel said humans feelings were much more intense than our own, she was right. I have never felt such happiness before.” Godric said with a small joyous laugh.

Birdie felt a little smug. She was glad to be the first human he had ever done this with. At least she had that piece of him.

“That was wonderful.” He pressed another kiss to her hair. She turned her face, capturing his lips and kissed him deep and slow.

“Hmmm. Yeah” She said tiredly. She could not remember a time when she was this relaxed.

“Sleep, Little Bird. We can rest here for the day.” Godric pulled her more snugly against her chest while she drifted into unconsciousness.
Godric awoke to the feeling of a body pressed against his, if he was correct he assumed it was an hour or two before sunset. He felt his erection digging into warm flesh and hoped that it was not dream. He smelled his companions arousal clearly. In response, he pushed his hips forward bumping his hardened flesh into the warm body in front of him. He tested their bond and found a strong connection to his mate. She was nervous, embarrassed and extremely turned on. Godric briefly wondered if perhaps her dreams and his desires had intermingled, if they had that would explain her very human emotions. He popped open his eyes to peek at her and found that her naked back was turned to him. Her long chocolate colored hair was spread out on her pillow and tickling his chest. One of his arms was around her holding her body very close to his, the other was under her head. Slowly he moved his hand down between her legs and slipped his fingers through her wet folds. She gasped and pushed her hips back against his hardness.

His other hand drifted down and began to pluck at her nipples gently. In a movement that was quicker than she normally was, she turned and looked at him with large dilated eyes.

“Can I try something?” She asked.

Godric raised his eyebrows in surprise and nodded. She pushed him onto his back then kissed her way down his body. His mate then began to perform the most delicious torture he had ever experienced in his entire existence. He had many women’s mouths attached to his cock throughout his undead life, but it had never felt like this. He wondered if it was her skill, their bond or the fact that they were mates that created this heightened sensation. But whatever it was he knew it was going to cause him to come to completion at an embarrassing speed. Her warm, wet mouth sucked on his length causing him to make sounds that he had not made in centuries.

“Birdie, I am going to cum” He warned as he felt his orgasm fast approaching. Godric attempted to lightly push her away so he could spill elsewhere but she took him deeper into her mouth and swallowed. He came with a shout as he shot his seed down her throat. The ancient vampire panted with unnecessary breath as he came down from his high. With a large smile, he flipped her onto her back.

“Your turn” He whispered against her lips.

Godric smiled at the memory of going down on Birdie. He was currently on his way to New Orleans with Eric beside him. They had chosen to fly making the trip an hour and a half instead of the four hours it would be in the car. Flying was a trait Eric had obtained from Godric himself. Godric’s maker Appius had not been able to fly and was extremely jealous of his youngest sons undead gift. It had been pleasing to Godric to flaunt his gift in front of Appius. After years of having no power or choice, to be able to fly was a dream come true for the former slave boy.
“If you smile any wider Fader, I am afraid I may think there is something wrong with you,” Eric said in a taunting tone.

Godric refused to answer or apologize for his happiness. The time to New Orleans had given him the freedom he needed to reflect on the last week. He had planned to meet the truth death last week and yet here he was with a mate and thriving. He had never felt more human in his entire existence. She made him feel so alive and her blood, oh her blood. It made him feel like he had been in the sun. He could taste it in her and it was addicting. He thanked the Gods for his self-control or he was sure he would have drained her already. She was delicious which meant she needed to be protected from all of his kind. If they knew what she was it would cause a war. There would be mass bloodshed and his alter-ego Death would be making a grand appearance, ripping apart any and all opponents to keep her at his side. But it was not just her blood that he loved if he was not allowed another drop of her delicious blood he would be okay as long as he could still have her by his side. He felt something akin to love for her, but it was stronger than that. She was his entire reason for living, the string that connected him to this earth. Therefore he would protect her at all costs.

Eric and Godric arrived at the Queen’s mansion two hours after sunset. Eric straightened out his gray suit as Godric straightened his dark blue one. Two guards awaited them by the front door. Godric and Eric were both patted down for weapons before being led to the Queen’s “day room”. It was a glorified pool room with the image of beaches painted on the walls and bright lights above. Further showcasing her obsession with day walking and her insanity.

The redheaded Queen rose from her chair as Godric and Eric entered. There was a blonde human with her that smelled suspiciously like Sookie Stackhouse.

“Your highness” Both Eric and Godric spoke to the pompous redheaded vampire.

“Mr. Northman, Mr. Nervii” The Queen spoke with a false smile.

“Hadley, leave us.” Sophie-Anne dismissed her human companion. The blonde girl went scurrying away, closing the large doors behind her. Godric and Eric were offered seats at what appeared to be a patio furniture set.

“So, Mr. Nervii I see that you have settled into my state.” She said as she gazed at his paperwork in front of her. “What is your purpose for moving here?”

Godric studied the woman before him with little interest. She was young, only slightly over five hundred years old at most. How she had been given reign was beyond him but then again he had never wanted to rule so he put very little thought into it. “My childe and grand-childe are here. I needed a change of scenery so I followed.” He answered in a bored tone.

“Ahh. Yes. I do believe you also have a new pet as well. What is her name? Something ridiculous Bambie? Barbie? Becky?” The queen said in an arrogant way that if he was a lesser vampire his fangs would have dropped at the insult.

“I do not keep pets.” He answered her in a level tone. “I have a mate. Her name is Phoebe.” He gave her first name not wanting the Queen to hear her nickname from his lips.

“A mate?” The Queen scoffed. “That is a fairytale told to baby vamps.”

“I can assure you, your highness, that it is not a fairytale. It is real.” He said staring her down.

The Queen shook her head and waved her hand as if to wave the thought away. “That is neither here nor there. I heard she is special, perhaps similar to my Hadley’s cousin.”
“Hadley’s cousin? Do we know her?” Eric asked.

“Perhaps, she is friends with your little pet. My procurer, Bill Compton, is currently working on getting her here to be...reunited with her cousin.”

Eric and Godric were surprised by that but did not show it outwardly. They could feel one another’s emotions through the bond. Eric was angry, near livid at the news. Godric was worried about his child as well as now worried about Birdie. She was close to Sookie who was close to the Queen’s procurer. That was not a good thing.

“Why did I not know about this, my Queen?” Eric asked in an annoyed tone.

“Because you had no need to know.” The Queen snapped in a child-like tone.

“I disagree. Bill is conducting business for you in my area. I am the Sheriff of Area 5, my Queen. I deserve to know what is going on.” Eric argued heatedly.

Godric sent him a warning through the bond to calm himself.

Queen Sophie-Anne sat back in her chair with a frown on her face and her arms crossed over her chest in anger. Her fangs had descended sending a clear warning. She had no chance of winning against them if they truly wanted to harm her. Eric was the third eldest vampire in the US currently with Godric as the second eldest. He was less than fifty years younger than the eldest, who was the King of Mississippi, Russell Edgington.

But Sophie-Anne was still Queen and if they killed her it would be a hassle to sort out the mess they would find themselves in.

“I am Queen! I will do as I wish!” The redheaded vampire said petulantly making Godric wish to roll his eyes.

“Yes, your highness” Eric grumbled.

The three sat in a staring contest for a moment before the queen retracted her fangs and began speaking again. “So is your pet special?” She asked Godric.

“She is no pet, your highness,” Godric said firmly and with no small amount of warning. He watched as fear skittered across the Queen’s face before she hid it. “She is special to me.” He hedged.

The redheaded Queen raised an eyebrow and glared at him for ignoring her question once more. “I fear you are not understanding me. Does she have a gift such as Sookie Stackhouse?”

Godric weighed his options of telling her. “I do not know. She is quite… secretive. But I will tell you what I do know.” He leveled the Queen with a stare. “She is mine. We have bonded and nothing will remove her from my side.”

The Queen glared heavily at him in return. “Well.” She said with a sniff. “I am merely curious, that is all. I do not wish to take your...mate from you.” Godric tilted his head in a small bow of thanks. “So tell me, why have you stepped down from your area as Sheriff?”

Godric laughed internally at the Queen’s lack of tact. “I do not want your Kingdom, your highness. I find no joy in ruling others. I stepped down from my Sheriff duties because it was a bore and Isobel, my second was well suited for the task. I do not wish for a leadership role. I simply wish to live a simple life mainstreaming with my mate at my side.”
The Queen looked mollified at his answer. “If that is all you are free to live in my state. I hope you enjoy it. If that is all, you both are free to go.”

Godric moved but Eric stayed seated. “Why is Sookie Stackhouse special to you and do not say it is because of Hadley.”

Godric sent a tsunami of warning through their bond making Eric wince.

“It is none of your concern!” The Queen yelled and stomped her foot. Godric raised his eyebrows at her display. She caught sight of him and immediately stopped her temper tantrum.

“Her family history is interesting to me. Bill is procuring her for me by any means necessary and you will not interfere, Northman!” She snarled, then stood up straight and began to smirk. "But if you play nice I will let you see his findings when they are given to me. Can you believe the dumb little southern belle has fallen for Bill? I had my doubts about his ability to bring her to me but he seems to be doing well.”

Godric felt Eric go wild through the bond. His anger was beginning to boil over. Then within the blink of an eye, his mood turned contemplative then gleeful. Godric felt as if he was getting whiplash from his Childe’s moods.

“Thank you, my Queen. Goodnight” Eric said with a low bow. Godric only nodded his head in a show of respect, he refused to bow to her.

Within moments the two were back in the air on their way to Shreveport. Eric’s mood had not disintegrated making Godric worry of his childe’s plan. He knew his son had a certain...attraction for the blonde telepath. Godric absenty wondered if that was one of her gifts...attraction. Some Fae were known to possess it. He guessed Birdie had it as well, but he could not be sure. If she did it was not as powerful as Sookie’s. She had been able to walk undetected for a long while among vampires without being possessed by one before him. But that was not his worry as of now. His childe was planning something and Godric was almost positive it had to do with Sookie and Bill’s relationship. His son was never one to take rejection well and rejection was something Sookie had given his tall blonde childe in spades. Godric would be the first to admit that Eric’s methods of obtaining the blonde were high-handed. Eric was well skilled in the art of seduction but the art of love his childe did not possess. Godric took responsibility for that. He had taught his childe the way of the vampire. Vampires were never at the mercy of their emotions. He regretted teaching that lesson now but Godric had not known any better. From the time he was ripped from his birth mother and father he had been thrown into hell. He was just a child when Appius had begun his torturous lessons. He did not know of love, he knew of some kindness from Demetria and her master. Godric had thought he loved the other slave girl, but it had not been love. It had been comfort. She had healed his wounds when Appius had taken his rage out on the boy or gone too far. Her touch was the only one of softness he experienced in Rome.

He had not realized how long he had been in his own head until both he and Eric landed in front of Birdie’s home. Eric was going to walk through the door when Godric laid a hand on his son’s shoulder. “Eric. What are you planning?”

“Something, Fader.”

Godric rolled his eyes at his son’s weak evasion. “I will respect your wishes of privacy and not command you to tell me. But if your plan puts my mate in danger at all, you will pay for it dearly, my
Eric huffed in defeat. “I plan to tell Sookie of her lover’s...transgressions and ulterior motives.”

“If that is what you feel you must do. Would you like a bit of my advice, min son?”

The tall blonde vampire seemed to be weighing the pros and cons before nodding.

“I plan to tell Birdie of what we have learned here tonight. She is a human woman, her point of view could be...of use to you” Godric said lightly.

A loud crash from inside had Godric and Eric speeding into the house. Godric sped into the kitchen to find Birdie hunched over a broken bottle of TrueBlood. He smelled not only the metallic sewage known as TrueBlood but also Birdie’s own sunlight blood. He rushed to her and picked her up in his arms before zooming her up to the master bathroom to wash her cut.

He vaguely heard Pam grumbling to Eric. “God, he is going to be insufferable with that breather, isn’t he? Heaven forbid she get a small cut”

He heard Eric’s bark of laughter and then reprimand. “Pamela. That is your grand sire’s mate. Have some respect.”

“Well I will say, so far, she is my favorite breather.” Pam was never one for compliments. Godric smiled to himself. Pam must truly like Birdie if she was giving her a compliment such as this.

“Godric I am okay. I promise.” Birdie’s soft voice said beside him. He had her hands flowing under the cold water of the sink. He helped her pull her hand back out of the water to assess the damage. It was a marginally small cut. Only an inch long and not too deep, but he could feel the slight sting of her pain through the bond they shared. Quickly he pricked his finger with his descended fangs and rubbed his blood into her cut. She winced at first but then watched in fascination as the cut healed before her eyes.

“Wow.” She whispered.

He took a deep unnecessary breath then pulled her into a tight hug. “Good evening, min kärlek ”

“Hi,” Birdie said with a bright smile. She raised up to kiss his cheek but he wasn’t having that and captured her lips instead. He was addicted to her taste. The vampire was not sure he would ever get tired of it. He kissed her slowly and deeply enjoying their time together.

Birdie pulled back and smiled softly at him. “I shouldn’t let Pam and Eric be down there by themselves for long. It is rude.”

Godric only smiled at her and her human manners. The two walked down the stairs hand in hand. “Sorry I dropped your dinner, Pam. Let me make you another.”

“Do not fret. I have someone coming by for dinner at my home.” Pam said with a lecherous smile.

“Oh! Okay.” Birdie said with a slight strain in her voice. “Eric would you like one?”

His blonde son raised his hand showcasing he had already helped himself. Godric led Birdie into the living room and sat down beside her on the large couch across from Eric and Pam who now sat in the wingback chairs.

“How was the meeting? Everything okay?” Birdie said nervously. Her little hands were wringing
Godric put his arm around her and pulled her into his body. “Not bad. The Queen was interested in you, but she will not bother you. She understands you are mine and will not bet her life on her chances of obtaining you. She fears me.”

“She is not as obtuse as she looks,” Eric said with a small smirk.

“Perhaps. But Birdie there is something we have learned tonight.” Godric said softly while playing with her hair.

“The Queen is obsessed with her current pet’s cousin” Eric began, eyeing Birdie critically. “Sookie Stackhouse.”

Birdie went still with surprise, then began to breathe nervously. “What? What does that mean for Sookie? Is she okay?”

“Well, it seems that the esteemed Bill Compton is the procurer assigned to obtain her for the Queen.”

The room filled with the delicious sound of Birdie’s heart racing. He watched as both Pam and Eric’s pupils dilated at the sound. He sent out a low growl of warning to the both of them.

“That son of a bitch!” Birdie screamed suddenly and launched to her feet. “I knew that asshole was a fucking rat bastard! I will kill him!”

Godric was so surprised by her outburst that he chuckled. He had not seen his mate enraged but right now she definitely was. He looked at her and saw her shoot him a glare. She stomped over to the front door, shoved her feet into a pair of shoes then grabbed her purse.

“I’ll be back.” She growled and slammed the door shut. Godric and Eric looked at each other confused.

“She is going to go tell Sookie, you idiots,” Pam said with a roll of her big blue eyes.

“I will deal with you for the insult later,” Eric growled at her before Godric and he were out of the house and flying towards Bon Temps. They flew above Birdie’s small sedan following her to Merlotte’s Bar and Grill.

Birdie parked the car and ran into the bar. Godric could hear her asking for Sookie.

“She is outback, cher” Sam Merlotte said.

They caught sight of her as they hovered over the bar. Eric had his arms crossed over his chest in amusement.

“Sookie?!” Birdie yelled.

There was a moment of silence then they caught sight of Sookie sitting beside a large man under one of the oak trees. “Bird?”

“Yeah, girl. It’s me. I really need to talk to you.”

“I wonder how she will word this” Eric said with amusement.

“Do not joke of this. It hurts my Mate. I can feel her pain for her friend.” Godric reprimanded.
Sookie stood from where she was sitting next to the man. He grabbed Sookie’s arm refusing to let her go. “I have to know Sookie!” he growled at her desperately.

Without a thought, Eric had zoomed down and grabbed the man roughly away from Sookie.

“Eric! Don’t hurt Eggs!” Sookie screamed.

Godric felt his sons conflicted emotions. Eric snapped back towards the man and looked him in the eyes.

“You do not need to know. You are happy with the way your life is so far. You don’t have a reason to talk to Sookie. In fact, you are very thirsty for a beer. You want to go inside and get a drink. Now.” Eric released the man.

“I’m gonna go inside now. I want a beer.” Eggs said in a way that only the glamoured do.

Sookie whirled on Eric angrily. “What the hell!?"

Eric crossed his arms over his chest and smirked down at her. “You’re welcome, lover”

The blonde’s face took on a bright shade of red. “I am not your lover Eric, Goddammit!” she poked his large chest angrily.

Birdie slipped between them and grabbed Sookie’s hand. “Sook, I need to talk to you, okay?”

Sookie’s eyes softened at the sight of the younger woman pleading. “Is it really important? I need to go get ready. Bill and I have a date tonight.”

Godric felt panic flood their bond. He sent her a wave of calm and strength back.

Birdie took a deep breath and nodded her head. “Yeah, it is.”

Sookie led Birdie back into the restaurant, and out of sight. “Why is Eric here?” Godric faintly heard the blonde ask.

“He was guarding me, I guess. It all has to do with what I have to tell you” Birdie began.

Eric flew to Godric’s side looking angry. “She is ungrateful.”

His maker sighed. “Min son, have you tried speaking with her instead of giving grand gestures?”

Eric turned his confused blue eyes on his father. “Talk to her? About what?”

Godric shook his head in exasperation. “About your feelings for her.”

“My feelings? I do not have feelings. I wish to obtain her and perhaps fuck her. But that is all. There is no feelings. Vampires do not have feelings towards humans.” Eric argued.

“What of my love for my mate?” Godric asked calmly. He knew his son could feel it.

“She is not all human.” Eric countered then realized the trap he had found himself in.

“Nor is Sookie,” Godric said with a clap to his sons back.

The two were silent then, listening to the end of Birdie and Sookie’s conversation.

“He would never do that! You are just working with Eric. That’s what this is!” Sookie said angrily.
“Sookie. I am not, I promise. Godric told me himself. Do you not trust Godric’s word? He would not lie about this and he certainly wouldn’t help Eric try to just get into your pants.” Godric heard the tears that were thickening Birdie’s voice. “Sookie I know you can see the conversation in my mind. You know I’m telling the truth.”

“No!” Sookie screamed. “He would never do that to me! He loves me.” The blonde roared.

“Sookie you and I both know that he is off. There is something not quite right! Don’t lie to me and tell me you don’t feel it! I can see it in your mind. He has betrayed you before, at the hotel with the donor. That was so disrespectful. He is not honest with you, and you know it. You are my friend. I just want you safe and happy.” Birdie cried out.

“You are not my friend. I barely know you. Get away from me.” Sookie said in a deadly voice.

Godric felt the pain of her statement strike through Birdie as if it were his own heart that was wounded. In a flash, he was down on the ground and in the bar. The patrons jumped when they saw him walk through. He nodded to Merlotte who was behind the bar and walked towards the office.

“Just do yourself a favor and ask him Sookie. Pay attention to his answer, okay? Then look me in the eyes and tell me you don’t believe me.” Birdie said and slammed the door behind her.

Godric stood there watching as tears flowed from her eyes. She was not paying attention to him as she ran towards the front door, running smack dab into him. He wrapped his arms around her and held her close. He could hear Sookie crying in the other room but felt no sympathy for her. He only worried about the woman in his arms. He had to fight his nature strongly not to rush into the room and rip the blonde apart for causing his love to cry. Godric kept one arm around her waist as he led her out to the front. He caught many curious and fearful eyes as they walked through the main area. Godric knew many humans found him attractive but he was also strange to them. Their natural instincts prompted them to run from him while their bodies told them to get closer. He looked towards Merlotte and tilted his head towards where Sookie was. Perhaps the shifter could talk some sense into his employee. Godric caught sight of the dark skinned man that Eric had glamoured. He was sitting on a bar stool with a beautiful woman between his legs hugging his waist.

‘At least someone is happy’ Godric thought absently as he led a sobbing Birdie out to her car and put her in the passenger seat. He hopped in the driver seat and sped towards Birdie’s house. They didn’t speak as he drove but he kept his hand on her thigh trying to comfort her.

When they reached the house she still had not spoken making him worry. Godric was grateful his grandchild had been smart enough to go to her own residence leaving Birdie’s home unoccupied. He pulled Birdie from the car and carried her towards the door despite her weak protests.

“Let me care for you, min kärlek” He whispered and pressed a kiss to her forehead.

He unlocked the house quickly then carried her upstairs. He gently laid her on the bed before starting a bath for her in the large four seater tub. He added some of the vanilla scented bubbles to soften the water then entered the bedroom. Birdie was seated on the bed wiping at her eyes with the edge of her shirt. Her eyes were red-rimmed and puffy, her skin splotchy on her face. He still had to fight the urge not to kill Sookie for hurting his love in this way but he pushed it down.

Slowly he helped her stand and then began to undress her. She seemed a little unsure of his motives but didn’t protest too much. She did try to hide her nakedness with her hands but when he softly
pulled her hands away she did not try to recover herself. He carried her into the bathroom and placed her in the tub.

“I’ll let you have time to yourself.” He said and pressed a soft kiss to the top of her head. He turned to leave but she darted out a hand and grabbed his.

“Do want to join me, maybe?” she asked in a soft voice.

“Sure, my love” Quickly he shed his clothing and climbed into the tub. He moved her so she now sat between his legs. He gently washed her hair for her, massaging her scalp then twirled her hair into a bun on top of her head so it was out of the way. He grabbed the body wash that was on the edge of the large tub and began to lather her shoulders before massaging them.

“Do you wish to speak of it?” He asked.

Birdie sighed loudly. “I don’t know. I just...I guess I thought we were closer than that. But she was right. We don’t know each other. We are not friends. I have never had friends before so I guess I don’t know what it means to have friends.”

Godric felt pain for his mate. “Pam is your friend, Eric is as well. They would do everything in their power to protect you.”

Birdie turned his lap to straddle him. “And you?”

Godric felt his body react to her lack of clothing as well as her close proximity. “I am your friend, lover, boyfriend, mate.” He hated the word boyfriend. He may look like a boy but he was far from it. He knew that it was a word Birdie would like him to use so he did. Godric felt relieved when Birdie smiled and leaned forward to kiss him deeply. He wrapped his arms around her thin waist and pulled her closer to him so their naked chests were touching.

“Make me feel better, Godric.” she whispered against his lips.

He pulled back fully and looked into her eyes. He could feel her lust through the bond but he wanted her permission. He found it when he looked into her eyes. In a flash he had them out of the tub, Birdie wrapped in a towel and laid out on the bed. He was between her legs and licking her slit moments after that. Her small hands were in his short dark hair tugging lightly which only drove him crazier. Her moans rang in his ears taking with it any thoughts of slowing down or stopping this. He inserted one finger then two into her dripping entrance while his tongue teased at her clit. She came loudly, gripping his fingers with her inner muscles as they spasmed. He groaned as the taste of her release burst on his tongue. He was addicted to the every taste of her, especially this one. Godric continued lapping at her for a moment before kissing his way up her body. His manhood was poised at her entrance, he looked at her with a questioning gaze and was delighted to see her nod.

Slowly he pushed into her. She winced in pain at the intrusion making him stop to give her a moment to adjust before continuing. When he was buried to the hilt in her she was breathing through the pain. He moved one hand down to her pleasure button and began to rub it gently. His mouth descended on one of her pink tips, sucking it into his mouth gently. Her hips jerked in response and he began to move his own hips. She was so beautifully tight that he could barely think straight. He was not sure he had ever had a virgin before but he was sure that none of them had felt like this. Not only was he feeling his own bliss but he was feeling hers as well through the bond which intensified the experience. He was careful to be gentle with her as he snapped his hips forward into hers. Her heels dug into his backside as he pushed in and out of her. He could feel her pleasure rising with his own, he picked up speed rubbing her clit as he did so until she came undone around his cock screaming his name. He pumped into her twice more before spilling his seed deep within her with a loud roar.
Godric panted above her, his forehead pressed against hers.

“Mmmm” Birdie hummed happily “That was so much better than I ever imagined.”

Godric pulled out of her gently before padding to the bathroom and wetting a washcloth. He gently cleaned her then himself. The ancient vampire lifted her up then deposited her under the covers and climbed in himself to hold her tight to his body. “Yes, it was, my love.”

Within moments he heard her breathing evening out signaling her descent into slumber. He knew the night had taken a toll on her and was saddened for her. But he could not say he regretted her speaking with Sookie if it led them to where they were now, naked and cuddled together postcoital.

The ancient vampire was glad to know that his love for her had not been dampened by beginning a sexual relationship with her. If anything it only grew. The bonds between them were strong, much stronger than a first bond should ever be but he knew that was due to their written fate. They were meant to be together, meant to be mates. He only had to wait two thousand years for her but it was worth it.

A frantic knocking on the door pulled him out of his downtime. He rose swiftly and rushed to the door wearing only a towel. He could smell Sookie before he heard her voice.

“Birdie, please!” The girl said through the door.

Godric opened it with a raised eyebrow. “Ms. Stackhouse.”

Her bloodshot eyes bugged a little at the sight of him mostly unclothed.

“Godric. Is Birdie here? I really need to talk to her.” She said frantically.

He studied the girl before him. Her hair was a mess, there were water tracks through her makeup and her eyes were red. Her lavender dress had tear marks on it and was wrinkled in many places.

“You are here to apologize” He stated coldly.

“Yes. I was cruel to her and she didn’t deserve it.” tears welled in the girl’s eyes again.

Godric was about to reprimand her for treating his mate in such a way until he heard the woman of his affections rising from the bed.

“Godric? Who is at the door?” Birdie called.

He turned his green eyes back to Sookie before pulling the door open wider and allowing her within the home. “I will let her know you are here.”

Godric walked up to Birdie’s room and found her pulling on her underwear. It saddened him but he knew it was necessary if she was going to talk to Sookie downstairs.

“She is here.” He told her and studied her face. He felt panic flow through the bond then sadness. “She is here to apologize.” He watched as surprise flitted across her features.

“Oh. okay. I’m just gonna throw some clothes on then I’ll be down.” Birdie pulled on a pair of soft sleep pants and his t-shirt. She looked at him shyly when he raised an eyebrow. “It smells like you,” She said softly.

He pulled her into a tight hug and kissed her deeply once more. “I will leave so you may have privacy with Sookie.”
“Please don’t leave.” She whispered and pressed a kiss to his chest.

Godric thought of refusing her but he couldn’t. He nodded and went back to the bed to lay down. Birdie promised she would be back soon, then disappeared downstairs.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so I deviated from the show quite a bit here (well more so than the whole leaving Godric alive and adding an OC character!). I hated when Eggs got killed off so I left him alive. Sookie finds out about Bill's indiscretions sooner and confronts him.

Any mistakes are my own (I know there have been a lot in previous chapters. Please excuse them. :D I have not been the best at editing lately).

Thank you for reading this story!
Birdie stepped down the stairs slowly. She could already feel the soreness setting in and it was making walking down the steps slightly painful. Godric had been gentle, very gentle. But she knew no matter how gentle he was it was still going to hurt a little, he was not small in the manhood department. Surprising to her it did not hurt nearly as much as she had seen in others thoughts. Godric was an experienced lover and boy did he know what he was doing. Her brain felt a little melted after her last orgasm and as hard as she tried to stay awake she just couldn’t. It was frustrating to her that every time she was in his arms she fell asleep. The dark haired girl knew it was because she felt safe with him but she still wished she could actually stay alert when she was alone with him.

When she descended the stairs she saw Sookie sitting on one of her couches wiping tears from her eyes.

“Hey,” Birdie said softly.

“Birdie! I am so sorry. You were right...about everything!” Sookie cried and ran to gather the dark haired girl in her arms. Birdie hugged her back tightly allowing the slightly taller blonde to cry on her shoulder while she rubbed her back.

“It’s gonna be okay.” Birdie said into Sookie’s golden hair. “Wanna tell me what happened?”

Sookie pulled back and sat on the couch before launching into her story. “After you left I started thinking about what you had said and you were right, something was off. Before we went out I asked him about what you had said and he tried to lie to me but I could feel him through the bond you know. He was scared and when I called him out on it, he told me everything. How the Queen had asked him to come after me, how Hadley had told the Queen about my disability. The Queen thinks I am a goddamn faery for some reason. She thinks that if she drinks enough of my blood she can walk in the sunlight without burning or some bullshit like that. Bill tried to tell me that it started off as a job but he has really started to care for me. He wants to protect me from the Queen.” Sookie stopped to wipe some tears from her eyes. “He actually thought I could forgive him for all of that. He took my virginity! I was still a job to him when he did that! God, I don’t even think he actually loved me at all. Then on top of it all when I rescinded his invitation from my wrecked house he tried to fucking propose to me!”

Birdie winced heavily. “Asshole.”

“Yeah, tell me about it. I told him to get the fuck off my property and out of my life. I never want to see him again. He wouldn’t leave right away just stood there dumb struck. I could feel him pulling at our bond trying to make me feel something other than anger. God that made me so damn angry, Bird” Sookie wept for a few more moments while Birdie rubbed her back.

“I shut down the bond. I don’t know how, but I did. I can still tell he is alive but I can’t feel anything from him, you know? No anger or pain, just that he is somewhere kickin’. Hurt like hell to do it but I think it is for the best.” Sookie choked.

Birdie secretly felt happiness for Sookie able to get rid of Bill. He was a threat to Sookie as well as Birdie herself. Especially with him working as a procurer for the Queen. But Birdie did not feel any happiness for Sookie being in pain.

“I’m sorry what I said about us not being friends. It was cruel and not true. Please forgive me?” Sookie turned her pleading eyes on Birdie.
“Of course I forgive you.” The dark haired girl said truthfully. The words still stung a little but she understood Sookie had lashed out for a reason. “Do you want to stay here for the night?”

The blonde shook her head. “No. I don’t want to intrude.”

Birdie shook her head before Sookie had even quit talking. “You are not intruding at all. I'll go grab you some clothes pick a bedroom.”

“Are you sure? Godric didn’t look too happy about seeing me.” Sookie chewed on her nails worriedly.

“He is just protective of me that’s all. He just wants to take care of me” Birdie said with a dreamy smile on her face.

“Hmm. I suppose that is why you smell like sex huh? Takin’ care of you real good?” Sookie teased with a small smile.

Birdie blushed brightly and pushed Sookie playfully. “Shut up. I am gonna grab you clothes.”

The dark haired girl rushed up the stairs and into her bedroom. She saw Godric’s naked chest first. He was laying in the bed, the comforter low on his waist, his muscular arms behind his head and his eyes closed. It was not quite sunrise so she thought maybe he was just in downtime. She moved to the closet and pulled out some pajamas for her friend before slipping out of the room and down the hall. She found Sookie in the last bedroom down the hall sitting on the bed.

“Here ya go. Do you need anything else? The tubs in this place are amazing.” Birdie said with a slight blush as she remembered how amazing her tub was.

“Yeah, I think I’ll have a soak and then head to bed. Thank you, Birdie” Sookie hugged the girl tightly once more before bidding her a goodnight.

“I am just down the hall. If you need anything just holler.” the dark haired girl said as she slipped out of the room. She padded into her own room and found Godric in the same position. She turned out the lights, programmed the steel shutters and climbed into bed beside him. She did not want to disturb him so she turned on her side giving him her back. She smiled as she heard the sheets rustling and then his arms wrapped around her.

She let her hands run over him and realized something was missing. “Are you naked?” she asked with a small laugh.

“Of course. How else does one sleep?” He asked in a cheeky tone.

“I don’t know, maybe these things called pajamas?” She said sarcastically.

“Hmm. Never heard of them.” His teeth scraped lightly on her neck causing her panties to get wet. She turned and captured his lips, then scrambled on top of him to straddle his hips.

Godric hummed happily against her lips as she began to move her hips against his. Before she knew it she was once again naked with him inside of her. The sensation was so different compared to when he was on top. He was so much deeper but she was in control and it was thrilling. It wasn’t long before their movements turned frantic as they raced towards their orgasms. Birdie kept her hand clamped over her mouth as her orgasm ripped out of her, afraid of having Sookie hear her. It wasn’t long before her spasming walls milked him to completion as well. She collapsed on top of him still jerking every once in awhile as her body came down from its aftershocks. Godric trailed his fingers up and down her spine gently. Birdie shivered at the feeling as well as the cold that was beginning to
set in on her slightly sweaty skin.

“Shower?” Godric asked.

“Mmmhmm” The dark haired girl hummed happily and slid from the bed. It felt strange showering with another being, she had never done it before but she found that she enjoyed it immensely, especially when Godric pinned her against the shower tiles, her thighs on his shoulders and his head between her legs.

They crawled into bed naked, she was much too exhausted to even put on underwear. She was also fairly certain her jello legs would not hold her if she tried to stand on her own two feet. Godric curled around her body holding her back close to his front while he died for the day and she fell into a deep slumber.

Birdie woke to the smell of bacon. She hummed happily and stretched. A heavy arm was around her waist and she smiled as she looked at Godric’s hands. She could see certain signs that he had once had another life, such as his tattoo’s, scars and the callouses on his hands. She linked their hands together and relished in the feel of his strong hands. She wondered what he was like two thousand years ago. Was his personality similar to how it was now or was he meek? Was he kind? Her mind swirled until her stomach began to growl loudly for sustenance. She slowly extracted herself from him and went padding down to the kitchen after she put on a change of clothes. When she reached the kitchen she saw Sookie looking worse for wear behind the kitchen stove. Her blonde hair was piled high upon her head and she had large bags under her eyes.

“Good morning, darlin” Birdie startled the blonde.

“Morning” Sookie said in a tired voice.

“I can see you're exhausted. Did you sleep at all last night?”

Sookie shook her head and dabbed at some new tears that blossomed on her face. “Bill called me then Jessica did all night long. I turned off my phone but I could still feel him trying to pull at the bond I closed and don't even get me started on the dreams.”

Birdie hugged her friend tightly. “I'm sorry. I know what will cheer you up.”

What? Sookie asked tightly.

“Sunbathing!”

The two ate a quick but delicious breakfast before throwing on their bikinis and making their way to the pool.

“Damn. Eric is loaded isn't he?” Sookie asked as she looked out at Birdie’s large pool.

“You have no idea.” Birdie thought as she remembered the multiple properties Godric had told her Eric owned.

The two played in the water only stepping out to get some food or to bask in the now fading sun.

“Why was Eric there last night?” Sookie asked after a long while.

Birdie thought on what she should say or not say. “He was going to guard me but I think he also wanted to see you.”
“Wanted to see me in pain? Asshole” Sookie growled.

“No, I mean see you. I think he has a bit of a crush on you” Birdie said carefully and watched as Sookie eyes grew wide and her cheeks flushed before she laughed.

“Eric Northman does not have crushes. He is unfeeling. Well, if you don’t count the feeling to screw everything in a skirt”

Birdie couldn't help but laugh at that. “He tries to put out that vibe but I swear to you he feels more than he lets on.” Sookie only rolled her eyes in response. “You have to admit though, he is quite good looking.” Birdie said and peeked at the blonde beside her from the corner of her eye.

Sookie blushed brightly. “Yeah. I guess. But whatever. Should we start working on blocking?”

The rest of the daylight was spent with Sookie attempting to train Birdie in the art of blocking. As the sun went down the two girls skittered inside. When they entered, there sitting on the couch in a relaxed stance was Godric. His feet were up on the coffee table with his arms crossed over his chest. He looked very much like the young man he was when he was changed, not the two thousand-year-old vampire he became.

“Hi, Godric,” Sookie said awkwardly.

“Good evening Ms. Stackhouse,” Godric answered politely.

“You can call me Sookie.” The blonde said with a small smile.

“Sookie then” Godric smiled back before gathering Birdie into his arms and kissing her lightly. “Are you two busy tonight?”

“No, what’s up?” Birdie asked as she sat down lightly beside him.

“I wish to take you on a date, tonight.” Godric brushed the hair from her forehead. “And I was wondering if Sookie would be a chaperone for us.”

Birdie and Sookie both looked at him with a confusion in their eyes but laughter on their lips.

“Do y’all need a chaperone? Not that I am against it...But y’all are already living together.” Sookie said with a small laugh.

“Is that not how courting is done any longer?” Godric asked dark brows pulled together.

Birdie held back her laughter, barely, and pressed a soft kiss to his cheek. “No. But I love that you thought about this.” the dark haired girl turned back to Sookie. “Would you mind chaperoning us tonight?”

‘It is rather sweet that he thought of having a chaperone, even though I know y’all have not been the most innocent’ Sookie thought to Birdie.

The dark haired girl blushed brightly wishing she had mastered her shields sooner. Poor Sookie had gotten a lovely look into her mind on last night’s events. ‘So will you come with us? It will probably be fun and you could use a night out anyway, right?’

Sookie debated on it for a moment. “I don’t want to intrude on your date. I have some stuff I gotta start working on at my house anyhow.”

“You would not be intruding. Please join us Sookie.” Godric spoke in that soft tone of his.
‘I guess it would feel good to go out right?’ Sookie thought. “Okay, I’ll go. Where are we goin’?”

Godric’s face split into one of those grins that made Birdie’s heart stutter. “It is a surprise. But we will be outside and casual. We leave in one hour.” Godric said and then zoomed up to the bedroom.

Birdie and Sookie looked at each other and shook their heads in response. ‘Where do you think we are goin?’ Sookie asked.

‘Not a clue…What are you gonna wear?’ The next few minutes were filled with a silent conversation about what outfits would look best.

The two soon found themselves in Birdie’s large walk in closet picking out outfits. Birdie pulled on a pair of skinny blue jeans and a black lace camisole. It was made of silk and by far one of the nicest shirts she owned. Pam had insisted she buy it and she couldn’t deny that the blond vampire knew what she was talking about. Pam had called it a Fleur du Mal Lace Cami, whatever that meant. Birdie pulled on her lace up black flats before turning to see what Sookie had picked out.

As every southern girl knows how, Sookie paired her jean shorts with a cute t-shirt and a pair of converse shoes. Quickly doing their hair and make-up side by side the two girls felt giddy for their night out. Birdie was excited to be out on a date with Godric and Sookie was excited to hopefully forget about Bill for a few hours. The dark haired girl could still see the sadness in her companion but she hoped soon that would fade. The two girls finished up and headed down stairs looking for Godric. When they found him he was not alone.

‘What the fuck is Eric doing here?’ Sookie growled and turned eyes on Birdie.

‘I had no idea he was going to be here. You know I didn’t’ The girl thought in defense.

“Sookie,” Eric said in a smooth tone.

“Eric. What are you doin’ here?” Sookie sassed.

Godric stepped forward then. “I invited Eric. I hope you do not mind, Sookie. I thought with the Queen’s interest in you it would be best if you had extra protection while we were out.”

Birdie knew why he had phrased Eric’s presence that way. Sookie would not argue with extra protection especially after mention of the Queen.

“Yeah okay,” Sookie said, obviously annoyed but she couldn’t do much else.

“Shall we?” Godric asked as he held out his arm for Birdie. She took his arm happily and the two exited the house followed by a smirking Eric and a pouting Sookie.

‘I’m sorry, Sook. If you are really uncomfortable I can talk them into dropping you off before we go.’ Birdie offered.

‘No. I’m fine.’ Sookie answered slightly grumpily.

Eric drove with Sookie sat in the passenger seat while Godric and Birdie sat in the back.

When they pulled into the drive-in movie to say the girls were shocked would be an understatement. It felt so… normal.

“A drive in?” Birdie asked excitedly.

“Yes. I enjoyed them during the 1950’s. Is this not a respectable date?” Godric said with slight
worry.

“No! I love it! It’s absolutely perfect” Birdie hugged him and planted a kiss on his lips.

“No, I love it! It's absolutely perfect” Birdie hugged him and planted a kiss on his lips.

“Sookie and I will go sit in the grass.” Eric said as he accepted a large amount of blankets from Godric.

“Like hell we are,” Sookie argued.

“Do you truly want to be stuck in a car with the two lovebirds who have just begun mating?” Eric asked.

Birdie felt the blood rush to her face.

‘Ugh. I hate it when he is right’ Sookie grumbled internally before stepping out of the car.

‘I wasn’t going to do anything!’ Birdie defended.

‘It’s dark. You are both teenagers...kind of. I would rather not take my chances. Me and Eric will...be fine.’ The blonde thought to her friend then hopped out of the car to follow Eric.

Birdie peered out the window to see that Eric had spread out a blanket on the grass then pulled another blanket over them.

“How far does he think he is going to get with her?” Birdie asked Godric.

The dark haired vampire only chuckled in response and pulled her into his side. They relaxed in the backseat while the movie began to play.

“The Mummy?” She asked excitedly. It was not the remake but the original that she had yet to see.

“Yes. I have heard that it is customary that a male bring a female to a frightening movie for her to cling to him for safety.”

Birdie began to laugh loudly at his clinical explanation. “Yeah, it is.” She snuggled into his side and watched as the movie began.

“Well. Go ahead and spill.” Sookie said the next morning as they ate brunch by the pool in her backyard.

“Spill what?” Birdie asked around her cup of coffee.

“Oh don’t play coy with me.” Sookie smiled coyly. “I saw the car rocking. How much of the movie did you actually see?”

Birdie blushed brightly remembering exactly what had happened in that car. “I saw enough of it.”

Sookie rolled her blue eyes. “Uhhuh. Sure you did.”

“So how was Eric?” Birdie changed the subject quickly.

“Strange.”

“What do you mean by strange?” the dark haired girl asked. Sookie looked like she was focusing
quite hard on solving a puzzle at the moment.

“He was nice and had manners. It was odd. He only made a few attempts to pick me up. Much less than normal. And what is stranger still is he gave me his jacket when I got cold.”

Birdie smiled around her coffee. “Yeah. Strange.” ‘that’s because he has a crush on you’

Sookie scowled darkly and chose not to answer. It was a few minutes later when she finally spoke. “You sure it is alright if I stay here with you?”

“Of course it is! Why would it not be?”

The blonde struggled to answer for a moment. “Well I know you and Godric are just gettin’ y’all’s relationship off the ground and all. I just don’t wanna get in the way.”

“Sook. You will not be in the way at all. Come move in. It will be nice to have another female around.”

“In that case...Would you like to come to Bon Temps with me to get some of my stuff?” Sookie asked.

“Yeah. Let’s do it!” Birdie and Sookie cleaned up breakfast and made their way towards Bon Temps. But not before Birdie dropped a soft kiss on Godric’s unconscious form and left him a note.

They drove quickly through the backwoods towards Sookie’s farm house. When they pulled up to it there was a few work trucks with men working on the home.

“What in the devil?” Sookie whispered.

Birdie tapped into the men’s minds to see if any were of a threat. They were all curious as to what had caused this much damage but did not seem to be of any threat to them.

Sookie parked her little yellow car and hopped out.

“Hi? Who are y’all?” She asked one of the workers.

‘Well hot damn, look at this little piece of Louisiana ass. Mnmhhmmm I would like to take a bite out of her.’ The man thought. Birdie grimaced in disgust and stepped out of the vehicle as well. Then the foul thoughts were centered on her and Sookie together. She glared at him which only spurred him on more.

“We are Humphry Restoration ma’am” Gutterbrain said and puffed out his chest.

“Allright. And who hired you?” Sookie questioned politely.

“Mr. Northman called about having the house restored, with a few updates of course. Are you Ms. Stackhouse, the owner?” Gutterbrain asked.

“Goddamnit. This does have Eric written all over it.” Sookie seethed. “High handed asshole! He is just doing this so I will owe him. If he thinks this will be the thing that finally gets him into my pants he is sorely mistaken!”

‘If it makes you feel better I don’t think he is doing it to get into your pants per se. He likes you, he
Sookie growled and stomped into the house leaving behind Birdie and Gutterbrain.

“Is there a problem?” He asked, while trying and failing at checking out her ass.

‘Yeah. Your eyes on my ass.’ Birdie sneered internally but on the outside she gave him a polite smile and shook her head before following Sookie into the house.

It was absolutely destroyed. Birdie could see the beauty that home once held but that was gone now. There was dirt, blood and what she guessed was other bodily fluids spread on the walls as well as the floor. She ascended the stairs and found Sookie angrily packing a duffle bag with clothing and shoes. The two girls worked silently, packing what they could salvage of the blonde’s belongings. When they exited the home the workmen were attempting to cut down the gargantuan meat, fruit and stick sculpture in her front yard. Birdie rubbed a teary Sookie’s back as they walked to the car.

They piled her stuff into the small vehicle and took off without speaking.

“You hungry?” Sookie asked.

“Yeah sure.” Birdie answered softly. She could tell the blonde was on edge.

“Good. Because I could use a drink.” Sookie sped down familiar roads until they were pulling up in front of Merlotte’s.

Once inside Sookie said “hi” to a few people while Birdie stood awkwardly off to the side until she saw a familiar head of blonde hair. She left Sookie’s side and walked up to him.

“Hi, Jason.” She said happily.

‘He always gets the hottest chicks. I wonder how long he has been bangin’ her.’ One of the construction workers at his table thought.

“Oh! Darling’ what are you doin’ here?” Jason said as he stood and pressed a kiss to her cheek.

“Just grabbin’ some food with Sook before we head back to my house.” She told him happily. She liked being around Jason he was so expressive and said exactly what he thought. It was refreshing.

“Guys, this is Sook’s friend Birdie. Birdie this is Hoyt, Ben and Quinn.” Jason threw his arm over her shoulder as she shook hands with all of the guys, except for Quinn he decided to kiss her knuckles.

“I wouldn’t do that if I were you.” Jason warned the other man. “Her boyfriend is a vamp, a powerful one to boot. How old is he anyhow?”

Birdie blocked out the thoughts of her being a “fangbanger” and answered him. “Two thousand years.”

Hoyt whistled between his teeth in amazement. “Well hot damn.”

“Yeah. Anyhow. Real nice meetin’ y’all but I’m gonna go talk to Sook. Bye now” The table said their goodbyes and Jason pressed a kiss to temple before letting her go.

“Godric is gonna smell that.” Sookie said as Birdie joined her at the bar.
“Who is Godric and is he as delicious as this one here?” A very flamboyant dark skinned man with false lashes on his almond eyes pointed to the other African American man seated at the bar.

“Listen bitch, you keep hittin’ on my man I am gonna start swingin’, ya hear lafayette?” The bartender said angrily to the flamboyant man who Birdie had just learned was named Lafayette.

“Whatever, Hookah” Lafayette waved off the threat.

Sookie took a deep drink of her beer then finally came to her senses. “Sorry, this is my friend Birdie. I met her down in Dallas.”

Thoughts centered on her swirled through their minds. It looked as if Lafayette was going to say something when a redheaded waitress turned towards her from the register.

“Birdie? You work at that fanger bar?”

“Yes, I work at Fangtasia.” Birdie answered. She was surprised at the amount of fear that came from Lafayette’s mind at the mention of the bar but she blocked it out. When she took a closer look at the redheaded woman she recognized her from Coby and Lisa’s minds a few nights ago.

“You are Coby and Lisa’s mama.” She blurted.

“I’m Arlene. My kids keep talkin’ about you and some damn game called labyrinth.” She said with a little laugh.

“They are sweet kids. I enjoyed playin’ with them.” Birdie said to the woman. Arlene was about to answer when Jason’s table called her away.

“So you know Eric Northman then?” Lafayette asked warily.

“Yeah. He is my boss and landlord.”

‘Is she fuckin’ him? Looks too sweet for him but you never know…” He thought.

“And my boyfriend is his Maker” She said to clarify that she was not sleeping with the beautiful blonde man.

‘What is with white girls these days bein’ into dead men?’ The man named Egg’s thought.

“Not just white girls Eggs” Sookie said angrily.

“Looks like you have had enough.” the bartender said and took Sookie’s drink away while Egg’s stared at her in shock.

“Tara Thornton. I have had my heart ripped out of my chest and stepped on this week. I think you can give me a pass on drinkin’ this one time.” Sookie snapped.

“What did that mothafucka do?!” Tara growled.

Sookie waved off the woman and wiped at her tears. “We are over. That is all y’all need to know.”

Sookie was embraced first by Lafayette then Tara while she cried. Birdie sat off to the side next to Eggs, allowing the cousins to comfort Sookie.

“So you are Tara’s boyfriend then?” Birdie asked the man beside her.
“Eggs.” He said with a small smile and held out his hand. She took it and shook his hand.

“Birdie. Nice to meet you.”

Soon Sookie had calmed enough that they were able to eat and then it was time to leave. Birdie wanted to be home before sunset so she could slip into bed beside Godric.

The dark haired girl took her slightly inebriated friends keys and walked the blonde out of the bar. It was still daylight as they made their way towards Sookie’s car.

It was there that they were ambushed. Birdie fought like a hellcat to get away from the large men grabbing at her. She screamed but a calloused hand stopped it from reaching anyone else’s ears. She bit down hard on his hand drawing blood and jabbed her keys into his warm flesh with a satisfying squelching sound. She gained an inch away from him as he grunted in pain. She tried to run away but a loud thunk sounded then everything around her went black.
Chapter 10

The feeling of fear is what awoke him from his day rest. He could feel his mates fright through their bond, then pain and then nothing. He roared with anguish at the feeling. He picked up his phone and called her over and over again hoping for an answer but all he got was her answering machine.

“**You’ve reached Birdie leave a message after the tone.**”

He left her a quick message and got nowhere. He knew his own fear, worry and anger must have awakened his childe because the blonde was soon ringing him.

“Something has happened to Birdie” Godric growled. “She was with Sookie gathering her things, at least that is what the note said. I awoke to her pain and fear moments ago.”

“Fuck,” Eric growled. “Can you feel her fader?”

Godric concentrated on their bond. “She lives still but is moving away from me.”

Eric let out a stream of curses as did Godric. Sunset was at least an hour away meaning they were trapped for the time being.

“I will call in a few favors,” Eric said before hanging up.

Godric decided to try Birdie’s cell again. It was on the third ring that a man answered.

“Who is this?” Godric snarled

“Eggs. Look I found this phone in the parking lot next to Sookie’s car. I’m guessing she dropped it.” The man answered defensively.

“Which parking lot?” Godric questioned

“Merlottes. Sookie and Birdie were in here earlier. I guess they caught a cab or something” Eggs explained.

“Mr. Eggs. Listen to me very carefully. My name is Godric I am…”

“Birdie’s boyfriend. Yeah, she told us about you” Eggs interrupted.

Godric wanted to feel pride that his mate was speaking well of him to others but could not focus on that now. “Does there appear to be any sign of struggle near Sookie’s car?”

Eggs shuffled around then sighed loudly. “There is uh… some blood and a what looks like a few sets of footprints in the dirt” Eggs said. “I found Sookie’s keys. They are covered in blood”

Godric felt his stomach plummet through the floor. His Birdie was taken, but by who? Fucking Compton or the Queen perhaps?

“If you see them please call me immediately. You will be rewarded.” Godric growled before hanging up.

He paced a hole in Birdie’s carpet until his phone began to ring. He felt his undead heart jerk hoping that it was Birdie. It was not, it was Eric.
"Tell me." Godric said.

"My contacts say they were taken by Were's, not a local pack. They would have recognized the scent. They followed it..." Eric paused momentarily. He knew his fader was not going to like what he had to say next. "They lost the trail just outside of Bontemps. I have Were's loyal to me from here to Jackson searching for them."

Godric pulled his phone away from his ear and smashed it into a crumbles. His rage was going unchecked. He was able to calm himself by the time the sun had fallen from the sky and then he was off. He took flight and zoomed toward where his mates bond was pulling him. He felt Eric join him in the sky not long after. It was when they reached the borders of Mississippi that Godric’s rage began to boil over once more. His mate had been taken far and whoever had taken her would be sorry that they ever laid a hand on what was his. Eric and Godric reached an estate some hours after taking flight. It had sprawling green lawns and what looked to be Were’s guarding the property.

“The King of Mississippi” Eric growled.

“Russell Edgington” Godric snarled. He checked his bond with Birdie and found that she was still unconscious or perhaps sedated.

Eric and he formulated a fast plan and were soon walking up the steps of the home escorted by guards.

“Welcome, my old friend! What a surprise.” Russell crowed from the top of the stairwell.

Godric did not have the patience for such things at this moment. “You have taken what is mine”

Russell began to chuckle at Godric’s words. “Yours? Step into my office and we can chat without all the...listening ears.”

Eric looked to Godric for an order. His maker nodded his head ever so slightly then led them into Russell’s office.

“Talbot, dear. Rustle up someone for our surprise guests.” Russell spoke to a Grecian vampire who rolled his eyes but did as Russell said.

Russell sat behind the desk with a large smile on his face that reminded Godric of his own Maker. He hated Edgington even more now. He could practically see Appius shining through Edgington’s face. Godric clenched his fists so hard he was sure his knuckles would break his skin any moment now.

“Sit,” Russell said as he pointed to the chairs across the desk from him.

“No,” Godric said in a flat tone that left no room for argument.

Russell’s eyebrows raised and a surprised laugh came out of him. “I guess the rumors of you being a castrated, human loving, passive vamp is just that...rumors.”

Godric growled lowly. Before collecting himself. He straightened his posture and began to plan a way to kill the vampire in front of him if necessary. “Where is she?”

“Let’s save the business for after we have had drinks,” Russell answered in a polite but firm voice.

Talbot then entered with a decanter full of their crimson life force. The Grecian was giving Eric eyes that should have made his husband angry but Russell seemed to find it of no consequence. Russell
poured them all glasses and handed out the blood. Godric set his back on the desk. This blood would taste like dirt compared to that of his Mate and he would not feed from anyone else but her. Godric continued to glare at Russell as the man leisurely sipped his drink.

A loud knock on the door had Russell growling ever so slightly. “What?!”

The large oak doors opened to reveal a familiar vampire. One Godric had met only once but had made a horrible impression.

“He killed another of your guards.” Lorena huffed.

“That is the third one in three days, Lorena. He must be dealt with” Russell raged. Godric knew what this meant. Bill had been given a death sentence.

“No. He is just being rebellious. If I could have more time I could get him in line...I just need more time.” Bill’s maker cried.

“Talbot. Please take Godric and Eric on a quick tour while I complete some…business.” Russell waved at his husband in a dismissive gesture.

Godric growled loudly. “I tire of your games, Edgington. You have taken my mate. I have no more patience, give her back now.”

Russell shot him an annoyed glance. “She was taken by the dogs I employ by mistake. She will be given back to you without trouble. If you demand recompense I will give their lives to you. Only after I conclude my business.”

Godric was pacified slightly but not by much. It seemed his tempers had been calmed slightly while Lorena’s were flamed.

“You promised Sookie’s life would be mine!” Lorena screeched.

In a motion so quick Godric’s eyes almost missed it Russell backhanded Lorena sharply. “Stupid girl. He is speaking of the brunette. Could you not smell him on her?!” Lorena looked up at him from where she had fallen on the floor with so much hatred in her eyes Godric was surprised Russell was not in flames.

Godric felt his son’s anger flare when Lorena spoke of taking Sookie’s life. Godric sent him a wave of calm in response.

“Talbot. Take them.” Russell ordered.

“Fine.” Talbot huffed hotly. “Always sending me away while you conduct business. If you never wanted me around why not just let me live in one our vacation homes?”

Godric trailed after Talbot with Eric following on his heels. As they looked at the many trinkets littering the walls and cases Godric felt his Mate awaken. She was scared and in pain, not much but enough for him to notice. He sent her a wave of strength and comfort hoping that she could sense he was near. The two thousand-year-old vampire vaguely listened as Eric purposely flirted with the Grecian vampire allowing Godric’s mind to focus on strategy. Birdie would not leave this place without Sookie. His mind formulated the plan on how he was going to force Russell to give him both girls. He was so focused on his strategizing that he had not noticed the pain in his bond to his childe until it came at a near knee buckling degree.

He stepped closer to his child and saw him looking at a polished iron and bronze crown in a glass
case. Godric recognized it immediately. It was Eric’s father’s crown. The dark haired vampire had not seen it in person before but Eric had drawn it many times during the years when he was particularly set on revenge.

“Some random tribal crown,” Talbot said without enthusiasm as if the crown that had meant so much to Eric was nothing more than dirt upon the man’s designer shoes. “We must have a hundred of them laying around. This one’s Scythian I think.”

“Viking,” Eric said in barely contained rage. His blonde childe stared at it for a few moments longer. “It’s beautiful.”

“Quite,” Talbot said, obviously enamored by Eric and certainly not speaking of the crown.

A piercing scream hit Godric’s ears. He knew that voice. Knew it well. He did not think he only followed the scream. Running up the grand staircase he passed many halls and bedrooms until he came to a guarded one. Within moments he had separated the guard's heads from their bodies. They crumbled to the ground in puddles of blood. He wrenched open the door to find a dark haired vampire holding Birdie to his chest as he drank from her neck. In a move that he had practiced many times before, Godric snapped a leg from a nearby wooden chair before sending it sailing through the eye of the vampire drinking from her. The vampire dropped his mate sending her sprawling on the floor. Godric used this time to snap the other leg off the chair and stake the vampire through the chest. He erupted into a puddle of blood on the wooden floors. Birdie stared at the blood puddle with wide eyes. Godric retracted his fangs before stepping slowly closer to her.

“My love, are you hurt?”

Birdie turned her fearful blue eyes on him. “They fang-raped me,” she said in a dull voice.

“Who?” Godric’s voice was deadly.

“The King and Franklin.” She said pointing to the puddle on the floor.

Godric’s anger was white hot at her words. “Birdie it is important that you stay here. Do not leave this room, until I come for you. Do you understand?”

The dark haired girl nodded her head but he could see the fear in her eyes. He kissed her deeply then sped back down the stairs.

He found Eric and Talbot still in the room where the crowns were. “Mitt barn, döda dem alla (My child, kill them all).”

Eric reacted immediately. He snapped a long shard off of the wooden desk and buried it in Talbot's chest. Godric was ready. He pulled a tapestry off of the wall then used the fabric to guard his hands as he ripped a silver sconce from the wall. When Russell stormed in, sensing the death of his childe and mate, he was too distraught to see Godric behind him with the sconce. Godric quickly brought the sconce over Russell’s throat pulling the vampire close to Godric’s chest while he struggled for control. Russell’s ancient skin sizzled from the silver ornament being held against his throat.

“Eric, end him,” Godric ordered.

But his blonde son hesitated. “He should suffer for what he did to my family.”

“We do not have time. End him, Eric.” Godric spoke firmly.

Once more Eric hesitated glaring at the vampire wheezing from the pain and smoking of his skin.
“Eric you have killed his mate. There is nothing more painful. You have served your family well. Now you must kill him.” Godric ordered. “As your maker, I command you to stake him.”

Russell growled and hissed while Godric spoke. When the stake entered his flesh he let out a strangled roar, then he disintegrated into a pile of blood beside his mate. Gone forever from this world. Godric looked up at Eric to see him with a serene smile upon his face.

“Håmnd (vengeance)” Eric whispered.

Godric allowed his son a moment’s peace before their real work began. The two vampires found most of the guards were Were’s much to their delight.

“Eric, glamor the dogs,” Godric ordered. “Do not shed their blood.”

It was clear that Eric did not agree with Godric’s order but he followed it nonetheless. They glamored those they had come into contact with and avoided the others.

“Tell your pack to take the night off, all is quiet here,” Eric ordered the glamoured pack master.

“Why?” the dazed Were asked.

“Get your pack off of Edgington’s land. He is leaving the country. Your services are no longer needed.” Eric said in an annoyed tone.

“What about the blood?” The Were asked.

“Nosey little fuck aren’t you,” Eric grumbled under his breath. “He is bringing the blood to your home tonight. Leave now with your pack or he will not deliver it.”

Godric wanted to chuckle at his son’s half-assed reasoning but the glamoured Were did not mind. He nodded with a large smile on his face and took off naked into the woods howling as he changed.

They listened carefully as the retreating wolves cried out in unison after him.

“Stupid fucking animals,” Eric grumbled. The tall blonde zoomed out the back door returning with lighter fluid and a canister of gasoline.

“Bill is dead. Lorena is gone”. Eric informed his maker. Godric could see the blood on his shoes and wondered if Eric had stepped on Bill while retrieving the gasoline.

Godric held no remorse for any of the vampires slaughtered. Bill had caused Birdie to be in danger and Russell was living on borrowed time after he had sank his fangs into Birdie. Their problem was going to lie with Lorena. Lorena was a threat to any and all humans specifically Sookie and Birdie. They would need to find her and soon. He knew she would never run to the authority or the Queen. She was wanted by many for her careless ways with humans. The authority wanted her gone for being a PR threat and Godric knew for certain many monarchs wanted her head for being reckless. Godric growled loudly in anger but continued on his task. If his son had been able to catch the scent of the black haired woman he would have found her and contained her. But he had not been able so they would have to solve that puzzle later.

Eric quickly donned his father’s crown before dumping the fluid along the floors and walls. Godric moved swiftly into the kitchen and yanked at the stove until it disconnected from the wall with the screeching sound of metal bending. The smell of gas was thick in the air as he stepped from the kitchen. He grabbed what flammables he could from the kitchen and began to spill them with each step he made up the stairs.
When the containers were empty he threw them off to the side and zoomed up to the room he had left Birdie in and found it empty. He panicked before calming himself and seeking her through their bond. He followed it down a few corridors until he came to a door that concealed two racing hearts.

He wrenched open the doors than was immediately hit in the chest by a ball of light. He was knocked against the far wall with a grunt.

“Sookie! That was Godric!” Birdie screeched and ran to him. He climbed to his feet and rubbed at his aching chest.

“Godric. I am so sorry” Sookie began apologizing.

He held up his hand in a halt motion. “You have done no wrong. You protected my mate and yourself. It is my fault for not announcing myself. We must leave.” He grabbed Birdie by the hand and began to lead them down the halls.

“What is that smell?” Sookie asked.

“Gasoline,” Godric answered shortly and pulled them towards the stairs.

Eric met them on the stairs and threw Sookie over his shoulder. “We need to leave, now.”

“Put me down!” Sookie screeched. Eric did no such thing and took flight instead.

Godric pulled Birdie into his arms and zoomed out of the house. He vaguely heard the microwave counting down once they were in the open air. He heard the popping of the machine and then the house erupted in flames.

“What did you do?” Sookie asked in horror.

“Metal utensils and foil in the microwave as a starter,” Eric said nonchalantly.

“The King?” Birdie asked softly into Godric’s shoulder as they watched the home flame.

“Dead.”

“Good riddance.” Sookie snarled.

It did not go unnoticed by either of the vampires that both girls had painful looking fang marks on their necks. Godric could understand why the vampires went after Sookie and Birdie. They smelled unreal and tasted even better. But Birdie was his, she smelled of him, had completed the first bond with him. They fed from her knowing all of this and for that, they had to die. Godric wondered what Russell’s plan had been for when he was going to “hand over Birdie”. Godric would have known she had been fed from by another. Did they plan to kill him and Eric? Is that what all the waiting and fan fair was for? A stalling tactic? He wished he could kill them again. Maybe this time he would act on Eric’s wishes of torture first.

‘Perhaps I am not as evolved as I thought’ he mused.

He felt his lover shiver in his arms and felt spurred to begin moving her from this horrid place. The home was well and truly in flames, crumbling in many places already. Their scent would not be detected. He gave the signal to Eric then they were off. Birdie was in his arms, legs wrapped around his waist and arms around his neck. They did not speak as they flew. Birdie was traumatized and possibly in shock. She was also exhausted. He could feel her falling asleep and then jerking awake after an hour in his arms.
“Sleep, my love. I have you” He whispered and kissed her head.

“Every time I close my eyes. They are there.” She said with tears in her voice.

“They can not hurt you any longer. They are gone” Godric said in a soothing tone.

“Did you kill them?” She whispered.

“Only those necessary,” he admitted. He wondered if she would hate him for killing at all. He had let go of Death but it seemed Death would not let go of him.

“Thank you.” She said sincerely and nuzzled into his neck.

“Anything for you, my love.”

She fell asleep moments later. He kept his eyes ahead of him as they flew over the lands of Mississippi then crossed over into Louisiana.

It wasn’t until they reached the border that Sookie spoke to Eric.

“I think Bill's dead.” She whispered.

Godric turned eyes on his blonde son to see what he would say. Sookie was on his back like a backpack with her arms wrapped around his neck. Her chin was rested on his shoulder while tears spilled onto his shirt.

“How do you know?” Eric asked. Though both of them knew he was to be executed that night by his maker.

“I felt it. The bond was almost completely gone, but I felt the string between us snap. I just know he’s gone.” She wept.

“I’m sorry,” Eric said sincerely.

“No, you are not” Sookie scoffed and wiped at her tears with one hand.

“I am sorry you are in pain. I may not have thought highly of Compton but you obviously did if you are spilling tears over his death.”

“I don’t know how much of it was love or the blood for either of us. You know? How much did he manipulate my emotions and how much of it was just me? I mean I gave him everything. My virginity, my heart and it was all a lie. I think I would have been more attached to him because he was my first but this felt like more.” Sookie mused.

‘ Virgin’s are more attached to their first lovers?’ Godric wondered. He was curious if that was how Birdie felt as well. She had definitely been a virgin when they had lain together. He had to calm himself before he began poking her with his erection at the memory.

“As I said. I am sorry you are in pain, Sookie. Truly.” Eric told her in a soft voice.

Godric knew his son had the ability to be gentle but Sookie did not. She was silent as she pondered Eric’s words.
It was not long after that they finally landed in Shreveport. Godric carried a sleeping Birdie up to her room gently. He heard Eric and Sookie speaking downstairs and knew he needed to go speak with his son about their plan. They had killed the King of Mississippi that was a very serious offense no matter how much everyone wanted the vampire dead.

Godric pressed a soft kiss to Birdie’s head and stepped down the stairs. He faintly heard Sookie crying in her bedroom and Eric heating something up in the microwave in the kitchen.

The ancient vampire looked over at his son as he sipped from the metallic liquid garbage known as TrueBlood.

“She had been fed from,” Eric said, his back turned, every muscle tense.

“Is she yours?”

“No. But she will be” Eric said in a determined tone.

Godric nodded slowly. Dawn was approaching and soon they would be pulled into their day rest. “A Were I trust has agreed to become the guard for Sookie and Birdie. He will bring with him three from his pack to join him. The girls will each have two guards during the day. Thalia has agreed to begin guarding Sookie for me at night.”

Godric appreciated his son’s foresight but knew the weeping blonde upstairs would not. “Sookie will not like that.”

“She will learn to,” Eric growled. “If needs be Birdie can explain it to her.”

Godric wanted to laugh at his son but kept it contained. “Yes.”

“Where do you sleep?” Eric asked.

“In Birdie’s bed. The cubby is free.”

The two vampires nodded to each other in way of goodnight and went their separate ways. Eric went through the hidden passageway in a spare wardrobe and Godric slipped into Birdie’s bedroom. He took a quick and lonely shower allowing his mind to flit through every scenario that may arise because of their actions as he washed. The Queen was going to prove difficult, Godric did not need the gift of foresight to know that. Her interest in Sookie was less than pleasing. It would lead the Queen to Birdie as well and that is what angered Godric the most. Not to mention Lorena. The horrid woman had gotten away. She would not go to the authority or any monarch. Her fangs were wanted by many of them. She might retaliate though if she wanted Sookie’s head before she was definitely going to want it now and it seemed whatever trouble followed Sookie landed in Birdie’s lap as well. He growled lowly and shut off the water harshly. He wrapped himself in a towel drying off quickly trying to beat the sun. He pulled on a pair of sleep pants, leaving his chest bare. He noticed he had never undressed Birdie and she still wore the clothes she had been taken in. He quickly stripped her down to her undergarments then crawled into bed beside her. He pressed the button on the remote to make the room secure and light tight before pulling his dark haired mate to his chest. He pressed a soft kiss to her forehead, thanking his people’s long forgotten Gods for her safe return before falling into his day rest.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

NSFW CHAPTER

-I realized today that I actually missed a chapter when I was posting. So this is the true Chapter 11.
Thanks for your patience. :)

Birdie woke feeling achy. Her body hurt something fierce. The room she was in was pitch black around her. She was in a comfortable bed but that meant nothing to her. Comfortable or not she was not sure if she was entirely safe. Perhaps the rescue by Godric had been a dream. It was a fuzzy memory. The dark haired girl could not hold back the sob that rose in her throat. She cried quietly at first trying to not draw attention to herself if she was still locked in hell. Her body shook with her near silent sobs. It was then that she felt the movement behind her, there was an arm thrown over her waist. She let out a scream and tried to scramble away from it. All she could see was the face of Franklin as he walked towards her and then began to drink her blood. The arm around her tightened, holding her still. She screamed even louder and fought twice as hard until she heard him.

“Birdie! Birdie! It is okay. You are safe, min kärlek” Godric’s voice flitted to her ears stilling her immediately.

It was then that she broke down into sobs once more. The fight left her body and she curled into him while he rubbed at her spine.

“Shhhh. It is alright, my love. You are safe with me.” Godric told her in his soothing honey voice.

Birdie clung to him as if life itself depended on it. He clung to her as well, just as tightly. He could feel her pain through their bond. It took several minutes for her to calm enough to speak.

“I’m sorry. I thought for a while I was back in that horrible place.” Birdie said quietly.

She felt a strong wave of anger, guilt and then shame as it ran through the bond.

“Are you angry at me for getting taken?” Birdie whispered.

Godric jerked back away from her in surprise then curled her against his body even tighter.

“Absolutely not. I am angry with myself. I am angry you were taken at all. I feel guilt that I could not protect you. That I was trapped within this home while you were being taken in the daylight because of what I am”

Birdie shook her head and pressed a kiss to his chest. “It’s not your fault. I should have been more aware. I should have been listening harder. It feels so good to have my shields up that when I am not at work I keep them strong and I should have been listening for a threat.”

Godric pulled her impossibly closer and pressed kisses into her hair. “It is not your fault, my love. Those responsible have paid and those that have not I will find.”

“I really care for you, I hope you know that.” Birdie said after a quiet moment.
Godric felt his cold dead heart warm. She was getting closer to accepting their Mate Bond. “As I care for you” He answered.

“What time is it?” Birdie asked as her stomach growled.

“A few hours from sunset,” Godric answered.

Birdie gasped loudly. “How are you awake?”

“I felt your fear.” He answered simply.

“I’m sorry.” The dark haired girl said guiltily.

“Do not be sorry. I am very old, my love. I am able to resist the sun much better than those younger than I.”

Birdie nodded and moved to get out of bed, her bones creaking loudly. She groaned at her sore muscles and in a flash, Godric was around her side of the bed and helping her stand.

“May I heal you?”

“Please?” She sighed. “Would you like to drink from me at the same time? You are probably hungry.”

Godric wondered if that was the best idea. He did not know if she had enough blood in her after Russell and Franklin had gotten to her.

“Please Godric. I can still feel their fangs in me. I want to chase away the memory of theirs by replacing it with yours”

Her logic was odd but he truly could not tell her no. It was impossible for him. “Okay, love. Just a sip. But there is something you should know.”

Birdie looked up at him with tired eyes. How he loved those blue eyes. She was so beautiful that at times it made his chest hurt knowing that he truly did not deserve her.

“When vampires blood bond with another three times it is permanent.” Birdie listened carefully to his words. “It will only fade when one dies or meets the true death.”

She was not bothered by his words...so far.

“The third bond is seen as marriage among vampires,” Godric said slowly.

“Oh.” Birdie thought about it. She had never planned for marriage and kids at least with a human man. She also knew that she could never come back from Godric. She had fallen head over heels in love with him. It was silly she knew. It was absolutely insane, she supposed. Maybe he was correct about the whole mate business. It would explain her intense tie to the man. She loved him and she knew it wasn’t the blood. The dark haired girl knew she belonged right beside him...forever.

“Does that bother you?” She decided to ask when her mind had filtered through the information.

“Bother me?” Godric asked in slight confusion.

“The thought of being married...to me.” Birdie clarified.

“Gods no.” He said quickly. “Nothing would please me more, min karlek.”
Birdie let that sink in. Was she ready for marriage? No. But she saw no harm in completing the second bond. They would just be careful with the third. She said as much to him and watched as Godric’s face split into a wide grin.

“As you wish, love,” He told her while kissing her neck. It was then that she caught a whiff of what could only be one of the vampires scents on her skin. She cringed harshly away from him making hurt flash across Godric’s face.

“I can smell them on my skin” She whispered.

Godric grimaced and in a flash had her in his arms and walking towards the shower. He allowed her to stand just outside the shower while he started the water. Birdie shed her clothing still feeling slightly self-conscious about being naked in front of him. She kept her arms braced in front of her breasts and crossed her legs together slightly to hide her full self from him. Godric was quick to shed his pants and step into the water before her. He held out his hand beckoning her to enter the large glass standing shower. As soon as the hot water spray hit her she felt her body relax completely. She sagged into Godric’s solid form as he held her under the stream, pressing light kisses into her hair.

“Mhmm” She moaned lightly when he began to wash her hair.

Godric cleared his throat quietly behind her but did not say anything else as he lathered her hair.

“Are you alright, sugar?” She asked him.

“Yes,” Godric answered quickly, almost too quickly.

Birdie turned around in his arms to see what was truly bothering him. His eyes were darkened with arousal, his breathing was slow and steady, too controlled. Then she noticed the biggest sign of what was the matter. His erection was pushing insistently into her belly as she faced him causing her to giggle slightly. Godric smirked back at her, she was sure if he were human he would be blushing.

“Is this because of me?” She asked in false innocence.

“It is always because of you.” He answered her while staring deep into her eyes.

“Hmm” She hummed as she brought her soapy hand up to stroke his impressive length.

Godric sucked in a large breath as she gave him sweet torture. He bent his head and captured her lips greedily and soon her hands were not the only things exploring. He ran his fingers through her wet folds then plunged two of his fingers deep within her making her moan in appreciation. This soon led to her back against the shower wall and Godric buried deep inside her. He pushed in and out of her in a slow but steady pace, hitting her deep inside. When he brought his clever fingers to the apex of her thighs and began rubbing at her clit she saw stars. It was then that she bit into his shoulder, drawing blood. Godric roared in pleasure meeting his climax immediately. He sunk his fangs into her shoulder gently and drank.

The reaction was immediate. She felt the string that attached them grow thicker and stronger. She felt his climax so acutely through the bond that it sent her tumbling over the edge once more. Birdie was vaguely aware in that moment that Godric was speaking to her in a foreign language. Her mind was too mottled from her orgasms to focus on anything but how her body was twitching in aftershocks.

Godric slipped out of her slowly making her hiss due to her sensitivity. “I love you” He whispered against her lips.

“Really?” She asked with a soft smile.
“Yes,” He said with a soft smile. She knew he was not lying she could feel the love through their bond. She did not have the words to tell him quite what she felt yet so she showed him instead. She pushed what she was feeling through their bond making him smile widely and capture her lips once more.

It was then that Godric turned his head to the side as he listened. “Sookie has awoken and is weeping”

Birdie deflated out of her bubble of love when she heard Sookie’s name. “I am a horrible friend” She untangled herself from Godric’s arms and quickly finished her shower much to Godric’s disappointment.

“Her pain has awoken Erikir. He is comforting her” Godric told her in surprise.

Birdie was out of the shower and was toweling off when she spoke. “Well yeah. I mean she has his blood and he has the hots for her.”

Godric stepped out from the bathroom completely bare no thoughts of covering himself. “Hots? We are vampire. We are not warm.” he said in a confused tone.

Birdie chuckled despite herself. Godric’s blood was flowing through her veins making her feel giddy and slightly high not to mention extremely strong and perhaps a little more turned on than normal when in his presence. She sauntered up to him and dropped to her knees in front of him. She pumped his length barely before taking him into her hot mouth. He let out a stuttered breath and dropped his large scarred hands into her long dark hair. She sucked on the tip of him while stroking the rest of his length with her small hand. He moaned and bucked into her mouth shallowly. She decided to try something she had seen Lafayette thinking about she had been a Merlotte’s. Birdie released his member from her mouth with a pop before licking her way down to his testicles she sucked one into her mouth and hummed while still stroking his cock with her hand. Godric whimpered loudly above her. Birdie switched and moved to the other testicle then licked her way up to the tip of his cock. She took him as far as she could relaxing her throat as much as possible to bring him ever deeper.

“fuck!” Godric swore loudly. In a motion so fast she would never have caught it without his blood, she was on all fours on their bed with him plunging deep within her. His large hands gripped her hips harshly, she knew there would be bruises later but she couldn’t bring herself to care as he picked up rhythm behind her. She met her first climax quickly, then her second and by her third, she was slumped forward on the bed, her elbows barely keeping her face from being smashed into the bed as Godric thrust behind her.

“Cum for me, Godric” she whispered huskily.

Godric’s hips stuttered and then with a loud roar he released his seed deep within her.

“I love you” He whispered again while kissing her shoulder softly. He pulled out of her and dashed to the bathroom. He returned swiftly to clean her up with a wet cloth before cleaning himself and then dressing in all black clothing.

“We must act as if everything is normal. That includes going to Fangtasia and conducting business as usual.” Godric told her softly.

Birdie stood on unsteady legs and began to pull on clothing for work. She pulled on the black high-waisted mini skirt, long sleeve tight black shirt that showed off her bra and tucked that in before pulling on the suede thigh high black high heeled boots. When she walked out of her large closet she caught sight of Godric. He was adjusting the black watch on his wrist. He was wearing a variation of
what had become their uniform at Fangtasia, all black. He wore black form-fitting jeans that had slight rips at the knees, black leather boots and a black t-shirt.

When he caught sight of her he smiled warmly and pressed a kiss to her lips. “Pam?” He asked looking at her outfit.

“Yes. How did you know?” Birdie asked nervously pulling at the short skirt.

“It screams ‘Pam was here’,” Godric said with a chuckle. He helped Birdie gather her purse and things she would need before heading down into the kitchen.

Birdie immediately sought out Sookie and pulled the girl into a tight hug. “Are you okay?”

“I will be,” Sookie said softly. It was clear she had been crying but there were no tears in her eyes now. She looked at peace in a way. Birdie looked at her appearance and found the girl wearing black shorts and a blood red fantasia shirt.

‘I don’t have to work tonight and I don’t really want to be alone…’ Sookie answered Birdie’s silent question with a silent answer of her own.

‘I understand’ Birdie pressed a kiss to Sookie’s cheek before rummaging through the kitchen for food to eat as well to bring with them both for dinner. After a quick meal for the humans, the three of them moved towards the garage. Eric had left shortly after comforting Sookie to the best of his ability. Birdie saw the memory in Sookie’s mind and slightly cringed at how awkward it was. Eric truly was horrible with any emotion that was not anger or lust.

When they reached the SUV Godric held the door open for both woman before getting into the driver’s seat. Once they were on the road Birdie checked her side mirror and gripped Godric’s hand tightly. She was afraid of being out of the house, though Godric helped soothe her fear she couldn’t help the memories of being kidnapped just twenty-four hours ago. Her heightened senses picked up something she normally would not have thought much of before.

“Godric. I think a car is following us.” Birdie said worriedly. She immediately heard Sookie’s fearful thoughts announce themselves.

Godric only squeezed her hand a little tighter in way of comfort. “That is just Indira. She was hired by Eric to be another guard.”


“Is there going to be trouble tonight, Godric? Eric wouldn’t tell me” Sookie said after a quiet moment.

Godric turned his green eyes to look at Sookie in the rearview mirror. “I do not know if there will be trouble but it will not take long for suspicion to turn to Eric and I. We are the eldest in the country now with Russell gone. It would be hard for those younger to have killed Russell as well as his household. Hard but not impossible.” He told her honestly.

Birdie felt anxiety creep within her once more. They were in so much danger, all because of her and Sookie.

“We will be fine, Birdie,” Godric told her firmly and pressed a kiss to her hand that he was holding.
“I have not just found you to lose you.” He told her firmly.

Birdie gave him a watery nod and squeezed his hand tightly. Sookie had her guards up not allowing her dark haired friend to read her thoughts but Birdie did not have to read her mind to know Sookie was sad and scared.

They arrived shortly at the Fangtasia without much more discussion. Godric could smell three vampires inside apart from those that worked at Fangtasia.

“They are here,” Godric told the girls whose eyes both widened in fear.

“No. They know we are here.” Godric told her as he saw Pam open the back door to beckon them inside. “Do not say anything unless spoken to. You do not know anything. Last night we were at home altogether.”

The girls both nodded and followed Godric into the employee entrance. Godric placed his arm around Birdie’s shoulders while the dark haired girl held tightly to Sookie’s hand.

“Grandsire” Pam said respectfully. Godric could tell she was annoyed with this whole charade but she was trying hard to be on her best behavior.

The first scent Godric picked up was one he had smelt before, far too recently for his liking.

“Nan.” He said as he walked into the main room.

“Godric.” The blonde woman answered in that no-nonsense way of hers. “We have been waiting for you.”

“Oh?” He said in a bored tone. Godric tilted his head towards his childe who had moved ever so slightly towards Sookie.

“The King of Mississippi and all vampires within that monstrosity of a mansion were killed last night,” Nan said while typing quickly on her phone. Looking up to stare at him with a raised eyebrow.

Godric did not exhibit any emotions. It was not the way of vampires. He heard Sookie and Birdie gasp slightly. It sounded real to his ears but who knows what Nan heard. He was grateful most vampires that had been alive as long as her did not understand human emotions or expressions anymore.

“And?” Eric growled.

“And he was the eldest vampire in America. He was overpowered. You two are the second and third eldest in the country currently.” Nan accusingly.

“And you suppose we killed him?” Eric snarled. Godric set a calming hand on his childe’s shoulder.

“For what reason would we have to kill him?” Godric asked Nan in a bland tone.

The blonde vampire turned in her late thirties, pursed her lips. “That is what I can not figure out. Russell was a loose cannon. It is not to say we are mourning his death in any manner. He had crimes he needed to answer for. But as I said you two are the strongest in the country currently. It would be easier for you two than any others.”
“Easier for us perhaps but not impossible for others, especially if there were multiples of them,” Godric answered her with a level stare. “We would not extend the effort to kill him for fun as we had no reason nor quarrel with him. What crimes was he guilty of?”

Nan flipped her shoulder length hair over her shoulder and stared at him trying to see if he was lying or not. He had over a thousand years on her, a thousand years longer to perfect deception. She was not going to get anything from him. “Giving blood to a Were pack and an entire list of other various crimes,” she answered finally.

Eric whistled lowly under his breath. Godric felt Birdie’s confusion through the bond but thankfully kept her mouth shut. “The blood is sacred,” Godric told her.

“How is it to you?” Nan asked with a condescending smile on her face. “I can smell both of you on the humans beside you.”

Godric used his self-control not to tear the woman apart for looking down at his mate. “Birdie is my mate.” He answered her.

Nan blinked in surprise before masking it. “And the other?”

“She is mine.” Eric declared before standing in front of Sookie.

‘Pompous ass. I am not his’ Sookie thought.

‘Do not say a fucking word, Sook. You can chastise him later when the vampire police are not here, alright?’ Birdie growled through their minds.

Sookie gave a mental eye roll but stayed silent. Birdie wanted to tell her she was going to get herself killed if she kept being so stubborn but that conversation was going to have to come at a later date.

“I see,” Nan answered. “And you human’s,” The woman pointed to them. “Know anything?”

Eric stiffened as did Godric. Birdie answered in the most sincere voice she could muster.

“I don’t know anything about the King of Mississippi or his untimely death.”

“Don’t know a thing” Sookie said simply.

In a flash, Nan was in front of them both trying to glamor them. “Tell me the truth. Do you know anything pertaining to the death of Russell Edgington and those within his estate?”

Both girls did their best dazed voices as they stared into Nan’s eyes unblinking, a sure sign of glamor.

“No, I don’t know anything about Russell Edgington of those within his estate.” They both repeated in monotone voices.

The blonde vampire stared at them for a moment, eyes narrowed before letting that slip and returning her face to its default setting, boredom. “Okay. If you hear of anything, you will inform the Authority Immediately.” Nan said to Godric and Eric before zooming out the door with her entourage following close behind.

No one dared take a breath until at least five minutes had passed.

“She is gone,” Godric said tiredly. Birdie and Sookie took deep breaths of relief. Godric pulled Birdie into his arms and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. “You did wonderfully, my love. You as well,
Sookie”

The blonde gave Godric a small smile before moving towards Pam and the bar. “Mind if I get a drink?”

Pam smirked down at the smaller blonde woman before pouring her a gin and tonic. Sookie downed it in record time before tapping the table for another.

Birdie held tightly to Godric. She wasn’t sure if she should be drinking alongside Sookie not that she didn’t feel the pull to do so, but Godric was lessening that pull.

“The vermin are arriving,” Pam announced.

That was the cue. Everyone went to their places and the night began.

By the time the bar was closing everyone was ready for the night to be over. Birdie and Godric went back to her home with a drunk Sookie in tow. She had fallen asleep on the ride over so Godric decided to carry her up to her room. Birdie helped undress her before tucking her under the blankets. Birdie and Godric showered then climbed under the blankets of their bed just before dawn, allowing them little time to do much else but sleep.
The next few days passed by quickly for all. Sookie had returned to work, with a discreet guard or two watching over her per Eric’s demand. Merlotte’s was still looking worse for wear due to the Maenad attack but it was getting cleaned up little by little. Sookie was still staying with Birdie as contractors continued to work on her home, much to her annoyance. She still argued that she didn’t want to be under Eric’s thumb and she was going to be paying him back, no matter how long it took, just so she wouldn’t owe him anything.

Before Birdie knew it, it was once again her day off. She stretched happily on the bed and pressed a kiss to Godric’s “sleeping” face before hopping out of bed. She decided she missed the sunshine and made her way out towards the pool after a short meal and slipping into her blue bikini. She laid out for an hour maybe two before jumping into the water. She swam happily floating on her back enjoying the sun as it fell from the sky. When it finally did she smiled to herself as she heard the telltale whooshing sound of her boyfriend coming to her.

“Mind if I join you?” He asked from the edge of the pool.

“Please do!” She answered from where she was still floating on her back.

The water rippled as he dove in beside her. He pulled her into his arms quickly earning a laugh from the girl. She leaned in and kissed him deeply, then wrapped her legs around his waist. She felt something hard bump into her inner thigh and looked down.

“You’re naked.” she said with a small giggle.

“Hmm. it seems that way.” Godric answered and captured her lips again. This led to deeper kissing, which then led to Birdie losing her top first then her bottoms. He was inside her in a flash making her groan in pleasure. After a vigorous love making session Birdie lay limply in his arms. They were still in the water, naked as the day they were born. The dark haired girl looked up to her companion to see him with his eyes closed smiling softly.

“Do you like the water?” Birdie asked. She felt like she knew Godric so well and maybe that is because their souls knew each other but she had so much more to learn about him.

“Yes. I have always had a deep connection with water. I was born in it and I was meant to die in it. My people worshiped the water.” he told her.

“Born in the water?” She asked confused as to whether he was speaking of a baptism of sorts or if his mother had truly given birth to him in a body of water.

“It was the custom for the women of my tribe to give birth to their babies in the blessed springs. I was born within it as was my brother and if I were to have had a child in my years he would have
been born of water. Some humans have adopted that custom, yes?"

“Yeah. Its called a waterbirth I think.” Birdie said. “I always thought it was kind of gross, you
know? Swimming in your own birthing juices.”

Godric laughed “I have heard giving birth is as you say, gross. But I have never seen it done
myself.”

“You have lived two thousand years and never seen a baby born?” Birdie asked incredulously.

“No. It was not custom for a man to witness the birth of his child until recently.”

“Huh. I guess that is true.” She whispered, her mind running with the thought of having a child.

Godric interrupted her thoughts by running his nose down the side of her neck, tickling her. She
laughed loudly and squirmed away from him, swimming towards the deep end of the pool. Godric
playfully growled and swam after her. He captured her against the edge of the pool and pressed a
kiss to her lips before pulling back. His green eyes looked into hers lovingly, sucking her into their
abyss.

“Is it bad manners to ask you on a date while we are nude?” He asked her curiously.

Birdie couldn’t help but laugh loudly, her laugh coaxed his own into joining. “If it is, do you care?”

“No.” Godric said with mirth in his eyes.

“Well alright then. Godric, Is that your way of asking me on a date?” She said playfully.

“Hmm.” her companion hummed kissing his way up her naked shoulder. “Yes. Ms. Horowitz
would you please join me on this fine evening for a date?”

Birdie rolled her eyes at his extravagant tone but readily agreed. The two hopped out of the pool and
quickly entered the house to ready themselves for their “date”. When asked, he told her to wear
something comfortable. Birdie pulled on shorts, her converse, and a loose t-shirt. She threw her
cardigan into her purse just in case she got cold and went to the bathroom to fix her hair. She ran into
Godric on her way there. She had to stop the lust train before it slammed into her. He was beautiful,
she knew that. But he looked even more so in this moment. He was wearing faded jeans (a fabric she
knew he hated), and a light gray henley with sleeves pushed up to his elbows, showcasing his
muscular forearms. He styled his hair in beautiful disarray, the dark strands begged for her to run her
fingers through them but she refrained. She knew if she did that they would never leave the house.

“You look beautiful” She blurted out making Godric chuckle.

“Is that not what I am to say to you?”

Birdie covered her face with her hands in embarrassment, laughing at herself. Godric pulled her
hands away from her face and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. “Thank you for calling me beautiful but
I am by far the least beautiful one in this relationship. You are stunning, exquisite, nay I say perfect
in my eyes. No one compares to you, my love.” He told her sincerely as he pressed kisses to her
face.

“Quit it you.” She said with a fond smile.

“Are you sure?” Godric asked, his lips a hair’s distance from her own.
“No. Please keep going” She said a little breathless. His lips were against her own in no time. Far too soon for Birdie’s liking he pulled away from her, leaving her lips puffy, her cheeks flushed and disappointment on her tongue.

“I am sorry, my love. But if we do not go now I won’t be able to stop myself from throwing you on the bed and fucking you until daybreak.” he said huskily between nips to her bottom lip.

Birdie whimpered and nodded her head, eyes still closed in pleasure. “That sounds good to me.” Her panties were drenched and she knew Godric could smell her arousal. His eyes were darkened and his fangs dropped down. He leaned into her as if he was going to give in to his primal urges but stopped immediately and pulled away from her.

“No. We must go, my love. It will be fun.” He told her with slight doubt in his voice.

“You’re right. Let’s go.” The dark-haired girl stepped away from her companion slowly and made her way into the bathroom to put on her makeup and do her hair. After putting on a thin layer of makeup, keeping it natural looking and threw up her hair in a fashionable high ponytail. Godric was waiting for her downstairs with a bouquet of flowers, at her questioning glance his eyebrows furrowed.

“Is it not appropriate to give flowers before a date?” He asked.

Birdie smiled widely, unable to help her glee at being able to give Godric a new experience, dating. “It is absolutely perfect and I love them. You just surprised me is all. I have never been given flowers before.” She stuck her nose in the blooms and breathed deeply.

“I will give you flowers every day if you wish.” He told her softly.

“And I love you for it.” She said, her mouth getting away with her. She stiffened for a moment realizing just what she said. When her blue eyes shifted over to Godric he didn’t seem to notice her distress. Giving her some privacy she desperately needed he looked down at his phone to answer a text. Birdie breathed a sigh of relief and moved to put the flowers in a vase of water.

When that was finished Godric held out his hand for her and led her out to the car.

Once safely inside and on the road she grabbed his hand and laced their fingers together.

“You are the first person I have held hands with like this in near two thousand years.” He said after a few silent moments.

“Really?”

“I find it...nice. But I am sure it is because it is your hand I am holding.” He said and raised their hands to his mouth the plant a kiss on her knuckles. Birdie felt her stomach flutter pleasantly at his words. The rest of the drive was filled with Birdie guessing where they were headed and Godric refusing to tell her.

They traveled on back roads in the dark until she saw it. The large light of a Ferris wheel.

“The carnival!?” she practically screamed in excitement.

Godric laughed loudly at her antics, enjoying her excitement and happiness through their bond. “Are you pleased my love?”

“Oh my god, yes! I have never been. Always wanted to, but you know, all the voices and stuff.” She
said staring out at the Carnival and practically vibrating in her seat.

As soon as the car was parked Birdie jumped from the passenger side not allowing Godric to come around and open it for her. She grabbed his hand and began pulling him towards the entrance of the carnival. Godric playfully held back so she had to use her strength to pull him forwards, she grunted in frustration making him laugh loudly. He couldn’t remember the last time he had ever laughed this much. Perhaps when he was a human child?

When they were closer to the entrance Birdie couldn’t ignore the sounds of so many minds invading her own. She stopped in her tracks and shut her eyes tightly, trying to block the voices. It took a few moments but eventually, she had lessened the voices to a very low hum no more than background noise. Godric stood beside her rubbing her back as she concentrated. When she was done she popped open her eyes and smiled widely before continuing to pull him towards the ticket booth.

Godric paid for both of them with a black Amex card that had the teenager taking the payment gape in amazement. With wristbands attached the two walked into the carnival hand in hand.

“Thank you,” Birdie said to him as she bumped his thigh with her hip. She was too short to hip his hip with her own as intended.

He looked down at her and couldn’t resist kissing her. He cupped her face and brought his lips down to hers. Once again Birdie was lost in the sensation of his cool lips against her own warm ones. His arms wrapped around her thin frame, bringing her as close as physically possible.

“Get a room!” A voice shouted behind them.

Birdie heard Godric growl and then the snick of his fangs dropping. She opened her eyes and saw him baring his fangs at the group of teenagers. They scattered immediately terrified of her boyfriend, she could faintly smell urine in the air and wondered if one of them had wet themselves or if it was just a general carnival smell.

“They were joking, sugar” Birdie said soothingly to Godric while running her thumb over his cheek.

With a click, his fangs were retracted and he smiled smoothly at her. “Alright. Where to first?”

Birdie’s excitement came back like a tidal wave. “The rides! I have always wanted to do the tilta-whirl!” so to the rides they went. Birdie loved the rollercoaster’s, though Godric deemed them horribly unsafe for humans. He preferred the rides that spun whereas she would get a little green around the gills every time they stepped off of one.

“Ooh! Look at those games!” Birdie said excitedly and pulled Godric to one. It turned out Birdie was horrible at carnival games but Godric was not. After his third win, they came to the milk bottle game. Standing there was a little girl with red pigtails and tears in her eyes after her third loss at the game.

Birdie couldn’t stop her heart from reacting to the sight of the girl. She bent down in front of her and looked up into her watery brown eyes.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Birdie asked.

“I-I-I keep l-l-losing.” The little girl hiccuped. “I just wanted the m-m-monkey”.

“Would you like me to win it for you?” Godric said from behind Birdie. The little girl’s eye lit up with happiness and she nodded shyly. Birdie’s heart was near bursting.

Within moments Godric had paid the man for the game and won the girl the stuffed monkey she
desired. He crouched down to hand it to her and was surprised when she launched herself at him and hugged him tightly around the neck. Godric stiffened not daring to move a muscle, once the initial shock was over he patted her back awkwardly while Birdie smiled lovingly at him. The image of him hugging a small child was burned into her memory and she couldn’t stop herself from wishing she could have that with him. Being out in public having fun at the fair she could almost pretend they were just two young people on a date, not an ancient vampire and a fairy-human hybrid. The dark haired girl couldn’t help but wish they were just two humans. She could see them dating, then marrying in an outdoor ceremony on the bank of a large lake. She could see herself growing round with his child nestled in her belly. She could see them welcoming the dark haired little boy with her eyes and Godric’s everything else into their bed after he had a bad a bad dream, cuddling their child tightly between the two of them. Then walking the little boy to school together, swinging him between the two of them, her belly round again with evidence of Godric’s love for her.

Birdie’s heart wept for what might have been, but that was not reality. They were not both humans. They could not play in the sun together. The dark and each other was all they would have and that would have to be enough…right?

Birdie was pulled out of her dilemma by a woman screaming for a small child name Anna.

“Where are you, Anna!” A woman with matching red hair to the little girl in Godric’s arms came barreling through the crowd.

“She is right here” Birdie called to the woman and raised her hands above her head to catch the woman’s attention. Godric released the girl and stood. The woman came rushing over and enveloped her daughter in a tight hug.

“I have been looking everywhere for you! Where have you been?” Anna’s mother said in a watery voice.

“I just wanted to win a monkey mama,” Anna said woefully. “He got it for me.” She said pointing to Godric.

The mother’s eyes widened before she smiled softly at Godric. “Thank you.”

Birdie couldn’t stop herself from tapping into the woman’s mind.

‘He is so beautiful. God, it should be illegal to be that attractive. Hot damn I wish I was young again. I wonder if that is his wife with him? Nope, no ring. Maybe just dating. That is a good looking couple, and kind too. I don’t know what I would do if I never found Anna. I was so worried. I would never forgive myself if she was gone for good…’

“You’re welcome,” Godric said in his melodic voice which set the woman off into a few fantasies that Birdie couldn’t help but grow jealous of.

Godric must have felt her emotions because he cracked a large, blinding smile and pulled Birdie into his side. “Be safe, Anna. Make sure to stay near your mother. Not all strangers are kind.” Godric warned.

The little girl nodded and allowed herself to be pulled away into the crowd by her mother, who was still entertaining many fantasies about Godric.

“What is this jealousy I am feeling?” Godric asked with a cheeky grin.

Birdie rolled her blue eyes. “Oh, like you can’t guess.” She huffed.
“The mother?” He asked eyebrow raised.

“Yeah. She was...creative” Birdie said thinking of the way the woman imagined herself bent while Godric took her.

Godric laughed loudly at Birdie’s pout. He ran a thumb over her bottom lip. Then pressed a kiss to her lips. He kept it mostly chaste before pulling away. “I am more than willing to try out her fantasies but only with you.” He answered.

“Hmmm” The thought of it made Birdie’s panties wet once again.

“What is funnel cake?” Godric suddenly asked looking at the booth behind her. She rolled her eyes at his weak attempt to stop them from leaving immediately and having sex in the car, that would come later, she hoped.

After more carnival food for Birdie, a sip of her blood for Godric behind a large oak tree, a few more games and many more won stuffed animals the carnival was near closing.

“Shoot. I wanted to ride the ferris wheel before we left. I totally forgot about it.” Birdie said sadly.

“Let’s go then!” Godric said and pulled Birdie towards the ferris wheel. On the way there they decided she had far too many stuffed animals and began giving them to the small children as they made their way towards the ferris wheel. She kept two of them, a lion and a lamb for her to remember this night by. Birdie thought it was fitting for the two of them.

They climbed into the ferris wheel and relaxed as the contraption moved around until it stalled with them at the very top. Surrounded by stars and the dark night sky the two lovers scooted closer together.

“You’re a good man, Godric” Birdie said softly looking over at him.

Godric shook his head slowly, his mind filtering through all of the horrid things he had done in his long existence.

“You are. I can see it and so could those children that you gave the toys to, especially little Anna.” She said firmly and moved even closer to him until her lips were close to his. “And I think I am falling in love with you.” She said softly.

“You think?” He asked with a small smirk.

“No. I know for sure. I’m in love with you.” She barely had the sentence out before Godric’s mouth was on hers.

“What is the appropriate number of dates before humans become betrothed?” Godric whispered into Birdie’s hair.

After the ferris wheel, Godric had flown her right out of the ride and into the night sky. He ordered one of his "people" to gather his car for him, he had more important things to do. Such as give Birdie multiple orgasms.

“Uh, like engaged?” Birdie stalled. “I don’t know. Depends on the couple I guess. Sometimes people go really fast, like get married after a couple weeks, others go slow and take years.”
Godric nodded to himself as he stared up at the ceiling, arms behind his head, with Birdie resting her head over his dead heart.

“Can I ask you a question?” Birdie asked raising her head up so she could rest her chin on his muscular chest.

“Anything, my love.”

“How many people work for you?” Birdie had always wanted to ask him. He seemed to have endless connections and no lack of people willing to do his bidding. He gave her all his attention when she wished for it but if there was ever a moment she was doing something else he was on his computer or phone speaking with employees, at least she thought they were employees.

“How many people work in the companies I own or how many people work under me directly?” Godric asked looking down at her.

“Companies? You own multiple?” Birdie was shocked, she knew he was beyond rich but she didn’t expect him to actively run multiple businesses.

“Yes. I own a few. I cut back before I planned to meet the sun.” His words made pain lance through her heart. “So as of now I only own majority shares Lockheed Martin and Dupont.” Godric thought for a moment “Oh and JP Morgan”.

Birdie rolled off of his side and looked up at the ceiling in shock. “You basically own the largest bank in America?”

Godric rolled to his side to gaze at her with ease, his naked chest on display and propped the side of his head up on his hand. “Yes, this surprises you?”

“Uh, yeah.” the dark-haired girl wanted to say “duh” but refrained. “What are the other companies?”

“Lockheed Martin makes aircrafts, electronics, missiles, radar systems and weapons. Dupont is most famous for it’s kevlar.”

Birdie looked at him a little bewildered. “You mean everything needed for war?”

Godric nodded slowly. He was studying her face very intently.

“Why?” the dark haired girl asked, slightly afraid of the answer.

“It is human nature to start wars. Someone always profits from those wars, I decided I wanted it to be me. War has fascinated me from a very young age. I was meant to lead my people into battle against the Romans some day. From the time I could walk I was taught strategy and fighting techniques. When I was among the Romans I learned from them as well. The interest with war and its strategies followed me into my undead life.”

“So you have been involved with many wars?” Birdie asked. One side of her was fascinated by the history of it all the other side was slightly frightened.

Godric pressed a kiss to her forehead inhaling deeply before answering. “Yes. I have lead many men to their victory and many to their deaths.”

“There are so many things I don’t know about you…” Birdie whispered. She could feel Godric through their bond, he had a lot of conflicting emotions running all at once.
“It would take a lifetime to learn everything about me. I have lived a very long time, Birdie.” Godric said in a soft tone but she could sense the sadness beneath it all. “Do you wish me to leave so you may think in peace?”

Birdie pondered what he said. She knew he had a past, a very dark and violent one. She had promised him it did not matter as long as he was moving forward from that. It would be wrong of her to turn around and contradict herself. Did it change how she felt for him? The answer was no. She knew she loved the man he was now, not the war hungry vampire he had been.

“No. I don’t want you to leave.” Birdie told him strongly and snuggled against him.

They lay tangled together in silence for a long while until her stomach began to growl.

“You’re hungry. I must do better at remembering to feed you.” Godric said and pulled himself from the bed. He pulled on a pair of what Birdie called basketball shorts and held out a hand for her.

“I am not a child. I can remember to feed myself you know” Birdie huffed without much anger behind it.

Godric pulled her naked body out of the bed and against him tightly, dancing his fingertips down the curve of her ass. “Oh I know you are not a child.” he whispered huskily.

Birdie kissed him deeply getting lost in him until her stomach growled violently.

“Food first. Sex later.” Godric said and handed Birdie his shirt to wear. She pulled it over her head gratefully then shimmied into her panties before following him downstairs. She decided on chocolate chip pancakes and began to make the food. She was mixing the batter with a bare chested Godric behind her, his arms around her waist and his mouth pressed to her neck, making her giggle.

“Hmmm. That is my second favorite sound” Godric hummed against her neck.

“My laugh?” She asked. He nodded against her. “And what is your first favorite?”

In a flash Godric had her turned around legs wrapped around his hips, her back pressed against the countertop and his hand on her chest. She moaned loudly as he ground his hips into her.

“That one” He whispered against her lips before claiming them.

A loud slam of the front door had Birdie jerking away from his lips.

“You did not need to follow me, Eric! I told you I was fine.” Sookie growled from the front door. She stepped into the kitchen to drop her purse and caught sight of Godric and Birdie connected at the hips.

“Oh good lord.” Sookie sighed and exited the room. “Don’t go in there” She whispered to Eric.

Birdie tried to wiggle out of Godric’s grasp but he refused to budge. His blonde child popped around the corner a large smirk on his face.

“Well, hello Birdie.” Eric said in a flirtatious voice. “I did not take you for the black lace panties type of girl”

Birdie gasped loudly and pushed Godric away from her to stand on her own two feet. She pulled her shirt down as far as she could and listened as Godric snarled something at Eric.

“Respekterar henne som du skulle mig (respect her as you respect me)”
Eric immediately straightened and nodded once. “I apologize, Birdie.”

The dark haired girl moved around Godric’s back hoping for his body to block her nearly naked one. “You are forgiven. Mind givin’ me a moment to go grab some clothing?” She asked quietly.

Eric bowed his head towards her and moved out of the way for her to pass by him.

“What brings you here, minn son” Godric asked

“Lorena” Eric snarled.

Godric kept his own snarl under control just barely. “What of her?”

Eric’s blue eyes flicked to the side as if checking to see if anyone was listening. “There was a sighting of her near Bill Compton’s home. She is looking for Sookie.”

Godric’s gaze hardened. He could feel there was more, through his bond with Eric. “What else?”

Eric’s shoulders tensed ever more. “The Queen. It appears they are racing one another. The Queen knows Lorena wants Sookie dead and the Queen wants Sookie for herself.”

Godric snarled loudly. He understood what his child had failed to say. This would bring trouble to their front door, quite literally. And if Lorena ended up getting to Sookie first, the Queen would set her sights upon what was Godric’s and that was Birdie. Plans began to formulate within Godric’s mind. He could overthrow the Queen. He had led armies before, but this time was different. He had a weakness this time, and it was not daylight. He loved another being, one that was fragile. Though she was fae, she was only part and was unaware if she had any powers apart from her mind reading. He would protect her at all costs, sacrificing anyone and everyone if need be to protect her. It was a terrifying notion for the once unfeeling and ruthless vampire.
Chapter 13

“No Eric. I can’t leave!” Sookie cried out from her room.

Birdie slowed her walk past the closed door.

“You infuriating woman! Can you not see you are in danger? Does that mean nothing to you?” Eric snarled back at her.

“Like that is anything new!” Sookie said with mirthless laughter. “Someone is always tryin’ to kill me.”

Birdie couldn’t help herself as she pressed against the door of her blonde friend’s room.

“Do you wish to die for your stubbornness?” Eric growled

‘Is he going to kill me?’ The thought flashed through Sookie’s mind so quickly Birdie barely caught it.

“I can protect myself.”

Birdie could practically see the blonde raise her chin and cross her arms over her chest defiantly.

“With those little balls of light that periodically come from your hands? You can not even control it, Sookie! How is that being able to protect yourself?” Eric huffed.

“I am not goin’ anywhere with you, Eric! And that is final!” Sookie yelled.

The dark haired girl rolled her eyes at Sookie’s stubbornness. The door in front of her face suddenly disappeared and her face was now pressed against Eric’s hard stomach. She jerked away sharply looking up at him with a guilty expression.

“Maybe you can talk some sense into her!” Eric snarled and stomped away.

Birdie smiled shyly at Sookie.

“I hate him” Sookie pouted.

“Shhh. He might hear you.” Birdie whispered and stepped into Sookie’s room closing the door behind her.

“I don’t care. He is such an ass,” Sookie sat down on her bed with a huff.

“What happened?” Birdie knew what happened but she wanted to hear it from Sookie’s point of view.

“He wants me to run away to Sweden with him. Do you know what Pam calls it there?” Birdie shook her head. “A windy shithole. It is comin’ up on winter. I will freeze to death Birdie. I am not meant to be in snow. I am a southern girl.”

The dark-haired girl leaned back against the door. “You would rather stay here and get killed by Lorena than go to Sweden?”

Sookie shot her a dirty look. “The way I see it I will die either way. Either by Lorena or by the cold.
Who knows if Eric and I could be in the same space for longer than a few hours without killing each other.”

Birdie sat down beside her friend and rubbed her back. “You’re being a little bit dramatic.”

Sookie gave Birdie an aggravated look. “I can’t just pick up my life and run like you do! I have family here and friends that need me. I can’t run from my problems, I am not a coward!”

Birdie felt like she had been slapped. She stood quickly and walked towards the door. “Maybe I am a coward, but I am also a survivor. I’ll go wherever I need to if it keeps me alive. Even if it is a windy shithole. Because my family, God rest their souls, would want that for me.”

Birdie slammed the door behind her and marched out towards the kitchen ignoring Sookie’s “come back! I didn’t mean it like that” and “I’m sorry”. She grabbed her purse and heels before ducking out the door. She did not need to check and see if Godric followed. She could feel him trailing behind her. He unlocked the car allowing her to hop in without having to wait even a millisecond.

It wasn’t until they were almost to the bar that Godric spoke. “You are not a coward, you are smart. I love that about you. You choose your battles wisely, I appreciate that. Any decision that keeps you alive is always the right choice in my mind.”

Birdie raised their linked hands to her mouth and pressed a kiss to his hand. “So where are we going?”

“To the bar,” Godric told her with slight confusion in his voice.

“I know that. I mean where are we going to get away from this mess?” Birdie said, turning her blue eyes on him.

Godric smiled softly at her. “I wished to speak with you about that.”

Birdie raised an eyebrow at him. “Oh?”

“I have purchased some property in your name near my homeland. We would be safe there.”

Birdie was not sure if she should be upset about that or not. “Why in my name?”

Godric parked the car within the Fangtasia parking lot. “You are human. A vampire would not be able to enter the residence. If it were under my name they would be able to. Are you upset?”

The dark haired girl thought about it. His reasoning was logical and she could not fault him for wanting to keep her as safe as possible. “No. But would you mind lettin’ me know before you do anything like that again?”

Godric pursed his lips and nodded his head. “Yes, min askede. I am sorry I did not speak with you about it beforehand. I will from now on.”

Birdie leaned over the console and pressed a kiss to his lips. “Thanks, Sugar.”

Work went by quickly with little incident. Once they were back at her house she was exhausted and swaying on her feet. She and Sookie needed to have a talk. They needed to clear the air. Birdie would accept Sookie's apology and then they would set up a game plan.
As soon as they had gotten out of the car Godric was by her side. He yanked her into his arms and shot into the air.

“Godric!? What is going on!?” Birdie harshly whispered, her heart hammering in her ears loudly.

“Lorena was here.” He snarled.

Birdie looked down towards the ground and saw two of their guards enter the home. It was only seconds later that a whoosh sounded and Eric was floating beside them.

“Jag kände hennes rädsla stund sedan (I felt her fear moments ago)” He growled then darted into the house.

Birdie then heard Eric roar loudly. The sound made her shiver and cause tears to leak down her face.

“Oh no. Sookie.” She cried into her hand.

Godric rubbed her back and gently lowered them down to the ground. He continued to carry her as she cried against him until they were within the house.

“Det finns inga tecken på henne (There is no sign of her)” Eric growled. “Endast Lorena (Only Lorena).” He nodded towards the large pile of goop right outside the back door of the house. All of the back windows were broken and the back door had been torn off the hinges.

Godric lifted his nose into the air and sniffed heavily. “Luktar du det (do you smell that)?”

Eric stood absolutely still and smelled the air as well before breaking out into a relieved grin that pulled Birdie out of her hysteria.

“What are you smelling?” She asked her mind running wild.

“Magic,” Godric told her with a small smile of his own. “I believe she lives.”

Birdie looked at him bewildered. “Where is she then?”

“With the faeries, most likely.” He answered her, his expression hardening when he saw the disarray in her home. “We must leave.”

“What? Why?” Birdie asked as Godric pulled her from the home with Eric fast on his trail.

“Wait! I need my photo album” Birdie darted back into the house to grab the book.

“Where is it?” She mumbled looking through the bookshelf where it was normally housed. She did not know how long they would be gone for and she needed to keep her family’s memory by her side.

“Here,” Eric growled, picking it up from the coffee table and shoving it into her arms. Eric grabbed the top of her arm and tugged her out of the house. As soon as she stepped out of the house Godric grabbed her by the waist and shot up into the air.

“Where are we going?” Birdie called over the wind rushing past them, her photo album clutched to her chest.

“A safe house for the day then we will move on to Denmark tomorrow night.” He told her shortly.

She could see the strain in his jaw and shoulders. He was frightened for her safety but she did not
understand why. Birdie kept her mouth shut until they landed near an hour later in the middle of the woods. There stood a small house, it looked more like a cabin than anything else. Godric put her inside before doing a perimeter check. When he was finished he found Birdie curled on the couch with a bottle of wine in her hands.

Birdie took a deep sip of the wine willing it to calm her frayed nerves.

“You really think the faeries took her?” She asked him with a watery voice.

Godric pulled Birdie onto his lap gently and pressed a kiss to her forehead. “I would be willing to bet my fortune on it.”

Birdie sagged against him. “What if you are wrong?”

“I do not believe I am. I smelt your great-grandfather in the room.” Godric whispered.

“My great-grandfather he is alive? Why would my great-grandfather come after Sookie?” The dark haired girl asked after taking another deep sip.

“I am not sure. He is Prince of the Fae. Perhaps he was looking for you and took Sookie instead? I truly do not know. You and Sookie smell similar enough that he may have mistaken you for her.” He told her.

“Why would they want me?” She asked him.

Godric tensed beside her. “To take you home with them to the Fae realm.”

“If I went could you come too?” She asked him.

“No. I am vampire, their natural enemy. I would never be allowed in their realm.” Godric told her softly as he stroked her hair.

“Then I don’t want to go either. Wherever you are I will stay” Birdie turned and pressed a kiss to his lips.

“Are you certain?” Godric whispered against her lips. He hated to ask, but he wanted her certain of her decision.

The dark haired girl climbed into his lap fully, straddling him. “I am sure.”

Godric accepted her answer and pressed a firm kiss to her lips. “The sun will be rising soon. Let us sleep.”

He gathered Birdie into his arms, her legs wrapped around his hips, his hands under her backside. Again behind a picture, this time a generic family photo of some unknown family, was a keyboard. Godric typed in the code and a portion of the floor dropped leading to a stairwell. Godric carried her down the stairwell and then led her down another hallway and through a doorway to a large suite. He deposited her on the bed before shedding all of his clothes and climbing under the covers. Birdie shed her own clothes, then stole his discarded shirt to put over her bare torso. She crawled in beside him and cuddled into his side.

“Do you think Sookie is alright?” She asked worriedly.

“I believe she is just fine. She is among your grandfather’s people if I am correct. They will treat her well. I have had dealings with them in the past. Niall was a fair man.” He said in a soothing tone.
“Lorena was dead,” Birdie stated after a quiet moment.

“Yes. Either Sookie killed her with her light or Niall did. But she is no more.”

Birdie relaxed a little more in Godric’s embrace. “So now all we have to worry about is the Queen” The dark haired girl waited for an answer but she found that Godric had already died for the day.

Birdie tried to sleep but found she couldn’t. She was too worried about Sookie and her absence. It was not until the late hours of the morning that she was able to fall into an unsteady sleep. When she awoke it was to soft kisses on her face and moving down her body. She giggled when his fingers tickled her sides as they trailed down her body. She opened her eyes to see Godric’s head between her legs. Her underwear did not last much longer. He gently pulled them down her legs and placed his mouth at her center. He licked and sucked at her until she climaxed against his mouth. He quickly moved up her body capturing her lips with his own swallowing her moans. He entered her slowly, rocking his hips against hers. He took his time with her body making her unsure as to how much time had passed. When they finally climaxed with one another they lay sated for a few minutes before Godric turned towards her. He pressed a kiss to her shoulder then looked deep into her eyes.

“Marry me?”

Birdie shook her head with a small smile on her face. “I’ll marry you when you propose to me the right way.”

Godric chuckled. “So I may ask you on dates while we are naked but not to marry?”

Birdie shoved him lightly “Yes! Those are the rules. Didn’t you know?” She said in a laughing voice.

Godric playfully huffed. “Fine. It seems I have forgotten these important rules of etiquette.”

It was then that his phone rang and burst their little bubble of happiness. Reality came rushing back full force. Birdie jumped in the shower quickly and shove on her clothing from the night before. She hated to do it but she had no other clothing. She did forgo the underwear though, those were ripped, no matter how gently Godric had tried to take them off last night the lace was thin and no match for his over eager hands. By the time she was out of the shower Godric dropped a quick kiss to her lips before trading her places. She gathered her things, her purse and photo album, ready to leave when Godric stepped out of the bathroom.

Within moments they were in the air on their way towards a private airfield.

“Your things have been packed and will be waiting on the plane for us,” Godric told her.

“Is Eric coming with us?” She asked nervously. She felt better with another ancient vampire as a guard.

“No. He must stay behind to cover any suspicion and run Fangtasia. He also wishes to stay near in case of Sookie’s return.”

When they reached the airfield she handed her photo album to Godric and ducked into the small bathroom before boarding. She felt safe with the multiple were guards that were roaming the premises all at Godric’s disposal. When the first gunshots sounded she was startled and all sense of security flew out the window. She ran from the bathroom in search of Godric and ran into a large body. Much larger than Godric’s.

“What the…” She began but was cut off quickly by a chemical sugary smelling rag covering her
face.

The world drifted out of focus quickly and soon all she saw was black.

Godric heard the sniper shot first before the pain hit. He felt three shots of silver hit him in the chest knocking him down. He was weak but not completely immobile. That is until the silver net was thrown over him. He fought against the net screaming for Birdie to run. From his spot upon the ground, he watched as one by one his men were killed. Godric realized his mistake too late. He had not planned for the Queen to already know of Lorena’s death or Sookie’s disappearance. He had thought they had time to escape. He had underestimated the Queen but he also knew that she could not have done this without a mole on the inside. He knew Eric would never betray him. “The only vampire you can trust is the vampire you created” Godric stood by his words. That meant that either Chow or Pam had betrayed them. He immediately withdrew Pam from his list of suspects leaving Chow as the answer. When Godric got his hands on the vamp, he would be dying a slow and very painful death. The ancient vampire had had over two thousand years to perfect the art of torture and he would be using every ounce of that knowledge on the man. Godric fought against the four pairs silver gloves that lifted him from the ground. It was then that he felt them grabbing at his neck and twisting. He felt the snap and lost control of his body. His body attempted to heal itself from the break but it was not quick enough.

Birdie awoke in a bright room and rubbed at her head. She had a horrible headache and was frankly tired of being kidnapped and knocked out.

“Godric?” She whispered loudly.

No response. She opened up her mind and searched for any minds. She found two Werewolf’s were guarding her door. She could feel a total of seven voids and at least twenty more wolves within the property. Birdie sought out her tie to Godric and found that she could not feel him at all. In a moment the girl lost all control on her emotions, sending her into a full-fledged panic. After a good bout of tears and a nap from being exhausted as well as sleeping off the remaining effects of the Chloroform, her logical mind began to work. Magic could do this, right? Godric had once told her that witches were actually real and wielded more power than anyone in the Supe world wanted to admit. She grasped that small bit of hope that magic had been responsible for this and began to plan. She knew this was not going to end well for her if she didn’t get away from her current company. She checked the room and found that she was in a basement of sorts. There was a bed and a small lamp on the table but nothing else, no windows and no hope of escape from this room. An idea formed within her mind. She needed to have a look around and search for another escape.

Birdie gathered her courage and knocked on the door. She heard the two Were’s thoughts. They were unsure of what to do with her knocking. They had been prepared for screams and fighting but not knocks.

“Excuse me?” She called out. “I have to go to the bathroom!”

“Hold it.” One yelled back.

“I am gonna pee all over the floor. Please! I have to pee so bad.” She said urgently.
After a quick debate, the door was unlocked from the outside and Birdie was grabbed roughly by the arm and forced down a hall. She could see she was in fact in a basement now. But where was she?

“Eye’s forward or I will put a hood on you” one of the Were’s snarled.

Birdie immediately turned her head forwards. The last thing she wanted to do was anger those beside her. These men were not to be trifled with. She was led into a small bathroom, the door was shut and locked behind her. Birdie quickly went about her business before searching the small room. It was clean at least, she was grateful for that. There were no windows. Just a standing shower, a toilet and a small sink with some soap. Nothing of use. Not even a single bobby pin she could pick a lock with. She was in the middle of examining the shower when the door was thrown open.


Birdie kept quiet and allowed them to pull her back towards her room. She was left there for many hours, perhaps another day she was not sure, before she was dragged out by a Were. It appeared she was in a very large mansion of sorts, she decided when she ascended a large set of stairs into the main house. The dark haired girl was led into a dining room where seven vampires sat.

“Phoebe! Welcome!” A redheaded woman at the head table said.

‘Phoebe? How does she know my first name?’ Birdie thought and took a seat.

“Are you hungry?” The redhead asked cheerily.

The dark haired girl nodded nervously.

“Good! Bring her meal in” She called out.

A large tray of various foods was set in front of Birdie and she ate ravenously. It was halfway through her apple when she noticed that she was the only one eating. The rest were staring at her as if she were the meal. She sat down the apple nervously and looked back at them all.

“You must eat,” The redheaded woman ordered with a lecherous smile.

“I am no longer hungry.” Birdie told her tightly.

“Oh but I am,” The redhead said with a wicked smile, her fangs snapping down.

Birdie screamed as the redhead shot at her. She was tackled to the ground and the redhead’s fangs sank painfully into her neck. Birdie began to feel woozy quickly, her conscious mind slipping due to blood loss.

“Stop it! You do not wish to kill her yet. Allow her to replenish and then feed from her again.” A male voice said behind the Queen.

Birdie lost consciousness after that, drifting into the beautiful dark nothingness where no pain or fear could reach her.
Chapter 14

Having felt his Maker’s pain Eric arrived just as the four Weres were attempting to subdue his now limp maker. Eric snapped the fist Were’s neck before Godric’s own broken neck healed. The silver netting had been thrown off of him during the fight and he was now only hindered by the silver bullets in his chest. He grabbed the second Were and bent him in half breaking his spine, then continued to rip him in half across the belly. The next Were he grabbed put up a greater fight than his companion but without a silver net and a wounded vampire, there was no match. Godric ripped his throat out with his bare hand. He tossed away the man’s trachea as the Were slowly died.

“Not that one.” Godric snarled to Eric who was about to break the neck of the Were but heeded his Markers command. “We keep him alive.”

Godric dashed towards the bathroom Birdie had been in and could still smell the lingering scent of Chloroform. Without waiting for Eric, Godric dashed away after his lover’s scent. It did not last long. He only got as far as a dirt road and two dead Weres.

It was then that Godric felt it. His bond to his mate had been removed. He staggered slightly at the pain, leaning heavily on his child.

“Fader?” Eric said in alarm.

“The bond. It is gone.” Godric said in a strained voice.

“Gone? They killed her?” He asked.

Godric shook his head as he tried to decipher exactly what had just occurred. “No. It is as if it has been plucked out of me.”

“Fucking witches” Eric snarled.

They were the only ones that had the capability to do such a thing. No other could. But the true question was, which witch was it? There were thousands perhaps a few ten thousand in this state of Louisiana alone.

“Where do we start, Fader?”

Godric looked up at his son, his anger flaring beneath the surface now that the pain and shock had lessened. “The Were.”

When they arrived at Fangtasia they found a pissed off Pam standing over two pools of dead vampire.

“I fucking hate when someone tries to kill me” She snarled. Eric chuckled in approval.

“They were sent to kill you and I,” Pam said in that bored drawl of hers. “Compliments of that redhead bitch, Sophie Anne.”

After a rather vigorous torture session in the basement of Fangtasia Godric learned that the Were did not know much. The Were confirmed that it had indeed been the Queen that formulated the
kidnapping. They also learned that Godric was to be brought back to one of the Queens safe “houses” to be drained for his blood that could be sold at a very high price. When they had received all information they could from the Were, Eric went to kill the man.


“Fader?” Eric said in confusion.

“There has been enough killing this night. Glamor him to leave the state and have no more dealings with Vampires.” Godric ordered and left the dungeon behind. He was attempting to honor his beautiful blue-eyed mate's wishes, at least what he thought they would be.

When he reached the office he found his blonde grandchilde on the phone.

“What news?” Godric asked her. He was frantic within but he tried to keep his tone smooth and even.

Pam smiled widely at him. “I received word from a tasty treat of mine back in New Orleans...Amelia. You would not believe the ways this woman can bend and that tongue of hers....” Pam trailed off as if having fond memories of the woman.

Godric quirked an eyebrow at his grandchilde with an otherwise bored look upon his face.

Pam cleared her throat. “She spoke of a witch that could have done such a thing and has been...close to the Queen in recent years.”

“Name?” Godric snapped he was tired of his grandchilde's dilly dallying.

“Hallow.”

The residence of Marnie “Hallow” Stonebrooke was a small apartment over her place of business, a Wiccan & Witch supply store from the look of it.

Godric could smell the magic surrounding the space. She had a spell surrounding the building, but it was one of weak magic compared to the army that had been crafted by Godric. Within moments the witches that had owed him many favors and one that found Pam enticing (Amelia) had the protection spell obliterated.

Godric flanked by Eric and Pam with a multitude of Texas vampires at his heels had Hallow and her followers around the necks and pushed against the walls.

“Do not shed their blood,” Godric ordered, disappointing more than a few of the vampires in attendance. They all obeyed though and began to glamor the witches and Wiccans within. Godric himself had Hallow by the neck and was raising her off the ground. She was attempting to chant but it was no use, no air was getting to her lungs. Quickly Godric rendered her unconscious and threw her over his shoulder.

“I will take her to Fangtasia. Find what clues you can here.” Godric ordered. In a flash Godric was in the air. Now more than ever he needed to control his temper. He needed to be the planner he had been for the last two thousand years. He needed to be smart. He only hoped Birdie was still alive for him to formulate his plans.
“She will be drained before you get a word against the Queen out of my mouth.” Hallow snarled from where she was chained in the basement of Fangtasia. Her body was bruised, broken and bleeding from Pam’s torture techniques.

“Bring him,” Godric said calmly, knowing his child would hear him on the floor above.

Hallow looked to be very proud of herself for causing Godric frustration, not that he let it show. But the witch knew. She was smug about that fact until her brother was brought down into the dungeon.

“No.” She whispered.

Godric smirked, his fangs showing. “You made a mistake, Hallow. You left loose ends. Such as a loved one and he was oh so unprotected. Only one of the Queens Were Guards. tsk tsk tsk.”

The ancient being circled the young human man. The man trembled slightly and his heart beat ran wild. The sound had both Pam and Eric’s fangs dropping.

It was then that Hallow decided to try chanting again. It did not last long. Godric wrapped his large hand around her throat and shoved her head against the cement wall she was chained against.

“Eric,” Godric ordered.

The screams of the man echoed in the cement room. Tears gathered in Hallow’s eyes at the noise.

“Don’t hurt him!” She cried hoarsely.

“Continue to weave spells and Eric will do much worse than break his bones.” Godric snarled.

“Where is she?”

“Who!?!” Hallow screamed.

“You know who. My mate Phoebe! Where is she?”

“I don’t know!”

Godric snarled. He grabbed one of Hallow’s fingers and squeezed, shattering all the bones within. Her screams now wove together with her brothers morphing into a horrifying harmony.

“I do not wish to kill you. You must understand that. But I will murder every human that now resides on this earth to have my Mate returned to me. She would not wish for me to do it, but I have no qualms with mass murder. I’ll start with you and your brother. It will be painful. Exceedingly so. Do us all a favor and tell me where she is.”

Fat tears rolled down the witches cheeks as Godric squeezed another of her fingers. “Eric.” Godric ordered again. A sickening crunch and then more screams echoed from the brother of the witch.

“Please! I don’t know!” Hallow screamed. “The Queen never told me. She only had me break the bond between you two. You were supposed to be dead! She swore you would be dead and that I could have Fangtasia after she dealt with you and Eric.”

Godric swallowed the desire to rip her limbs off one by one. “Remove the spell on my bond to my mate.” He said between clenched teeth.

The witch shook her head back and forth, tears falling from her eyes. “Eric,” Godric commanded.
Another crack sounded followed by the screams of Hallow’s brother. The witch clenched her eyes shut, tears running down her cheeks as she tried to shut out the screams.

“You lift the spell now and I will let him live. He will even be healed.” Godric told her. A few years earlier he would never have done such a thing. But as his love had said, he was evolved.

“And if your fangbanger is already dead? Will you come back for us?” Hallow snarled as if summoning her last strength reserve.

Godric nodded slightly. “Lift the spell now. I will not ask again.” Godric warned the witch. When she shook her head in defiance he signaled to Eric.

The snap sounded this time it was not accompanied by a scream. Godric could still hear the man’s beating heart, the man had merely passed out from the pain of his pelvis being crushed.

“No! You fucking bastards! You killed him!!!” The witch screamed in anguish.

“No yet,” Godric answered her. “But Eric will and he will do it horrifically if you do not give me what I wish.”

The witch was defeated, both broken mentally and physically, Godric could smell his victory in the air even before she began to chant.

In one marvelous tidal wave the bond to his Mate reappeared. He was finally able to breathe after far too long. The relief he felt lasted only milliseconds before he felt Birdie’s immense fear and pain.

"Let us go now! You swore.” The witch demanded.

“It’s cute you think you are getting out of here,” Pam told the woman from where she was filing her nails. The witch's screams of anguish, frustration and fear filled the cement basement.

“Deal with her.” Godric snarled to Indira. “Clancy heal and glamor him then set him free”

Within moments Godric was in the air with Eric beside him and a small vampire army following below. He would find his Mate and punish all those who had dared to take her from him.
Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a bit mushy so beware!
I hope you all enjoy it. :)

Birdie’s entire body throbbed before she came to full awareness. When she opened her panicked eyes she looked down at herself. She was in a bed, the bed she had awoken in last time. The dark haired girl was disoriented. Yes, she was in the same bed but not everything was the same. There were IV’s in her arm and what looked to be several other pieces of medical equipment around the room. In a rush she pulled the IV out of her arm, leaving blood dripping from the needle mark. Birdie felt a small resistance around her neck when she tried to look down. Her hands flew to her neck feeling a thick bandage there.

Absently she wondered how long she had been unconscious for. All she knew was that she needed to get out of here. She opened her mind and listened for the minds around her. She found that there were no guards at her door. Finding that odd but a blessing she went running barefoot from the room searching wildly for an exit. When she found none in the basement she began to ascend the stairs to the main floor as quietly as possible. Again she listened for the minds of others. She could tell there were seven vampires in a room farthest from her but there were two Weres approaching. As quickly as she could she ran to the front door and attempted to open it. It wouldn’t budge. She fiddled with the locks and tried to tug at the handles desperately but the door would not open. It was then that two sets of hands grabbed her and dragged her backward. She screamed and kicked but did not get anywhere.

“Godric!” The dark haired girl screamed for her love, praying that he would somehow hear her. “Godric!”

“Phoebe, Pheobe, Phoebe,” The Queen said in faux disappointment.

Birdie was dragged before the redheaded vampire Queen much to her horror. Birdie could still feel the woman’s fangs tearing into her skin painfully.

“Do you not enjoy our accommodations here?” The Queen said with a smirk. A chorus of laughter followed her.

Birdie felt tears welling in her eyes as she saw the other vampires standing behind the Queen, fangs out and hungry eyes.

“Godric will find me.” Birdie said with false bravado.

Once again the Queen barked out in laughter. “Oh, Phoebe. The slave boy will not find you, I made sure of that.”

Birdie felt her stomach drop through the floor and her heart began to break.

“He is dead. My dogs ripped him apart.” The Queen said with a smirk and a patronizing laugh.

Birdie’s heart stuttered in sadness. “You’re lying”
The redhead circled Birdie like she was her prey, and in all reality she was. “Am I? You can not feel him through your bond, can you? Is that not enough proof. He is dead. No one is coming for you, Phoebe.”

Anger and sorrow washed over Birdie like a tidal wave. She felt heat spreading through her veins at a rapid rate. The dark haired girl let her head fall back and released an anguished scream. She could feel power flowing through her, from where it came she had no idea, but it felt as if sunlight itself coursing through her. The light burned at her veins making her feel as if her skin had caught fire.

She heard the screams of others as they mingled with her own roar. When she had run out of breath she allowed her scream to turn into an anguished whimper.

Birdie opened her weeping eyes and found that the entire room was covered in blood. She gazed down at herself thinking perhaps it was her own blood that had been spilled but that was not it. There were seven dead vampires splashed on the floor and walls. Birdie looked behind her and saw the two Were guards were at least intact but they were dead as well. Blood was still pouring from their ears, eyes, and noses.

Birdie looked down at her hands and saw a faint glowing beneath the skin. In a move that was purely instinct, Birdie jumped and shook her hands trying to get the glow to fade. When it did not she decided it was time to flee. She had just killed the Queen of Louisiana. She didn’t know exactly how but she did. Birdie gingerly reached into the pocket of one of the dead Were guards and pulled out a set of car keys. She used one of the keys on that ring to get out of the front door and sprinted to one of the SUVs in the gravel driveway. Her blood beat quickly within her making it impossible to hear or feel anything else.

Birdie decided she needed to get to Pam and Eric, that is if they were still alive. The dark haired girl began to weep at the thought of Godric being gone but she pushed it to the side for the moment being. She needed to get as far away from this hell hole before she could fall apart, and fall apart she would once she was some semblance of safety. With shaking hands she slammed the car into gear and took off speeding down the gravel path. Realizing her lights were not on she flipped them on and saw a figure in front of her car. She slammed on the breaks making the car fishtail until it came to a bumpy stop.

“I’ve gone crazy” Birdie whispered as her eyes adjusted to see the figure fully. It looked like Godric. Her Godric. But that couldn’t be it. The Queen said he was dead. With speed only a vampire could possess the being threw open Birdie’s door and pulled her from the vehicle.

“Godric?” The girl asked quietly. It was then that she could feel the bond between them. In her haze of fear and anguish she had ignored the one thing that would have comforted her, her bond with Godric.

“Little Bird” Godric whispered as he stared into her eyes. He placed both hands on the side of her face and pulled her into a passionate kiss. It lasted only a moment before he pulled away from her and passed her into Pam’s waiting arms.

“I will be back Birdie. I must take care of the Queen.” Godric snarled and was about to take flight when a whoosh sounded.

“De är alla döda, fader (They are all dead father)” Eric said from where he stood beside his Maker. All eyes turned on Birdie in that moment.

“I did something…” She whispered.
Quickly her lover grabbed her face with both hands. “Listen to me, my army is on it's way. You must do exactly as I say and remember these words before they arrive. I, Godric, killed the Queen, Eric and Pam helped with the others. You killed the Were’s. That is all. You did not kill any of the Vampires. Do you understand, Birdie?”

The dark haired girl nodded dumbly and allowed Godric to fly her back to the house. Eric, Pam and Godric were a blur as they began to plant evidence of “the fight”. Stakes and hands were covered with blood while Birdie sat off to the side weeping silently.

All three of the vampire’s heads snapped up when they heard a noise that Birdie did not. Godric rushed to her side just as those loyal to Godric burst through the door.

“Are there more?” Isobel asked.

“No. They are all dead.”

“How did you do it?” Indira asked the ancient being.

“They were distracted by Birdie’s blood.” Godric said pointing to the wounds on the girl’s body. The dark haired vampire turned to his son. “Eric, call the Authority.” Godric would not release his mate. He was afraid that if she left his side for even a moment he would lose her again.

Godric’s army (a group of twenty vampires, two witches and a handful of Were’s) looked around at the damage before them. The house appeared to have cracks running up the walls and across the floor. They wondered how that were possible and began to whisper lowly to one another about it until Godric silenced them all with a look.

Birdie clung to Godric’s side as he was handed the phone by his Childe. She heard him arguing over the phone with a female voice. The dark-haired girl was in shock so she was not sure if he was actually speaking another language or speaking English.

Her head hurt something awful and she could feel something leaking from her nose and ears. She reached up and touched her nose to find that blood was spilling sluggishly from the orifices of her head. Godric took one look at her before speaking sharply into the phone and hanging up. He quickly ripped off his shirt and began to clean her up. She wanted to protest being cleaned like a child with a messy face but she couldn’t muster up the energy. Godric wouldn’t have listened to her anyway. He growled something at Eric in their native tongue before taking her out of the room and into a side room. Once away from eyes he bit into his wrist and pressed it against her lips. She took a small sip then pulled away from his wrist and cupped his face.

“What is it?” She asked softly.

He should have known he could not hide this from her. His mind was currently a jumble of paths he could take or decisions that could be made.

“The Authority has summoned me.” Godric said in an eerily calm voice.

Birdie felt panic rise within her. “Because of this? How will they punish you?”

Godric pulled Birdie against his chest and pressed a kiss into her dark hair. “I do not know. They may not punish me, Sofie Anne was a problem. I solved it for them.”
Birdie stared at him for a long moment, her blue eyes calculating. “What are you not telling me?”

Godric gave her an innocent look. “Nothing.”

Birdie stumbled back from him, her eyes displaying her shock and hurt. “You’re lying to me.”

The ancient vampire scrubbed at his face harshly. “Yes, I am... They asked me to bring you with me. I can not do that. I would rather meet the sun.”

“What will they do to you if you do not bring me? Do you really think that if they kill you they will not then come after me if they truly wish to harm me? Godric, You have to take me with you.” Birdie said softly the fright of the last few days creeping in. All she wanted to do was sleep off her exhaustion with Godric at her side, that was even if she could sleep. She was afraid all she would see was nightmares.

“You have more family than you know. Maybe it is time you meet them.” Godric said straightening his spine to stand at his full height.

“Who?” Birdie asked surprised as this new information.

“I told you I fought alongside your grandfather. I have had dealings with your great grandfather. He has many grandchildren and great-grandchildren you could meet. Perhaps you should visit their realm.”

“Like hell I will!” Birdie practically screamed shocking both of them with her volume. “I will not run to a place where you can’t go with me! I will not be forced to live without you again!”

Godric could feel the pain and fear his mate was feeling and couldn’t stop himself from giving her what she wanted. “Birdie. I love you. If you wish to be together I will take you with me, but you must do exactly as I say when I say it. Do you understand?”

His dark haired mate nodded her head enthusiastically and allowed him to pull her into his arms. His mind ran wild with plans. The realization of what they needed to do for even a sliver of a fighting chance at survival hit him harshly. He kept his reaction inward but he knew he did not smother it quickly enough when Birdie looked shocked at his immense anger and Eric was suddenly before them.

“Vad är det, fader (what is it, father)?” His son asked as he checked over his maker visually.

“De tvingar min hand (they are forcing my hand)” Godric answered. His fists clenched at his sides.

“What do we need to do, Godric. I will do anything to remain by your side.” Birdie told him passionately as if she had read his mind.

Realization dawned on Eric as his quick mind caught up to what needed to be done. “The third bond,” he whispered.

Birdie stiffened in Godric’s arms. She pulled away from him and looked deep into his eyes. “We have to complete the third bond?”

“No. I will not allow them to force this. We can find another way.” Godric answered her and placed a kiss at her temple. Birdie shook him off and pulled away from him fully. It hurt his heart more than he thought possible.

“Let’s do it.” Birdie told the ancient vampire, stunning all of the vampires eavesdropping into
stillness. “If this is the way we can stay together and have a chance of surviving this meeting then let’s do it now. Bond with me in the way of your people.”

The dark haired girl was a survivor and if this was part of surviving and keeping Godric alive then she would do it. She had thought of fleeing to the fae realm for a half of a second. But a world without Godric was one she was not sure she wanted to be in not to mention this family that she had never met nor ever spoken to. Sure Sookie was there currently either by mistake or on purpose but how was Birdie to know that Sookie was okay there. Maybe it was an awful place, worse than this world. Godric had no idea, he had never been. She would rather take her chances here on this earth. There was uncertainty that anything horrible would truly happen to them. They could walk away from this unscathed and that is what had her pushing forward.

“We can find another way, Birdie.” Godric said again.

“Do you not want to bond with me? To marry me in the vampire way?” Birdie asked him, self-doubt creeping in.

Godric gripped her shoulders gently and ducked his head to look into her downturned eyes. “It would be an honor and a privilege to be married to you, my love. But don’t you want to be married in the way of your people first or at least at the same time? I do not want you to be forced into this. I never wanted you to be forced into this.”

Birdie stopped his speech by pressing her lips to his. “I don’t care as long it’s with you. We can have a big wedding later, when we are sure we are not about to die.” She said with a mirthless chuckle.

Godric could feel her sincerity through the bond and accepted her words. “Okay. Let us complete the third bond now.”

Birdie put a hand on Godric’s arm to stop him from speaking orders. He looked down at her expecting her to announce she had changed her mind.

“Can we not do it here? I want to be far from this place.” She whispered looking pointedly at the blood on the floor and the dead bodies spread about.

“Yes. we should leave before the authority sends someone to collect evidence for tomorrow as well” Godric said and picked Birdie up into his arms. He spoke briskly to his followers before shooting into the air. “Eric has a safe house nearby. Sleep, my love”

Birdie’s eyes closed involuntarily. She was healed thanks to Godric’s blood but she was still traumatized and emotionally drained now that all adrenaline had left her body. The wind rushing through her hair and the strong familiar arms of Godric soon lulled her to sleep.

When she next awoke it was the feeling of hands around her neck. She jerked awake and screamed loudly. Light burst from her palms as she held them up in a defensive gesture. When she finally opened her eyes she found Godric rubbing at his chest painfully and clenching his eyes shut. She could feel his pain through the bond and winced at it.

“Shit! I am so sorry, sugar!” Birdie said as she flung herself from the bed she was resting on. She ran to his side and began to pat him down as if it were helpful. When the burning had lessoned to just a sting Godric stood to his full height and stopped rubbing at his chest.

“You learned how to use your fae light,” Godric said with slight surprise.
Birdie grimaced. “I don’t really know how. It just...happened.”

“That is what happened to the Queen and her followers?” Godric asked softly.

“Not exactly... She told me you were dead and that was why I couldn’t feel you” Birdie said, her voice rapidly clogging with tears. “I screamed and it felt like sunlight was burning in my veins. When I opened my eyes they were all dead.” She whispered the last bit lowly. Afraid of the ears that could be around.

Godric digested Birdie’s information. If his theory was correct Birdie had inherited a gift from a long dead fae ancestor. It was at times known as the Great Roar, other times it was known as the Soul Stealing Scream. It was a trait that had long been thought gone. Godric was brought out his musings by the sound of his grandchilde zooming up the stairs. He could hear her outside the door.

“Enter.”

Pam followed by Isabel entered to see Birdie firmly encased in Godric’s arms with tears running down her cheeks.

“Wipe your tears. It is time to get ready.” Pam said in as soft a tone as the woman could manage. It still sounded harsh and bored but she had tried.

Birdie nodded woodenly and attempted to let go of Godric’s shirt but it seemed her hands had fused with the fabric due to her fear. Noticing her distress Godric pressed a kiss to her temple and whispered into her ear. “I will be just outside the door. I will not move from that spot. Pam and Isabel will guard you with their lives.”

That seemed to relax her somewhat. She released his shirt and took a small step away from him. He captured her lips in a passionate kiss before stepping out the door. Birdie stared at his retreating form feeling her anxiety flare to an alarming level.

Isabel stepped closer to her and grasped her face gently in her hands. “You are safe.”

Birdie smiled weakly at her and nodded as best she could. Pam took that as her cue to begin herding Birdie into action. She was shoved into a bathroom connected to the bedroom to shower. She was not sure she had ever felt something so wonderful. She scrubbed at her skin harshly until it looked as if it may bleed before she came to her senses and began to finish washing her long hair. As soon as she stepped out Pam was there waiting with a towel. Birdie allowed her to wrap her up before the real fun began.

Between Pam and Isobel they had Birdie primped, polished, and in a beautiful dress.

“Where did you get this?” Birdie asked softly as she ran her hands over the lace on her stomach.

“I borrowed it from a quaint little boho shop.” Pam said with a flick of her hand.

“Borrowed it?” Birdie asked

“Yes. Borrowed it permanently. It was the best I could do under the time constraint. For your human wedding we will do something much more...exciting.” the blonde said in that bored tone of hers.

Birdie pulled the vampire woman into a tight hug. “It’s perfect. Thank you” she whispered against the woman’s chest. She was grateful that Pam had found her a simple dress. She was uncomfortable in her skin due to her stay with the Queen and she could not even begin to imagine having to be shoved into a corset at a time like this.
Next she pulled Isabel into a hug as well. The latter of the two was much better with physical affection. Isabel hugged her back just as tightly. When she pulled away she began to speak as she fiddled with the the neckline of Birdie’s dress while Pam worked on her hair a little more.

“I will explain to you now of how the third bond ceremony is performed. There is a ceremonial knife. It can be from the vampire’s human days, a knife that has been passed down to them or one they have had made. Both of your wrists will be cut with this knife as you face one another. You will offer your wrist to your bonded and you both will drink from one another at the same time. Once you have taken three mouthfuls of blood your still healing wrists will be bound together with a ribbon or a cloth. Vampires are normally creatures of little words, so none will need to be spoken. The action is what matters, though I have seen some recite vows as their wrists are bound. It is up to you and Godric” Isabel told her softly, her slightly accented voice bringing calm to Birdie’s nerves.

A soft knock on the door signaled it was time. Birdie felt her nerves swell like the tide. She was sure of her choice. This would have happened anyway, she knew that just as she knew the sky was blue and she needed to breathe air. They may have had more time to plan and there would have been more romance involved, but at the end of the road it would have been her and Godric bound together, as they were about to be. As she was led down the large stairways she expected to see the vampires there but they were nowhere to be found, well except for one. Eric stood in the parlor waiting for her, hands linked behind him.

“I will escort you to Godric.” He said as he held out his arm for her.

Birdie looped her arm through his while Pam went in front of her and Isabel went behind forming a protective line. As they walked, Birdie was given her first glance of the beautiful land they were on.

“You own this?” Birdie asked quietly.

Eric looked down at her from his impressive height. “Up until an hour ago I did.”

Birdie’s dark brows pulled together in confusion. “What do you mean?”

“Godric bought it from me”

Birdie was slightly gobsmacked. “Why?”

Eric chuckled. “He did not want to perform the third bond with you on land that was not his own.”

“I hope he did not spend too much money on it.” The dark haired girl mused.

“It was only two million. Not very much. That is just change compared to how much Godric has in his name.” Eric said nonchalantly staring forward as they walked at a horridly slow human pace.

Birdie choked on her tongue slightly. Two million dollars? She was still getting used to the idea that Godric was rich beyond belief. It was then that Birdie realized she had no idea where they were going. “Where are we going, Eric?”

“To the water.” He told her.

It was then that she saw a few figures standing in the distance as well as a row of lanterns on each side of a small walkway. "How did you all get this done so quickly? It is beautiful" the girl said in wonder.

“Vampire's remember?” Eric told her softly with a smirk. Once they had walked a little further reaching the last stretch of the lit walkway he whispered to her once more. "Are you ready?"
Birdie looked up into his blue eyes and nodded her head with a small smile. Eric released her arm signaling it was time for her to walk unescorted. She could see Godric now waiting at the edge of the slow moving river. He stretched out his hand for her and she nearly stumbled over her feet to get to him. His hand was cold in hers, a welcome relief from the humidity swirling around them. Calm and sertainty took the place of the anxiety, the fear and the exhaustion the moment her hand touched his. She knew this was the right decision. She knew if this was her last night alive she could die a happy woman, having lived a beautiful moment like this.

“We are going to step into the water. Do not be afraid, I have you.” Godric whispered to her as he threaded his fingers with hers. Birdie now understood why Pam and Isabel had insisted she not wear shoes.

Her dark haired lover stepped into the water pulling her along with him gently. He stopped when the water reached her knees. She could feel her dress swirling around her feet and the Tchefuncte River mud between her toes.

“Birdie, I wish to bond with you in both the ways of my people the Gual as well as the Vampire. Do you agree to bond with me?” Godric said softly, his eyes boring into hers.

“Yes,” Birdie couldn’t stop the smile from gracing her face.

Godric accepted the knife being handed to him by Eric while speaking. “On this day, I, Godric, join myself to you Phoebe Elizabeth Horowitz, before this company and the Gods, old and new. May our nights be long, and may they be seasoned with love, understanding and respect. I will protect you and love you with all my being until I die the true death.”

Birdie attempted to push down the tears welling in her eyes while she tried to remember his exact words. “On this day, I, Phoebe, join myself to you, Godric, before this company and God...May our nights be long, and may they be seasoned with love, understanding and respect. I will stand by your side, be your confidant and love you with all my being until I die the true death.”

Birdie saw a red ring beginning to swell around Godric’s eyes as she spoke. It was a bit of a shock to see that he was beginning to cry. She had never seen it before. Her heart swelled even more in that moment. He was truly a different man than he had been for some two thousand years before and she could not thank God enough for bringing them together at this moment.

Godric cut her wrist lightly, just enough to bring blood to the surface before cutting his own. She winced lightly at the sound of the knife going through flesh but accepted his wrist without hesitation as he rose her wrist to his lips. She took three pulls of his sweet blood quickly, eyes locked with Godric’s the entire time. When they both pulled away Godric gently pressed the wounds together and Eric bound them with a ribbon that looked near as old as he. It was then that the claps and exclamation of congratulations rang through the air. Birdie could feel the bond between them thicken and strengthen. She could feel every emotion he was feeling, the elation, the pride and most of all the love. Godric pulled her in for a kiss and pressed his lips to hers distracting her from discovering all of the new sensations.

“I love you, my little bird.” He whispered.

“I love you too.” Birdie whispered back against his lips.
Chapter 16

Godric awoke with the delicious feeling of warmth on his skin. At first, he had thought it was sunlight but after he opened his eyes he found that it was Birdie’s warm naked body against his own. Her eyes were closed, her hair a mess and a small smile played on her pink lips. His mind filled with vivid memories of that beautiful mouth of hers. Godric had thought he had loved her from the very beginning but that love was nothing compared to the bond between them now. He could feel everything she was feeling so acutely. He had never felt more powerful or more human in his entire undead existence. He could feel her warmth flooding through his veins. He could feel every molecule of his that blended with hers. It was like dark colliding with light and intermingling into something wondrous and new within him. Godric rose from the bed slowly as to not disrupt his lover and made his way towards the bathroom.

‘No, not just my lover. My thrice bonded. My wife.’ the thought had him near giddy.

That is until he remembered the reason they had bonded so quickly. Godric thought of the many outcomes and the options available to them. If the Fae were not impossible to contact he would have defied Birdie’s wishes and had her great grandfather take her to the Fae realm. The Fae could not be found unless they wished to be found once they had escaped into their own dimension, they had to come to you. So he waited. He wondered briefly if Sookie would be speaking with her grandfather about Birdie or if he had been watching her all this time. He guessed the second was not the case or else Godric would never have gotten close to Birdie. Though Niall and Godric had a healthy dose of respect for one another his relationship with Birdie was not something that would fit into their business like relationship. This was personal. Birdie was Niall Brigants blood granddaughter as well as Godric’s mate. They would both be heated regarding possession of the dark haired girl.

The ancient vampire flicked on the light in the bathroom and gazed at himself in the mirror. His appearance had seemed to change, not by much, but his skin color was more natural looking. If he did not have his improved eyesight he would think that he was back to the same skin tone he was before being turned. His hair looked more lustrous and healthy, his eyes were brighter and he looked almost...human. Godric’s mind wandered to what other effects his bond with Birdie could have had.

Godric heard the rustling of sheets in the bedroom and got back to the matter at hand. He needed to think of how he was going to get out of this interaction with the Authority alive.

Birdie could hear Godric speaking in the other room. She smiled warmly at the sound. It was not often that she heard him speak more than a few words in his native tongue and she loved the sound. Creaking open her eyes she caught sight of him sitting on the side of the bed.

“I love your voice” She whispered in her sleep heavy voice.

Godric turned and looked at her with a small smile. She could see the stress around his eyes and the tension in his shoulders indicating that he worried about today.

“Who were you talking to?” Birdie asked as she stretched.

Godric’s brows pulled together in confusion. “No one.” He answered.

“Oh. I could have sworn you were talking just a second ago.” Birdie shook her head, shaking off the
sleep. She reached for her phone to check the time and was surprised to see that it was only mid afternoon. “Sugar you are up really early. Is everything alright?”

Birdie wanted to slap her own forehead for the silliness of that question. Of course everything was not alright. They were perhaps marching to their deaths today.

“Early?” Godric asked. Using his vampire speed he snatched up his own phone and checked the time. The shock in him was evident as was the confusion lacing his words.

“What did you say?” Birdie asked, slightly afraid of his ability to speak so clearly without moving his mouth.

“Birdie. I have not been speaking. Are you feeling alright?” Godric asked as he sat beside her on the bed.

“I feel...different. But not bad.” She was a little frightened and could feel Godric’s concern for her. But now as she assessed how she truly felt, she felt more powerful. She felt very in tune with every part of her. She could feel the blood moving in her veins, the nerves in her brain sending signals to one another. Birdie had spaced out while she was focusing her bodies new abilities.

She could hear Godric speaking again and looked over to find him completely still, inhumanly still. His mouth was not moving at all.

“Godric I can hear you...” Birdie said in a stunned tone.

Her dark haired mate looked over at her in concern. “I did not say anything, Birdie.”

“No, Godric! I mean I heard you!” The girl shot up from the bed and pointed to her head. “I heard your thoughts!”

Godric was in front of her instantly. He grasped her by her shoulders and gazed into her eyes. ‘Can you hear me now?’

“Yes!” The dark haired for practically screamed. “Do you think it is because of the bond or something else? Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit! This is not good”

Godric’s eyes turned hard. ‘Birdie. Listen to me...I want you to repeat after me. Godric, I can hear you now. You are thinking about ancient Rome, our night at the carnival and the way the water felt swirling around our feet last night during our bonding’

Birdie listened to his thoughts and repeated what he wished. After she had done so the dark haired vampire once again froze inhumanly still.

“Do you think this is because of the bond? Did anything happen to you? I mean you look tanner but is there anything else? Can you hear my thoughts?” Birdie rambled in a slightly high pitched voice.

Godric shook his head. “No, I can not hear your thoughts. I feel warmer but that is about it. Birdie we must speak of your new ability.” The ancient vampire rubbed his hands up and down the girl’s slender arms.

“You understand how dangerous this is?” Godric asked more intensely than he had ever been with her. His grip on her shoulders grew tighter and tighter until she whimpered.

“Godric. You are hurting me.” She whispered in pain.
Her dark haired lover stumbled back from her against the nearest wall, looking disgusted and horrified with himself. Birdie could hear him berating himself non-stop.

“I’m sorry my love. I am worried at what this could mean for you if anyone found out.” Godric told her in a pained voice. “I love you and I can not handle even the thought of what my kind would do to you if they knew of this development in your abilities.”

Birdie nodded slowly. “Maybe it is only you I can hear because of our bond?”

“Perhaps. When the sun falls we will test it. But you mustn’t tell a soul what you are doing. Vampires will not take kindly to their thoughts being tapped into.”

Godric sat down on the edge of the bed and scrubbed at his face. The bed dipped beside him as Birdie sat down and began to rub his back. “This isn’t all bad. I’ll be able to see what the Authority are thinking before they sentence us….Well as long as they are thinking in English.”

“I can not stress enough that you are not to put yourself in danger, Birdie. If they sentence us to death and you can get away, you must do it. Even if it means using your powers to kill all near you.” He told her strongly, holding her eyes.

Birdie swallowed thickly and nodded her head. The two sat side by side, Birdie’s head resting on his strong shoulder.

“Do you want to go back to sleep?” the dark haired girl asked.

Godric searched within himself to find the exhaustion and sickness he should be feeling at being awake while the sun was so high in the sky. But he felt none. He did not feel tired at all. Finding himself curious once more about the consequences of their bonding Godric began to test out his body. He dropped his fangs and found them still there. His senses were as strong as ever and he had some hunger but not overpowering.

“No. I am not tired.” He answered her and now it was his time to ask. “Are you hungry?”

The dark haired girl nodded and stood to put on clothing. She smiled when she saw her beautiful dress hanging up. Godric must have done that after she had fallen asleep. Thinking of last night had her cheeks heating and her thighs clenching together. She heard the rushing of air and then the warmth of Godric behind her. ‘Warmth? Godric is not warm...?’

“Godric…” Birdie said once again alarmed. “You are warm. Not quite human but you are not as cold as you normally are…”

She placed her hands on his forehead then on his chest and found it was indeed warmer.

“It must be your blood.” Godric mused. His mind ran wild with the possibilities of what this could mean while Birdie dressed quickly.

“I’m going to eat really quick and then I’ll come back up.” Birdie told him as she pressed a kiss to his lips. But something was nagging at the back of his mind. It was a hope that every vampire possessed and never wished to speak aloud. It was a myth they had been told since their beginning. That if one drank enough Fae blood you could walk in the sun. Godric had always scoffed at the idea. But there were many that truly believed it, the Queen for example. That is why she had taken what was his. But perhaps she was correct in one way.

“I will go down with you,” Godric told Birdie.
The dark haired girl shook her head vehemently. “Uh, hell no you won’t. You will burn! Are you trying to kill yourself?”

“No. I will not kill myself. If it burns I will come back up here and heal.” Godric promised her.

His mate was not pleased by this but did not argue with him. She trusted him to do what he must to stay by her side.

Birdie slowly opened the door and stepped out, Godric followed at her heels. The girl went much slower than normal and kept sending nervous glances back at her lover. The hallway was dark but the two could see the light of the sun on the stairs in front of them. The sun danced upon the stairs begging to warm their chilled feet. Birdie stepped down the stairs nervously. When she reached the bottom she turned to watch Godric. He stood at the top of the stairs, absolutely still, eyes riveted on the sunlight streaming in from the windows and reflecting on the cherry wood stairs. Cautiously he took one step at a time. He felt no heat that he normally would just at seeing sunlight from afar. When he reached the middle of the stairs he hesitated before sticking his foot into the light as one would a pool to test the temperature of the water.

When nothing happened he stepped down onto the step allowing both feet to be covered by the light. A smile spread across his face at the feeling. Step by step he descended into the light of the foyer. Birdie stood with her hand covering her face and tears streaming from her eyes.

Godric had to fight back tears himself. When he came to stand before her, sunlight dancing around them, he could not help but think about how beautiful she was. He had thought she was gorgeous in the darkness but it did not compare to seeing her in sunlight. It was more beautiful than he could ever imagine.

“Thank you…” Birdie cried in response to his thoughts and launched herself at him. He caught her and returned her kisses. When he thought he may just take her in the foyer he thought of how wonderful it would be to be in direct sunlight instead of under the cover of a roof.

“May I try something, my love?” Godric asked.

“Anything!” Birdie answered breathlessly, her lips beautifully swollen.

Godric set her down and walked towards the french doors. He was cautious about his movements as he opened the door and stepped outside. No heat, no burning, no sizzling of his skin and above all else no pain greeted him as he stepped into the direct sunlight.

His eyes widened in wonder at seeing the sun again after two thousand years. It was glorious. So glorious in fact that tears of blood gathered in his eyes. Birdie stood beside him and wiped them away gently.

“It is beautiful” Godric whispered.

“Yes” Birdie captured his lips again and soon they found themselves on the grass of the back yard, naked, making love in the sunlight.

“Eric is awake…” Birdie said gently as the sun made its way from the sky.

Godric looked over at her from where he was laying in the fading sunlight. His expression solemn. He knew what it meant if Birdie knew Eric was awake, she could hear him. “What is he thinking?”
“I can see a picture of Sookie in his mind. He is worried about her.” Birdie said slowly. “Now he is thinking of you. I am not sure what he is saying but I can see a picture of you in his mind. He feels fear I believe.”

Godric rose to his feet pulling his dark haired wife with him. He helped brush the grass off of her before moving them both towards the home. “Do not speak to anyone of your power, my little bird. I will not tell either, apart from Erikr. He can be trusted. It would be too dangerous for you or your kind for anyone else to know. If vampires knew that bonding with a Fae could do this they would force any Fae they came across to bond.” The ancient vampire thought, his eyes still pinned on his lover to make sure she got the message.

Birdie nodded in agreement. “This could be good Godric.”

He nodded absently, his mind flashing through the pros and cons of her new gift. “Yes, it could be if used correctly.”

“Fader” Eric said as he stood in front of the door Godric and Birdie were about to exit. “We can find another way. Do not go, I beg of you.”

Godric clasped his son on his shoulder and smiled softly. “I have a plan min son. It will be alright. And if it is not. Live your life well.”

Birdie looked at the two from a few steps away as she did not want to ruin their moment. Godric stepped away from the tall blonde Viking and Birdie took his place. She wrapped her arms around the tall vampire’s waist and gave him a hard squeeze. “I’ll do everything I can to bring him home,” she whispered against his chest. He hugged her back quickly and semi-awkwardly.

Eric stood straight attempting to keep his composure. “I will be near as will many others.”

Godric looked sharply at his son. “Do not risk lives unnecessarily if I can not persuade them to keep me and Birdie alive. Hvis jeg dør, og hun lever, beder jeg dig om at tage sig af hende. Som din maker, Erikr, beordrer jeg dig til at passe på Phoebe Elizabeth Horowitz som jeg ville have. (If I die and she lives, I command you to take care of her. As your maker, Erikr, I command you to care for Phoebe Elizabeth Horowitz as I would have.)”

Birdie perked up at the mention of her full name and the intensity flowing from Godric. She tapped into Eric’s mind to see what he thought of what Godric had said. His mind was flitting through times when Godric had used his maker’s command on his child. Reading the blonde’s mind was not quite like reading Godric’s. Reading her lover’s mind was much sharper, like seeing a high-quality digital photograph as opposed to Eric’s mind which was like looking at a polaroid. Slightly dimmed and a bit grainy. Birdie wondered briefly if the difference was due to her bond with Godric. Her questions were answered when Pam walked into the room to stand beside Eric. Her mind looked similar to Eric’s, as did Isabel’s mind and a few of the other vampire’s standing guard outside the home. Her ability to see so sharply into Godric’s mind was due to her bond with him, she was sure now.

“Are you ready, my bird?” Godric asked her.

The dark haired girl gave one last hug to Pam and Isabel before allowing Godric to pick her up into his arms and shoot into the night sky.

The first few moments of the flight were quiet. Birdie was trying to come to grips with the fact that
they could be marching to their deaths. She decided not to think of it. There was nothing she could do about it and she did not want to waste the precious time she had with her love.

“What did you command Eric to do?” Birdie asked softly.

Godric stiffened slightly. “How did you know I commanded him?”

“I read his mind. He was thinking of other times you commanded him to do things.”

Godric winced as if it were a bad thing. Birdie saw a flash in his mind of him in an SS uniform. Knowing he did not enjoy that memory Birdie did not ask him about. It appeared he was grateful for that fact. “What did you command him to do?” She asked again.

“To care for you if only you walk out of there alive.

Birdie let that sink in. “I don’t plan to live if you don’t.” She declared firmly.

Godric took a deep breath. “Birdie. Do not throw your life away.” She felt his immense fear and sorrow at the thought.

“If I can’t be with you here then I am going to follow you to heaven.” Birdie looked at her lover seeing his jaw tightened.

Godric did not want to say it aloud and hoped that she would not be listening, but he was quite sure he was not going to go to heaven.

They were coming upon the Authorities headquarters, meaning their time alone was coming to an end.

“I love you,” Godric said softly and pressed a desperate kiss to her lips.

Tears ran down Birdie’s cheeks as she kissed him back just as passionately. “I love you too.” Godric slowly lowered them down to the ground while still pressing soft kisses to her lips. “We are going to be okay, right Godric?” Birdie asked as she pulled away.

“Yes” He said confidently but Birdie could see the uncertainty in his own words.
Birdie felt dread settle into her stomach as she gazed at the darkened warehouses. She briefly wondered why the Authority, the Vampire Government, would have their location in what looked like an abandoned factory.

“There are guards approaching. Do not resist them” Godric murmured softly as the gravel crunched under their feet.

Birdie did not have time to even nod before the guards were beside them. Birdie checked into their minds to listen. One of them was thinking in English but the other was thinking in a language she could not define. She thought perhaps it might have been Hindi, but she couldn’t be sure.

‘I have heard tales of Godric child of Appius before. I wonder what he is doing with this woman. She is human, I can hear her heartbeat. But her blood smells so...delicious. Too delicious for a mere human.’

Birdie stiffened at the blonde vampire guard's thoughts. Godric saw her reaction and growled lowly in warning to the two vampires.

“She is mine.” Godric snarled.

Both vampire guards bowed their heads in acknowledgment. Godric could tell both vampires were young, much younger than he. He could see them looking over his bonded and smelling her. He hoped that they were smart enough for their age not to think that tasting Birdie was worth their lives.

“How do you have any weapons on you?” The black haired guard asked in slightly accented English.

“No. But you may check us if you deem it necessary.” Godric knew that they would end up checking them anyway, he just hoped that they did not touch his bonded more than appropriate. It would not look good for his case to kill two of the authorities guards before his trial. Much to his, and Birdie’s, relief the guards did a simple pat down on both of them before leading them towards the entrance of the warehouse.

Birdie tapped into the minds around her to see if they were headed towards an ambush. Every instinct she had, and some of these instincts might have been fueled by horror movies, said that you should never follow strange men into a poorly lit warehouse, let alone vampires.

Godric was thinking in his native tongue, but from the tone of it and the pictures in his mind he was checking for escape routes as well as studying the guards before him.

Guard number one, the blonde, was thinking about drinking from Birdie, much to her displeasure. It did not seem that there was any intent behind it but his fantasy was graphic making Birdie wince and push herself more fully into Godric’s side. Her ancient vampire threw his arm around Birdie’s shoulder and pressed a kiss to her temple.

The action confused the Hindi speaking guard. He was replaying the action in his mind and trying to pick it apart. Birdie was once again reminded of the lack of emotion for vampires. ‘Well most vampires.’ She thought and squeezed Godric around the waist a little tighter.

As the doors were opened for them Birdie began to feel her nerves sky rocket. Godric dropped his arm from around her shoulders to clasp her hand, trying to push comfort to her through their bond. They were marched through a dimly lit mostly empty warehouse towards an elevator at the back of
the building. Birdie began to shake with fear, she looked down at her and Godric’s clasped hands to see a faint glowing between them. She knew it was her fae powers gearing up by instinct. Knowing she needed to hide these immediately or propel them into more danger she began to try to calm herself. She thought of anything that would calm her as they marched towards the elevator. She focused on the moonlight streaming in from the high windows. They would be bathed in moonlight then plunged into darkness as they passed in between windows then again they were bathed in moonlight as they continued on. It reminded her of sitting in the car on one of her and her daddy’s road trips.

*They were headed north towards her family’s cabin in the woods. Birdie stared out the window as the tree’s zoomed by. Between the trees, she could see the moon, bright and white calling to her, then a large tree would block her view bathing the car in darkness, then again the light, dark, light, dark, light forever a pattern as they traveled.*

“Go to sleep, my little one. We will get there by the time you wake up.” Her dad said softly, catching her eyes in the review mirror.

“I am afraid of the dark…” Birdie had told him in her tiny six-year-old voice.

“The dark? Oh Bird, nothing will hurt you. I am right here. I will protect you forever, my sweet girl.”

Birdie could almost hear her fathers mellow voice calming her nerves. ‘I am right here. I will protect you forever, my sweet girl’

The dark haired girl closed her eyes allowing Godric to lead her blindly while she soaked up every ounce of comfort the memory gave her. Her blue eyes popped open when she heard the bell of the elevator signaling its doors opening. Standing within the elevator was a *woman* that seemed vaguely familiar to Birdie, but she could not place why.

The woman nodded to the guards swiftly in what Birdie assumed was a dismissal. She tapped into the woman’s mind before even setting foot into the elevator.

‘This is the woman? This is who father has fallen for? Eric said she was beautiful, he was right but she is so...human. Though she does smell lovely, she would make a wondrous meal. What is that smell? Father looks well. Very well, almost human.’ The female vampire thought as Godric pulled Birdie into the elevator behind the woman. It was not until the doors closed that anyone spoke.

“We do not have much time, father. There is an exit through the ventilation shafts. If things go badly. I will try to get you out. It will be a high risk but I have faith we can get out away. None of the guards, nor the members of the Authority can fly. Both you and I can.”

Birdie knew this was Godric’s second child, his only daughter. Godric listened to her silently and calmly as she spoke quickly. Had Birdie’s hearing not improved due to their bonding she would never have been able to catch what the vampire said. They were able to speak nearly as fast as they could move.

“If I can not make it out, as your maker I command you to take my mate, Phoebe, to safety. Transport her to Eric. He has instructions to carry on from there.” Godric’s voice held an edge to it, one Birdie heard him use with Eric that morning.

Nora’s brows furrowed as she looked over Birdie. ‘*His mate? He mated with a human?*’

“Did you hear me, Nora?” Godric asked his tone hard as ice.
“Yes, Father.” Nora bowed her head to her maker in submission though she did not look happy about it. She looked furious.

“Godric, no.” Birdie protested quietly. The elevator was beginning to slow, her nerves raced making her voice quiver much more than she wanted it to. “We live together, we die together.”

Godric only smiled at her sadly and did not say more. She could hear his disagreement on joining one another in death within his mind, he desperately wanted her to live.

The elevator doors slid open revealing a large room very different from the warehouse above. The room was spotless and lavish. There was a small seating area before them that had modern blue couches and looked relatively comfortable. But comfortable was not something Birdie was sure she would be feeling while in the presence of the Authority. There were multiple guards standing around the room guarding the six beings sitting at a large conference table. Birdie eyed them warily as a large man leaned against the table.

“Godric, my old friend.” The man said pleasantly. “And you must be his human”

Birdie shivered at the hatred that was running through Godric at the moment. “This is my mate and my thrice bonded, Phoebe.”

“Mate?” the child vampire seated at the table said with a chuckle.

Godric snarled at the boy causing the child to sit up straight in his chair. Birdie could hear he was slightly frightened by Godric. He did not show it outwardly but the fear was present in his mind.

“Yes, my mate.” His tone was cold, colder than Birdie had ever heard it. He gazed down at the authority with annoyance and something very near disdain.

“Godric. I had heard you had nearly died the hands of those Savages of the Sun.” A dark haired woman said as she stood from the table. Birdie felt immediate jealousy at how the woman looked at Godric with lust in her eyes.

“Yes, Salome. Phoebe helped me escape them.” Godric said in a level tone. Salome was the only person in the room near his age and even she was slightly younger than him. He could tell just by looking at her that she had not matured much since they had seen each other a thousand years ago, long before any of the others in the room had even been born. She still appeared to be using her feminine wiles and seductress techniques to get what she wanted. Godric had no doubt that she had slept her way to the top of this vampire government.

“My my. What a fascinating human.” A redhead vampire woman with a thick southern accent said.

“She is mine,” Godric stated coldly.

The dark headed leader, Roman, Birdie had learned from tapping into Godric’s mind stood abruptly and walked to the head of the table before taking a seat there. “Enough with the small talk. Shall we begin?”

Godric nodded curtly. Birdie began to feel her heart race. She heard the snicking of fangs dropping around her.

“Godric, you have admitted to killing the Queen of Louisiana, Sophia Anne. Do you now deny this claim?” Roman asked.
“No. I killed her, sanctioned the death of her children and her vampire guards as well.”

Birdie felt like she was going to vomit. The vampires were all thinking rapidly about what their sentence should be.

“I have known you for a very long time, Godric. You do not do much without a reason. Why did you do it?” Roman asked.

“She took what was mine. She fed from what was mine. She wounded what was mine. I have laid claim to this human. She is my mate and my thrice bonded, therefore making her my wife. Sophie Anne took her knowing that Phoebe had been claimed by me. She deserved death, as she planned to take the life of my wife.”

Birdie listened in on the minds as they listened to Godric’s words. Her heart beat sped up to an impossible rate.

‘Birdie you must listen. You need to calm your heart. Your heartbeat making the others hungry and irritable.’ Godric thought and glanced at her out of the corner of his eye.

The dark haired girl took a large breath to calm herself as the vampire authority debated.

“You know protocol. You should have informed the Majester of her actions. He would have passed sentence on Sophie Anne.” A vampire named Kibwe said aloud.

“That would have taken time that I did not have,” Godric said, his jaw tight.

“So to save time you deviated from protocol and passed your own judgment?” Dieter asked.

“Yes, and I would do it again. Phoebe was dying at the hand of Sophie Anne and her children. They were draining her.”

The room was silent as the vampire’s thought.

“Is this true?” Rosalyn asked Birdie.

“Yes, ma’am. She kidnapped me, fang raped me and tried to kill me. She used witches to shut down my bond with Godric so he could not find me. She told me many times she planned to kill me slowly. She spoke of killing Godric to sell his blood. She said it would sell for a high price because he is so old.”

A small murmur ran through the vampires. “You are saying the Queen was selling vampire blood?”

Godric spoke for Birdie then. “Yes, she was. As you well know, she was in immense debt. She was selling her blood and the blood of others to make up the money. Her accomplice told me the same thing Phoebe heard from Sophie Anne’s own mouth. The Queen ordered my true death by draining, not to mention my childe and grandchilde’s death and draining as well for her own profit.”

“The blood is sacred” All the vampires spoke. Birdie felt like perhaps she needed to join in as well but kept her mouth shut. She would not be opening it if she was not specifically asked to.

“How convenient that The Queen is not here to testify on her own behalf against your claims. We do not know if this even happened. Is there anyone who can support your claims that can not be commanded by you to obey?” The vampire child asked.

Godric’s mouth twitched as he tried to contain his rage. “The army outside could support these claims. They were there when I killed the Queen and are not my children.”
Birdied listened as panic and anger swept through the minds of the vampire Authority.

“Why should we not kill you and your mate as punishment for killing your Queen and deviating from protocol as well as bringing an army against the Authority?” Roman snarled.

Godric did not look flustered much to Birdie’s surprise. Within his mind, he seemed slightly...happy. Like this was going his way or at least the way he expected it to.

“I did not command my army to follow me, my child Eric did. I have no intention of attacking the Authority. I do not want a war, I want peace.”

Birdie listened in on Roman’s mind. He agreed with Godric, liked him even. He did not wish to kill the ancient vampire nor did he have any intention of doing so. This was all for show, so the others did not call favoritism.

“I will also pay all of Sophie Anne’s debts to the IRS, which includes her Kingdom’s debts. Those would fall upon your shoulders if I am not mistaken. I will gladly pay them in recompense for ending her line.”

‘Two birds, one stone.’ Roman thought happily, though his face did not portray this emotion. ‘Sophie Anne was a problem. She was going to have to be dealt with one way or another. Godric saved us the headache. He has solved more problems than he has caused.’

Roman looked to Salome slightly as if to see what she thought of Godric’s offer. She nodded minutely but Birdie could hear Salome’s side of the conversation.

‘Punish him still. Give him what he never wanted. He will not worship the blood of Lilith, he wishes to mainstream. He loves humans, obviously.” Salome thought with slight disgust in her tone.

Roman stood abruptly. “Nora. Take your maker somewhere more comfortable while we discuss his sentence.”

Nora stood and began to walk out the double doors, bringing them further into the labyrinth of the Authority.

Nora led them to a large suite with a bed, couches and even a bathroom for their human guests. The room was lavish, it reminded Birdie of what a fairy tale queen’s castle would look like. She absently wondered if Godric had ever ruled in a castle, she made a mental note to ask him if they got out of this hell hole.

“We can leave now. They will not suspect it. There are two guards outside the door but they will be no match for us.” Nora said quickly.

“No. Roman is going to let him off.” Birdie blurted.

“You do not know that,” Nora argued.

“But I do.” the human girl argued quietly.

Nora was about to open her mouth to protest but Godric quickly silenced her with a look. “Trust Birdie. She is...special.”

“Father. She may be special but I know Roman. I am a chancellor of the Authority. I know how they
work.” Nora argued.

“No! He will order your death and if he doesn’t Salome will!” Nora cried out.

Birdie tapped into the mind of Godric’s youngest child and saw a memory. *Nora on her knees before the female vampire Salome. Salome was dropping blood into the mouth of Nora from a red vile. “I believe Vampires were made in God’s image, I believe that mainstreaming is an abomination, and I believe that Lilith will rise from the blood and rip their blasphemous heads off, and dance in their muck. I declare myself a Sanguinista.”*

Birdie jerked back at the memory, fear swelling within her. She took a step away from Nora and eyed her warily.

Sensing the change in his mate Godric focused on his bond to her. There was fear and sadness directed at Nora.

“What have you done, Nora?” Godric asked quietly.

Nora became very still, much too still. “I don’t know what you mean, father.”

Godric could feel his child’s panic through their bond. “I can feel you, Nora. Why are you ashamed and frightful of my presence?”

Birdie slowly stepped behind Godric, sensing that whatever conversation was about to commence she would not want to be in the line of Nora’s fire.

“It is nothing, Father,” Nora whispered.

“Anything we speak of in this room you will keep to yourself, as your maker I command you.” The ancient vampire growled before looking over his shoulder at Birdie with hard eyes. “Birdie, tell me.”

“She is a Sanguinista.” Though Birdie did not know exactly what it meant she did know that it had to do with hating humans and mainstreaming. Nora stared wide eyed at Birdie, her mind flashing through what Birdie could be. Her mind had decided on witch but that was only because she did not truly know much about the Fae.

Godric tensed, his hands clenching into fists and his teeth clenching. “I am disappointed in you Nora.”

The reaction was as if the vampire childe of Godric had been punched in the chest. She laid a hand on her heart and stumbled backward. After taking a few deep breaths she stood straight with fire in her eyes.

“Disappointed? Imagine how I feel. My maker was once a great and ruthless vampire. Now all you are is a domesticated lap dog to that human bitch.” Nora snarled.

Before Birdie could blink Godric had his childe flat on her back on the stone floor, his hand around her throat and snarling down at her. “Do not ever call my mate a bitch again. Do you understand me, Nora?”

The vampire woman nodded as best she could and truly did look remorseful. Godric released her throat allowing her to stand. His shoulders slumped slightly as he took his place back in front of
Birdie.

“It is my fault you have fallen prey to Salome. She has always been a strong believer in the blood of Lilith.” Godric sighed and rubbed at his forehead. “I was wrong in how I raised you. I was wrong about humans. I was angry and allowed that anger to lead my life. I am sorry I did that to you, my childe. I hope you may see through your anger and accept that we all must live in peace with one another if we hope to survive each other.”

It was then that the doors opened to reveal Kibwe. “We are ready for you.”

Godric nodded slowly and grabbed at Birdie’s hand to pull her into following them. Nora wiped at the blood tears beginning in her eyes as she walked beside Kibwe, leading Godric and Birdie.

The dark haired human girl could feel the immense sadness coming from Godric, though he was attempting to push it down. He had other things he needed to deal with at this moment and worrying over his wayward child was not one of them. Nora was no threat to him as of yet. She still loved him as her Maker and did not wish to harm him. If given the chance she may attempt to kill Birdie. If the situation ever arose he would not hesitate to end his youngest childe. Birdie squeezed his hand in a weak attempt at comforting him. Godric smiled over at her sadly before entering the large conference room.

Once again the couple was standing before the Authority, though this time Godric was standing slightly in front of Birdie, ready to fight for her if needed.

“Do you know of Lamar King of California?” Salome asked Godric, confusing both Birdie and himself.

“I have met him a few times, yes.”

“Did you know he was killed recently?” Salome asked.

“No. I did not.” Godric wondered where they were leading this line of questioning. Did they think he had killed Lamar as well as the Queen?

“It seems Monarchs are dropping like flies these days. First Russell, then Lamar and now Sophie Anne. Though we do know who killed Sophie Anne we do not know who killed Russell or Lamar. One more dead monarch and we are to assume someone is targeting them.”

Roman stood from his seat, tired of Salome’s round about way of sentencing. “We as the Authority have decided on your punishment.”

Birdie felt as if his pause was going to last forever. Her stomach was in knots and she felt as if she may vomit. She focused on bringing her Fae light to the surface, hoping that for once she could summon it without being attacked first if needed.

“You are to be King of Louisiana.” Roman finished.

“You want me to be King?” Godric asked completely baffled.

“You have already promised to pay the Queen’s debts. You have been alive for two thousand years and have experience ruling, though I have heard you do not enjoy it. That is punishment enough. And if there is someone killing Monarch’s you either fight them off or you die. Either way serving as King is serving your sentence for killing Sophie Anne. You will serve a minimum of five hundred years as King unless you are killed before then.” Roman waited for Godric to protest and it appeared that he was about to until Birdie touched his hand.

“Oh but one thing. Your mate can not be crowned Queen. She is your consort only. Unless you wish to become her maker. Then we may reconsider.” Salome said with a sugary smile.

Godric only nodded, afraid that if he spoke he would cause problems.

Birdie listened into the minds of the vampires around her. Most were happy to have this resolved though there were a few that seemed to be upset at having a mainstreamer as the new King in Louisiana. She dug deeper into their minds and found that the strongest believers in the Sanguinista movement were Salome, Nora, Alexander, and Kibwe. They all feared Roman for the moment, but how long would that last? She put that information away within her mind to tell Godric later, he would decide whether or not they were to get involved.

“Are we free to go?” Godric asked

“Of course,” Roman said with a smile. “Nan will be getting in touch with you shortly on how you are to proceed. It was good seeing you again, Godric.”

“You as well, Roman,” Godric said semi sincerely. Godric had never truly minded Roman. He would not consider him a friend but he was much more tolerable than Russell or Remus (Godric’s brother). They had all stayed nearby one another during the medieval time period. That was not a bad time for Godric. He rather liked the medieval period.

“Nora, if you would please escort your Maker out,” Salome ordered.

Nora bowed her head and began to lead the way towards the elevators. Birdie’s knees nearly gave out due to her relief. They were in the homestretch. They were going to live! She nearly cried out in joy at the thought. Tears of happiness stung at her eyes as she attempted to choke them down. She was attempting to contain her hope. She would let the tears fall as soon as they were away from this horrible place. Birdie looked over at Godric and found his face still hard and his muscles tense. She hoped he was just containing his relief as she was, and not that there was more trouble coming their way.
Chapter 18

Birdie fidgeted in the back seat of Eric’s SUV. Godric and he were sitting in the front silently as they drove away from the Authorities HQ. Tears of relief leaked from her eyes but she attempted to wipe them away before they could fall. She knew both vampires in front of her could smell her tears but gave her the privacy she needed to keep herself together. It was not until they had been driving near an hour that Eric began to speak. The two were not speaking English nor were they speaking at a human pace, but Birdie’s new ability allowed her to peek into both of their minds and find out what she needed to know. She learned that Eric loved Nora, he had asked Godric to change her and Godric had agreed with a heavy heart. When Godric told Eric of Nora’s new religious views, the ancient Viking was not as surprised as she was expecting, making the dark haired girl think that perhaps he had already guessed as much and did not wish to tell his Maker. It seemed to her that Eric did that as a type of considerate sibling deal. “I won’t tell dad because he will whoop your ass” type of thing. Birdie continued digging in Eric’s mind, there was sorrow there, mostly when Eric’s mind flashed through the faces of Sookie and Birdie. The dark haired girl did not understand it. She tried to decipher his thoughts. ‘Maybe he is sad because we are going to die one day? Or maybe because we are human?’ A small part of her hoped to believe that he had sorrow when thinking of them because Nora’s views wished to eliminate them and all of their kind.

Tired of listening to Eric’s mind Birdie tapped into Godric’s mind and focused on her bond with him. There was so much sadness there. Sadness, disappointment, and guilt reigned over him. His mind was running through what they had just gone through but also what his plan of action was. He would need to deal with Nora, but he did not wish to take away her freedom of choice or take her life. He thought back to his last words to her with a heavy heart.

‘All I ask of you, Nora, is that you think for yourself in this matter. Question if this is the blood of Lilith talking or if it is what you truly feel. Goodbye, my childe. I pray you make the right choice.’

Birdie pondered his words and his thoughts that coincided with them. Godric worried he would need to kill his own child someday and that made his dead heart clench painfully.

Sensing he needed the comfort Birdie wrapped her arms around him from the backseat and rested her chin on his shoulder. Godric rubbed at her linked hands where they rested on his chest.

‘I love you’ Godric thought.

Birdie smiled at the sweetness of it and hugged him a little tighter as if to say “I love you too.”

It was not long before they were pulling into Godric’s new house. Birdie thought it was fitting. They had left this home not truly expecting to return and yet here they were, back in a place of comfort and happiness. This home would forever hold fond memories of their bonding, wedding, and victory. Birdie sighed with relief as she stepped out of the car and found Godric’s army there waiting.

“To the new king of Louisiana!” Isabel said loud for all to hear.

“King Godric of Louisiana!” The group said in a cheer.

Godric bowed his head to them in thanks, his hand holding Birdie’s tightly throughout the entirety of their well wishing. Godric led them all inside and soon they were all speaking of what had occurred
within the Authority. Birdie was thankful Godric did all the talking. She was not sure what she could say and what she needed to leave out. The ancient vampire simplified the interaction with the Authority as best he could but was still able to pacify all those of his followers who wanted the details of their encounter. Birdie stuck to Godric’s side never straying. Their near true death experience was a little bit much for her. Having sensed this Godric bid farewell to his followers with his thanks for their support and willingness to fight for him before leading Birdie up to their bedroom.

Their love making was slow and tender. Their relief at how well the sentencing went poured into every action. When they were both sated and their muscles blissfully achy they laid in bed together looking up at the ceiling above them. Birdie had her head resting on his bicep while Godric absently played with her long hair. Godric was thinking in his native tongue, Birdie loved the sound.

“Godric, what is your native language called?” Birdie asked her lover as she looked up at him.

Godric thought for a moment “Gallic is what Caesar called it. We never truly had a name for it.”

“Sounds a lot like Gaelic.” Birdie wondered aloud.

Her dark haired noded his head. “Very good, my love. The language of my people is the ancient form of Gaelic.”

“Will you teach me someday? Now that we have time and all…” The dark haired girl said with a small chuckle.

“Of course. I would love to.” Godric said as he pressed a kiss to her temple.

The two laid there for some time, both thinking of the things they wished to do now that they had the time. That is when Godric had an idea.

“The sun is going to rise soon…Would you like to watch it?”

Birdie nearly jumped from the bed in her enthusiasm. “Yes!” Godric chuckled as he watched the dark haired girl pull blankets off the bed and practically run towards the balcony off of their master suite.

“Ill meet you out there.” The vampire said before zooming into the kitchen. He found the strange drink maker she enjoyed and popped something called a k-cup into the appropriate slot. He absently watched it pour dark liquid into the cup below. Having studied her make her beloved coffee before he added the appropriate amounts of cream and sugar before zooming back upstairs with the liquid.

He chuckled when he found her rearranging the furniture on the balcony while simultaneously attempting to keep a blanket around her body like some kind of crude dress.

“What are you laughin’ at?” Birdie asked, popping out her hip.

“You.” Godric answered her with a smirk.

The dark haired girl attempted to keep a stern face but found she couldn’t. She broke out into a large smile after her failed attempt at scowling. She turned back to the furniture now facing the soon to be rising sun.

“What do you think?” She asked pointing to the two chairs seated side by side with blankets on each of them.
Godric tapped his chin dramatically as if he were thinking and set the coffee down on a side table. “It is good but may I make a few changes?”

Birdie’s brows pulled together in concern but nodded her head.

Godric pushed one of the chairs out of the way so there was only one chair left then turned to her and tugged at the blanket covering her nude body.

“Godric!” Birdie cried out in laughter.

The ancient vampire laughed and took his seat before pulling Birdie up onto his naked lap. He draped the blankets over their nude bodies and relaxed into the chair to await his first sunrise in two millenias. Right as the sun was about to rise Birdie looked at him over her shoulder at him with worried eyes.

“What if yesterday was a fluke? What if the sun burns you?” She asked nervously.

Godric had thought of that already. Hence her body in front of his (well there were other reasons for that as well) and the blanket. If the sun began to burn he would throw the blanket over his body to protect it from the sun and run within the home.

“It will be alright.” He said calmly and stroked her dark locks lovingly. Birdie worried her bottom lip but turned back around to enjoy the sunlight.

“Oh. For you” he said and grabbed the cup before putting it into her hands.

“Mmmhmmm.” She moaned making his lower body harden ever so slightly. “Thank you, sugar” Birdie leaned back and captured his lips lovingly.

While he was kissing her lips he began to feel the warmth of the rising sun. Birdie pulled away and turned her eyes towards the sun while taking small sips of the hot liquid in her cup. Godric was riveted by the sight of the sun. He marveled at how blue, red, pink, orange and yellow created such a gorgeous sight. He could not look away from the colors. His mind drifted to how much his life had changed since he had last seen a sunrise. The last sunrise he saw he was a slave boy of seventeen being worked to the bone by an evil master in ancient Rome with no rights and no future. The current sunrise he was a husband, a lover, an immortal being with endless possibilities and he was a vampire King. The changes could not be any more drastic. He glanced at Birdie and found her smiling softly her eyes shut as she enjoyed the light. He wondered what she was thinking about.

“How good this feels” She answered his thought. “Oh and all the things we can do now.”

Godric had not even allowed his mind to drift there yet. “What are some things you would like to do?”

Birdie sat up and turned her body sideways slightly so she could look at him. She looped her arms around his neck and pressed a kiss to his lips before moving her way down his jaw. “Hmm...What we did yesterday afternoon was pretty nice. I say we start there…” She whispered huskily.

Godric perked up at that and before long he had spread her legs and slipped inside of her gently. He continued to ravage her mouth as he lifted her hips up and down creating delicious friction between the two. It was the most beautiful kind of torture, their bodies moving together gracefully. When they both found their climaxes in the sun Godric knew he would remember this as was one of his favorite moments in all of his undead life.

Birdie collapsed back against Godric’s chest, her lungs heaving for breath, and sweat slicking her
body. She turned her head and captured his lips.

“Hmmm. I love you.” She whispered between kisses.

“I love you too, my beautiful wife.”

Birdie felt a small spark of surprise at his words. It was so strange to think of herself as someone’s wife. It was even stranger still to think she had a husband. Someone she was bound to forever. She found she liked it but it would take some getting used to, she was sure of it.

Not wanting to leave the sun for even a moment Godric had suggested they go swim in the river.

“Do you think there are gators in there?” Birdie asked nervously from the shore.

“If there is I will protect you my little bird. I will not let the big bad gator eat you.” Godric said from the water as he floated on his back.

Birdie adjusted her swimsuit before stepping into the water. She had been adamant that Godric give her the few minutes she needed to put on a swim suit because “she was not about to get eaten by a gator bare ass naked”. Godric had disagreed but taken the time to put on a pair of shorts to swim in. Birdie was eternally grateful to whoever had thought to bring her items from the airstrip. Now thinking of it, it was probably Godric who had ordered her belongings be brought here.

“You know, I can still remember when they came out with bikinis”. Godric said startling her from her thoughts. She lifted her eyes and found him staring at her.

Birdie sunk into the water and swam towards her lover. “Oh? When was that...like 1950’s?”

Godric tilted his head to the side. “Close. 1946.”

“I think my grandmama was born in the 40’s.” Birdie said with a small chuckle.

Godric rubbed at his face gently. “I sometimes forget you are so young compared to me.”

Birdie snorted in a rather unlady like manner. “Everyone is young compared to you.”

Her snappy retort had Godric laughing loudly. “True, my love”

Birdie floated on her back and enjoyed the sun beside Godric, but soon their fun came to an end when the sun began to fall. Birdie sensed the immediate change within Godric without tapping into his mind. He became quiet and looked at the falling sun with disdain.

“The sun will be back tomorrow,” Birdie said quietly trying to cheer up her lover.

“I know, love.” Godric pressed a kiss to her cheek before stepping out of the water, pulling her with him. “I do not look forward to the responsibilities falling on my shoulders is all. Nor am I looking forward to the attention you are going to receive.”

The couple walked back to the large house hand in hand. “It will work out, Godric. I know it will. Now, I don’t want to stress you out any more than you already are...but when are you going to tell Eric of my new party trick, or yours for that matter?”

Birdie blocked out the sound of Godric’s thoughts giving him time to think in privacy.
“I am not sure. But I will reveal all to him in time. I do not know what to tell him yet or how to say it. Day walking is something that all vampires wish to have whether they admit it or not they would do anything to walk in the sun once more. I feel…” Godric said slightly uncomfortable speaking of his feelings even still.

“You feel like if you tell him about it, it will be like rubbing it in his face.” Birdie finished for him.

“Yes.”

Birdie could feel the guilt coming off her lover in waves. “Don’t feel guilty, sugar. If you could share it with him you would, but you can’t. He will understand.”

After a quick shower Birdie walked down to get food while Godric spoke with one of his “people” over the phone. She could hear multiple vampires speaking and thinking around the property. It made her jumpy but if Godric trusted them then she could trust them too. While she was cooking she heard Eric walk in behind her. She would later blame her mistake on exhaustion but she heard Eric’s voice say “Where is Godric?” and she answered aloud.

“He is upstairs talkin’ with someone, Eric.”

Birdie did not realize her mistake at first, she just continued cooking her dinner.

“You heard me?” Eric asked again in a shocked tone.

“Well, that’s why I answered, wasn’t it?” Birdie said turning to see Eric standing inhumanly still, his nostrils flared, and a wild look in his eyes.

It was then that Birdie recognized her mistake. She had not been paying attention, she had foolishly dropped her guard in a sense of false security and exhaustion. The dark haired girl backed up as Eric stepped towards her until she was against the counter with no place to run. Eric stood in front of her the fierce look on his face never leaving, he was mere inches from her. His mind was screaming in another language causing Birdie to feel immense fear in that moment. She was not entirely sure Eric would not harm her. She had surprised him and one thing she knew about vampires was that they hated to be surprised.

Birdie felt the air rushing past her before she heard or saw him. When her eyes focused Godric had a kneeling Eric by the throat.

“Rolig, Erikir (Calm yourself Erikir),” Godric said in a firm tone before releasing his child. “Vi skal tale... alene (we must speak alone).”

Godric dropped a kiss to her forehead before guiding his taller child out the front door and into the air. Birdie took a large breath before moving back to her food. She tried to calm her heart but knew that it was loud enough for all to hear when Isabel stepped into the kitchen elegantly and took a seat at the bar. Birdie knew what the woman was doing, she was subtly standing guard and Birdie could not be more grateful.

“Have you thought much about the coronation?” Isabel asked eventually.

“Coronation?” Birdie asked confused.

“Godric will have a coronation in celebration of his new rule.” the vampire woman explained.
“Oh.”

Isabel watched Birdie silently as the girl thought and ate. The vampire woman found the girl pretty, prettier than most humans she had run across in her five hundred years. But it was not just her looks that Isabel found attractive about the girl. It was her inherent goodness, her intelligence and her love for Godric that made Isabel like the girl.

“What happens at a coronation?” Birdie asked after she had taken the time to process the new information.

Isabel thought of her own coronation back when she had been named Queen of Germany, Italy, Spain, Naples and Sicily, Duchess of Burgundy and the Holy Roman Empress of Rome. That had been a lavish affair. One that was spoken about for two centuries after. Vampire coronations were smaller than that but would no doubt be much more than Birdie was used to. High ranking political humans did not have lavish celebrations quite like they used to. With Birdie being raised similar to a commoner she would never have seen a gathering like the one Godric was going to have.

“There will be many vampires there to swear allegiance to Godric. The entirety of vampires in Louisiana in fact. Each vampire kingdom will send an emissary to represent their kingdom, though I would not be surprised if a few royals themselves come. Other leaders will come as well. Most likely the head of each Were clan loyal to Godric will appear, the Demons and the human Governor of Louisiana will be in attendance as well. Half of the authority will be there to preside and to swear Godric in as King.”

Birdie felt her anxiety skyrocket. If it was dangerous for her to be around only a few members of the vampire community, how would it be to be surrounded by so many of them? Birdie felt her stomach sink. She wondered if Godric would ask her not to come. Did she want to come to the coronation? The answer was yes, she wanted to be the proud wife and stand beside him while he accepted the title.

“My life just became a lot more complicated didn’t it?” Birdie asked Isabel quietly.

The vampire woman looked at Birdie with a soft smile. “Perhaps. But it is worth it, no?”

Birdie saw Godric enter the home with a very thoughtful Eric behind him. Her eyes took him in greedily. “Yes, it is.” the dark haired girl answered.

Birdie soon found herself in a new home, in a new city with a mass amount of new experiences. But the one thing that remained the same was Godric. He kept her by his side as much as possible and she loved that. Though his nights were busy and frustrating for him he treated her the same he always had. He doted on her, he spoke with her about everything under the sun and he continued to show his love for her. Her favorite times were when they were able to enjoy the sun with one another. It turned out Godric did not need much “sleep” anymore. He had down time when Birdie was sleeping but otherwise, he did not feel the need for sleep as humans did and he did not die for the day as vampires did. He seemed to be in limbo between the two when it came to sleeping. They were careful about when they would go out and enjoy the sun. He did not want anyone knowing he could day walk apart from his child, who had been commanded not to say anything about it.

The conversation with Eric had been decent enough according to Godric but Birdie now saw something in him change. There was jealousy there, aimed at Godric. Not much but enough for Birdie as well as Godric to notice. Before he left Birdie had tapped into his mind against his request
for her never to do so. She saw him thinking about Sookie and wondering if she would have the same effect for him. If he bonded with Sookie would he be able to day walk too? He had wondered. Birdie had ducked out of his mind quickly not wanting him to somehow sense she was listening in on him.

He had left on good terms with Birdie and Godric both. He had accepted Godric’s offer to be his second but would need to take a few weeks before filling the position, stating that he had other responsibilities that he needed to wrap up (Fangtasia). He would be handing over the bar and his sheriff duties to his only childe, Pam. Before he had left he had apologized to the dark haired girl for frightening her. He explained that he was surprised and had allowed his instincts to take over instead of his logical mind. Birdie had of course forgiven him within a heartbeat when she found that he was sincere in his apology. He did warn her, once again, of the dangers her gift could spell out if anyone in their race found out. She had shivered at his dark warning and took it to heart, as well as his constructive criticism to never let down her guard when around his kind. An incident like the one she had with him could be the end of her mortal life. Birdie had nodded solemnly and given the tall blonde man a quick hug before he left.

Pam had promised to help Birdie and Isabel plan the coronation from Shreveport before rolling her eyes at Birdie’s show of affection when she hugged the blonde female. But Birdie knew the truth, Pam was not nearly as prickly on the inside as she was on the outside. Birdie had found out from doing a little digging in Pam’s mind that, she reminded the leggy blonde of a girl she had once looked out for in her whore house in San Francisco before her immortal days. The dark haired girl took that as a silent compliment and had felt her heart ache a little when she watched Eric and Pam drive away from Godric’s new mansion in Alexandria.

The home was large, nearly 20,000 square feet which had baffled Birdie as to why they would need such a large home. Godric told her it was required by the Authority to have a home that spoke of his status as King. Her dark haired lover had been no happier about it than she had. But the home was nice and was sitting on fifteen acres, another must according to Godric. He needed to have the protection that having that much space provided.

The call with Nan Flanagan was the reason they had ended up in such a lavish house in Alexandria Louisiana. The brisk and rather unpleasant vampire woman had given Godric a rundown of what steps needed to be taken next. Birdie had not caught it all but she had gotten a few of the points down. They were given a list of cities they could live in and Godric had chosen the one closest to Shreveport which happened to be Alexandria. Nan then gave them a list of “must haves” for their home. Godric had found their mansion within moments and had it paid for within a few hours. Next Nan gave him an overview of his duties and things left for him to complete then said she would be in touch and hung up.

One of his duties was picking his royal court, the vampires that would surround him. With Eric as his second, he next had to pick an advisor. He had chosen Isabel and she had accepted the offer. He had chosen Indira as his head of security over Birdie and Clancy as his own security detail.

Much sooner than she would have liked the coronation was just a mere twenty-four hours away. Birdie had stayed out of the planning for the most part. The only thing she had any say in was her dress and even with that she was not allowed to pick the color. Pam had picked it out for her and when Birdie had seen it she immediately questioned the tall woman.

“Uh...Are you sure?” Birdie said nervously as she plucked at the dark fabric of the dress.
“Yes, I am sure.” Pam said over her shoulder as she picked out jewelry to match the dress.

“Pam it looks like blood. I am going to look like one giant tasty blood bag” the dark haired girl protested.

“Tasty is right.” Pam said with a wink and a theatrical bite. Birdie only gave her an unamused look. “Blood is power. Blood is our life source. Blood draws us in. You need to symbolize all these things not fade into the background. You need to look strong, sexy, and powerful. You need to make a statement.”

“What kind of statement? Hey y’all! Who wants to eat me? That kind of statement?” Birdie said sarcastically making Pam raise her brows at the normally easy going girls outburst.

“Believe me I would love to eat you in any capacity but I don’t feel like being murdered by Godric. Nor will anyone else that tries to take a bite out of you. Godric just became an even more powerful vampire than he already was. Vampires are greedy, lustful and chronically bored. You need to intrigue them, excite them, you tease them a little and you will gain admirers. Admirers tend to be loyal. You will need to gain loyal followers for not only you but for Godric as well. No one will try to take you away from him with his new position and if they do they will have the Authority on them. No one wants that, no matter how delicious you are. Your time to hide in the shadows is gone, Bird. People are going to notice you no matter what now, you might as well make a lasting impression. So put on the fucking dress.”

Birdie did not fight it anymore. She tried on the dress for one final fitting before it was deemed “good enough” by Pam.

The dark haired girl attempted to track down her husband before she nearly fell over due to exhaustion. She had not been sleeping well, due to discomfort and stress. This had caused her to be more snappy than she normally was. Godric did not seem to notice but it seemed everyone else did. Pam had been wondering if Birdie was on her period but had deduced she did not smell the blood so she must not be.

If the dark haired girl had hated hearing the thoughts of humans she absolutely loathed hearing the thoughts of Vampires. Though their thoughts did not come in as clear as humans they were just as violent, sex crazed, and intrusive as humans. Birdie did find a silver lining in this new mess of powers. She had begun to enjoy asking vampires she was close to about their human lives and seeing history through their memories. She had done so with Isabel the previous night and saw what an amazing coronation the once Monarc had had. Birdie wondered if that is what Godric’s coronation was going to be like, she hoped not but who knew.

Birdie looked for her beloved in the ballroom and didn’t find him there. She stopped in the long hall and took a deep breath before focusing on her bond with him. It was still a strange notion for her. She was so intimately tied to him that she could find him, feel him, and hear him if she only tapped into that bond. She felt the string tying her to him and imagined herself tugging on it. She felt the answering tug on the other end and followed the feeling. Her feet led the way on their own accord not needing any guidance from her.

She stepped into Godric’s office and found him there on the computer with Eric looking over his shoulder.

“Dearest Bird,” Eric said with a mock bow.
“Eric The Big Bad Viking” Birdie said back with a bow of her own making Eric chuckle before turning to her husband. “Sugar”

“Love. You are tired, rest while I finish with Erikir.” Godric said in observation as he sought out her feelings through their bond.

Birdie nodded and stumbled towards the plush couch in his office. She fell asleep as soon as her head hit the decorative pillow when she awoke it was to a soft caress on her face.

“My love. It is time to awake.” Godric said gently and began to press kisses to her neck and down her chest.

“Five more minutes.” Birdie grumbled sleepily into her pillow.

“You have slept fourteen hours. It is time for you to ready yourself for the coronation.”

The dark haired girl shot up quickly finding herself in her bed. “What? Really?”

Godric hummed in the affirmative from where he was moving down her body pressing kisses to her body.

“I have to get ready.” Birdie was flustered. There was so much to do still.

“Hmmm. Five more minutes.” Godric said as he pulled down her panties and grinned up at her wickedly.
Chapter 19

Birdie emptied her stomach violently into the toilet below. She wiped her mouth on the back of her hand and leaned back with a groan.

“What’s wrong with you?” Pam’s bored voice broke through Birdie’s self-pity.

Birdie only rolled her head to the side to glare at Pam.

“It is time to get ready, Birdie.” The voice of Isabelle was much calmer than that of Pam as the once Spanish monarch walked into the bathroom.

“What is the matter? Are you sick?” Isabelle asked catching sight of Birdie’s haggard form. She pressed the back of her hand to Birdie’s forehead in a motherly manner to check for a fever. Birdie sighed happily at the cool temperature of the Vampire woman’s hand.

“I think maybe I ate something weird, I don’t know.” The dark haired girl mumbled before staggering to her feet and heading towards the sink to brush her teeth.

The two vampire women left the room instructing Birdie to go sit down at her vanity when she was done cleaning her teeth.

Birdie looked at herself in the mirror and swore under her breath. Her eyes had bags under them and her skin was a sickly color, she also happened to be sporting a thin layer of sweat on her brow. She hastily washed her face before following Isabelle and Pam’s orders to sit at her vanity. Within moments she was being surrounded by a makeup and hair team as they tackled the mess known as her.

Birdie’s hands shook as she tried to remember what Isabelle had directed her to do. She stepped carefully toward the marble stairwell and began to descend. She chanted to herself over and over again not to fall and she did great until she looked up and saw Godric standing there. She was on the last step thankfully and he caught her before she fell and humiliated herself. To the outside observer, it would simply look like two lovers embracing, at least she hoped.

“You look beautiful, my love,” Godric whispered as he pulled her tighter against his chest.

The dark haired girl smiled shyly feeling blood flush to her cheeks. “Thanks, Sugar”

“Are you wearing a new perfume?” He asked smelling her neck slightly. Birdie shook her head and smelled herself, sensing no difference she shrugged her shoulders, hoping he was not smelling her vomit from earlier.

Are you ready?” Godric asked her, his green eyes calm and steady.

“No.” Birdie answered honestly. “But I have to be.”

Godric gave her a grim smile but nodded his head that her words were indeed correct. He offered his arm to her and she accepted it, weaving her own with his. She plastered a fake smile on her face and walked beside Godric. He was leading her up to the front of the room where two ornate chairs sat. Birdie took in the room as they walked. She truly had not spent much time in the ballroom. It was too ornate and ostentatious for her tastes, and that was before it was decorated. There was a large crystal chandelier hanging from the ceiling, large mirrors decorated with drapes on the walls, not to mention
the ornate woodwork and details of the room. The tables were all meticulously put together with large flower arrangements, fancy china, and decanters of what she hoped was TrueBlood but knew it most likely was from a willing or glamoured human being. There was water and wine there as well for the humans that were attending the gathering. Speaking of humans, she believed she spotted the Governor of Louisiana hovering with his security team towards the back of the room.

Birdie had not realized she was shaking until she felt Godric squeeze her hand. She dropped her guard and listened in to his mind.

“Do not be afraid. All is well”

Birdie gave him a tight smile and nodded in return, squeezing his hand for comfort. It was then that Roman, the head of the Authority came toward them from the right-hand side, gathering the attention of all in the room. There was polite clapping before he beckoned Godric forward, the room fell into silence as they awaited the ceremony.

“Stay near Erikir” Godric ordered her silently.

Birdie looked behind her and found Eric standing ramrod straight just behind her. She backed up the few steps necessary until she was standing beside the large vampire. He put a cool hand on her shoulder and stroked her back gently in a comforting gesture, but now that Birdie had dropped her guard all she could hear was the thoughts of all those in attendance swirling around her. One voice she picked out from the crowd was that of Nora. Birdie’s eyes narrowed in on the vampire woman and spotted her just a few tables back beside Salome. She was thinking how well her father looked, though she knew he was not happy about the arrangement he would be a good and fair ruler. However, there was fear dancing in her thoughts. The dark haired girl turned her head back toward Roman and Godric but tapped deeper into Nora’s mind.

“What will Eric think? Will he kill me when he finds out?” This thought was accompanied by sadness. “Do I choose Salome or do I choose my Maker?” A picture of the woman in question entered her mind. “Would father protect me from Salome if I choose not to follow her path? She would never let me live if I turn my back on her. But the blood...God the blood...It’s so good.” Nora again had an image of her receiving the blood of Lilith. Then she was entertaining thoughts of how Salome was going to wipe out those that did not accept the Sanguinista faith.

Birdie went rigid at the thoughts. Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted Eric looking down at her with concern. It was not until the claps rang out that she realized she had missed the entire ceremony. Godric was sitting on his throne, his face void of every emotion. When the clapping ended he flicked his hand and the orchestra began to play signaling it was time for everyone to relax and enjoy themselves.

“What is it?” Eric asked her in a low voice.

Birdie only gave him a small wave that promised she would tell him at another time, though she had no intention of doing so. Godric was calling to her through their bond and she was not about to ignore it. She gracefully walked to his side and laid a hand on his shoulder. Godric took her hand and brought it to his lips.

‘The guests will now come to pledge their allegiance to me or congratulate me. Will you stay by my side?’ He thought.

Birdie smiled softly and gave him a small nod of her head. Godric stood as the first of the guests approached.
“King Godric Nervii, it is good to see you well.” a vampire with red hair and brown eyes stepped towards them and gave a bow of his head.

“Victor Madden,” Godric answered and stood. “Meet my wife, Phoebe”

Birdie extended her hand to shake Victor’s outstretched one. He surprised her by pulling her in and pressing a kiss to the back of her hand.

‘She smells delightful. No wonder the Queen went mad to have her. Felipe will be intrigued by this’ The redheaded man thought.

“Mrs. Nervii, I must say the tales of your beauty were not as embellished as I had previously believed. You are stunning.”

Birdie felt discomfort but put a tight smile on her face and thanked him for his compliments. She pulled her hand out of his grasp opting to fold her hands in front of her. It was the first time she had been called Mrs. Nervii and though this man sent discomfort crawling up her spine she had liked the way Mrs. Nervii sounded when it pertained to her. She also made a mental note to give Pam a tongue lashing for the dress color. Though the blonde had been right about it catching attention, Birdie felt like she was getting too much of it. She felt like all eyes in the room were on her and not all of them were respectful.

“King Felipe sends his best,” Victor told Godric.

“Please tell him I thank him for his well wishes and send my own in return” Godric answered tightly. Birdie knew he could feel her discomfort through their bond and wished for this interaction to be over.

Victor bowed his head and looked at Birdie once more before turning and leaving. The line of well-wishers continued until Birdie was sure her face would forever be stuck in this plastic smile. She heard her stomach growl and winced at the embarrassment, sure that every vampire, and even some humans, in the room had heard it's primal cry for sustenance.

Godric gave her a small smile and pulled her into him to kiss her forehead before nodding to Eric. Birdie absently wondered why her husband had Eric escorting her instead of her own discreet security until she peeked into his mind. She could see that he was just as uncomfortable with Birdie looking as delicious as she did and unfortunately as qualified as Indira was as a guard she did not look imposing enough. Godric, ever the strategist, had wanted Eric beside her at all times based on his intimidation factor, not to mention he trusted him above no other. Birdie looked up at the large blonde in question as he offered her his arm. She smiled softly at him before accepting his arm. She allowed him to lead her towards the table nearest where Godric was still speaking with dignitaries.

Food was set before her within seconds and she nearly cried out in joy at it all. She was perhaps three bites in when the food decided to make a reappearance. Birdie stood from the table abruptly and went speed walking toward the nearest bathroom. She barely made it to the toilet when her food came shooting back up. Spitting the last remnants of the bile out of her mouth she noticed another was within the restroom with her. Turning sharply Birdie saw her husband's second child staring at her with curious eyes.

“Are you ill?”

“I don’t know.” Birdie answered and struggled to her feet. She walked to the sink and began to rinse her mouth out, never taking her eyes off of Nora.
‘Only Eric saw me enter. I could kill her and make it look like it was a poisoning, he knows she has been ill. Salome wishes to be rid of the girl sooner or later. Sooner is always better.’ Nora thought rapidly. Birdie was not sure how much intent was behind it, but the thought was enough for her to whip around sharply and glare at the vampire woman.

“Salome is using you to do her bidding. She doesn’t care for you.” Birdie blurted.

Nora narrowed her eyes and hissed lowly under her breath. “Do not speak of her.”

“She doesn’t care for you, Nora. You are a means to an end. A minion she can use for now but as soon as you become too much to handle she will kill you. Do you truly care for her more than you care for Godric? He loves you very much, Nora. He would be so hurt by your decisions.” The blue-eyed girl’s voice turned pleading.

Nora sped towards her and grabbed her by the throat. “Stop talking.”

Birdie clawed at the hands on her throat desperately. She knew that any moment Godric would be bursting through the door and he would kill his child if he caught Nora choking his wife, that she did not doubt. Feeling her fear rear up, her fae light produced in her palms burning at Nora’s hands where Birdie was clawing for air.

Nora immediately dropped her hands in pain and surprise giving Birdie just what she needed to dispel the woman from her. She shot her light at the vampire woman knocking her back against the far wall.

Birdie saw a bright light pouring into the room from behind her. She turned immediately shielding her eyes from the intense brightness of it. A hand shot out of the light and grabbed her arm firmly. The dark haired girl fought against the hold of the arm, but she was no match for the power of it. She was pulled towards the light, her entire arm was pulled in deeper allowing her a view of what was within. She spotted green grass and what looked to be a beautiful garden. The disembodied hand continued to pull her until it seemed as if she hit a wall. Her body would go no further no matter how hard the hand pulled at her.

“This cannot be...” A warm male voice said. The being came into view then, he still stood within the apparent garden but his hand was still gripping her thin upper arm. He had wild white hair, a wrinkled face and light blue eyes, very similar to her own eyes.

“Who are you?!” Birdie asked in alarm then turned towards the door of the bathroom and screamed for her husband “Godric!?”

“He can not hear you yet. Time works differently when you stand between two realms.” the old man explained without releasing her arm.

“Let me go!” Birdie growled and went to shoot her fae light at him but it did nothing.

“That will not work on me.” The old man said and once again tried in vain to tug her into his portal. Her arm and leg would enter but as soon as the portal edge got to her stomach she could go no further.

“You have a creature within you.” He said in a startled tone and dropped his hand to her stomach. She swatted at his hand with her free own hand, disapproving of the strange man’s probing touch.

“What do you mean a creature?” Birdie asked in an angry tone.

“You are carrying an abomination.” He said with sadness and gave her a shake. “My own great
Granddaughter, carrying the child of Death”

“What!?” The words carrying a child and Great Granddaughter were making her brain fumble.

“You are pregnant.” He said plainly.

“P-p-pregnant?” The dark haired girl said and dropped her eyes to her flat stomach. “How?”

“I do not know. This has never happened before. We must be rid of it.”

Birdie felt anger claw through her body. She brought her free hand around, clenching it into a fist and twisted her body allowing her to land a punch against the white-haired man’s face. She heard a small crunch and the hand holding her released her suddenly. She fell back onto her butt in the bathroom once more. Godric was there in a flash standing in front of her protectively his fangs dropped. It seemed as soon as she fell from the portal, time sped up around her.

“Niall” Godric snarled.

“Death,” Niall answered coldly. “What you have done to my Great Granddaughter will not stand.”

“I have bonded and married her. She is my mate, we are fated.” Godric spoke firmly.

The white-haired man closed his eyes and shook his head sadly. “So that is how this monstrosity came to be.” He whispered.


“You were not forced?” Niall asked Birdie, catching her eyes as she peered over Godric’s shoulder.

“No. I love him” Birdie told the man, her hands over her stomach protectively.

Niall nodded his head slightly as if he was calculating something. “I believe, Phoebe, it would be wise if you came with me. You do not know what this Vampire is capable of.”

Birdie shook her head vehemently. “Absolutely not. I have no idea who you are but even if I did I would never leave Godric’s side.”

“I am your Great Grandfather, Phoebe. I am your family. Come with me” Niall held out his hand slightly to her.

“Godric is my family too. He is my husband and...he is the father of my child…” Birdie whispered the last part so lowly as if she were unsure. Godric’s shoulders went tense but he never took his eyes off of Niall.

“This is what you wish?” The white-haired man asked. “You wish for me to leave you with him?”

“Yes!” Birdie practically screamed. How was this even a question? She had never wanted to be taken away.

“And what of the creature within you? There has never been anything like it. I am fearful of what it could bring upon you let alone your world. You do not yet know what it could be capable of.”

The dark haired girl scowled deeply. “That creature is my child and your apparent family.” Her words were spat like fire from a dragon.

Niall did not look like he was going to take this for an answer. Birdie did not need to be able to read
his mind to know that he was thinking of taking her free will from her for her own “good”.

“You owe me, Niall,” Godric spoke up.

Niall gave Godric an exasperated look. “This is the life of my Great Granddaughter, how can you expect me to trade her as a favor owed?”

The ancient Vampire glared heavily at Niall. “Erikir and I spilled much blood for your war. We tipped the scales allowing you to win. That would not have been so without us.” Godric reminded him. “Phoebe is my wife, as you heard her say, she wishes to stay by my side. You would take her free will from her?”

The white-haired man shook his head. “I do not want to, but she is not safe.”

“She is safe with me,” Godric answered, and puffed out his chest slightly.

Niall raised one brow. “Oh? The vampire behind you was attempting to kill her when I first arrived.”

Godric’s nostrils flared angrily as he looked over his shoulder at Nora’s unconscious form.

“She will be dealt with.”

“I can handle myself.” Birdie answered. “I am safe with Godric and I will not leave his side”

Sensing this was a battle lost Niall nodded his head in defeat. “I will check on you regularly to see if you have changed your mind.”

“I won’t change my mind” The dark haired girl shot back.

“And yet I will still check on you. I owe it to Fintan.”

“He did not even know I existed.” Birdie told him, suppressing old wounds.

“No, he may not have. But he would have been overjoyed by your existence had he known.” Niall assured her.

Not being able to contain her curiosity she opened her mouth again. “How did you find out about me?”

“Your cousin, Sookie,” Niall said.

“My cousin?” Birdie’s dark brows pulled together in confusion.

“Yes. Sookie is your cousin. She is the granddaughter of Fintan as well. We had been watching over her for some time. She told us of you and your power when we brought her to our realm. And at first look at you, I knew it. You have his eyes and his mouth. You also smell just like him.”

‘Does everyone supernatural have an uncanny sense of smell?’ Birdie wondered absently and took a small inconspicuous whiff of herself.

‘Is Sookie safe?’

Niall smiled softly at Birdie’s question and nodded his head. “She is quite well. She may be returning to your realm soon; if she so chooses. Though I advise against it.”

Birdie breathed a large sigh of relief and nearly mumbled that at least Sookie had been offered a
choice. Birdie herself had not. It had taken a favored owed to allow her to stay in their realm. The thought irked her.

“I must take my leave. It is not safe for one of our kind here. Phoebe, we will be watching over you. Stay safe my child.” Niall told her in a soft voice. She could see the edges of the portal beginning to close.

“You don’t need to check up on me. I am fine.” She protested.

“So brave. Just like Fintan.” Niall said before the portal closed entirely, leaving the room feeling dark and giving her eyes the challenge of adjusting.

“Are you alright, min karlek?” Godric whispered. He raised his hands to either side of her face and began to look over her with sharp eyes. When he got down to her neck he snarled loudly bringing in more than a few of their guards.

“Take Nora to the silver room. Do not let her out, no matter how much she screams...And Clancy, escort her out discreetly.” Godric ordered before turning to Birdie. “What happened?”

“I...I said some things I shouldn’t have. I knew she was unstable and I still provoked her.” Birdie whispered afraid of the listening ears.

Understanding her fear Godric grabbed her hand and escorted her out of the bathroom they were currently holed up in. He smiled politely at the few onlookers before moving her out towards the balcony. He shut the doors behind him before grabbing her around the waist and shooting up into the sky where there would be no listening ears.

“You are pregnant?” Godric asked in a quiet voice.

Birdie was thrown off by the topic. She had expected him to ask more about Nora and in all reality, she had hoped he would have asked about that instead.

“That is what Niall said.” The dark haired girl whispered.

“How is this possible?” Godric asked aloud.

“I don’t know. I swear I have only ever been with you Godric. It is your baby, I swear!” Birdie cried.

“I know,” Godric said soothing her fears, but within his eyes, she could see the confusion.

She too was confused how this could have happened. Godric had been dead for two thousand years, meaning his sperm did not work. He had had sex with many women, hundreds if not thousands, (the thought made Birdie practically snarl in distaste) but none of them had fallen pregnant. What made her so different?

“Do you think it is because of our mate bond? I think that is what Niall thought when you said we are mates.” Birdie asked suddenly.

“Perhaps.” Godric looked down sharply and saw Eric standing on the grass looking up at them. Godric slowly lowered her to the ground.

“Your presence is being questioned,” The blonde haired Viking told his maker with some hesitation. Eric knew as well as Birdie how much Godric loathed his newfound authority, without needing to feel his anger through their respective bonds. The ancient vampire nodded his head and walked
towards the ballroom with Birdie on his arm and Eric falling into step beside him.

“Call Dr. Ludwig. Get her here as soon as this horrid event is over.” Godric ordered Eric.

The blonde accepted the terms without verbal comment but Birdie could hear all of his nonverbal comments loud and clear. He was taking in Birdie’s appearance and wondering what was wrong with her. Godric himself was fuming that he would not be able to allow his nearly traumatized wife the time to process all that had happened and all that was going to happen. He hated that they were going to have to put on a show for others instead of being allowed to deal with their newfound fear and confusion.

Before they walked back into the ballroom once more Godric let go of Birdie’s arm and ushered her inside. He pressed a kiss to her forehead before telling her he would be in shortly and not to go far. He shut the french doors behind her and turned to Eric with taught shoulders. Birdie tapped into Eric’s mind and watched through his eyes as Godric laid into him.

“Varför var hon ensam Erikir? (Why was she alone Erikir?) Nora attackerade henne. Vart var du?! (Nora attacked her. Where were you?!)” Godric snarled.

Birdie did not understand what he was saying but she could guess as soon as Nora’s name entered the conversation.

“Jag är ledsen, Fader. Nora bestämde mig och jag trodde dumt hennes lögner. Det kommer inte att hända igen.(I am sorry, Father. Nora deceived me and I foolishly believed her lies. It will not happen again).” Eric kept his head up and his chin taut but Birdie could see within him that he truly did feel bad about what had happened. She hoped Godric would let up. Eric was truly remorseful.

Godric, as if hearing her thoughts, nodded his head and clapped his son on the shoulder. “God (good)”

Birdie turned around attempting to look as nonchalant as possible. Godric opened the doors and held out his arm for her to hold on to once more and the couple returned to the ballroom. As she walked away she saw Eric on his cell phone talking to who she suspected was the mysterious Dr. Ludwig.

“Ah, Godric. I have been looking for you. I was told you wished to speak with me.” Roman said, intercepting them in the hallway.

“Yes. Give me one moment to get my wife settled and I will meet you in my study.” Godric told the head of the Authority.

“Is this important, Godric? Could it wait?” Roman pressed. Birdie could see within his mind that he wished to be back beside his lover Salome, who was currently being held in conversational hostage by Vincent.

Godric shook his head. “Unfortunately no it can not.”

Roman gave the former slave curious eyes before nodding curtly and walking down the hall toward where Godric had indicated his study was.

“Be safe.” Birdie whispered. She had some idea what Godric wished to speak with Roman about and she was not entirely sure she wanted him to do so while alone.

“He will not harm me. Do not fret, my love. It will be quick. Until I return, stay with Erikir. Do not wander from his sight. If for some reason you can not be near him, go to Isabel or Pam. Please.” Godric pulled her in tight and pressed a kiss to her lips.
Feeling the stress of the night's events she did not even entertain the thought of disagreeing with him. Birdie agreed she would do as he asked and watched as he walked away while Eric took his place.

True to his word Eric stayed by her side. She sat where she was told to, in the throne beside Godric’s, making polite conversation with various dignitaries who approached her. Eric helped her by providing information on each dignitary silently in his thoughts for her to pick out, allowing her to use it in the conversation. She was eternally grateful for his actions as she was not sure she would be able to hold a conversation, let alone an intelligent one with all the chaos and new information gathered.

The blue-eyed girl picked up the thoughts of Godric entering the room. She looked up catching sight of him. Roman was at his side with an easy going smirk that said he had not a care in the world, but within his mind Birdie could hear the storm. He was making plans; plans to enact justice. She was surprised to see that Godric had gotten the large vampire to believe him so quickly. Birdie could tell that there had always been a seed of doubt for Roman when it came to Salome. The pregnant girl wondered if the distrust was just something that came naturally to vampires or if it was due to Salome’s history. The vampire woman had wielded the art of seduction like a deadly weapon for centuries, allowing her to obtain whatever she wanted.

Birdie watched with keen eyes as Roman walked to her side and smiled at her as if nothing was wrong.

“Min kärlek?” Godric said pulling her blue eyes from Roman and Salome.

“Hi, Sugar.” She answered with a small smile.

“Shall we say goodnight to our guests?”

It took everything in her not to scream “Finally!”, so instead she smiled politely and nodded her head.

They bid farewell to those that Godric deemed necessary before finally being released of their duties for the night. The ancient vampire had wasted no time sweeping Birdie off her feet and into his arms as soon as they were out of eyesight of the Coronation guests. Speeding to the main house it was not long before he had her at the front door of private quarters.

Birdie held onto him tiredly, all she wanted was to sleep before she needed to process what had happened. But it seemed the odds were not in her favor because as soon as they walked through the door a pop sounded and a tiny woman wearing scrubs and large glasses was before them.
Chapter 20

Birdie held onto him tiredly, all she wanted was to sleep before she needed to process what had happened. But it seemed the odds were not in her favor because as soon as they walked through the door a pop sounded and a tiny woman wearing scrubs and large glasses was before them.

“Nervii” The short woman addressed the ancient Vampire. Birdie looked at her with sharp eyes. The woman was small in stature, so small in fact that Birdie wondered if she was perhaps a Little Person. Dr. Ludwig had a square face with a large nose and even larger brown eyes. They could have looked that much bigger due to her coke bottle glasses. Her hair was tied up and tucked into a surgical cap not giving Birdie a clear view of the color but based on the small wisps leaving the cap, she guessed the tiny woman had golden brown hair.

“Northman.” Dr. Ludwig growled out giving Eric a small nod.

“Midget.” Eric returned the greeting with a curl of his upper lip.

The Dr. looked unimpressed with his greeting but did not comment on it. Her brown eyes instead turned to look at Birdie, still encased in Godric’s arms. “You must be the pregnant girl.”

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Eric’s head turn sharply toward her.

“I guess so.” Birdie responded and moved to stand on her own two feet. It seemed Godric was reluctant to let her go when he hesitated but eventually he accepted her silent request and set her down. Though he did not let go of her completely.

“Well, I have more patients to attend to so let’s get this show on the road. Lay down here and pull your shirt up to your sternum.” The doctor pointed toward the couch before rummaging through her bag.

Birdie looked toward Godric with confused eyes but did as the woman said and laid down on the couch, but not before catching sight of Eric’s deadly glare. She heard what he was thinking, he was thinking she had cheated on Godric. She blocked his thoughts before they turned too murderous. She couldn’t blame him for his thoughts. If she herself had not been in this situation she would have believed the same thing as him. Vampires could not get humans pregnant. But she was not entirely human...

Birdie sucked in a sharp breath as cold gel hit her bare stomach. Her hand was immediately encased in a larger cold one. Birdie’s blue eyes shot up to Godric and caught him giving her a soft smile, but his eyes were hard as if he were afraid of what was coming. She understood the sentiment.

Without further adieu, the doctor put the ultrasound wand against her stomach and began to move it around. Birdie heard the telltale “thump, thump, thump” of the little heartbeat inside of her. She looked up at Godric with a bright smile.

“Is that...?” Birdie asked quietly.

“Your child, yes.” The doctor answered gruffly. She pushed the ultrasound wand a little further into Birdie’s stomach and looked at the screen the small hand held machine was showing her.

“Not human, though. At least not fully human.”

“What is it, if it is not fully human?” Eric snarled.
Godric spoke sharply under his breath to Eric while the doctor only shrugged. “Not sure. Won’t be until the baby comes out. But, you see here.” The tiny harsh woman pointed to the screen. “The amniotic sac is thick, much thicker than a human’s should be. You can only make out the vague shape of the child on the ultrasound.”

Worry began to rise within Birdie, but it did not turn into a full-fledged panic until the doctor told them that the heartbeat was slow.

“That’s bad, isn’t it? It’s bad right?” Birdie said frantically, gripping Godric’s hand with great strength.

“Not necessarily.” The doctor answered in her raspy voice. “Do you wish him to hear this?” Ludwig asked Godric tilting her head to Eric.

“He can be trusted.” Her husband answered. She could feel his anxiety through their bond. He wished as much as she did for the doctor to finish explaining.

“As I understand it, you are a mated pair?”

“Yes,” Godric said squaring his shoulders.

“Could that be how we conceived?” Birdie asked the doctor.

“Assuming that this is, in fact, his child” The doctor said looking at Birdie pointedly over her large glasses. Birdie fumed and was about to give the doctor a tongue lashing when Godric stepped in and confirmed that it indeed was his child. “Little is known about how mated pairs work. There are so few found and even less studied. We truly do not know. But it would explain many things about the two of you.”

“What things?”

Ludwig gave them an unimpressed look before pointing out some of the things they already knew and some they didn’t. “Her increased speed and strength. Your coloring and the blood moving in your veins slowly instead of at a standstill as most vampires. There are perhaps more shared gifts if you have any. And the fact that she was able to conceive your child in the first place.” The last sentence was said with some doubt.

Birdie’s mind whirled, causing her to babble slightly. “Is it the mate bond or is it my fae blood? Niall thought it was both. Is it just a perfect storm?”

The doctor turned to her sharply. “Niall Brigant?”

“Yeah. He is my great-grandfather or something.” Birdie explained with hesitation, waving her hand flippantly.

The doctor jerked backward away from the pregnant girl. She threw her items in her medical bag before marching towards the door. In a flash Godric was in front of her, stopping her road march.

“Where are you going? You have not finished examining her.” his words were sharp but Ludwig’s answer was just as sharp.

“Find another doctor.”

Godric shook his head lightly. “You know as well as I, that there is no other doctor as qualified as you. You are the best.” his tone was smooth as honey now.
Birdie watched as the icy exterior chipped away slightly from the old doctor. “You don’t need to tell me what I already know.” She answered haughtily.

“Please, Patricia.” Godric schmoozed. “It is very lucrative to have a Vampire King as old as I owe you a favor.”

Ludwig pursed her lips and narrowed her eyes in thought. “It is not worth my life.” She decided after a moment.

“Niall is not going to come after you and Birdie certainly won’t hurt you.” Godric soothed the woman. “Niall, if he even knew of this, would appreciate you taking care of is descendant.”

“Even if the child is half of one of his most hated races?” The doctor quipped.

Godric cracked a half smile. “Yes. Even if. It may put you at ease to know that Birdie and Niall are estranged. He did not know of her and she of him until hours ago. She has not inherited his hatred of dwarves…”

“Or vampires it seems.”

Godric and Eric both smiled at Ludwig’s words. Birdie did not particularly enjoy being talked about as if she were not here but held her tongue. She understood that this was a fragile negotiation. She needed this doctor and Godric was going to do whatever he had to to see that she and his child got the appropriate care.

Doctor Ludwig took a deep breath and shook her head in disbelief before turning back to Birdie. “Alright girly. Let’s get started…”

“So dwarves are real?” Birdie whispered into the light of the rising sun.

Godric hummed in confirmation. “There are not many left”

Birdie asked the question not quite sure if she wanted the answer. “What happened to them?”

Godric turned onto his side and began to stroke his calloused fingers over her stomach. “They were killed.”

Birdie rolled her eyes at his obvious answer. “By whom?”

“The Fae. Lead by Niall”

That is what Birdie had been afraid to hear. “Why?”

“Why does any race fight against another?” Godric spoke calmly. “There is bad blood between them. At some point in time, they shared the land, but both got greedy. Invisible slights were made by one party or another and it escalated. The Fae are more powerful than the Dwarves. They made a mistake in provoking Niall by killing one of his children, Fintan’s sister, when she danced too near their borders. Niall slaughtered most of their race in punishment of a crime made by few.”

Godric was quiet for a minute as was Birdie. She was so tired her eyes had begun to droop and her breathing slowed. “I can not blame him. If someone were to kill my child within you, I would go into a murderous fit of rage.”
Birdie’s eyes slightly popped open at his whispered confession.

“I would like to say I have evolved enough to not do so, but I have never loved another as much as I love you and our child.”

The blue-eyed girl smiled sadly and hugged him a bit closer. Her stomach pressing against his side and her arms around his waist. She could understand where he was coming from. This child was theirs, someone they would need to protect for eternity. But it was more than that, this child was a miracle. It was not as if any other child had the parentage their’s did. Part vampire, part fae, and part human. The good Dr. Ludwig was not even sure if the child would come out part vampire. She said it could even be mostly human, taking its genetics from what had once been Godric’s DNA. Everything about this child was shrouded in mystery. The amniotic sack the child was in was too thick to see through with an ultrasound like a regular human amniotic sack would be, but that did not necessarily point to a vampire heritage. It could be the fae part of her. She didn’t know, neither did Ludwig. No one in the room had been close enough to a fae, let alone a pregnant one at that, to know.

The child’s heartbeat could be heard and that was enough to calm their frayed nerves. The child’s heartbeat was steady and strong. Birdie wondered how long Godric had been hearing it and passing the sound off as her own heart.

Ludwig was unsure when Birdie was due with Birdie herself unable to give a clear date of conception. Not to mention they had no idea how long fae’s carried for. Ludwig said they bred fast, within a few days fast. But human’s took much longer and this child would be mostly human, in theory. There had been legends of dhampirs, but nothing solid enough to make Ludwig believe it was truth. Godric on the other hand was not too sure. He had told Birdie he believed it was possible. The dark haired girl shrugged. It did not matter. Her baby was just that, hers. She would love it no matter what it came out being. With that thought she allowed her mind to slip into unconsciousness.

Birdie had thought that because Godric had been so calm about her encounter with her grandfather, her pregnancy diagnosis as well as the uncertainty about whether their child would come out, human, vampire or some combination of the two, that his tranquility would follow through into the next day or perhaps the remainder of her pregnancy. She was wrong.

When she awoke the following night she was in a lonely bed. Birdie pouted slightly at her husband's absence.

Stretching as she prepared to crawl out of bed she felt a tightness in her stomach. She looked down at the barely noticeable bulging of her stomach and felt conflicted. The blue-eyed girl still hadn’t grasped the fact that she had a life growing with her, let alone a life that was half of her and half of Godric. How had it been possible? Yes, she had been in the supernatural world long enough to understand that things she had previously thought impossible were now very possible but this still baffled her. This was not supposed to be possible even in the supernatural realm, and yet here she was, an absolute mystery to both science and the supernatural. Feeling intense hunger beginning to claw at her throat she crawled out of bed and went looking for food. As soon as she exited the double doors of their master suite two Were guards were at her side.

“Mrs. Nervii, Your husband is awaiting your arrival in the meeting room. He has asked us to escort you there.”

Birdie fought down the “I can do it myself” commentary and instead just nodded. The guards walked
one in front of her one behind her, keeping her securely between them as they walked through the mansion. Birdie peeked into both their minds and found their conversations with Godric. He was very...thorough in his demands on her safety. Birdie had seen him intense before but he always kept soft eyes when she was in his presence. Through the minds of these two guards, she could see the stern leader Godric was. His eyes lacked softness when he spoke to the two guards. He was not malicious to them but he was not kind, he was simply stern.

Birdie crept out of their minds as they neared the doors of the enormous meeting room. The first guard went in and looked around the room before opening the door wider for her to come through.

She saw Godric standing at the head of the long conference room table speaking with a few people sitting at the table looking up at him.

Her lover turned and gave her a bright smile. He was in front of her in the blink of an eye. He lifted her hand and pressed a soft kiss to the back of it.

“I would like you to meet a few people, min alskar.”

“Okay,” she answered quietly suddenly very self-conscious of her bedhead and "barely there" shorts. Godric did not seem to mind. He only gave her a loving smile before leading her towards the table.

A well-built woman stood and extended her hand to Birdie. Birdie eyed her semi warily until she tapped into the woman’s mind and found her thinking only of a multitude of healthy food plans for pregnant women.

“This is Brea. She is going to be your nutritionist and personal chef.” Godric told Birdie with a small nod to the woman. Birdie shook her hand with some confusion. Before she could ask why she needed a nutritionist an athletic woman stood from the table.

“This is Gillian. She will be your personal trainer.” Birdie gave her a strained smile wishing that for once Godric could read her mind. She did not want to have a personal chef or trainer.

“This is Dr. Blackwell. His staff will be on call twenty-four seven for your every medical need.” Godric explained pointing out the five medical specialists wearing scrubs and white coats.

“Uh. Godric. I thought Dr. Ludwig was my doctor?” Birdie whispered awkwardly.

Her dark-haired husband looked down at her with a stiff smile. “Unfortunately Dr. Ludwig could not be on call as much as she is needed. Dr. Blackwell and his team come recommended by the good doctor. She will be available to us once a month unless there is a dire emergency. If that is not the case we will be working with Dr. Blackwell.”

Birdie peeked into his mind and found he was quite angry with the dwarf doctor for not being their on-call doctor.

“Godric…” The pregnant girl took a deep breath and turned her back on the spectators before continuing. “This is too much” she whispered.

The ancient vampire king’s brow furrowed “you are upset?” He was genuinely confused. He sounded much like Eric when the tall vampire did not understand a human emotion or thought process. She could feel Godric pulling on their bond as he tried to delve more deeply into her feelings.

“No. Not angry. Just...overwhelmed. I think this might be too much.”
Godric looked over her shoulder at the spectators who were trying very hard not to be spectators. With a small flick of his head, they all left quickly with only the sound of hurried footsteps ringing through the overly large meeting room. Birdie felt her cheeks brighten with a blush at having possibly been rude to the potential staff.

“I want for you and our child to have the very best. That is all, Little Bird.” Godric said with a small huff. She could feel the confusion and perhaps even irritation running off of him. It would be so easy to dip into his mind and hear his thoughts but she was trying to respect his privacy so she allowed her shield to continue to be up.

“I understand Godric but I am only a few months along. I don’t need doctors on call just yet.”

“You are almost in the second trimester. The first trimester is the most pivotal. It is when the baby grows the most. The second is slightly less intense but it is still pertinent that we do the best we can for our child.”

The way he spoke nagged at her slightly. “Have you been reading pregnancy books?”

Though he was in limbo between being undead and alive she could still see a blush come to his cheeks. “Yes.”

Birdie felt her heart swell. “Okay.”

“Okay?” Godric asked looking up at her from under his dark lashes.

“Okay, I will work with a nutritionist, chef, personal trainer and one million doctors if that is what you want.”

Godric smiled as if she had just given him the greatest gift in the world. He moved forward and pressed a kiss to her lips. It was meant to be a chaste kiss she could tell, but that is the last thing she wanted right now. Along with being hungry, having uncontrollable mood swings and hot flashes, Birdie was horny.

When her lover tried to pull away she held him tighter, gripping the collar of his shirt as if her life depends on it, locking him into their kiss and never accepting surrender. Godric let out a small noise of surprise in the back of his throat but allowed her to keep him prisoner. He slid his tongue along hers and didn’t fight the overwhelming urge for his fangs to drop. Birdie licked along the sharp objects nicking her tongue in the process. She did not realize that she had started to bleed until Godric made an inhuman growl and in a flash he had her seated on the conference table. Her legs wound around his narrow hips and pulled him towards her until she could feel his hard bulge rubbing against her drenched center. Feeling famished for his body she hooked her fingers in the waist of his dress pants. With a clever flick of her thumb, she had the offending garment unbuttoned. His trousers rested precariously on his hips for only a moment before Birdie used her feet to push them down his muscular legs. His erection strained painfully against his boxer briefs. The dark haired girl pulled away only for a moment to grasp his covered length in her hand and give him a seductive smile. Godric made an inhuman growl and in a flash he had her seated on the conference table. Her legs wound around his narrow hips and pulled him towards her until she could feel his hard bulge rubbing against her drenched center. Feeling famished for his body she hooked her fingers in the waist of his dress pants. With a clever flick of her thumb, she had the offending garment unbuttoned. His trousers rested precariously on his hips for only a moment before Birdie used her feet to push them down his muscular legs. His erection strained painfully against his boxer briefs. The dark haired girl pulled away only for a moment to grasp his covered length in her hand and give him a seductive smile. Godric wasted no time in ripping Birdie’s shorts and panties down her legs. With large hands on her thighs, he pulled them apart, inhaling her arousal scent deeply. He dropped to his knees then pulled Birdie to the edge of the table, draping her legs over his shoulders. He ran his nose up the side of her thigh causing goose-bumps to erupt on her skin.

Birdie kept herself up with her hands for only a moment to watch him, but once the first flick of his tongue hit her clit her arms gave out and she laid flat on her back. Screaming towards the ornate ceiling in pleasure. It was not long before she fell apart against his mouth. Godric used the back of his hand to wipe her juices off of his chin then pushed down his briefs, freeing his length from the
garment. Running the head through her slit had her nearly seeing stars.

“Godric, please!” Birdie cried out.

At her words, he lined up at her entrance and was about to plunge in but paused.

Birdie lifted her dark head and gave him a questioning glance. Her shield against his thoughts fell and a flood of his worries came towards her.

“You are not going to hurt the baby.” Birdie assured him.

“The books didn’t say that for certain.” He argued quietly.

“Oh my god, Godric.” she huffed. “I promise. Sex will not hurt the baby. I swear. Just trust me okay?”

He still looked unsure but did as she asked. That unsurety left as soon as he entered her. Though he was more gentle than she normally preferred he still gave her exactly what she wanted...no, he gave her what she needed.

Once they both had reached their peaks Birdie hummed quietly in contentment. Godric pressed one last kiss to her lips before pulling up his trousers and then helping Birdie get her own clothes on. Her legs were positively jello so she welcomed the help gladly. She had just gotten her shorts buttoned when there was a knock at the door.

“stiga på, minn søn”

Eric entered with a blank expression but Birdie knew from peeking in his mind that he wished to make a lude joke. He refrained of course, for now, there was something weighing heavily on him that he had to speak with Godric about. A message he needed to deliver.

“Nora has awoken”

Birdie immediately looked at Godric out of reflex. She knew he would show no emotion but she still searched for one. Her dark-haired husband only nodded curtly once then turned to Birdie and lifted a hand to run a finger lovingly across her cheekbone.

He turned to Eric and gave him a hushed order before taking his leave.

“Let me guess? The doctor?” Birdie said with a grimace.

Eric chuckled and nodded.

“Ugh.” Birdie growled and grabbed Eric’s arm. “Alright let’s get this over with.”

Eric led them through the labyrinth that was her home until they reached one of the larger rooms that had been converted into a high tech medical room. Dr. Blackwell was waiting with a few members of his staff.

“Mrs. Nervii.” The doctor said with a bow of his head.

“Dr. Blackwell. I guess we are here for an examination.” it was quite obvious she was not thrilled about it but she tried not to be rude. It wasn’t his fault her husband was being a little overbearing
The doctor confirmed she was in fact there for an examination and gave her a high-quality hospital gown to change into. She quickly used the lavatory to clean up and change before stepping back into the medical room. She did as was directed and laid on the exam table but not before attempting to shoo Eric from the room.

“I am not to leave your side. Maker’s orders” The blonde shrugged with a smug smile.

Birdie could see that he was telling the truth but also found her discomfort humorous. “Fine. At least turnaround.” She huffed. To her surprise he did as she asked and pulled out his phone, typing away and paying her no attention.

The doctor began their examination by asking her the general questions about her pregnancy, how far along they thought she might be, what foods were making her sick, how much she weighed and, much to her embarrassment, when she last had sex. Eric snorted under his breath making Birdie glare at his back with as much ire as she could muster. She told the doctor with a small voice that it had been minutes ago but Dr. Blackwell did not seem phased, only nodded and had her lay back with her feet in the stirrups. Birdie gave one nervous glance over her shoulder to see that Eric was still turned and was not, in fact, looking at her naked lower half. Though the doctor had the gown covering her intimate area she will worried. He warned her he would be inserting a speculum and then the cold hit her. She gasps slightly at the frigid instrument but that was her only reaction until the doctor began to speak.

“I am seeing a little bit of blood on your cervix.”

In a gust of wind, Eric was beside her staring at the doctor intensely. “Blood? Why? Is it the baby? Is she miscarrying?!” slowly his voice got louder and louder as the doctor studdered to answer.

“Eric!” Birdie roared, though she was not entirely upset with him, he was asking the very questions she had been thinking.

Much to his credit, Dr. Blackwell only seemed slightly afraid of the roaring vampire questioning him. “It is a small amount of blood. Nothing to worry about. It is possibly her husband simply irritated her cervix while they were having sex…”

“Oh.” Eric answered and looked down at Birdie brows raised. She gave him a relieved sigh before another worry came to the forefront of her mind.

“Was I not supposed to have sex while pregnant? I thought you could…It won’t hurt the baby right?”

The doctor pulled the speculum out with a series of clicking noises from the device and pulled her gown all the way down covering her even further from Eric’s already obstructed view.

“You can have sex while pregnant your cervix is simply irritated. Give it a few days for the irritation to go down and it will be good as new. Sex is healthy, it will not hurt the child”

“Ohay” Birdie mentally made a note to not tell Godric about the blood on her cervix. There is no way he would react well. Knowing him he would refrain from touching her for the next…however long it takes to give birth to a faery/human/vampire hybrid.

"Let us check the baby’s heartbeat, draw some blood and you will be done for today. Unless you have any questions or concerns, Mrs. Nervii?”
Birdie shook her head ready for this to be over.

“Don’t tell Godric.” Birdie whispered as they walked towards the kitchen.

Eric looked down at her with a brow raised. “Oh? Why would I not tell my Maker that your cervix was bleeding? That seems to be information he would like to know.”

The dark haired girl huffed and pulled on Eric’s arm to get him to stop walking. “What do you want?” She knew him well enough to not have to read his mind to know he wanted something for his silence.

Eric smirked for only a moment before his face became serious. “Convince him not to kill Nora.”
“Eric. Why would I do that?” Birdie asked with a scoff, her arms crossed over her swollen chest.

The blonde clenched his teeth slightly, flexing his strong jaw. “You are a merciful woman”

Birdie raised a brow at him, effectively communicating that his response was a weak attempt to get what he wanted.

Eric looked deep into her eyes before hitting her heart where it was the softest. “Think of what it will do to Godric to kill his only daughter. It will haunt him forever.”

Birdie winced at the thought. “Eric. She tried to kill me. She hates all humans. She wants us all dead or enslaved. Do you agree with that?” The dark haired girl picked into his mind and found that no, he did not believe that. Yes, he did find all humans inferior to him but then again he found most vampire’s inferior to him as well. He didn’t want human’s enslaved, by any means.

“It is the blood,” Eric said standing to his full height, which meant he was positively towering above her.

“What blood? Human blood?” she asked confused.

The blonde shook his head. “The blood of Lilith. It is addictive and Nora is easily swayed while on it. She is regurgitating the ideals Salome has been feeding her.”

Birdie looked at him skeptically. “You really believe that?”

“Yes,” Eric answered with finality. His thoughts rang with truth making Birdie sigh loudly.

“Do you think she will be able to detox and come back to herself?”

Again Eric answered her with surety, but this time his thoughts betrayed him. He was unsure if detoxing Nora from the blood of Lilith would actually bring her back to herself, but he had hope.

“Fine. I'll buy her time. If Godric is hell-bent on killing her, then you know there is nothing you or I can do to stop it.”
Birdie began to massage her temples. Was this really worth it? No sex for the next however many months or going through the hassle of defending the cracked-out vampire that had tried to kill her? Internally Birdie weighed her options and found them nearly equal in their complexity. The blue-eyed girl looked up at her blonde companion and felt her heart melt slightly. Though his face looked mostly impassive she could read the pleading in his eyes well enough.

“You keep my secret and I’ll work on pleading a case for Nora. Deal?” Birdie held out her small hand waiting for him to shake.

Eric took her hand tenderly in his before shaking it. He went to release her hand but Birdie held onto him tightly. “Do I have your word, Eric, that you will keep my secret?” she asked him with narrowed eyes.

The ancient Viking rolled his own eyes for a moment before huffing loudly. “Birdie, wife of Godric Nervii, you have my word that I will keep your bleeding cervix a secret from my maker and your husband less Odin strike me down where I stand.”

“I don’t appreciate the attitude but that works for me.” Birdie said absently before continuing her trek to the kitchen. She could feel Eric smirking behind her as he followed her into the kitchen. Much to her delight, the kitchens were empty giving her a reprieve from prying eyes. She hopped up onto one of the counters after snatching an apple from the bowl of fruit laying around.

Eric wrinkled his nose at the food but did not comment, much to her surprise.

“Did you eat a lot of apples while human?” Birdie wondered. She was comfortable enough with the Viking now to ask questions of his former life.

“Not many, they were a treat I would bring home to my children.”

“You had kids?” Birdie said slightly choking on her mouthful of apple.

“Six. Nearly seven.” Eric answered her, his tone detached. Birdie couldn’t help herself when she peeked into his mind. A memory was playing of a little boy holding Eric’s hand.

“Nearly Seven?” feeling the tears beginning to burn Birdie tried to limit her words. Another image flashed in Eric’s mind. This time of a pregnant woman holding the little blonde boy's hand.

“The child didn’t survive Aude’s last pregnancy, nor did Aude. she died in childbed.” Eric said unfeelingly.

Fear, like she had never known, began to creep within her once she saw the image of a very bloody Aude flashing in Eric’s mind. Tears ran down her cheeks in torrents and her lips trembled uncontrollably. Eric who had been staring off into space reliving memories sniffed audibly, smelling her tears, before looking over at her in alarm.

“What is the matter?”

“Your life is so sad! And your poor babies. And wife….” Birdie wailed. In the back of her mind she knew that she was being hormonal, however, at the moment she could not control it. “A-a-and what if I die in childbirth!?”

“Uh…” Eric looked around for a moment before stepping towards her and patting her on the shoulder awkwardly. Birdie hunched forward in her sobs, pressing her forehead against his chest and wrapping her arms around his torso, seeking any type of comfort she could. Eric held absolutely still before moving his hand to awkwardly pat her back.
“What happened?” Godric’s cold voice spoke from the door of the kitchen.

Birdie sobbed harder and reached out for him, freeing Eric from the uncomfortable confines of her arms. Godric picked her up and ran her to their bedroom, laying her down on their plush bed.

“What happened, Erikir?” The ancient being snapped.

“Eric didn’t…” Birdie tried to talk but found herself hiccuping too much.

“What did you do, Erikir?” Godric snarled.

“She asked about my human family from long ago.” He said with a bored shrug.

“Oh.” Godric sighed and moved onto the bed behind Birdie, spooning her small trembling body.

Eric, sensing that this was a private moment and not really wishing to be there in the first place, took his leave.

While Birdie’s tears dried Godric held her and brushed a hand through her long hair.

“Godric, what if I die in labor?” Birdie sniffled.

His entire body stiffened at the thought. “Then I become your maker.”

“I’ll be different though, won’t I?” Birdie asked worriedly.

“Slightly. But you will always be my mate. My lover. My wife and my little bird. Whether your heart is beating or not doesn’t change that.”

Birdie snuggled into his chest. She didn’t want to be a vampire, at least not yet. But it brought her some comfort to know that if things took a turn for the worst at least she would not be truly dead. Just undead? Shaking the thoughts from her mind she inhaled deeply finding comfort in her husbands' smell. The sound of a watch beeping had her turning towards Godric with confusion.

“Time to eat,” Godric whispered and pressed a kiss to her nose.

“Are you scheduling my feeding times?” Birdie asked with a quirked brow.

The ancient vampire did not even look an ounce ashamed. “Yes.” He rose from the bed pulling her with him. Once she stood he sniffed the air slightly. “There is a faint scent of blood coming from you.”

‘Damn his sense of smell’ Birdie thought. “I got a small scrape but Eric healed it. I must not have washed it all off.”

Godric’s eyes narrowed. “He should have brought you to me to heal.”

Birdie felt sweat beginning to build up. “It was nothing, sugar. And you were in the middle of business. By the way, how was Nora?” The dark haired girl let out a sigh of relief when Godric’s mind shifted to thoughts of Nora.

“She is...detoxing.” He said haltingly.

“Oh? So the blood of Lilith, it acts like a drug?” Birdie asked, taking Godric’s offered hand so they could walk down to the main kitchen for her meal.
Godric nodded curtly. “In a way.”

“So, her actions were not her fault?” the blue-eyed girl pressed.

Her dark-haired husband narrowed his eyes slightly “That is the age-old question. How affected are people when they ingest mind-altering substances? Are the liable for their actions? Were they still able to make decisions? And if so how much of their decision making was impaired by the ingested substance?”

“What do you believe when it comes to Nora?”

Godric signed loudly and rubbed at his forehead. “I believe Nora was influenced by the blood of Lilith as well as the words of Salome. Nora and I have always had a... different relationship. My relationship with Erikir has always been close, he is my firstborn. My first true companion in my undead life. Our personalities are well matched and it has always been easier with him. Nora on the other hand...She and I have butted heads more than once. We have disagreed on many things. There was still a bond of familial love between us but it was never nearly as strong as my bond with Erikir. I believe it stemmed from my reluctance to turn her when she was a mere human dying of the plague.”

Birdie’s brows shot up at this news. She had not heard this story yet. “You didn’t choose to turn Nora?”

Godric gave her a sad smile and shook his head. “No. Erikir begged me to.” Her dark-haired husband sat her down at the dining room table, pressed a quick kiss to her forehead before zooming out into the kitchen and back with a tray of food for her. He pulled the lid off and Birdie immediately felt her mouth begin to water. Butter seared steak, well done, of course, rosemary potatoes and a healthy serving of steamed vegetables on the side. Birdie breathed in the aroma deeply before grabbing a fork and devouring the food. She looked up a second later to see Godric staring at her with laughter in his eyes and a large smile on his lips. Birdie smiled sheepishly and sat up a little straighter.

“Okay. So tell me the story of turning Nora.”

Godric tapped the side of his head and nodded slightly telling her to go ahead and read his mind. This was her favorite part of being able to now read vampires minds. She was able to see history through their eyes and it never got old.
“Take her, but be careful to do it under the cover of night and take her to the cottage in the woods. You learned from your last mistake, yes?” Godric asked turning back to his papers.

“It is not that, Fader,” Again there was the nervous energy pouring out of his sons bond.

Godric turned back, brow raised.

“The King asked me to bring him a woman.” Eric began. Eric had become something close to a procurer for the King. Or perhaps Eric was more of his muscle. He fetched people and things that the King requested of him. Normally things that were not lawful in nature and would be brought under the scrutiny of anyone that was involved with the church. “I went to find her in Surrey. She was assisting the dead.”

Godric already knew where this was going. She was dying, most likely painfully so. The humans were carrying diseases and passing it to one another like rats in the gutters. Disgusting creatures, filthy vermin. They had even ruined the blood. Godric and Eric had to be picky about where their meals came from. Anyone that was affected by the plague had the filth ruining their blood, molding it strangely and making their blood practically undrinkable. They were ruining the one thing they were good for.

“I am sorry, my love” Godric said softly bringing Birdie out of his memory. She knew he was referring to his thoughts from that time.

“Its alright, Sugar” Birdie answered and clasped one hand over his while the other continued to shovel food into her mouth.

“Find him a new woman then Eric. Explain to him she has perished. Get him a french girl. They are slightly more entertaining.” Godric answered and turned back.

“Fader, Listen” Eric pleaded.

Godric sighed loudly and turned back to his son.

“I wish to change her.” The blonde explained.

Godric blinked slowly. “Change her? You wish to become a maker?”

Eric winced. “Not yet. I do not believe I am ready.”

“Ah. You wish for me to change her.” He said, now slightly more intrigued by Eric’s tale.

The blonde nodded.

“Why would I do that?” Godric was not a vampire that thrived on being a Maker, that made the practice a sport. His own had been so inclined making Godric view the practice with distaste.

“She is intelligent, brave and beautiful. She could be an asset to us.”

The dark haired vampire looked at his son with shrewd eyes. “We have no need for another in our coven. Why do you truly want her? As a companion?”
Eric turned his eyes towards the floor, a submissive gesture. “I believe it will be a waste to allow one so brave and intelligent to pass away. She has the potential to be a marvelous vampire. I can sense it.”

In the hundreds of years they had been together Erikir had not asked him for much. Godric felt his heart pull at the wanting that was clearly present in his prodigy's eyes. “And if I deny your wish?”

Eric stood up straight and looked his maker in the eyes. “Then I will obey your wishes, Fader, and speak no more of this.”

Godric pursed his lips slightly and felt his resistance beginning to crumble. “Bring her to me.”

Birdie felt Godric gently nudging her out of his memory and back into the present. She smiled softly at him and winked. “You were a softy even back then.”

Godric chuckled and shook his head. “I met Nora. Though she was on her deathbed she was all that Eric had said. I decided to change her for Erikir, so they could be companions. But it did not last long, they had different aspirations for this undead life. You see, Nora was always interested in a higher meaning. She was always very religious, always very headstrong and most of all always involved in something bigger than herself. I believe that is how Salome had enticed her. She offered my youngest childe first the blood, which can make a vampire feel exponentially more powerful than they already are, then Salome offered her something that Nora had always sought out, a cause that was bigger than herself.”

Birdie nodded along getting a glimpse into the vampire that she was still very much undecided on.

“But all those things do not excuse her attempting to kill my mate and unborn child.” Godric said, the clouds of anger beginning to hang over his eyes.

Birdie felt her plan beginning to unravel. ‘How unbearable would Godric be if he found out about a small bit of blood?’ The blue-eyed girl looked over at him and immediately knew that she would end up the next bubble boy if Eric spilled the beans.

“You’re right, Sugar. But like you said how much of the blood controlled her actions? Would the Nora you know, not junkie Nora, hurt me or our unborn child?”

Godric leaned back slightly in his chair, arms crossed over his muscles chest while he thought. “I don’t believe so. Nora was loyal, headstrong but loyal. She loved me as I loved her. I don’t believe she would have if the blood and Salome had not warped her mind.”

Birdie shrugged sympathetically. “Well then, can you kill her for her addiction and brainwashing?”

“Do you not believe she needs to be punished?”

The blue-eyed girl tilted her head to the side and grimaced. “She needs to be punished Godric. But the question is, should her punishment be death or should it be something else where she gets to live but is forced to understand the severity of her actions?”

“I don’t know. A very large part of me says to kill her and the other says not to. I don’t know which is right.” Godric said in a voice barely above a whisper.

Feeling her heart seize at the pain and confusion he was feeling the girl rose from her seat and settled
in his lap her arms going around his neck while his own wound around her waist. She rested her head against his after pressing a kiss to his temple.

“What do I do, Birdie?”

The dark haired girl felt tears well in her eyes because of his pain. “We wait. Wait until you decide how you feel. You have time. Nora needs to detox and you need to determine where you side with her punishment.”

Birdie tapped into Godric’s mind and listened as he wondered if Nora’s brainwashing could be undone. Would it be more merciful to kill her than to use a maker’s command and take away her free will? Did he give her the choice? Is that how being merciful worked? But the biggest question was could Nora be healed. Could she return to a clay-like state and be molded once more by Godric’s hands, only this time into a vampire with morals and a conscious?

Godric turned towards her with a sad smile on his face and pressed her forehead against his.

“It is going to work out, Godric. I know it will. You will make the right decision.” Birdie whispered.

“I believe, my little bird, that you have far more faith in me than I do in myself.”

The dark haired girl gave her husband a wry smile. “Well then, I guess it is good I have enough faith for the both of us”.

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