**Sookie of a Different Breed.**

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**Sookie of a Different Breed.**

by **Areanna_Whitewolf**

**Summary**

What if everything was different when Eric and Sookie met the first time? What if Bill F*cked up the night he tried to 'save' Sookie from the Rats? Get ready for the sparks to fly when a smarter, edgier, vamped (but still untouched) Sookie walks into Fangtastia the first time and throws the world of True Blood down a completely different path.

**Notes**

Author’s Note: I took down the first story I tried this with because I just couldn’t make it fit well with my idea. Then listening to a video on YouTube called True Blood: Females || SAIL! by PinkGl8er2, I suddenly got struck with this idea. To all the people who are following my other stories, they will be continued soon I promise. I said it once and I will say it again. When the muses strike they strike. And with me going in and out of the hospital trying to escape the constant headache I suffer 24/7, I write when the ideas come. I hope you like this one better then the last one. The beginning will be a little shaky to start, but once I settle in, it will be much better.
Maybe I'm a Different Breed

This is how I show my love  
I made it in my mind because  
I blame it on my A.D.D. baby

This is how an angel dies  
I blame it on my own supply  
Blame it on my A.D.D. baby

Sookie slowly got out of her car, giving one last adjustment to the knee length, form fitting dark blue skirt she was wearing. The lighter blue peasant blouse flowed around her top, giving her a look that was edgy without seeming too racy or white trash. Her silky hair curled just right below her shoulders as she walked towards the door of the only vampire establishment she could find near Bon Tempts. Seeing the strawberry blonde woman at the door, she followed one of the few instructions Bill dared to give her before he released her. She ignored the line completely and stepped up, taking a deep breath before she spoke only loud enough for the woman to hear.

“Are you Pam by any chance?”

The woman looked her up and down, giving her a bored look and a wan smirk.

“Yes. And what can I do for you, sugar lumps?”

Sookie took one more fortifying breath and met the woman eye to eye.

“I was told to check in with the Sherriff. My Maker told me come here and see a woman named Pam. He said that you would be able to help me with checking in.”

Pam suddenly stood up straighter and blinked, taking a deeper sniff of the woman before her. This girl wasn’t just a vampire, she was a new vampire. Maybe a week old at most. And without her maker. This wasn’t looking good at all.

“And where is your maker, sweet cheeks? He should be here to check you in himself.”

Sookie swallowed harshly and tried not to let emotions control her.

“I don’t know where he is. He turned me by accident, told me to come here, and then released me. I haven’t seen him since. In fact, I barely knew him. Thank god for true blood or I would have starved to death by now.”

Pam’s eyes opened wide as she ushered Sookie just inside the door and signaled one of the younger vampires to take over the door for the time being. This was serious business and she couldn’t trust just anyone to do it. As it was, Eric was going to be pissed anyone in his area did this.

Walking the girl slowly up to the dais where Eric sat on his thrown, Pam let her go and walked up the stairs to whisper in his ear.

Meanwhile, Sookie just stared at what appeared to be a Nordic god sitting in front of her. Men like that weren’t born on earth anymore. And the power she could feel radiating off of him was nearly crippling. Everything in her screamed to act in deference to him. But Sookie Stackhouse was too strong a Southern woman to bend to the will of others, no matter what the creature inside of her said. Her Gran didn’t raise her to be a damsel, no sir. So she stood tall and waited for whatever came next.
Virgin Vampire or not, she was no shrinking violet and she was determined not to act like one.

Finally the man’s eyes turned solidly on her and he sighed, saying something in another language she couldn’t understand. Then he stood up and walked down the steps to stand in front of her.

“I am Sherriff Eric Northman. I reside over Area Five of Louisiana. Being so young I doubt you have any idea what that means. But you were smart to seek me out. Come with me to my office. It seems we have much to discuss.”

Sookie nodded silently and walked behind him, trying desperately not to stare at the backside packed into those tight jeans Mr. Northman seemed to have painted on himself. Good girl or not, that backside screamed sex, especially attached to the tall, blue eyed, blonde man walking in front of her. She almost missed it when Pam bent over her shoulder and spoke quietly.

“Seems we have a bit of an ass fetish, cupcake.”

Sookie looked down just as they walked into the office, glad she could no longer blush.

“I wasn’t…and what is with the name calling anyway? You could just ask me my name.”

Pam pulled her head up gently by the chin and smirked at her.

“And what would be the fun of that? My, aren’t you just as sweet as American Pie. Don’t worry cupcake. Women have been staring at that ass for a very long time, but few have been able look at it up close. Consider yourself lucky.”

Sookie was ready to snap at Pam in return, but Eric spoke first.

“Pamela, stop your games. This is serious business. You can have your fun later. Go entertain the vermin, would you?”

Pam snorted.

“Really Eric, I…”

“PAMELA!”

Pam huffed, crossing her arms.

“Fine. But you owe me.”

Eric looked at her with a lazy smile.

“Don’t I always? Now go. I have a job to do. And while you’re out there look for something decent to eat please? Our guest will need it soon, by the look of it.”

Sookie looked up and shook her head.

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about me. Any old bottle of True Blood will be fine.”

Pam looked at Eric and raised a questioning eye brow. Eric just stared at her silently. Nodding once more, Pam left the office. She would find a proper meal for the baby vamp if there was one to be found. New Vampires couldn’t be nourished on just bottled blood. It wasn’t nearly enough and letting anyone survive on that alone was just a shit storm waiting to happen.
Meanwhile in the office, Eric and Sookie sat opposite each other, staring each other down. Then Eric broke the silence.

“So, first let’s get the introductions out of the way. Who are you?”

Sookie shook her head, mentally berating herself. She was raised better than that.

“Oh, forgive me Sherriff Northman. My name is Sookie Stackhouse. I come from Bon Tempts.”

Eric’s brow furrowed. He hadn’t heard of any vampire residing in the little, backwoods town. Seems there was more here to find out then he thought.

“Well, it is nice to meet you Miss Stackhouse. May I call you Sookie? It’s a unique name. I don’t believe I’ve ever heard it before. And considering how long I’ve lived, that is saying something. Besides, Sookie just rolls off the tongue so easily.”

Sookie gave him a smile as she nodded.

“Sure you can. As long as you pronounce it right. My maker insisted on calling me Sookeh. It annoyed the heck out of me. And Miss Stackhouse makes me sound like my Gran. Would you mind if I called you Eric? Since we all are bein’ so informal.”

Eric gave her a smile of his own, letting her know that he was okay with that.

“So, let’s get business out of the way, shall we? You say that you were turned by accident and your maker released you? Does this stupid vampire have a name? “

“Well he did say his name was Bill, but I later found out he was called William Thomas Compton.”

“William Compton did you say? Hmm, that’s rather interesting. That is a name I haven’t heard in quite some time.”

“Wait, you know him? Wow, talk about small world.”

“Yes I know him. But that is a story for another time. Tell me how you know of him.”

“The Compton family goes way back in Bon Tempts. Seems Bill had a descendant named Jesse Compton who used to live right next door to me. Jesse died recently and Bill said that he had hoped to live there and straighten the place up. Which was a load of bull, far as I can tell. When he left, he seemed to be in a great, big hurry. He left some things behind in the house. After what I found out, I was angrier then a stepped on alley cat, let me tell you.”

Eric stared at her with curiosity. Suddenly this story got very interesting.

“Well, Sookie, if you wouldn’t mind starting from the beginning, that would be a great help in trying to get the full picture.

Sookie took a deep breath and brushed her hair back, crossing her legs as she relaxed back in the chair.

“I was a waitress working for Merlotte’s Bar and Grill. Sam Merlotte, the owner, he was a good friend of mine and he was a great boss. At least until I became a vampire. He doesn’t seem to like us too much. And for some reason he wouldn’t tell me, he smells like a wet dog.”

Eric Shrugged.
“That’s likely because Samuel Merlotte is a shifter. They are people who can shift into any number of animals. He likely favors a dog.”

Sookie gasped.

“Why that…after he knew about my secret and everything. He’s gonna get from me next time I see him.”

Eric almost smiled. This little southern belle was a spitfire. But they were getting away from the main topic.

“Sookie, we shall talk about the dog later. You were telling me how you met Bill.”

“Oh, right. Well, anyway, about a week ago Bill walked in and sat down in my area. He looked kind of out of place and ragged, so I knew something was different about him. He asked for a bottle of blood, but I told him we just threw away a case of it that went bad. So he ordered red wine instead and spent most of the night just staring at me. I was a little creeped out to be honest, but I was raised with manners, so I just let him stare and went about my business. It wasn’t until later that we spoke again.

“See, Bill was either the dumbest person I ever met or he was really askin’ for trouble. I am inclined to believe the second option. Because he wound up taking a seat with two of the worst people he could. He was just lucky I was there to save his butt when they turned out to be v-addicted drainers lookin’ to make him their next fix. I drove them off and released him from the silver they chained him with. He didn’t like that much and was sort of put off being saved by a human girl, I guess. He was determined to take care of himself. Finally, after talking for a bit, we decided to meet the next night so that he could repay me or something, I suppose.

She paused for a moment, swallowing as she remembered the night that came after. Shaking off the echoes of pain, she continued.

“I was waitin’ on him to show and he was late. The drainers weren’t. They came back and beat the crap out of me. I don’t remember much, but I was badly broken up and I’d lost a lot of blood. At one point Bill offered me his wrist and I was so out of it I barely understood most of what he was sayin’. He told me that if I wanted to heal I would have to drink. I told him I didn’t want to be a vampire and he assured me that it wouldn’t turn me. After that I passed out. I woke up later, in the ground behind my house. He buried me naked and was waitin’ on me I guess. He spent a few hours babblin’ on about how sorry he was and such. He let me bathe, gave me a bottle of true blood, told me to come here, and said something about releasing me as my maker. He left me sittin’ in his house and ran off. I haven’t seen him since.”

She sniffed and blew out a breath before shaking her head and looking back at Eric.

“I had to go home and explain to my Gran what happened. Then yesterday I went back to his house just to check if he was there. I searched around a bit and found a folder. It was disgusting, is what it was. A gross invasion of my privacy. He had a whole folder about me. Apparently he was sent here by someone named Sophie-Anne to check on me. Something about my family tree or something.”

Eric sat up straight when he heard the Queen’s name.

“Do you, by any chance, have the file that you found? Did you bring it with you?”

She nodded, swallowing hard.

“Yes, it’s in my car. I mean, I took out all the photos, cause some of them were just indecent, but I
left most of the written stuff in it.”

Eric looked at her carefully, knowing just by the way she was twitching that she was very nervous about something.

“Sookie, there is something you aren’t telling me. If I’m to help you, I have to know the whole truth. You see, Sophie-Anne is the Vampire Queen of Louisiana. If she sent Bill to you, there had to have been a very good reason for it. She wanted you enough to send out her best procurer.”

Sookie bit her lip and collected herself.

“No one can know this information, Eric. Your queen only suspects I am special. Just reading that file tells me that if anyone else knew how I’m special, I could be a slave to anyone with enough money. Just telling you could be a mistake. Please, I…”

Eric tilted his head and got up, flashing over to kneel in front of her chair and look at her eye to eye.

“Sookie Stackhouse, I am much older than the Queen. In fact, I am the third oldest vampire in America. I can protect you. But to do this, I must know what I am protecting. I am not usually in the business of defying my queen, but I do not like that she went behind my back and told me nothing of this venture. That you were turned against your will only makes this worst. If we work together, not only could Bill be in serious trouble, but so could the Queen. So you must trust me with this.”

Sookie looked at him hard, searching his eyes to see if he was being honest with her. She had to be sure.

“Before I was turned, I thought I was human was a small quirk. I could read minds. Just human minds. I just thought I was born with it. To be honest, it was a bit more like a curse. It set me apart and made me strange to everyone. I was crazy Sookie. But according to the file, the Queen suspected more. I don’t know how she came by the information, but she really studied my entire family. She came across a name in there. I don’t know what it means yet, but it must have been big, cause she kept sending Bill e-mails with it. According to her letters, she wasn’t certain of the truth. I had to ask my Gran to get the full story, and that’s why I know I am in danger, even now that I am a vampire.”

She stood up, swallowing harshly as he stood up with her.

“The Stackhouse line goes back nearly four hundred years, Mr. Northman. But my granddaddy Earl, he couldn’t have had children. He got really sick when he was a child and it left him…impotent. But my Gran really wanted children. So desperately that she had an affair with a handsome stranger she met one day. They only slept together twice, and Granddaddy knew she wasn’t havin’ his children. But he loved her, and he treated my daddy and Aunt Linda like they were his own kin. She didn’t say much about the stranger, but I did get a name out of her mind. I don’t know what he was, but it must have been big cause the Queen really wants to know about it. She wants one of his bloodline. The only thing I could get before my Gran blocked me out was a last name. The file had three possible first names. My Gran finally pointed out the right one. Could you come a little closer? I don’t want anyone to hear.”

Eric looked around his office before leaning close to give her his ear. He had promised her secrecy and he intended to fully keep that promise. The minute she muttered the name whisper quiet in his ear, he swallowed hard and pulled back to stare her down. She had no reason to lie, and the truth was too big to make up. No human would’ve been able to know that name.

Standing in front of him was the Granddaughter of Fintan Brigant! Shit had officially hit the proverbial fan.
As both of them stood there staring at each other, Pam finally returned to the office with two people. Both were male, and they looked fairly normal save for the glazed eyes of the glamour they both had on them.

“Dinner is served, Cupcake. Take your pick. Short and boring, or tall and stupid.”

Sookie looked at the two men with a critical eye and shook her head.

“I can’t feed on them. The one in the blue shirt is so gay, he almost sounds like a girl. He thought he was going to be a meal for Eric. And the second one is…an undercover police officer sent here to see if there was anything he can find to pin on you. The cops are trying to get Fangtastia closed down.”

Eric shrugged.

“They have nothing on us. We aren’t doing anything illegal.”

Sookie stood still for a minute and tilted her head.

“Maybe not, but there is a vampire named Taryn in the bathroom right now feeding on an unglamoured male named Rodney Crayson. He may want it, but it is probably good to stop that as fast as possible. According to what I can get from…Detective Luader here, the police are already on their way.”

Pam looked at Sookie with suspicious.

“What are you, Cupcake, a mind reader?”

“First, my name is Sookie. Second, I am a telepath. And third, we’re running out of time.”

Eric blinked and shut down his computer.

“Pam, close the bar and have Long Shadow give the police a statement. I’ll take care of Taryn.”

Just as Pam was about to speed out the door, Sookie spoke again.
“I wouldn’t use Long Shadow if I were you. You don’t know it yet, but he seems to be glamouring someone named Ginger into helping him steal money from you. He’s already taken forty thousand alone.”

Eric growled and fist the desk.

“Close it down Pam…I’ll take care of the police. And speak to NO ONE about Sookie. As your Maker, I command you.”

Pam jetted off in minutes, knowing that time was of the essence.

Eric looked at Sookie and sighed.

“So I take it you can read vampires now as well?”

Sookie trembled, knowing this had the potential to go very bad.

“I can if I really concentrate on one vampire at a time. Pam was a little difficult, but Taryn was so easy I barely had to try at all. Bill was a little harder than Pam. But he thinks in French for some reason, so it’s harder to get a read on him. You are much harder to then all of them put together though. And you think in…Swedish or something. At least that’s what it sounds like. My mama could speak Swedish, Spanish, German, and French, so I can understand a few words here and there. Not enough to know what you are saying or anything. Besides, from what I can get off you, you’re really old. I think that might have something to do with it.”

Eric looked her over.

“You must tell no one of your upgraded telepathy. Not your human relations, not your closest friend and most certainly not another vampire. The fact that you can read vampires can either be a death sentence or a reason to keep you as a slave. We don’t want that. Pam is my progeny, so I can command her not to repeat anything she has heard here. But for now Sookie, we will keep this our little secret. Another thing. You must not dare to mention your family history. Now is not the time to explain, but it could put you in very real danger. When we do reveal it to the correct people at the right time, though, Bill Compton and the Queen are going to be in very severe trouble. That is if they are allowed to live at all.”

Sookie nodded.

“I wasn’t even going to tell you. But you seem like an honorable man. I may not be able to understand your thoughts, but I could at least get a sense of that. Otherwise I wouldn’t have said anything at all about what the file contained.”

They fell silent after that, waiting for the cops to show.

After the cops left with a warning and a small fine to be paid for the feeding, Eric gathered up his keys and other affects before he turned to Sookie again.

“Sookie, it is still early in the night. If you are willing to trust me a little further, I can offer you shelter for tonight and something to drink. From what I gather, it sounds like you spend your day rest in the ground. Never mind that your maker abandoned you without teaching you anything. It is a miracle you have survived the week without any major incidents to speak of. I can take the place of your maker for now until something else can be done. What Bill Compton has done to you is a sacrilege and a disgrace. Leaving a new born vampire to fend for itself is much like having a baby
only to dump it in the gutter the day that it is born.”

Sookie stared hard at him, rolling his question over in her head. Then, coming to her decision, she rubbed her head and nodded.

“Alright, Mr. Northman. I will spend my day rest with you. But before I do, there something I must ask of you. My Gran didn’t raise me to be a fool. I don’t intend on being one either.”

Eric waved at her, giving her the floor.

“I am all ears Miss Stackhouse.”

Sookie saw the smirk and mentally shook her head. Life with Eric Northman in it was never going to be dull. She barely knew him yet and she could already tell.

“I am a lady. I was raised to be a proper, god-fearin’ Southern Woman who respects herself. Being a vampire hasn’t changed that in me. So I ask that you treat me as the lady I am. I’ve read the mind of those girls out there, Eric. I know you’ve had your time with some of them. You seem to have somewhat of a reputation for being a bit of…well excuse my French, but a man-whore. And that’s fine with me. What you do in your spare time is none of my business. But I am not like those girls. So I ask that you respect that. I don’t sleep with just anyone. But as long as you can keep your hands to yourself, I will come with you.”

Eric tilted his head, looking at her curiously.

“If you don’t mind me asking, Sookie, are you a virgin?”

Sookie folded her hands and put her head down. Uncle Bartlett’s face rose to the front of her mind.

“In all the ways that matter. I have never had sexual relations. If you are talking about in technical terms, then the answer is no. And that’s all I will say about the matter.”

Eric all but heard the words she wouldn’t dare to say. Someone had stolen her innocence from her. Some scum had taken her against her will. Eric did a lot of things in his long life as a vampire. Some of which he couldn’t say he was proud of. And some of it he even reveled in. But if there was two things he never touched, it was children and rape. He could get any woman he wanted if he tried just a little. To take a woman by force…Godric had taught him that such things were not only wrong, but below vampires. That Sookie was telepathic on top of being raped. That she had to hear just what the person who took her was thinking while he did. It was no small wonder she called her gift a curse.

Walking up to her, he gently raised her face and stared at her.

“Sookie Stackhouse, you are very special. And I am going to have to teach you just how special you are. I can tell that already. And no, I am not just talking about your gift either. Having to hear peoples thoughts sounds great on paper, but I imagine for you, it must get more than difficult. Being a vampire, I can understand that difficulty. As you are just now learning, our hearing and smell is far superior to humans. In the hunt, this is an asset. But in most cases, it is quite horrible. Especially during the time of the Plague. Not only was food in short supply, but the smell of death followed you wherever you went. I have lived lifetimes, and still there are smells that I can barely stand, let alone tolerate. So I can only imagine what hearing human thoughts would be like.

“First I will say that I will abide by your rule. I will not touch you without your permission. I have never forced a woman, not in all my thousand years on this earth. I do not intend to start now. Second, I may seem like a man whore, but I am not. The women who come here are hardly more than a quick release. They ask for what they get and I give it to them without regret. But in truth, it is
hardly more than a fast food meal to humans. It satisfies the hunger, but no more or less than a greasy burger does, I suppose. True Blood keeps us alive, but it cannot completely sustain us. You are not yet old enough to understand the difference. But I can promise you, once you have your first taste of real blood, you will understand what I am talking about.”

Eric paused, letting her absorb his words before he continued.

“Lastly, there is something I will say to you. I do not know who hurt you, Sookie, but I can promise no one will again. Aside from the fact that you are a vampire, I can teach you to defend yourself. I won’t ask you what occurred, but I have been around too long not to recognize the words you spoke for what they were. If you let me, I can teach you so much. So that next time a man puts his hands on you without your permission, you can strike back viciously and without pause. No one has the right to put their hands on a woman and force her. That is a truth I live by. And I promise you, if you listen to what I tell you, no man or woman will ever be able to do so again with you. In that, you have my word.”

Sookie looked up at him, a bloody tear running down her face. She didn’t sob, but her lips trembled as she fought back the urge to weep into his chest. Her voice shook as she spoke.

“Thank you, Mr. Northman. You have no idea what your words mean to me. I am strong and my Grandmother raised me right. But this is so new to me. I am…frightened of this change. I didn’t plan for it, I didn’t ask for it, and no offense to vampires everywhere, but I didn’t particularly want it. I had enough on my plate being a telepath as it was. I didn’t want more than that.

“But this is how it is now, and there’s nothing I can do about it. If you can teach me what I need to know to help me in being what I am, then I am glad for it. I would never say this aloud, and I am ashamed to admit it now, but I am alone in this. And I don’t want to be. I had no one to turn to who could explain what being a vampire means. I am hungry all the time, I can barely stand having my brother bury me every night, and I…have all these new urges I just don’t get. I hate that I have to ask for help. But this isn’t like anything I’ve ever been through before. So, thank you for your kindness, Eric. It means more to me then I can put to words.”

Before Eric could speak in return, Pam stood at the office door with her hands on her hips.

“If you’re done with your weepy feelings, can we go? You are so mushy, you remind me of soggy baby diapers. And there’s nothing I hate worse than a soggy diaper.”

Sookie sniffed and stood up. Now it was time to fight fire with fire.

“Were you born a bitch, Pam? Or is that something Eric taught you when he realized that you couldn’t deal with your own feelings. I’m not tryin’ to be rude or nothing, but in all my twenty four human years on this planet, I’ve heard some of the bitchiest minds to walk the whole state of Louisiana. You pretty much take the cake.”

At first, Pam looked as if she was going to teach the baby vamp in front of her a lesson. Then her face smoothed out as she snorted and actually laughed a little.

“Well, Well. Looks like Cupcake is full of all kinds of spice. For a minute there I was worried you were gonna be like all the other baby vamps I’ve come across. One minute they’re killing something, and the next minute their crying about it. And bloody tears make such a mess out of my Christian Louboutin shoes.”

Sookie tilted her head. So that’s how it was.
“Hmm…Louboutin is a good designer. I happen to favor Jimmy Choo myself, when I save up enough money to buy a pair. I see you are wearing one of Jimmy’s fall collection at the moment. It doesn’t really go well with that pleather get-up you’re wearing, but most people wouldn’t really notice the difference. However I do have one pair of shoes it took me forever to buy. I saved up nearly two years for them, but they are my favorite so far. They are my white pair of Belinda’s. They are made by Charlotte Olympia. I haven’t found the right occasion to wear them yet. But my life has gotten a whole lot longer as of a week ago, as long as I stay away from fire, sunlight, silver and wood. I am sure at some point I’ll find just the right time to wear them.”

Pam’s look of shock was brief before she looked at Eric.

“Tell me we are going to keep her. It’s almost like having a little sister I never knew I wanted.”

Suddenly there was the sound of glass breaking and a high pitched scream of pain. Pam sighed. If vampires could have a headache, she would be suffering a migraine right now.

“GINGER! What did I tell you about handling the gallon bottles of Liquor?”

Pam left to go handle the mess. It only took three seconds for the situation to become worse. Ginger, whose mind was glamoured one too many times, had tried to clean up the glass with her bare hands. One mistake was all it took for the smell of blood to fill the air. Eric made ready to grab Sookie so that she didn’t kill ginger in a fit of bloodlust. But when he turned to stare at her, he was astounded.

Sookie stood with her fist clutched so tightly, her nails were drawing blood from her palms. Her teeth were clenched so tight her fangs couldn’t go down, though sharpened points were clearly evident. And though she shook with the effort it took to keep herself from attacking a bleeding human, for a week old vampire she was showing the kind of control it took vampire two to three years to learn. No week old vampire Eric had ever seen could display the kind of control Sookie was showing right now with so much blood filling the air.

Finally with a few short breaths, Sookie spoke.

“I am going to go outside now. I will go sit in my car and wait to follow you to your house. I need to get out of here.”

Without another word, Sookie sped out of the office and left through the employee door in the back of the building.

It only took three minutes for Eric to close down everything and make sure Pam saw Ginger out the door. He managed to swallow down three bags of cold donor blood before he walked out the back door himself. He thought about bringing the one left over bag for Sookie, but he had more at home that were fresher. Before he got in his own care, he stepped up to Sookie’s beat up yellow one to see if she was alright. Good thing too, because she wasn’t doing well at all.

Sookie sat in the front seat of her car with her head leaning back against the driver’s seat. Her neck was taut and her arms were curled around her mid-section. An empty bottle of True Blood was sitting in her lap, but obviously it didn’t do any good. Eric wasted no time in opening up her door and pulling her out to sit her on the hood of the car.

“Sookie, listen to me. You have to drink. You are clearly so starved you are suffering hunger pangs.”

Sookie shook her head.

“I did drink. I had three bottles and they didn’t do anything. Now I just feel sick.”
Eric had no more than half a second to turn Sookie the right way before she vomited up the bottled substitute completely. He pulled out a handkerchief from his back pocket to wipe off her mouth before pulling her up close.

“What’s wrong with me Eric? My stomach feels like I tried to swallow glass. It hurts.”

“I told you that bottled blood wasn’t enough. You need real blood in you.”

Sookie choked out her words, trying to keep from screaming.

“I can’t….don’t want to kill anyone.”

Eric stared into her pain hazed eyes and nodded.

“I know. Which is why you aren’t going to drink from a human. You will have to feed from me. Vampire blood, especially from someone my age, is the only thing better than human blood for a new born. Normally this would be a Maker’s job, but your maker was a stupid prick. So this is where we find ourselves. Please Sookie, you must bite me. I am giving you my permission.”

Sookie blinked weakly at him and nearly screamed as another wave of agony clawed at her stomach.

“I don’t….don’t…know…how.”

Eric looked around him and grabbed the bottle on the ground, breaking it against the car. Taking a decent piece, he drove into his neck, cutting a deep hole into it. Tossing the glass away, he put her mouth over the hole. At first she didn’t do anything, too lost to pain. But she wasn’t still for long. Her mouth opened wide as she fixed it over the hole he made, gulping down one mouthful before her fangs flashed out and sunk deep.

Sookie was so lost in the taste of blood she hardly knew anything outside of it. Nothing in her life had prepared her for the indescribable taste of silky richness pouring from the man in front of her. She only pulled him closer, trying to get more of him into her. After the tenth mouthful though, she forced her fangs to retract as she licked the wound clean and watched it heal. She continued to hold him close, every nerve in her body screaming like she was being hit by lightning. Something else ached, something that until now she hadn’t given a thought to. She had felt arousal before, but this was like someone has turned it up all the way and broke the dial so it was stuck there. She fought with everything in her as she left him go and sat up straight. She tried with all her might to sound normal and calm.

“Thank you Eric. Thank you so much. I will repay the favor one day I promise.”

As she tried to scoot away from him, he brought her close again and spoke calmly to her.

“It’s okay Sookie. What you are feeling right now is just a part of being a vampire. In the beginning, everything is more extreme. You’re thirst for blood, your heightened awareness, and your…need for other kinds of satiation. It will take time to get used to this. It won’t go away, but in the times to come, you will find you are so use to it that it no longer feels like a constant scream inside you. Now I swore to be a gentleman with you, and I do not break my promises. But there is a way for me to help you take care of the desire you are feeling without having to touch you at all. Will you allow me to help you with this?”

Sookie trembled as she looked at him.

“Eric, we are in an empty parking lot at one in the morning. I hardly think this is the place for this…discussion.”
Eric looked around and nodded.

“Then let us go to my home. We can discuss it better there.”

Once they were both put together better and were able to pull apart, they each got into their own care and Sookie followed Eric’s Corvette out of the Fangtastia parking lot.

After all, Sookie may have had no idea what Eric had in mind, but the night was still young. As the little devil on her shoulder whispered sinful words in her ear, she couldn’t help but dread what was to come. With the fire racing in her blood and the dirty thoughts swirling in her mind, She had no idea what was going to happen when they arrived at Eric’s house. Being a vampire was proving harder by the moment.

Boy, did she have a lot to learn. And by the looks Eric Northman had been giving her the whole night, he was certainly determined to teach her everything there was to know about being a vampire. For all she knew he could be walking her straight through the gates of hell. But if his last words were anything to go by, well…

…At least she might be going there a happy woman with a big, stupid grin on her face.
This is how show my love

Chapter Summary

Sookie finds out going too deep into someone’s mind can be dangerous and Eric has two guests pop up….one is a Doctor…the other….well you’ll just have to see.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As they arrived at a long winding driveway, Sookie’s eyes opened wide at the sight of the house before her. While it wasn’t a big, resplendent mansion, it was still gorgeous. It was the epitome of what southern wealth could buy. It could rival ‘Tara’ from Gone with the Wind. She stopped her car just behind Eric’s and slowly got out, closing the door behind her.

She barely noticed when Eric came up beside her.

“Welcome to my home, Sookie Stackhouse.”

Never one to forget her southern upbringing, she turned to him.

“Why thank you, Mr. Northman. I am glad that you trust me enough invite me to your home.”

Eric walked her up to the front door, punching in a code so fast, he was sure she wouldn’t see it.

“Well, to be honest, normally I wouldn’t dream of inviting anyone here aside from Pam. But you are just barely a week old. With the fact that you live in such a small town, I doubt you have an army of people behind you big enough to take me down. Plus, you have revealed secrets to me you knew could get you killed or worst by vampires. Even if you were a threat, you are hardly a very big one. So trusting you is hardly an effort on my part. You almost make it too easy.”

As they walked through the door, Sookie slipped off her peep toed pumps and put them to the side. Just the hallway alone told her this wasn’t a house to tract dirt in.

“Isn’t that the most pragmatic answer one could give.”

She looked down at the file in her hand and held it out to him.

“Eric, this folder holds my whole life in it. There is stuff in here not even I knew about myself until I read it. I am trusting you with a lot. I just hope you understand the enormity of this gesture.”

Eric looked at her piercingly for a moment and finally nodded.

“If I am to be your maker by proxy, then it will be my place to protect you to my fullest ability. That means guarding your secrets as well. You are right to worry. Just your gift of telepathy is so dangerous, it could begin wars. I can only imagine what a greedy few could do with you under their beck and call. We are almost lucky Bill decided to release you before he realized just what exactly he had his hands on. You could, under the slavery of the Queen, make her so rich she could over throw the entire Vampire Justice system.”
Sookie looked at him, suddenly very confused.

“Make her rich? How would I do that? I hardly have two pennies to rub together most times.”

Eric smiled at her. She was just so innocent and unknowing. He would have so much to teach her.

“You don’t even see the truth in your answer, Sookie. This is why I can trust you to be in my home. That the possibilities of your gift never occurred to you proves just how innocent and honest you are. But the Queen is very greedy, and at the moment, she has the IRS crawling all over her. She has overspent all her money at the moment, and is unable to pay the taxes. That is a bad situation for her right now, very bad. Louisiana is in a state of economic crisis as it is, especially after Hurricane Katrina. They need the tax money to be able to help rebuild New Orleans, which is in fact, where the Queen lives. And here in lies why she needs you so badly.”

Sookie shook her head.

“So what, she planned on capturing me to sell me for my gift?”

“In a way, yes. That is only part of the reason she could want you. But just think of what you can really do. With your mind reading abilities as they were when you were human, she could have used you to get into the richest minds in the world. You could get her credit card numbers, computer passwords, access codes, and bank vault combinations. With your ability at her fingers, nothing would be safe from her.”

Sookie looked at him and tilted her head.

“But can’t y’all just do that with glamour. Bill didn’t tell me much, but that part he did mention briefly.”

“Yes, we can glamour this information out of people’s minds. In fact we could control the humans to open up these things themselves so the blame would be on them. But glamour is like everything else. It has its flaws. We have to ask the right people just the right questions. And too much glamouring can leave a path of destroyed minds. You’ve read Ginger’s mind, so you have some idea what I am talking about.

“But with you, it would be effortless. She could have forced you to walk into a bank, read every mind there, and walk out without a backward glance. No one feels you and you leave nothing behind. She could demand the information from you with a flick of her finger. Or she could simply torture it from you. With you by her side Sookie, she could have made every human in America poor.”

Sookie blinked. Then a horrified look of disgust came over her face.

“Oh, that’s just…that’s the most despicable I’ve ever heard. I would never be able to do something so horrible. I would’ve let her kill me first.”

Then she gave him a narrowed look.

“You aren’t thinkin’ anything like that with me, are you?”

He actually laughed at her and shook his head.

“Sookie, I have more money than even Pam could spend in six centuries. I earned my money smartly, and I am careful what I allow it to be used for. Because of this, between my maker, myself, and Pam, we have a wealth of money that wouldn’t run dry even if we gave away fifty grand every
day for ten years. It would barely make a dent in our collective fortunes. I hardly need to steal money
from people. With just Fangtasia alone, people give away their money so much, it's a wonder I see
the same face twice. You have nothing to worry about on that front.”

Sookie relaxed at that. She could never live with herself if anyone used her telepathy in that way.
She’d walk into the sun first.

Finally Eric opened the folder and walked into the living room. He hardly needed to look up as he
pushed a few buttons on the wall and the lights came on. Sookie allowed her eyes to adjust as she
looked around the warmly lit area. She let her eyes wander around at the décor, trying to see if she
could figure out anything more about the vampire she was with. Her love of reading served her well
as she looked at the decorative pieces.

One painting on the wall caught her attention. It was a perfect depiction of a man holding woman
with a baby in her arms. She studied it carefully, taking in each detail. Sookie could tell, just by the
faces alone, that these people were probably from Eric's human life. Maybe they were even his
relations. And by the look of their painted clothing, she could see that they must have been one of
two kinds of people.

Gran had always loved history, and she had taught her granddaughter to love it as well. One of her
most famous lessons were “Sookie, history is just a long road we have to walk. And the world is full
of so much of it. It falls to us to never forget what came before us. Those who walk the path of life in
the past gave us our future. They built the foundation that we stand on, and we would be very
ungrateful if we don’t learn to appreciate that. If we never remember where we came from, we will
never know where we’re going.”

It was because of that lesson that Sookie knew just by looking around her just what people Eric was
born too. Together with the fact that he had stated he was a thousand years old, she was able to take
an educated guess. And the picture in front of her gave her the last clue she need.

Turning around with a silent gasp, she looked at Eric with a startling new amazement. She tilted her
head with a wondrous smile and tried to picture in her mind what he must have looked like as a
human. With her focus so drawn, she hardly felt her mind fan out and pierce through his to see the
image of him in his human village standing with a sword in his hand.

A flash of blood, a dead woman, and the sound of rabid wolves filled her head as she lost her reality.
Eric’s mind had captured hers and being so unprepared for it; she couldn’t escape the horrible
nightmare that she was facing.

Without even hearing herself, she opened her mouth and screamed.

Eric was in front of her in seconds. He barely held her up as she clutched her head and her body
collapsed against him.

“Sookie, what’s wrong?! Are you hurt?!”

Her whole head trembled as she looked up at him. Blood dripped from her eyes as she spoke words
she shouldn’t be able to know.

“Andlát! Mjók Blóð! Ulfr! Neinn! Neinn! Faðir!”

Eric eyes flashed open as he saw her eyes roll up and blood start to slow pool from her nose and
mouth. Her telepathy must have slipped too far. He sat down with her on the floor, leaning her
against him as he pulled out his phone and flash dialed the only one who might be able to help. The
minute there was an answer, he spoke commandingly.

“Dr. Ludwig, this is Eric Northman. I have a severe emergency. I have the possible granddaughter of the Brigant bloodline who was turned against her will. She is telepathic and she seems to be locked in some sort of mental fit. She is bleeding from her nose and mouth. I will pay you whatever you want if you could get here NOW!”

He hung up and rocked Sookie gently against him, hoping that his call was answered soon. When he heard a muffled pop in front of him a few moments later, he sighed in almost relief and looked up.

He expected to see Dr. Ludwig standing in all her three foot, grumpy glory. What he did not expect to see was the Fae Prince Naill Brigant standing beside her, looking so full of rage he could rival Godric in bloodlust.

The minute Naill fixed his gaze on Sookie, he growled, his fairy visage turning ugly.

“How dare you turn my granddaughter! I will have your head on a pike, Viking!”

Dr. Ludwig spoke then, more worried about her patient then about the many times older being beside her losing his shit.

“Pipe down, Prince. I can smell her blood from here, and Northman has nothing to do with her turning. He wouldn’t have been stupid enough to turn anyone with a hint of fairy blood in them. Now you will sit your ass down and let me save your kin. Her brain is about to rupture and we don’t have time for pissing matches right now. You can kill a vampire after I save her. Lay her on the couch, bloodsucker.”

Naill took a hold of himself, and his grandfatherly appearance returned as he looked at the Vampire holding his great granddaughter.

“Forgive me, Norse man. But turning any fairy, especially one of my bloodline, is an offence I cannot even put to words. Even if she was only an eighth fae. Her spark could have been completely destroyed.”

Eric blinked as he stepped back to let the doctor do her work.

“You mean she still has the Fairy Spark? How did it survive her turning?”

“I don’t know. But one thing I can say is that her spark is one of the strongest I’ve seen. If she were not a vampire, I would take her to Faery immediately. How my son hid her existence from me is a mystery that will remain unsolved, since he is dead. How it will manifest with her vampirism will be interesting to see. I only know of one other fairy in existence that had been turned. He is the one who killed Sookie’s parents. Luckily he is dead now. But in his life he was a day-walker. I don’t think I have to tell you what will happen if you do not protect her with your existence, do I?”

Eric looked at him with confusion.

“Wouldn’t you be able to protect her better then I? You are much older than me. And the magicks you weild...”

Naill shook his head.

“She has chosen you. She doesn’t know it yet, and it would be better to let her figure that out on her own. But the minute she decided to trust you, her spark marked you as her protector. Once a fairy
decides that, it can’t be undone.”

Finally Dr. Ludwig spoke.

“Well, she made a right mess of things. I managed to stop the bleeding in her brain, but she’s going to need training with her telepathy in order to prevent this from happening again. It was a good thing she fed on you, Northman. Without your blood in her system, her entire mind would have collapsed and she would’ve likely turned into a mindless beast with only the vampire instinct to support her. She’ll need to feed on you for another 4 days in order to finish what has already been started though.”

Eric stepped closer, looking down at the now clean face of baby vamp he’d only met mere hours ago. She was full of surprises.

“What has already started? I don’t understand.”

Amy snorted and rolled her eyes. Stupid vampires.

“Her body is already rejecting the blood of the one who turned her. At some point in the next month, she would have collapsed completely and exploded into a pool of blood. But thankfully, you fed her from yourself tonight. If you continue feeding her like I told you, whoever’s blood turned her will be flushed out and you will be her maker. Seems her spark is so strong, it’s working double time. She will sleep through until tomorrow night, and then she will be restored.”

She gathered up her supplies and sniffed.

“Just find her a trainer for her telepathy and keep feeding her. I’ll check on her in five nights to see how the process is coming along. I’ll expect my usual payment from you by then.”

She stood up and looked at Naill.

“Naill, keep a better eye on your kin, will you. I don’t have time to be jumping around all over the place.”

Naill shrugged.

“You are a healer. It’s your job. It’s not my fault that you don’t like it.”

“Aaah, Fuck you too, Fairy.”

Eric chuckled as the supe doctor disappeared with a silent pop. The little hermit would never change.

He was drawn away from his thoughts when Naill spoke again.

“So, Vampire, let us talk, hmm? How did you come by my great granddaughter in this horrible state?”

Eric stood and took the folder from the coffee table.

“She walked into my place of business tonight to seek me out at the behest of her former maker. Thankfully, he had released her almost immediately after turning her. He goes by the name of Bill Compton now, but his full name is William Thomas. I had the unfortunate pleasure of meeting him and his disgusting maker when I first met my progeny, Pamela. They were killing girls at her place of business and she decided to ask for my help in exchange for sex and blood.

“ The story goes much deeper than that. According to this folder, Sophie-Anne Leclercq, the Queen
of Louisiana right now, sent Bill to procure Sookie for her telepathy. How she found out about it I do not know, but she wanted it. It also seems that the Queen suspects that there is fae in the Stackhouse bloodline. She was tracing the family tree very carefully. How she got a clue in on the name of Brigant I do not know.”

Naill sighed in frustration.

“That would be because of Hadley Hale-Stackhouse. Sookie’s Cousin is with the Queen at the moment. I have someone watching over her because of her little boy, who has quite the spark himself even at such a young age. Thankfully the boy lives with his father and the Queen has no idea of his existence. I did not know of Sookie because it would appear Fintan cloaked her spark from my sight. Hadley herself is useless, but she has a big mouth, if what you tell me is true. She likely thought that the Queen cared to listen to her babble on about her family. I only recently came into knowledge about Hadley because of her son. Otherwise I would know nothing of this.”

Naill opened up the folder, reading through the forty page thick file briefly. He shook his head, his teeth becoming pointed as he hissed.

“Your Queen has committed a blood offence against the Fae Realm. But her crimes are not nearly as severe as that little stooge of hers she sent. It was fortuitous that Susanna came to you when she did, or I may never have known of her. I cannot begin to imagine what they would have done to her if they had gotten her like they wanted. Saying that, there are a couple of things I will demand of you in this.”

Eric sighed, annoyed already. He only allowed his maker to demand anything. But you did not piss off the Prince of the Sky fae and hope to come out alive after.

“State your terms, Prince. I will follow them if I can.”

Naill stood up tall, holding the folder in one hand while his other leaned against an ornate walking stick.

“Since she has chosen you as both a suitable maker and as the protector of her light, it will fall to you to guide her through the harsh and often cruel world of the supernatural. But even with your millennia of experience, you will not be able to do this alone. You will need able guards for her and yourself. I would suggest to look within your own blood line and search out the right people. You need people you can trust to die for her. The Were community is also a good place to look. Her spark will be like a flame and it will draw Supe to her. She is a fairy princess, and she may not know it yet, but she deserves all the respect that title holds. I thought one of her kin would have been watching her, but it seems I was remiss in not checking more closely into Fintan’s past exploits.”

Naill paused and rubbed his chin.

“You will also contact your Maker and bring him to your side. I have been watching Godric for some time now, and he has become despondent and melancholy. It is a sickness that sometimes comes with living forever, I suppose. He was only fifteen when he was turned, and living for little over two thousand years can be a heavy burden on one so young. Calling him to you will not only give him purpose, but also healing. Sookie can mend that which is broken in him. Call him this night, Viking. I foresee terrible things to come if you do not. Tell him I asked this of both of you. He may not like it, but he knows why I would do this.”

Eric swallowed hard and nodded. If what Naill was hinting at was true, Godric was dangerously close to renouncing. He would call as soon as the fae prince left.
Naill looked over at his kin and touched her face briefly, smiling softly as he felt her spark reach out to brush against his own.

“Keep her alive for both of us, Erikir of the Northlands. She is precious and powerful. The vampire may taint her blood, but she is still so pure and innocent. She deserves to live lifetimes to their fullest. In return for your protection, she may afford you gifts that you never thought were possible. She has an uncertain future ahead of her, but if you protect her and care for her, all of our lives will be so much brighter than we could have dreamed.”

Seeing the seriousness of Naill’s words, Eric walked to the fire place and took down a steel dagger. Walking back to stand in front of him, Eric looked him directly in the eye and made a cut across his hand. Licking the blood clean he held the blade out to Naill, who cut his own hand. No words were need for this oath. Nothing was asked for or said. This went deeper then the voice could hope to explain. It was a sworn truth sealed in the blood of two known enemies. There just wasn’t a language dead or alive that would be able to speak louder than this silent gesture.

Cleaning off his bloody hand, Naill watched it heal immediately from the vampire blood covering it. Then he looked up again and watched carefully that instead of licking his hand, the vampire in front of him had the control enough to wipe it off with a cloth he almost immediately burned after. It took immense control for a vampire to resist any drop of fairy blood, especially fairy blood as pure as his own. That alone told him his great granddaughter had made the nearly perfect choice in seeking the Viking Vampire. He could already see the threads of fate weaving themselves around the pair.

“Well I must be getting back. When she is more settled into her life and comfortable with you, then I will come to visit again and introduce myself. Just being turned is enough on her plate for now. Also someone should notify her human family. Her grandmother, who I have had the pleasure of meeting once before, will likely be worried for her if she doesn’t know where she is.”

Eric nodded, deciding to call her after he rang Godric. He would definitely wake her up, but it was better than having an old woman worry herself to death. And he was almost sure Sookie would appreciate it.

“Very well, Prince. I will call you when she is ready to meet you.”

With a final nod, Naill popped quietly out of the living room, leaving Eric alone with Sookie. Picking her up as gently as possible, he carried her to his underground sleeping area, settling her in comfortably after removing her skirt and shoes. He had no idea yet just what he was in for, but he was certain that having Sookie in his life suddenly made everything brighter.

For that alone, he would cherish her. That she had a beauty to rival Freya herself was only a happy bonus. He didn’t know how, and he didn’t know when. But somehow, someway, she would yield and become his. He was determined to make it so.

And what Eric Northman wanted he got. That’s all there was to it.

Chapter End Notes

The Translation of English to old Norse is rough. Google translate doesn't have dead languages. But the sentence above literally says:

"Death! Much Blood! Wolf! No! No! Father!"
This is how an Angel Cries

Chapter Summary

Sookie and Lafayette meet Godric, Sookie helps out a broken soul, and someone tries to run away from themselves. Crazy times all around.

Chapter Notes

Don't ask me where this came from. I couldn't tell you. And yes, I stole parts of a Buffy the Vampire slayer quote from the episode earshot. I own nothing of either show.....I just like to play with all the toys in my sand box.

Five days had passed since the night Sookie had her harrowing journey into Eric’s mind. She had spent most of the week between Bon Tempts and Shreveport, making sure that she checked on her grandmother and trained with Eric. She had spent one night sweating blood and vomiting as Eric explained that Bill’s blood was being expelled from her system. It was a night she hoped never to repeat again. Eric had even introduced himself to Gran, who seemed to be tickled pink when he allowed her to pick his brain for three hours. Eric had been a perfect gentleman in front of Adele Stackhouse and answered her endless history question with passion in his eyes that rivaled her own. Sookie wouldn’t forget that night for a long time to come.

Right now, she was on her front porch with Lafayette, waiting for Eric to come pick her up. Her car had finally died when some redneck haters came by while her Gran was out and tore it to shreds. The cost of repair was more than triple the value of what the car was actually worth. She could run to Shreveport if she wanted, but tonight was the night that Eric would be picking up his maker. So it was just easier for her to wait and let him come by.

Lafayette finally opened up his mouth and spoke.

“You sure ‘bout dis, hooker? I don’t want my black ass t’be turnin’ up on da T.V. all dead an’ shit. I only did what I dids cause I need to pay da bills for my momma’s care. I don’t make nuttin’ being a short order cook in dis podunk town.”

Sookie sighed and looked at him with determination.

“Listen, I don’t want you to die either. But whether or not Eddie is willing, having vampire blood and being a dealer of it can get you in major trouble. If you come clean about what you’ve been doing, Eric might still be very upset, but hiding it from him is like painting a target on your back. I smells it on you last night and I wanted to slap you myself. You have no idea how dangerous it is. Be honest and tell him what is going on with you and Eddie and you have a better chance of getting a slap on the wrist. Keep it in the dark and I can promise you, they will kill you. You got me?”

“I feels you honey child. I just hopes you know what you is doin’.”

They fell silent again, each lost in their own thoughts. Gran was fast asleep upstairs, so that left them
Finally Eric’s red corvette came smoothly up the gravel driveway that Eric had insisted be repaired with his money. Sookie had put up a fight, but in the end, he was doing it more for himself than for her. As the car slowed, Sookie stood up and smiled as she watched Eric gracefully unbend himself out of the driver’s side. When the passenger door opened, she tilted her head in awed curiosity as another man got out as well. She was astounded by his nearly childlike appearance. This was Eric’s maker?! It boggled her mind. But she quickly schooled her face and brought out her manners as she stepped down the stairs to greet them both.

“Hello Eric. It was so nice of you to come pick me up again. I mean it was so out of the way.”

Eric shrugged.

“Nonsense, Sookie. It was nothing. Say no more about it.”

Finally he turned and motioned to the man beside him.

“Sookie, I would like you to meet my Maker. Godric, this is my newest Progeny, Susanna Rose Stackhouse.”

A melodic voice still clinging to the youth that had refused to age with the passing of two thousand years, spoke with a calm softness that echoed sadness.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Susanna.”

Sookie stepped forward and stared at him for a moment before she reached her arms out and wrapped them almost gently around him.

“It is an honor to meet you, Godric.”

Godric stood almost stiffly before he wrapped one arm around the newly turned woman and patted her back gently. As they parted, he looked up at his child and gave a nod.

“You did not embellish the truth as I had expected of you, Minn Sonr. She is as warm as the sun would be if it did not burn us.”

Sookie smiled.

“Well, aren’t you just the sweetest thing. Could I interest you in a bottle of blood? I got all kinds.”

Godric shook his head and Eric hid the silent sigh he made. Sookie looked between them with a careful eye. They would have to talk about it later.

Eric interrupted her train of thought by pointing to the porch.

“And who is this very gay man you have on your porch? I’ve met your ‘uppity’ friend Tara already, but I don’t believe I’ve seen him around you before.”

Sookie ushered an already nervous Lafayette to come over and waited until he stepped beside her to speak.

“Eric, this is my best friend Lafayette Reynolds. Laf, this is my maker, Eric Northman and his maker Godric.”

Lafayette couldn’t help himself. He just blurted out the first thing that came to mind.
“Now that just ain’t motherfuckin’ fair. I mean, I gets the part where y’all don’t age. But how is it that you is all so beautiful an’ shit. Tsk, it has got to be the blood or something. Cause I’ve seen some fine peoples in my life, but men likes you two just don’t exist in humanity. MMm MMm MMm, a tall glass of water in the desert an’ Daddy I’d let spank me if I was into bein’ bruised. I’d say its nice ta meet ya, but you done makes me Jealous. I thought I was a sexy Bitch, but you both just make me look ugly.”

Eric stared at Lafayette silently for a few minutes. Godric, though, looked almost confused. Sookie tilted her head at him.

“What is it, Godric? You look positively baffled.”

“Your friend has a dialect I am not familiar with it seems. I am sure at one point he said I was attractive. But who is daddy and why would he choose to be spanked by this man?”

Both Lafayette and Sookie laughed outright before she began to help Godric clarify Lafayette’s words.

“As Eric pointed out with his ‘very gay’ comment, Lafayette is a very proud, very black, very southern gay man. His way of speaking combines all three of these qualities. It takes getting use to, I guess. Especially if you haven’t been around it all your life like I have. I’ve known Laf since we were real little. So I’ve gotten use to being able to translate his words. Don’t be worried none about not understanding it. Most people don’t, and that’s what makes it funny. Cause they spend all their time trying to work out what he said and by the time they do, they get sort of scared at worked up all at once.

“Basically he said that he finds most vampires to be too pretty. He doesn’t understand why y’all are so gorgeous. When you’ve lived in Bon Tempts all your life, people like you and Eric only exist in the movies. He was guessing that it might have something to do with vampire blood, but I think it has to do with vanity, to be honest. Y’all are drawn to beauty and you tend to turn those who are just the best specimens humanity has to offer at the time. As far as the spanking comment goes, that was more a joke than anything else. I wouldn’t ask him to explain that one if I were you. Lafayette tends to be a bit pornographic when he is asked to explain his innuendos. Best just leave it alone for now.”

Lafayette snorted and shook his head.

“Though whoever decided to turn Bill Compton needs to be checked in to the funny farm. He may have the whole ‘country gentleman’ act goin’ on, but that boy wouldn’t know handsome if it came up and threatened to stake him for being so butt ugly.”

Eric outright laughed at that statement. When he sobered he looked at Sookie.

“Is your friend here because you wanted me to know him? Or was there some other reason for his presence.”

Everything fell dead silent as the question made Lafayette tense up like a drawn bow string. His face paled slightly as the panicky fear came back, sitting in his stomach like a lead weight.

Godric broke the silence, his eyes fixed on the suddenly nervous black man.

“Your fear right now tells me you are extremely worried about the answer to my progeny’s question. But even as we have been speaking, my nose tells me what you have yet to say. I know what you are, but not the why. It is best you explain it, because my nose does not lie. And you should not either, Mr. Reynolds.”
Lafayette sighed shakily and rubbed his head.

“My momma, Ruby Jean, she real sick. She talks to people that ain’t there. They told me that she was living with voices inside her head and she was only gonna get worse. So I put her in a home. But the bills for it are so dang expensive, it takes all my pay an’ den some just to keep her there. Being a Fry Cook gets me nothing. And workin for the road crew gets me less den that. I tried everything I could think of first. I ain’t prouda some of the things I gots to do to pay the bills, but she needs to stay there. I can’t take care of her.”

Eric, who was silent up until now, put the facts together slowly. Then he growled.

“You are a dealer of Vampire blood!”

Sookie immediately stepped in, putting herself between Eric and her friend.

“Wait for the whole story, please Eric. It’s not what you think. I reacted the same way too, but I listened to the whole story. Please?”

Eric growled one more time before he fixed his glare on Lafayette.

“You have less than a minute to explain yourself. Be quick and honest. You are already on borrowed time.”

Lafayette swallowed hard.

“I meet once every two weeks with a vampire named Eddie Fournier. He supplies me with his blood, and I show him a good time. Like I said, I’m not proud of what I is doing. But my momma needs care, an I just don’t have more money to give without the V. I know my stupid ass was playing dangerous games. I just didn’t know what else to do. I swear, I didn’t mean no harm.”

Godric walked slowly up to Lafayette and stepped in a circle around him, his eyes observing something that no one else could see. Then he took a deep breath and closed his eyes.

“You are marked by the sight of death. Your mother is not mentally ill, Mr. Reynolds. She, like you, is a medium. It is a powerful gift, human, and one that left untrained, can cause deep disturbance and bouts of extreme insanity. The human doctors can not help her. What she needs is a teacher. And so will you when your gift manifests.

“As far as the vampire blood is concerned, the one you get your supply from is as much to blame as you. However, unlike you, Eddie knows just what a serious offense it is to give one’s blood out to humans. Our blood is sacred to us. It is what gives us our whole existence. It is not a thing that should be squandered for a quick fix.”

He looked down and thought for a moment before continuing.

“You will bring Sookie to your house now and we shall follow. You will let Eric gather your complete supply of vampire blood and any other drugs you may be in possession of. Then tomorrow, you will come to a meeting place of our choosing and bring Eddie with you. Tell him that you wish to take him out to a special place to thank him for his services. After Eddie is punished for the desecration of his blood, you will be mine to guide. I will find both you and your mother the proper teacher to help you cope with your gifts. I have one or two in mind as we speak. As punishment for the selling of our blood, I will let Sookie decide your fate.”

Eric spoke up, not liking that he had no say.
“Godric, I am…”

Godric turned to his progeny and stared him down. Then is old norse, he made sure Eric didn’t embarrass them both.

“Do not seek to dishonor me by treating me as you would Pamela, Minn Sonr. This is my judgement. Remember that nearly 5 decades ago you were the one to dishonor the blood. I let you free of punishment then. You will allow this. We are not BARBARIANS, Erikir. You will learn that even if I must beat it into your head. This is how it will be. Do you understand!?”

Eric grouse and answered him.

“Yes my maker, I will not go against you.”

They both looked at Sookie, waiting for her to come up with a punishment. She smiled deviously and nodded.

“I have the perfect way for Lafayette to pay for his crimes. Laf, you will look after my brother Jason for me. That boy needs to learn to keep his privates out of every woman he meets. Get Hoyt in on it if you have to. But it will be your job from now on to make sure Jason starts to straighten up and act like a proper man and not a whore.”

Both vampires looked confused at the punishment, not sure how looking after Sookie’s human brother could be a true consequence. That was until Lafayette looked at Sookie with horrified misery.

“Aw Sook, please? I’d rather let the blonde vamp kills me instead. Anything but Jason Stackhouse. You is askin’ for a miracle, honey child.”

Sookie’s fangs snapped down as she looked at him. The southern bitch raised in her blood, making her look as fierce as Tara Mae would at her worst. Lafayette knew that look. It spoke of pain the likes of which he did not want to witness.

“Our blood is not a toy. It isn’t for humans to use for some stupid high. You played hardball with your dang life, Mister. Be glad I don’t let Eric take you in hand. I haven’t seen it yet, but they torture people slowly for what you did. You could be chained down in the basement of Fangtastia for weeks and slowly driven insane, or you can look after my brother and help him keep his life on track. Now, what’s it gonna be. My way…”

She pointed at Eric’s fanged, rage filled face.

“Or his way?”

There was no need for him to answer. She knew it would be her way. Lafayette sighed and nodded. Sookie nodded back and pointed to his car.

“Get your sexy butt in the car. The night is running out and I’m starting to get hungry. Best to just get this over with.”

She turned to them and gave a wan smile, putting her fangs away.

“We’ll meet you there. It isn’t far.”

They both gave her an affirmative before she climb in Lafayette’s car and they drove off.
It was twenty minutes later that Sookie finally seized her moment to talk with Godric alone. Eric and Lafayette were going over his supplies of liquor and drugs and deciding what, if any, he was allowed to keep for himself. That left her with him as they stood by Eric’s car. A perfect opportunity for them to hash it out and get to know each other better.

“Godric, would you mind if I asked you a few questions?”

Godric gave her a somewhat tired smile and shook his head.

“Ask your questions, little one. I will answer if I can.

Sookie looked at him deeply and her face showed her concern.

“Why are you starving yourself to death? I know Eric is upset you won’t feed, but I doubt he knows how long it’s been since you’ve had blood. He would be trying to force it down your throat if he did.”

Godric closed his eyes painfully.

“It is hard for you to understand, little one. You have just begun this eterniy. You cannot comprehend what it feels like to live as long as I have. I am tired of this darkness. I am tired of never being able to see the light of day. I am tired of simply existing. Humans evolve, Susanna. They change and they grow. We do not. We are stuck. I am tired of being stuck.”

Sookie stood in front of him and touched his face, understanding his depression in a way. She may not have lived as long as he had, but sometimes she wished she could just curl up and make the world go away so she didn’t have to live with the constant voices in her head.

“You’re right. I don’t understand what it means to live for two thousand years. I can’t even wrap my mind around the fact that I am going to live to be a hundred and still look the same as I do now. I’ve only read about history. To think of what you’ve seen, what you’ve witnessed. I can’t imagine it.

“But that doesn’t mean that you’ve seen everything. The world is so full of new things all the time. Things that we never thought were possible. Every minute on this planet, babies are being born, new stuff is being invented, and new animals are just being discovered. That’s the beauty of the world. The problem with most people, vampire, human or otherwise, is that we’re too busy thinkin’ of what we don’t have. We forget to look at what’s around us. Right now, you think you have nothing more to experience. After two thousand years, you think you’ve been through everything. But the world isn’t small. It’s so big it’s scary. It’s our brains that are small. The only thing you’ve got to do is just learn to look beyond the darkness.”

He leaned into her, like a child seeking comfort from his mother.

“I do not know how. Everything is so dark around me, little one. It is all I know. Perhaps I am too old to see anything more.”

She smelt the blood tears forming in his eyes as her mind became awash in his sadness. Maybe all he really needed is someone to allow him to cry. Her Gran taught her that it didn’t matter what manner of creature you were. Everyone and everything needed a vent for sadness. Mourning was a way of healing. It was just a part of the human condition. And just hearing Godric for the small time she knew him, she couldn’t think of anyone more human than him.

So she wrapped her arms around him and joined him in his tears. Though she didn’t dare to read his
mind, the slight brushes of her telepathy against him was enough to tell her how much pain he was in.

“Don’t matter how old you are, Godric. You're hurtin so much. You been fightin it a long time. But you don't have to. It’s okay to let your hurt out. It took time for me to cry out my pain when my Momma and Daddy died. It was months before Gran sat me down and drew my pain out of me. Yours is sitting inside you like a poison. You gotta let that poison out.”

He looked up at her solemnly.

“How do you know…”

“It’s not about knowing…”

She looked out at the forest and her eyes became distant as she spoke

" Godric, I hear everything people can think. There are millions out there right now, feeling just like you. Every single person out there is blinded because they’re too busy with their own pain. The beautiful ones. The ugly ones. The popular ones. The guys that pick on people. Everyone. If you could hear what they were feeling. The loneliness. The confusion. It looks quiet out there in the dark, doesn't it. It’s not. It’s deafening.”

She looked at him.

" You have no idea how many people I've heard in my lifetime I wish I could help. I've heard children wishing for death, Mother's begging for freedom from abuse, and old people praying for someone to ease their pains. If I could help just one person...it would be the greatest thing I could accomplish. Please, Godric, let it go. Mourn. Tears are God's way of allowing you to bleed out the poison and heal yourself. And I was raised not to sneer at god's gifts."

Godric looked at her deeply before he sighed and leaned against her again. Then with just the slightest shiver to his body, he let himself go. All the cold emptiness inside of him began to drain as he gave his crippling grief freedom to fall.

It was just as Godric began to cry that Lafayette and Eric walked out of the house. Eric heard his Maker’s whisper quiet tears and was ready to to his side in seconds. Something was terribly wrong.

“Godric!”

Lafayette jumped in immediately, hoping that he wasn’t going to get killed for touching the vampire beside him.

“Hold up, White boy. Ain’t nothing wrong with your Daddy. I seen Sook do this many, many times with people. She has a way of helping them heal on the inside. You just let her do her thang. I seen her takin the meanest redneck in the whole bar and smile him into a puddle of greasy goo on da floor. You just let her work her magic an….”

Lafayette was cut off when a glowing light began to pulsate around the pair of hugging vampires. It was clearly coming from Sookie, but it covered Godric like a cloak. Both of them were shocked to silence for a moment before the black man spoke again.

“Okay, when I said magic, I didn’t mean it all literal an’ shit.”

A voice came from beside them, drawing their attention immediately.
“There are many things in this world, Mr. Reynolds. Some of which you can scarcely imagine. Sookie just happens to be one of many things you will have to learn about as you explore your medium abilities.”

Lafayette jumped.

“Holy Fuck, now I done seen everything. Old white folk appearin’ out of nowhere? Shit, I knew I smoke some bad ass gange today, but dis is some weird trippin’ shit.”

Naill chuckled.

“Don’t worry human. It isn’t a drug trip, I promise you. Who I am is complicated; too complicated to explain in one night. I am simply here to make sure that Sookie’s light show doesn’t bring the eyes of the wrong people to her. Perhaps it is best you go inside now and rest for the night. The truth will be explained to you at a much later time.”

Lafayette suddenly yawned and rubbed his eyes. Dawn, the old white guy had a point. He was very tired.

“Yeah, dat sounds like a good idea. I gots to get up in five hours anyhow. I sees you later, Hookers.”

He turned and walked back into his house, closing all the lights off and locking the door before laying down on his bed. Tonight had been filled with too many strange things. It was best to start fresh tomorrow.

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Meanwhile, outside, the light show finally ended and Naill smiled.

“Her spark is the strongest I have ever seen in any fairy. Your blood seems to only have enhanced what was already there. Somehow I will have to find someone willing to teach her of her fairy gifts.”

Eric nodded and looked at him.

“What did she do to Godric? I know she didn’t hurt him, but her light seemed to go inside him somehow. It’s the oddest sensation I’ve ever felt through the bond we share.”

Naill rubbed the top of his cane.

“She only gave him comfort and healing. The wounds inside his heart and mind were hurting him terribly, something he was likely hiding from you. He was losing the will to continue existing, and Sookie felt that in him. She just boosted his spirits and filled him with a new purpose.”

Eric watched silently as he contemplated Naill’s words. The more he knew of Sookie Stackhouse, the more she surprised him over and over again. Hearing a muffled pop signaling that the fae Prince had left, he slowly began to walk over to the pair standing across the street.

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Sookie finally lifted her head from Godric’s shoulder, wiping the blood away from her face.

“Do you feel any better now?”

Godric looked at her in wonder.

“What are you, little one? You have filled me with such…warmth and hope. I did not think I could
“ever feel so much.”

She shrugged.

“I don’t know what I am. Eric said he might have some idea but he hasn’t spoken to me about it.”

She straightened her bloody shirt and looked him up and down.

“You think you could eat something now? You look way too pale.”

Godric shook his head.

“I will ingest a bottle of true blood when we arrive at Eric’s home. Do not worry yourself about me.”

Sookie brushed her hair to one side.

“Nonsense. I’ve fed plenty tonight. You need something in your system. I can’t stand to see you so pale. You’re like my granddaddy after all. Just take my blood for now and you can drink more later if you’re still hungry.”

“Little one..”

Sookie wouldn’t hear of it. She hated when anyone was hurting for no reason. If she could help she did. It was ingrained in her.

“Nope. I don’t care if you can take care of yourself. I am as healthy as a vampire can get. Now drink up. I refuse to let you go on being starved. Just don’t take all of it and I’ll be just fine.”

Godric saw by the look on her face that she wouldn’t stop until he relented. She seemed to be just as stubborn as his Erikir. Bending his head forward he took a deep sniff and shuttered. It had been so long.

“Are you sure, Little one?”

Sookie gave a small nod and tilted her head to the side.

“Drink’s on me, Godric. Go ahead.”

He bent forward once more, letting his unused, throbbing fangs down for the first time in nearly four years. Taking one last sniff, he tasted the sweetness of her skin lightly with his tongue. With a jagged growl, he opened his mouth and bit down, his eyes rolling up in the back of his head with the first taste of her blood. No human or vampire had ever tasted so good in all the time he had been on this earth.

Sookie cringed slightly with the first sharp poke of his fangs as they slid into her neck. Then she was lost in a sea of pleasure she’d never felt with anyone but Eric. Drinking Eric’s blood had been similar, but nothing could have prepared her for the onslaught of sensation induced by Godric’s bite. Her fangs snapped down so fast they nearly pierced straight too her tongue.

“Oh God…I can’t…it feels…Godric..!”

With all the lack of control of any new born vampire, she couldn’t hope to stop what happened next. Without thinking, she ripped the cloth around his shoulder and sank her fangs into him. Her whole body throbbed with the first drop of blood that slid down her throat. Her girly parts were screaming below, but her mind fought against her instincts. Feeling him pull his fangs out of her, she slammed down on her control hard and all but pushed him away after carefully removing her own fangs.
Turning from him on shaky legs, she ran smack into the hard chest of her Maker, trying desperately to push her arousal away. She heard Godric asked her if she was hurt, but she couldn’t answer him. Unable to stem the flow of sensation to her body, she did the only thing she could do and took off at a dead run towards her house.
I'm Bleeding Out

Chapter Summary

Eric and Godric chat and Pam and Sookie get emotional.

Chapter Notes

Trigger Warning: Vague but distinct description of rape. Viewer discretion advised.

Eric looked at his maker for a second before he sighed.

“Her heightened urges have been a constant source of trouble for her since she was turned by Compton. She is a virgin to begin with, and that on top of her troubled past has given her the need to try and hide it from me. She wasn’t running from you Godric. She is trying to run from her own body. I will have to go talk with her.”

Godric raised his hand for silence.

“Minn Sonr, you cannot be the one to help her with this. I knew the minute I tasted her blood what fear she holds. I would suggest Pam, but unfortunately your daughter is not one for emotions. It is too bad too. She would be ideal for this.”

Eric tilted his head.

“Pamela may be a world class bitch. But one thing I do know for certain is she has firsthand experience with men who wish to force women. Besides, they’ve grown somewhat of an interesting relationship over this past week. I can still feel Sookie close. I think she is still outside. I will call Pam and have her come. Sookie needs a woman to speak to.”

As Eric dialed Pam’s number, he hoped that he was making the right decision. Everything in him wanted to go to Sookie himself. But this was not something he would be able to help her with. As Pam finally picked up the phone, Eric rapidly spoke to her in Swedish. They went back and forth as Eric explained the situation.

Things fell silent for a moment as Pam rolled the thoughts around in her head.

“I will arrive there myself. I still have Long Shadow in the basement, but Talia will sleep here for the day and watch over him. I will have to close down the bar an hour early, but it’s so dead in here even the vermin are falling asleep. You and Farfar go home and let me handle this. Your presence will only make it worse. This is woman’s business. You are a lot of things Eric, but even with all your experience, you can’t help her.”

Eric sighed in relief and agreed to go home after she arrived at Sookie’s house. With the standard ‘fuck you goodbye’ that was usual between them, Eric hung up and looked at Godric with a shadow of pain in his eyes.
“I don’t like that I can’t help her, Fadir. I want to go to her myself. It is a Maker’s duty to…”

Godric touched his face gently and shook his head.

“A Maker is more than duty Erikir. He does what is best for his progeny. It is not always easy to decide the correct path. In some ways, it was easier when I turned you. You were arrogant and stubborn, but we knew our way. We were also raised in pagan times. Sookie is not the same. Aside from the fact that she isn’t male, people are raised so differently than we were. Even with the harsh sting of rape, she was raised to be a good Christian. Look at where we are Minn Sonr. We are practically standing right on the buckle of what humans call the bible belt. I may not know much about this area, but just going through this town I saw three churches right next to each other. This is God’s land. And with that comes a much different set of rules.

“In years to come, Sookie will learn much. She will learn of the fea in her blood as well as the harsh reality of what it means to be Vampire. But right now, she is still too human to be so accepting. It will be difficult between you in the beginning. You must simply be patient. She will come to understand the truth in her own time.”

Eric sighed and leaned against his maker, feeling the weight of vampire fatherhood settle around him heavily.

“I do not know what it is about her, Godric. But she is…special to me. I am unused to the emotions she has awakened in me is the little time I have known her. You taught me that emotions are a weakness. Survival or death. How has so much changed.”

“I told a lie, as it turns out. In truth, when I turned you, emotions were something I did not understand much myself. I was turned young by a much crueler master than I could ever be in my harshest of punishments. I taught you a way that was easiest for the both of us. I did not want to feel, and I thought it best to instill the same notions in you. I no longer feel this way. Much has changed.”

Eric pulled back and looked hard at his maker, a single tear climbing down his face.

“Godric, I have asked much of you through the years. But I must ask you for one more boon.”

“What is this boon, Minn Sonr?”

Eric fell to his knees and looked up, unable to hide the pain in his shadowed eyes.

“I ask for you to stay. To become well again. I feel it in the bond. You were so empty when I first saw you. Even now, with Sookie’s light inside of you, I can feel your aching. You want to burn. I can’t …please Godric….”

Godric pulled Eric up off the ground and smiled sadly.

“Yes, I wanted death. I will not lie and say that I am not still quite tired. But you and your little one will need my guidance in the years to come. If it is possible, you have only become more stubborn, carnal, and quite willful as you have aged. Sookie is many things, but a docile creature is not one of them. I will need to stand by you both, if for no other reason than to make sure you do not destroy each other. She is already quite aware of your way with women. Something I am afraid it will take many nights to drain out of you if you wish to have her as much as I am certain you do.”

Eric chuckled through his tears. No one knew him better than his maker.

“You did say once that you found my stubbornness endearing.”
“I believe my words were that I was going to need endurance to deal with your stubbornness. Then again, I didn’t exactly quell that in you. You are still very much the Viking I turned all the years ago, Minn Sonr. And still to this day the only one who had the arrogance enough to see death and call him swine.”

As they continued their chat back and forth, the bonds that knit them together began to mend slowly. Though it would take time, the healing had begun.

Thirty minutes later found Sookie by the lake, looking up at the moon with dried tears on her face. Around her was carnage. Bits of blood and skin lay everywhere. In her angry frustration and shame at herself, she’d come here to find solace. What she found was a pissed off gator looking to make something its next meal. In her rage, she’d lost her head and ripped it to pieces. At least it taught her one very good lesson. Cold-blooded animals tasted like shit. And tough hide got stuck in your teeth and nails.

She was just washing the last of the blood out of her top the best she could when she heard a familiar voice behind her.

“Well if I knew you wanted a purse this bad, I would have given you a website where they sell them for a reasonable price. But hey, maybe you like making things yourself. Personally I find it a bit too messy to kill and skin a creature when I can just order it and let someone else do all the hard work.”

Sookie turned away from Pam quickly as she stood on the edge of the water.

“Pam, what are you doing here? Did Eric ask you to come find me or something? I was just going to wash off this mess and get changed is all. He didn’t need to call you.”

Pam shrugged nonchalantly and gave Sookie a serious look.

“Well, Cupcake, Eric may be old, but he is still a man. And something tells me that whatever made you kill this ugly creature wouldn’t be something he has the capacity to understand. He is the finest maker I’ve met next to Godric, but sometimes it takes a woman to understand a woman.”

Sookie wiped at the dried blood on her face with her wet hands, trying to sound like nothing was wrong.

“I have no idea what you’re talkin’ about. I’m fine. I just had a little hiccup that’s all. A minor moment. I’m feelin’ just peachy now.”

Pam picked the cleanest log she could find and sat down.

“Listen, Sweet cheeks, I am the first to admit that feelings of any kind don’t mean much to me. You were right on the first night we met. I am a bitch and I like being one. I have no shame in that. But I don’t have to be a thousand years old to know exactly how you are feeling right now. In fact, it might surprise you to know I wasn’t exactly so different from you once.”

Sookie turned to give her a weak glare.

“I like you Pam. You’re fun to be around. And you’re snarky. But trust me when I say we are nothing alike. No offense, but you’re far stronger than I could ever hope to be. And that has nothing to do with you being a vampire. My Gran raised me to be independent, sure. But whether you know
it or not, right now I’m more frightened of myself then a whore naked in a church.”

Pam snorted.

“What, you think I came out of my mother this way? Hardly, Cupcake. I don’t like to think about it much, but I was human too. I was raised in England before I arrived in America and met Eric. My mother and Father came from a high standing family. I had servants and maids. I was raised to be Lady Pamela Swynford De Beaufort. In fact, I was eighteen years old when I finally ran away from home. And the reason for it is why I know exactly what you are feeling.

“My Parent’s wanted me to marry to a man suitable of my station. They arranged it when I was sixteen. I saw him for the first time when I was just shy of my eighteenth birthday. See, in those times it was normal for the man to rule the house. So I was expected to be a good mother and wife. The very idea sickened me so much, I hated my Suitor on principle alone. So when he decided that a carriage ride was a nice time to get to know me, I told him in no uncertain terms just what I thought of him.”

Sookie swallowed, knowing in her gut what Pam was going to say next.

“Pam, you don’t have to say anything. I can see how you hate just bringing this up.”

Pam glared at her.

“Pay attention, Cupcake. You need to understand some things, and I can help you. So pipe down and let me finish. The night isn’t getting any darker.”

Sookie fell silent and waited for Pam to continue.

“Well, anyway, Mr. Pushy decided he didn’t like being refused. So he decided to show me just what being his future wife was all about. He kicked me out of the Carriage, dragged me to an inn, and proceeded to beat, savage, and rape me repeatedly. I was left lying there while he cleaned himself up and left. By the time I made it home two nights after, he told my parents that he’d caught me with another man. I was scorned as a soiled woman by my own parents, who refused to believe such a decent young man would lay a hand on me. So I packed a few belongings and I left.

“I wound up much later in Chicago. When I left, I left with hardly a penny to my name. What little I had got me a ticket to the boat, a little food, and another ticket for the train. I wanted to get as far away from my old life as I could. Well in those times, there was no such thing as willing people to take you in out of the cold when you were poor and dirty. There was only one profession for girls like me. I became a prostitute. The one thing I hoped never to do again, and I was forced to do it anyway. Go Figure.”

Pam sighed and paused for a moment to collect herself. She hated digging up the past.

“By the time Eric found me, I was a Madam of my own bordello. A man threatened me with a knife and he showed up and saved my stupid ass. Walking on the streets at night when everyone in the area knew what I was wasn’t exactly the safest thing to do. He wanted me though, and I needed him for something. This is where this story gets interesting, because it is where I met William Compton and his trashy ho of a maker. They were killing my girls every night. So I asked Eric to get rid on them, allowed him to sleep with me, and practically forced him to turn me. I haven’t looked back since, and I never will. I was made for this life.”

Pam’s eyes focused on Sookie then, brushing away the misty images of the past.

“The point is I know what it feels like when you feel powerless to stop what’s happening to you. I
remember the fear I felt when he brutalized me. And now, I am powerful and no man can touch me against my will ever again. What I’m trying to say is, you may be afraid now, but it won’t last forever. One day, you’ll look back and laugh at the image that used to scare you, because you will be so much more powerful than the ones who hurt you could ever hope to be.”

Sookie gulped, trying not to cry. It was time to come clean and tell someone who would at least understand.

“I was very young when my Uncle Barlett touched me for the first time. I was five I think. At first it was only touches on my arms and legs. I heard his thoughts, but I didn’t understand them for what they were. All I knew was I didn’t like them. I kept telling my parents I hated staying with him, but they just kept letting him babysit. By the time my Gran found out, it was too late. My parents were died when I was seven, and Gran took us in. Barlett would always be the first to step in and watch over me whenever he knew it was just going to be us. My parents had been so uncomfortable with my telepathy, so I didn’t tell my Gran right away that I could hear what he wanted to do in my head.

“One particular day, my Gran was going to meet with her friends and Jason was with his friend Hoyt. That’s all the time that Barlett needed. He didn’t have time to …do more than put his fingers in that time though. Gran came home and caught him. She grabbed her shotgun and ran him off after telling him never to come back.”

Pam fell dead silent for a few moments, and in the gentlest voice she could muster, asked the question she knew was going to be the toughest for Sookie to answer.

“When did he first rape you, Sookie? I know it is hard, but it’s just us here. You have to take your strength back. And the only way you are going to do that is to have it out in the open.”

“It was the night after my parent’s funeral. He offered to take me home with him cause Gran was pretty emotional and Jason was absolutely racked with angry grief. Barlett was still able to use his legs then. It …it didn’t last long…but it was the most painful night of my life. I can still hear his thoughts…they are always there screaming inside me. No matter how much I try to push them away…every time I want to get close to anyone he’s all I hear.”

By now, Sookie’s face was full of blood. No matter how much she tried to bite it back, the sobs ripped from her behind gritted teeth and nearly closed lips. Putting her hands over her ears, she bowed her head to her knees as she felt the disgust and pain well up inside her. Years had passed since that night, but this was the first time she’d ever told the full truth. Not even her Gran knew the full of it. Like a wound left to fester too long, the agony inside her opened anew, fresh and bleeding like it had only happened yesterday.

Pam rarely if ever let herself feel anything for anyone but her maker. And even then, she was hard-pressed to let more than the basic sarcasm show. But hearing the aching sadness she understood all too well, even after all this time, she couldn’t help herself. She walked up to Sookie and wrapped her arms around her. She had had no one to believe her when it had happened that night. But she didn’t know if she could have survived as well as she did if she had been able to hear the thoughts of the bastard who took her. To live with the ghostly voice of her rapist might have proven too much for her.

So Pam held Sookie close to her breasts and let her poor her pain out. In that moment she was sure of two things. The first was that Sookie was much stronger then she gave herself Credit for. Pam could see that she would need to help Sookie see that strength. The Second truth set like a determined fire inside her. Like a mother bear, the creature inside of her rose up and roared in protective rage.

Until Pam met the truth death, no one would ever be able to touch Sookie again without permission.
She’s rip them apart with her bare hands if they ever tried. Even if that meant fighting her Maker.

As of that moment, Sookie Stackhouse was under her protection.
Another Way Out

Chapter Summary

First part Pam tells Eric like it is with Sookie.

Second Part...Read for yourself. All I can say is...Let's Get the Party Started.

Chapter Notes

Smirks and says in sing song voice*) Someone's gonna get it...

--------------------

Whoa-oh-oh,
Whoa-oh-oh,
Whoa-oh-oh

Whoa-oh-oh,
Whoa-oh-oh,

I wish there was another way out

Voices won't go away
They stay for days and days
They say some awful things,
Ways to make you fade away

I don't think no one's home
And we're just here alone
I better find you first,
Before you find the phone

You better run,
Better run,
Better run,
Yeah I'm coming after you
When you're
Sleeping
At night,
Yeah there's nothing you can do
There's no place
You can hide
Cause I'm coming after you

I wish there was another way
ou-ou-ou-ou-ooouuuut for you

I wish there was another way
ou-ou-ou-ou-ooouuuut for you

I wish there was another way out

(whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh)

I wish there was another way out

(whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh)

I wish there was another way out

You gave up,
I'll check and see
No one cares less than me
Dead wrong
I guess you'll be
These voices
Won't let you leave

Got you down on bended knees
What should my next weapon be?
It's over
You can't breathe
Just sit down,
Rest in peace

You better run,
Better run,
Better run,
Yeah I'm coming after you
When you're
Sleeping
At night,
Yeah there's nothing you can do
There's no place
You can hide
Cause I'm coming after you

I wish there was another way
ou-ou-ou-ou-ooouuuut for you

I wish there was another way
ou-ou-ou-ou-ooouuuut for you

I wish there was another way out

(whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh)

I wish there was another way out

(whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh)

I wish there was another way out

I'll break you down,
Now put it back together again

I'll break you down,
Now put it back together again

I'll break you down,
Now put it back together again

I'll break you down,
Now put it back together again

I wish there was another way out

(whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh,
whoa-oh-oh)

I wish there was another way out

Another Way Out By Hollywood Undead (You’ll understand when you read the other half of the chapter *EG*)

________________________________________

It was nearly three thirty am when Eric finally felt his two progenies getting closer. Sookie felt as if she might either be blocking the bond or in down time. Pam on the other hand…he couldn’t describe what Pam was feeling. He’d never felt anything like that from her in all the time he’d known her. The closest he could come was the feeling he got when she was aware that he was being hurt.

Godric noticed his distraction and spoke.
“Is everything alright? You look somewhat troubled.”

Eric shook his head in confusion.

“I think everything is alright. Sookie is in down time I think, so the bond is fairly calm. Pam on the other hand…I don’t know what she’s feeling. There’s no name for it. It concerns me though. I knew that Sookie was very upset earlier, but she is fine now. So whatever she told Pam must have been severe if the bond is anything to go by. It is like she is feeling overly protective.”

Godric almost smiled at his child’s utter confusion. Emotions were always hard for Eric. It would take time for him to learn to allow himself to feel full emotions again.

Not ten minutes later, Pam walked through his door all but carrying Sookie. Eric went to ask her what was going on, but the stark look on her face silenced the question in his throat. That look, at least, was something he was familiar with. Pam would talk when she was ready.

Both men sat in silence as they heard Pam settle Sookie into bed below them. They followed her footsteps as she shuffled around before coming up the stairs. Her pumps clicked against the floor as she appeared in front of them and said only three words.

“In your office.”

Eric nodded and he and Godric stood up and walked behind her to Eric’s completely soundproof office area. Godric closed and locked the door behind him, taking a seat beside Eric as they watched her pace back and forth for a few minutes.

Pam finally stopped and looked at them.

“Alright, let’s just get this out of the way, shall we? She’s in a lot of pain. And I don’t mean from the turning. That little girl in there is surprisingly good at keeping her shit together. She’s strong and probably full of piss and vinegar most of the time. That’s the good part.

“Now here’s the bad part. Just because she’s all smiles and light, doesn’t mean she’s okay. She’s not. She’s scared shitless of being a vampire. But it’s not for the reason you think, so don’t make assumptions about it. She’ll likely stick a stake up your ass if you treat her like spun glass. She’s a little like me that way. So while you’ll have to be careful with her for some time, being too careful will only make it worse.”

It was then that Eric could no longer wait.

“What did she tell you? Was it about how she was attacked?”

Pam glared at him.

“Yes. She told me about the attack. And for once Eric, it’s none of your damn business. I’ll stake myself before I let you make me tell you what she told me. She will explain it in her own time, but not before she’s good and ready. And you are just going to have to deal with that. She may be you’re new progeny, but shit like this isn’t something you demand to be told.”

Eric went to protest and Pam actually growled at him.

“No, Eric. Not this time. You can beat me until I’m blue; but you won’t fuck with me about this. Punish me all you want for being insubordinate but my lips are sealed and they’re going to stay that way. Do we UNDERSTAND each other?!”
Eric was startled for only a mere moment. He’d never seen Pam so fierce about anything.

“You have my word, Pamela. I will not ask you what Sookie told you in confidence this night. I may not like it, but I will wait for her to tell me.”

Pam sighed in relief as one hurdle was conquered. Now it was time for the next.

“That being said, there is something else I want to be absolutely sure you understand.”

Eric perked up, ready for the next rock to be thrown at his head. His child was on a roll tonight.

“I know you would never hurt her. You’ve never forced a woman in all the time I’ve known you, and I know you never will. That’s all well and good. But that isn’t enough. Men terrify her…not because they touch her, but because of what she can do. Her attacker’s thoughts still torment her. And when I say torment I mean it. Any kind of sexual touch on her makes that voice very loud. The only thing I can compare it to is the agony of silver ripping your limb away slowly from your body. It’s not the touch so much as the voice of the man still haunting her that causes the reaction you saw tonight.”

She looked straight at Eric.

“That also means you have to get your shit together. You want to play with vermin at Fangtastia, you better make damn sure that you glamour them to remember nothing. She obviously likes you and having your blood whores screaming in her mind isn’t going to do either of you any favors if you want her the way I think you do.

“What I suggest for the rest of her problem is this. You and Godric both train her to get used to her new vampire attributes. But when it comes to heightened desire, you will let Godric handle it. I trust you Eric, more then you know. But this isn’t something you can talk her into understanding. Her legs are locked tighter then a bear trap for a reason. Godric is gentle, fatherly, and he induces calm. He can help her come to terms with that part of herself without the stab of carnality your face takes every time you know she’s aroused. You want her, and as much as she is frightened, she wants you too. Which is why you can’t be the one to help her understand this. If you tried, it will only make her think you want to get her into bed as quick as possible. You are a good maker, one of the best, but this isn’t your strong suit, and you know it.”

Eric would have argued with her about it if he wasn’t sure that she was one hundred percent right. Getting a lady into bed was easier then killing for him. But talking a scared young virgin into accepting and enjoying sex….especially one who was attacked like Sookie? Better to let his maker handle something like that. Godric knew rape intimately from his dead maker. He would know how to explain it better and keep her calm.

Nodding at Pam once again, he sat silent and waited for her to finish.

“Well, that’s all that, she’s one feisty hell of a woman. And if you play your cards right, Northman, you’ll have her all to yourself forever. Which makes me insanely jealous. That girl may be scared now, but once her fear slips away, something tells me she is going to be a tiger in the bedroom. Slow and steady wins the race in this case. Just give her time to warm her blood enough to the idea, and she’ll be all yours. And once she is, she’ll let no one come between you. She appears to be fiercely loyal like that. She is probably the only one I know aside from Godric that would be able to handle you. Thank god I like women.”

Eric was about to respond when out of the blue, his phone rang. He picked it up, giving his patented bored ‘Northman’ greeting. After all of twenty seconds he lowered the phone and looked at Godric
and Pam with a stoic expression.

“The Queen has summoned me to her palace in three days. Apparently, she has upcoming nuptials with the King of Mississippi, Russell Edgington and wishes that her best Sherriff come to meet him. How they decided to marry is beyond me. He is as gay and she is clearly a lesbian. She asked that I come with my child in tow and two other vampires I trust.”

Pam sighed and groused.

“Well this is just fucking peachy. Sookie hardly knows about being a vampire. So how in the hell is she going to be able to handle the Queen? Not to mention Edgington himself. That fucker is three thousand years old.”

Godric looked far away for a moment and then spoke.

“What time are you expected there?”

“Midnight.”

Godric nodded almost to himself before he smiled wistfully.

“I will talk with Sookie myself. Meanwhile, Pamela will pick up suitable attire. And when I say suitable, I mean fit for a fairy princess. Eric, call Naill and speak with him of the situation. If it were just the Queen, I would not worry so much. But if Russell Edgington decides to collect her, we will need all the help we can get.”

Both younger vampires before they all parted to go to their day rest. The next three days were going to be hard enough as it was. They would need their rest if they hoped to be prepared for what was coming.

------------------------------------------------------------------

Three days later found Sookie sitting in a stretch Limo as they rolled up to the front door to the Queen’s garish palace in New Orleans. The last three nights had been a whirlwind of information to her. To find out that she was part fairy was hard enough, but to find out that she was royalty was beyond the pale. Last night, her great Grand Daddy had met with her for the second time at the farmhouse, ready to put her through her paces. Russell Edgington, or ‘The Celt’ as they had called him, made everyone just a little nervous.

Naill left with a grin on his face just as the sun was about to rise. He’d said he had an ace up his sleeve, but he didn’t say what it was. Sookie had died for the day before she had a chance to ask him about it.

Shaking off her thoughts, she let Eric guide her gracefully out of the car and was careful to straighten her dress. Around her body was a ornate cloak that hid her hair and forehead as well as most of her dress. It had been put on her very strategically to make sure that the parts that were hidden would remain so. Godric wore something similar, but his almost covered his whole face. Eric was well dressed in dress slacks, shoes, and a button down Silk shirt that made him look carefree and nearly casual, if not for the tailored fit to each peace and the sword strapped to his back. Pam was dressed in a pink floor length evening gown that was split on one side nearly to her hip and concealed four well placed daggers. All in all they made a stunning foursome as they walked through the palace doors and announced their presence to the Queen’s bodyguards.

They only had to wait a few minutes before they were escorted into the throne room where Sophie-Anne sat in her finest on the lap of Russell Edgington. She sprung up immediately when her eyes
fixed on him.

“Eric! How wonderful to see you. I was just telling Russell here all about you. He didn’t seem as pleased with my other sheriffs and I thought it best he knew how good you were at your position. Come and meet him. Bring Pam with you.

Eric pasted a fake grin on his face as he walked up and tilted his head at the future King of Louisiana.

“I am Eric Northman, Sheriff of Area Five of this state. It is a pleasure to meet you.”

Russell stepped down from the throne and looked him over.

“I like you already. You actually armed yourself before you walked in here. A Sheriff comes ready to defend his Ruler. That’s smart. The Queen did babble on quite a bit about you, but she forgot to mention how handsome you were. If I weren’t certain of my future ruler-ship, I might be insanely jealous.”

Eric put on the act carefully, not wanting to lay it on too thick.

“You flatter me.”

“Hardly. I just tell it like it is.”

Russell looked at Pam and sniffed.

“Your progeny is no less beautiful. And well trained too. I like that. Children need a strong hand in their first three hundred years. Otherwise they run amuck and become terribly spoiled. From what I can see, you made sure she isn’t out of hand.”

Pam smiled silently and bowed deeply to show her respect. She knew her part well in this play and unless spoken to, she would remain silent.

Finally Russell looked past the two of them to where Godric and Sookie were standing with their heads down, still as stone.

“I am more interested though in the two mysterious guests you brought with you. Either they have something to hide, or you planned a little surprise for us. However I find myself suspicious that they have yet to look up and show themselves. Especially since both of them are vampires and one is clearly older then you are.”

Godric took that as his queue to walk up and push his cloak back as Eric introduced him

“Russell Edgington, I would like you to meet my Maker. He is now called Godric.”

Russell looked him up and down, as if trying to work something out in his head.

“And where do you hail from, Godric. It’s rare where I meet anyone even close to my age. You are at least two thousand years old. That much I can feel.”

Godric spoke, his voice as always, cool and collected.

“I hail from the lands of Gergovia. I was born of my father Vercingetorix, before being taken as a slave to the Romans. I later turned by my maker Appius Livius Ocella. I was his first child. He turned one other before he died. I was barely eight hundred when I lost him, but I was not sorry. He was harsh and cruel.”
Russell’s eyes opened wide.

“You are the progeny of Appius?”

Godric grinned mentally. It had been a long time, but that name still brought fear.

“Indeed I am. And as far as I know, I am the only one of his direct bloodline still alive. Alexi, his second child, died a mad man after walking into the sun. He was quite convinced he would not be harmed.”

Russell swallowed hard in his throat. Here before him, was a man of one of the oldest and most powerful of Bloodlines. It had been nearly thirteen hundred years since he had seen his own maker, but Appius was spoken of like a legend. His harsh cruelty and evilness was still whispered to baby vamps like a cautionary children’s story of what could happen if you disobeyed your maker.

He focused on Eric.

“And you? Where do you come from? I have the oddest feeling I’ve seen you somewhere before…and when I say before I mean ages ago.”

Eric stared at Russell for a moment and tilted his head. Something bothered him about this vampire, but he couldn’t put his finger on it.

“I am hail from ancient Sweden. My bloodline was Viking.”

Russell remained silent before looking at Sophie-Anne.

“Well you certainly peaked my interest, my dove. To see such a wonderful collection of age in your Queen-dom is simply fantastic.”

Then he turned to look at Sookie, who had remain silent, though she was now behind Eric.

“Still, we seem to have one last Shy creature among us. Come now, it’s rude to hide yourself from us.”

Eric spoke for her, making sure to pick his words carefully.

“She isn’t shy, but her story is rather tragic. You see, apparently she was turned against her will by one who it appears is still in my Queen’s service. To add insult to injury, he released her the night she rose and left her to fend for herself. I took her in, as any good vampire would, and fed her my blood to override that of her former maker. She is now my progeny. But she is also very young, and still quite new to her situation.”

Even was as Cruel as Russell himself could be, he couldn’t abide by a poor maker like that.

“And who was this stupid vampire?”

Sookie almost laughed. Those words were exactly what Eric said when she told him too.

Eric looked up at Sophie-Anne with a near smirk.

“William Compton, Progeny of Lorena Krasiki.”

Russell now turned to Sophie-Anne with disappointment on his face.

“Didn’t you say that William Compton was a trusted member of your retinue? How in the world did
you let him out of your sight long enough to turn someone and not know about it? How can he be trusted if he does shit like this under your nose? He’s barely off his Maker’s tit as it is, but any vampire above three years undead should know better than to leave a progeny he’s already made.”

Sophie-Anne scrambled as she tried to come up with a way to make this situation better. When she got her hands on Bill, she was going to have his fangs for earrings.

“How do you know this girl is telling the truth? She could have lied about it and killed her maker herself.”

Suddenly two other people appeared through the door, walking in like they owned the place. Immediately, every vampire in the room dropped to their knees as The Ancient Pythoness made her way slowly into the room. Even Russell was quick to bow. Even at his age, he was a mere child compared to her.

“Queen Sophie-Anne Leclerq, you are in much trouble.”

Sophie-Anne shook her head as she looked at the ground.

“What have I done? I am a good queen. I rule justly and fairly. I don’t understand, most revered one.”

The Ancient Vampire sat down carefully on the empty throne.

“You have squandered your Kingdom with your greed. You act like a child who takes everything and does not give back to your people. You have overtaxed every vampire in your state three times what they should pay. But your greatest crime is a blood-offence against a high member of the Council.”

Sophie Anne looked up and shook her head.

“A blood offence? You must be mistaken.”

Naill finally spoke, throwing back his hood. His scent was well hidden under the heaviest of cloaking spells.

"I am First Prince of the Sky Fae, Turwaithion Naillio Brigant. I have been a member of the High Council for over four thousand years. I have ruled over the Sky Fae for longer than that. You, Sophie-Anne, have caused one of my own to be turned without her permission and against her will. It is unforgivable. You sought to claim one of my bloodline as a trinket in your human collection and you will suffer the full punishment of your transgressions.”

Sophie-Anne swallowed hard, suddenly putting the pieces together. William Fucking Compton had fucked everything.

“I don’t have any idea what you mean.”

Sookie finally threw back her hood, revealing not only her slightly pointed ears, but a delicate, ornate tiara planted regally around her forehead.

“You call yourself a Queen and you don’t even have the decency to own up to your mistakes. Shame on you.”

Her patience frayed at the seams, Sophie actually snapped at her.
“And who the fuck are you?”

Sookie smiled.

“I am the great granddaughter of Naill Brigant. I would have been hier to his throne. But you sent William Compton out to Bon Tempts to collect me and he messed it up big time. Now, even if I wanted to, I can never visit the land of my fairy kin.”

The Queen growled.

“I don’t even know who you are, you lying bitch. How can you claim I did something when I haven’t a clue what you are talking about?”

Sookie smiled as she stepped up to the Queen, but not close enough to be grabbed.

“Oh how silly of me. Where are my manners? My Name is Princess Susanna Rose Brigant of the Sky Fae.

Sookie let her fangs drop as she sneered at the Queen.

"But you can call me Sookie Stackhouse.”

The Queen fell silent after that. There was, after all, nothing she could say that would save her now.

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Russell, who was tired of bowing and Scraping, stood up and brushed himself off.

“Well, isn’t this a fuckery of a night. Thank goodness I didn’t marry you yet. You look like you’re in some deep shit, precious.”

He looked up.

“If you all don’t mind, I’d like to go on home now. Since this has nothing to do with me, it’s just a waist of my time. I have a state to run after all, and the night isn’t getting any younger.”

Before he could even think to leave, The Ancient Pythoness grabbed him by the back of his neck, holding him up like he was made of nothing but feathers.

“You crimes are so vast and so disgusting, I shalln’t dirty my lips by speaking most of them in front of anyone. But the one thing I can speak of spells your doom.”

She pushed the vampire in her hand to his knees like he was an infant, her blind eyes looking around her.

“This vampire before us has committed the highest desecration of blood offense. For centuries without number, he has given his blood out to werewolves to have them for his army. With this army, he has killed vampire and human alike.”

As the Ancient Vampire called out his crimes, Eric stood up in a flash, his eyes dark with such rage, it nearly shook the ground under him. Godric barely held him back and he roared out his words like a poison from the very depth of Hell itself.

“YOU FUCKING BASTARD! YOU KILLED MY ENTIRE CLAN WITH YOUR WOLVES! I WILL KILL YOU!”
The whole room was dead silent as they watched the Viking Vampire with black eyes floating a foot in the air, his rage so powerful it vibrated in the air around him.

Even The Ancient Pythoness knew better then to push a vampire in full feral blood-rage.
Bare us towards a noble Purpose.

Chapter Summary

Sookie saves Eric in more ways then one, Russell explains why He did what he did, 
The Queen gets her ass kicked and Sookie lands herself in a heap of painful trouble.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Cliffhanger ahead.

And I listened Globus' : Take me Away" when I was writing the second part of this 
chapter.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everyone stood frozen as Godric struggled to keep Eric in check. Even Maker’s commands did little 
to quell the beast that had climbed its way out of the thousand year old Viking.

Eric’s enraged voice hissed out in Swedish, this time so deadly soft that it sent chills down the back 
of most of the people in the room.

"Motbjudande gris! Du tog dina vargar ner på min personer. Jag var en vanlig människa då, knappt 
mer än tjugo vintrar. Du kom apon oss som en stinkande tjuv. Du visade upp och attackerade oss 
utan anledning. Du dödade min far, min mor, och all min klan. VARFÖR?!"

Russell, still in the tight hold of the Ancient One, felt himself being turned so that he could face the 
furious man who questioned him. Though he was still gripped tight by the shoulders, he felt his feet 
touch the ground again. Blinking for a few moments to make sure he heard the words right, he got an 
annoyed look on his face.

“Oh, for fuck sakes. You’re still hung up about something that long ago. That’s just pathetic. Boo 
Hoo. You lost your human family. I’ve killed millions in my three thousand years on this planet. 
What makes your family any different? We’re Vampires, Viking. It’s natural fucking selection. We 
are the superior species at the top of the food chain. How many humans have you killed over the 
years, Northman? How many sons and daughters never made it home in your lifetime? How many 
parents were sacrificed to slake your thirst? What, you think your family is better than anyone else’s? 
Give me a break, please. My balls are hurting.

“But since you so fucking concerned, I’ll answer you. Your clan died for your father’s greed and 
nothing more. I happened upon your clan in the dead of night, asking for just a small boon. I needed 
a few goats to feed my wolves is all. He refused me and tried to slam the door in my face. I asked 
again and he refused to answer. So I did what any vampire would do. It was his own fault. Blame 
him.”
The roar that came out of Eric was inhuman. It sounded like a dragon had taken residence inside his chest. Godric barely held him, nearly breaking his own arms in the process. He wasn’t yet fully healed from his starvation and it showed.

Sookie took a deep breath and talked mentally to her grandfather.

“I can’t let this go on. I know why Eric is angry, but if we don’t do something, he will lose his mind and kill everyone. I don’t want a blood bath. What do I do? Help me, Naill.”

Naill smiles softly despite the dangerous situation they were in.

“Use your light, child mine. Your spark is sitting there inside you waiting for you to tap into it. Use it to help him gain control. Be the Fairy you always should have been, Susanna. Show them all what the Sky Fae are made of.”

Sookie gave him a small nod and focused herself. She was very new to this power inside her and she wasn’t sure if it would work. Her hands blinked for a few moments before they glowed steadily. The light climbed up her arms to cover her shoulders and head before it lit up the rest of her body. Slowly stepping before Eric, she reached up and laid her hands gently on his chest, circling his heart.

“Eric, you need to look at me. Please, my maker?”

Eric growled as he looked down at the tiny glowing woman before him. In his feral anger, he hardly recognized who she was.

“I want vengeance. Go away.”

Pushing her light into him as hard as she could, she spoke again.

“I know you want vengeance, Eric. But not like this. This, what you are letting loose, it’s too monstrous. If you kill him like this, you will be no better than him. Be the bigger man. You will pay him in kind, my Maker, trust me. But the man inside you is the one he hurt. Let that man rule you. He deserves it. Not the beast you’ve become. You aren’t an animal, Eric. You aren’t a savage. You are a proud Viking. Remember who you are.”

Eric struggled as he fought to gain control of himself again.

“I don’t…I can’t…”

Sookie leaned her head into him and let her light work its will on the vampire in front of her. It took several minutes of silent work before she looked up and saw blue eyes looking at her.

“Hey there you are. I missed those baby blues.”

He nodded, unable to smile yet.

“Thank you, Sookie. You are right. I want to rip him to shreds but it is the man who deserves to do this. You make me proud, my sweet firefly.”

They stood there for a second, letting Eric gather up the rest of his air tight control. The old, blind Ancient vampire coached her guards to wrap Russell head to toe in tight silver to keep him prone. Everything fell quiet as the room waited on baited breath for Eric to open his eyes and be civil again.

It was all the opportunity the Queen needed. Seeing everyone distracted gave her the opening she wanted. Taking out the long, ornate, silver-tipped wooden stake hidden at all times on her leg, she
growled and flashed her way towards the pair as fast as she could. This was all that little bitch fairy’s fault. She would kill them both.

Sookie barely had time to hear the angry thought before she looked up and pushed Eric away with all her strength. She didn’t have enough time to step out of the way herself as the stake pierced her stomach. Standing there in shock, she looked at the Queen and choked a moment. Then she spoke, her normally pure mouth spewing rarely used curse words.

“You tried to kill my maker. You fucking BITCH!!”

The Queen opened her mouth to sneer out words, and instead winded up screaming in agony as Sookie laid her hands on the Queen’s face and let her light loose. The whole room filled with the smell of burning flesh as the glowing woman in their sight showed what could happen to those who threatened any member of her family. By the time she was done the Queen was nothing but a pile of dead ash.

Sookie grabbed hold of the stake still inside her, coughing up blood as she sank to her knees. No one was able to see what happened yet, because she had her back facing the room. It wasn’t until she passed out and fell to the ground that anyone realized she was hurt. It was Godric who came to her aid first.

Trying to pull the stake out as gently as possible, he shook his head, feeling his progeny standing over him.

“The stake is stuck. I fear removing it and making her injury worse. It is lucky that her fae abilities protect her from the weakness to silver. The stake was tipped in it. And I think it has broken off inside her. We need the doctor.”

Naill spoke, worry plain on his face.

“Do not move her. I will bring Amy immediately.”

Before he left, he looked at Pam.

“You go and prepare a clean room with a bed for my great granddaughter. Make sure there are several clean towels ready and a sterile donor. She will need it for after.”

Pam flashed off as Naill popped out of the room. Her worry painted her face and for once she didn’t care if it showed how emotional she was. Her friend was hurt. That’s all that mattered.

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It took no more than five minutes for Naill to return with the Doctor in tow, but to those who stood over Sookie, it seemed like an hour. They didn’t even look up to look at her as she walked toward the group of concerned vampires.

“BACK THE FUCK UP! How do you expect me to help her if you crowd around her? Damn vampires. Let me through.”

They backed up slowly, Eric the last to leave her. Blood tears were still dripping from his eyes, but he did nothing to hide them. His newest progeny was in peril, and no proper maker would dare to hide the agony of seeing something like that and not show his own pain.

Amy Ludwig knelt down and touched around the stake carefully. Though no one could see it, her own magic fanned out inside her patient, searching for every single injury and wound. It was her gift
as a healer to read her patients inside and out. She shook her head as she turned and opened her bag, pulling out a surgical knife and a bottle of liquid. She spoke out then, though she didn’t look up to direct her words at anyone. She had work to do.

“Well, this is quite a mess. The stake went in at a bad angle and shattered against the bottom of her rib cage. It was a good thing you didn’t lay her out flat yet. Fairy or not, wood splinters can kill her just like any other vampire. I’m going to need to cut the wound open quite a bit before I can take out all the broken pieces. I will need better light and some clean water. Chop chop, people, this girl isn’t getting any better.”

Water and several lamps surrounded the doctor in seconds as she prepared the area for her surgery. Cutting away the dress slowly she sighed.

“I need to remove her clothing. Everyone out that doesn’t need to be here. Pythia can stay and so can Godric. But the rest of you leave.”

Eric immediately wanted to protest, but the doctor glared at him.

“You want me to save her life or not, Northman? I don’t need a bond to tell me that she’s a woman of virtue, and wounded or not, I won’t compromise that. Plus given the fact that she just used her powers so much tonight, her blood is going to smell like vampire crack. Not even you can control yourself that much. Now get the fuck out and let me fix her. We don’t have all night.”

Eric growled but reluctantly followed the doctor’s orders. He hated the little half goblin, but Sookie needed healing, and the tiny woman was the best Supe doctor anywhere. So he stepped outside the door, leaning against the wall as he waited for word that his one day mate was going to be fine.

Just before Naill walked out, Amy looked up at him briefly.

“First, seal the chains on that fucking scum to make sure he can’t escape. Then cloak the door as you leave. Her blood is very strong with fae right now, and I don’t need to fend off salivating vampires. While you are waiting, you best get that fancy fairy shit you are all so fond of drinking. Her light needs to be replenished, and since she can’t go out in the sun yet, it’s the best way for her to rejuvenate it.”

Naill nodded as he sealed Russell’s chains with strongest sealing magic he had and proceeded to also blindfold him. He cloaked the door after; making sure no scent would escape the room. Then he popped away to retrieve the fairy light wine that the doctor requested. Inside him, though, was a very happy grandfather. Though wounded and in dire straits, Susanna had done her fae kin proud tonight. He couldn’t wait to see what the future would bring where she was concerned. Vampire or not, She was every bit a strong member of his blood line, with a Spark that could light the whole of Faery.

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Meanwhile, Amy bent over her patient, cutting her dress away and undressed her down to just her panties. She spoke to Godric as she worked, determined to make sure he would keep his head.

“Hold your breath, Vampire. In a minute I am going to cut her open, and your superior eyesight is going to help me find all the splinters. I don’t need you losing your shit in the middle.”

Godric bent down and looked straight at the doctor in the eyes.

“I have fought beside Naill during the fairy wars when I was much younger then I am now. I took not a drop of fairy blood, though I spilled much of it on the end of my sword. Appius was the most evil Maker one could have, but he did teach me hard won control at the end of his silver flecked
whip. Do not concern yourself with me. Her blood I have tasted before now, and I know how to keep my fangs to myself. You just focus on healing her and I will do my part to aid you.”

Amy gave a shrugging nod and slowly guided her blade across Sookie’s flesh, working her way around different pieces of wood she could feel inside. Once a wide enough wound was opened, she used a retractor to keep the opening from trying to heal shut.Hissing at the bloody mess before her, she sighed and turned to her bag again, taking out several clamps and some organ tissue graphs. Pulling out the back end of the shattered stake carefully, she handed a pair of long tweezer clamps to Godric and shoved his hand towards the opening.

“Well go on then. I have to clamp off the blood supply. It’s amazing that her heart still pulses enough to push this much blood out.”

Godric looked at her confused as he pulled the first piece loose.

“Vampire hearts don’t beat. I do not understand.”

Amy groused to herself before she answered him.

“Of course they do. How do you think the blood keeps you alive, dummy? Through osmosis? Vampire hearts don’t beat very often, mind you. About once every four or five hours on average, but they do beat. Most vampires hardly pay attention though. Most of the organs work too, just for different reasons. You can’t remove the stomach or the liver, because just like humans, they are used to filter the blood that you drink. The heart pushes the blood around, and the lungs that you can turn off and on are used too. You are every bit as alive as an creature. It’s just that the structure of your organ systems during the change is modified to work different. The reason why has to do with the enzymes in your blood.”

Godric listened with fascination as he worked to remove the wood from their patient.

“Not to get scientific with you, but it really is fascinating how your body works. There are four specific chemicals in your blood that keep you the way you are. The first is a chemical that heals and repairs. You vampires hardly question why you don’t age. But the chemical that works to give you your rapid healing is actually in constant working order to keep your bodies completely healthy and young. It works overtime to make sure that everything that deteriorates during aging is repaired automatically the minute it shows.

“The second is a highly efficient blood protein that supports your muscles and tendons. It fills them with a constant source of nutrition far superior to humans. The strength and speed that you have is because of this chemical. It gives you massive amounts of adrenaline and works like a super dose of vitamin B12 to keep you active and full of energy.

“The third and forth are geared towards your day rest period. They work to actively keep your body replenished and alive in essence, during the hours of the day where your body basically hibernates. As far as whatever gifts you may have, like flight or extra speed or whatever, well that part is pure magic. No one knows for certain how it works, but then, we are sitting here next to a woman who just flash fried a vampire in front of us. So when it comes to magic, best to leave it be and let it work its own will the way nature intended it too.”

Godric nodded as he dug around for the last piece of the stake. But his eyes opened wide when he looked inside and saw where it was.

“Doctor, we have a problem. The point of the stake is in the worst possible location. It is buried so close to her heart that the sharp end is sticking into the very bottom of it. One wrong move and she
will die.”

Amy’s eyes actually opened wide as she looked at where the light now shown the silver. The point was buried lethally into the bottom. To pull it out would mean driving it forward. It was pinned between her heart and her rib. Now in the world were they going to get it out? Even trying to go in through the rib-cage was impossible for fear of moving the stake tip forward.

Giving Sookie an extra shot to keep her from waking up, Amy pulled out the retractor and let the wound heal on its own. Looking up at Godric, she shook her head with actual fear in her eyes. Then looking down at Sookie she growled out the first thing that came to mind.

“Godric, start praying to whatever deities you hold dear. Because as of this moment, we are officially fucked.”

Chapter End Notes

Will Sookie live? Can the stake be removed without killing her. Stayed tuned and Find out! (Chews nails) I wrote the chapter and even I am nervous about what's going to happen next.

*translation from Swedish to English is: "Disgusting pig! You brought your wolves down on my people. I was an ordinary man then, barely more than twenty winters. You came upon us as a stinking thief. You showed up and attacked us without reason. You killed my father, my mother and all my clan. WHY?!"

(they exchange as for like for some reason. they say 'as a stinking' #shrug# It's google translator...don't expect greatness.)
We'll all be dead if the sh*t don't change.

Chapter Summary

Pam shows that torture is good for something, Pythia, Naill, and Sookie are all full of surprises, and Eric learns that being young and thinking Human isn't always a bad thing. Good feelings all around.

Chapter Notes

If anyone is even reading, I hope you like this chapter. I am getting the distinct feeling I f*cked up the story somewhere and made it a piece of useless sh*t.

Hope someone is still reading...

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

As Doctor Ludwig explained situation to the people standing outside, those who knew Sookie tried desperately to calm their panic. Finally Pam showed up after completing the task that was given to her and listened carefully to the tiny woman’s worried assessment.

“Tiny Healer, explain to me exactly how the point is lodged.”

Amy looked at her suspiciously, but explained anyway.

“The point is digging up into the bottom of her heart. The broken end is stuck directly on the rib three and a quarter inches below. It would take very little movement to drive the stake upwards and kill her. It is like trying to disarm a bomb right now.”

Pam tapped her chin and worked it out in her head.

“And how do you have her positioned?”

“She’s lying just as she fell. I was reluctant to move her with all that wood inside her.”

Pam was silent for a few more minutes and then nodded.

“Take me to her. I can dislodge it without injury.”

Amy scoffed.

“And just what do you know about healing that I don’t, Little Girl?”

Pam smirked.

“I don’t know shit about healing. I know about torture. I’ve removed slivers of wood and silver from
every part of the body. You have to understand how everything can be removed if you want to keep your victim alive. Just take me to her. Silver or no silver, I can remove it without killing her.”

Amy shook her head.

“Too much Fairy blood is in that room. You’ll lose your head.”

Pam growled.

“That is my sister in there, little midget. She is my family through Eric. I will help her with or without you. Besides, Godric is in there. If shit gets out of hand, he can help.”

When Amy looked like she was still going to refuse, Pam huffed and stood up.

“Eric, command me so that I am no harm to my sister.”

Eric stared deep into her eyes as he gathered his power inside him.

“You will not smell the blood of Fairy when you enter the room. You will have no desire to partake of Sookie’s bloods. As your Maker, I command you.”

Pam felt the command snap into place and took a deep breath as she looked at the doctor. Then without a word, she entered the room passed the cloaking spell and walked up to Sookie’s prone form. She knew the Doctor and Godric were watching her as she took up the bloody scalpel and cut into Sookie’s chest just enough to see where the stake piece was. Swallowing harshly at how close her new sister had come to death, she looked up and for the first time remembered prayers from her early days of being a vampire. Eric had taught her many of his religious beliefs and she had used them from time to time when she thought they were needed. Searching her memory banks for just the right one, she held her hand to Sookie’s head and began.

“I call upon You Eir, for help and inspiration.  
I wish to be centered in You, sure in my purpose.  
Assist me, Great Healer, in walking in mindfulness and kindness.  
Do not let me wound by inadvertent word or deed;  
Rather allow me to see clearly the right course of action.  
Flow through me, bringing wholeness, health, and understanding.  
Cleanse me of those things that would keep me from being effective or whole.  
Where I am weak, I know You will be strong.  
Where I am afraid, I know that I shall have Your guidance.  
Hear me, mighty Eir, and know that my heart is Your vessel.  
Hail, Healer of the Gods.”

Outside, Eric smiled as he heard the prayer of his people. Eir was the powerful deity of healing. Hearing Pam speak the words gave him a sense of peace. Even after a thousand plus years on this earth, he still gave supplication to the pagan gods of his human life. In the future he would be teaching Sookie the same prayers when he felt she was ready.

Christianity was too pious, too full of tyranny and strict rules. Though he wasn’t bothered by those vampires he knew who were still devout to the ONE GOD, he knew it made being a vampire difficult. It gave one a sense of wrongness, of dirtiness, of sin to be a Christian vampire. It made it sound like some unholy curse from hell. He didn’t want Sookie going through her whole existence feeling like some inferior demon woman because her faith of choice condemned her.
Inside the room, Pam was careful with the tiniest cuts as she worked around the stake point. She’d already cut a piece of rib from the bones above and below the one that wedged the silver point lethally lodged just barely in Sookie’s heart. Now came hardest part. Keep the bone and tip absolutely stable while she cut away enough to remove the dangerous object. Taking another deep breath, she swallowed and spoke to Amy and Godric.

“One of you needs to hold the bone up here and here. The other needs to hold the stake tip still as a rock whilst I cut, so that it doesn’t go upward. One small move will kill her, so you have to be like a statue.”

As Godric took hold of the rib and Amy the stake piece, Pam’s hands trembled with nerves as she tried to bend down and cut the bone away. Suddenly she felt a light touch on her shoulder. She’d nearly forgotten the Ancient Vampiress was in the room still.

“Easy, my child. You will succeed in saving your sister. I have seen it. The new queen will be able to take her rightful place. Do not fear.”

Pam heard the words but barely paid attention to them. All she focused on was the calm comfort that spread through her. She centered herself and bent forward carefully to make the first cut. She carefully used a pair of bone clippers from Ludwig’s bag to snip through the rib with delicate precision. Only Amy took small breaths. The rest held themselves perfectly still. Rarely did a vampire sweat, but Pam’s face was covered with small bead of pinkish perspiration.

Even those outside the room waited with a tension to them. Though Eric was the only one who knew Sookie, the guards of the Queen felt their own tension. Though most were with Queen Sophie-Anne for the seventy-three years of her rulership, their loyalty was to the state. As far as they were concerned, by right of conquest, the new Queen was laying inside the room close to death. And the last thing they wanted was for her maker to lose his shit. Eric Northman was a force of nature. Hardly anyone survived his wrath when he got angry. After the display of blood rage they’d seen this night, the royal guard prayed to their own deities that the woman who was lying wounded in the throne room would be saved.

Three minutes passed like days as Pam cut through the bone in front of her. Finally with a last cut, the bone fell away.

“Pull it out tiny midget.”

Grumbling under her breath at being insulted, Amy removed the point. They all breathed a collective sigh of relief as the hole in Sookie’s heart closed. Now there was the task of putting the bones back in their place without causing further injury. Boy wasn’t that going to be so much fun.

It was at this point that Naill popped back in the room.

“How is my Susanna, Amy? Is she still in danger?”

Amy looked at him with her usual scowl.

“We came close, Prince. The stake shattered and the point was very close to killing her. Thankfully, this vampire here was able to help us remove it without causing further damage. We just have to put the rib pieces back and staple them into place. Then we…”

Naill stopped her there.
“There will be no staples. You’ve done your task well but now it falls to me to finish it. The Ancient one can stay. The rest of you please go outside my barrier. This is fae healing. It isn’t for anyone’s eyes. Pythia is blind. She can not see and that means she can’t reveal the secrets.”

Amy put away her tools and popped out without a word, knowing the Prince would pay her handsomely tomorrow.

Godric, meantime, guided a very reluctant Pam out of the room toward Eric, knowing there was no questioning the Fairy Prince. On their way out though, Godric picked up Russell’s head by his hair and dragged him out with them. The ancient Celt spewed filthy curse words few but he could understand, but Godric paid him no mind. Godric knew to take him where he wouldn’t cause any trouble. His blood son deserved his revenge. It would at last put Eric’s mind and soul at peace and give him closure.

In the room alone with the Ancient one, Naill bent down and pulled out two vials and a bottle of Fairy wine. He sighed in relief as he poured the first one in and the missing bone grew back immediately. The second vial he opened was pure Fairy blood. So pure in fact, that Pythia struggled to keep her fangs from snapping down. To distract herself while Naill worked, she spoke.

“Naill, you know what has happened here this day. Aside from the fact that Russell will die this night, Susanna just killed the Queen in front of a room full of vampires. The Norse man will be given the crown of Mississippi. He will deal the Celt a final blow. This I have seen. But the ruler-ship of Louisiana now falls into this young woman’s hands. I can’t change the traditions of millennia because she is too young and untried. How will she be able to handle the pressure though? She knows nothing of how to be a leader.”

Naill watched as a blinding light took up residence in Sookie’s heart, weaving his magic carefully as the Fae blood worked its will on her. Then he watched the wound close in her chest before feeding her the Fairy wine, massaging her throat to make sure it went down correctly.

“The Viking already knows how to rule. He will have to visit Mississippi for a time to clean up the blood-infected wolves and other riffraff. But once the Kingdom is cleansed of the Celt’s mess, he will settle into his role of King with surprising ease. As for my great granddaughter, it will take some shaky starts before she will rise to her place on the throne. But the fairy inside her blood is royal by birth. She doesn’t know it yet, but as you have witnessed this night, she learns surprisingly fast. She has a quick mind and a sharp intellect. With her telepathy being so strong, no one will be able to betray her without her knowing about it long before it comes to make trouble for her.

“But the one person you failed to mention is the one who will help her grow into her crown. He too was born of a royal human bloodline, and he will be able to help her on her path. After Russell dies, Godric will be the oldest vampire in the new world. With him backing her, Sookie will be a force to be reckoned with. She will never be able to rule the throne of her fae bloodline, but she is my rightful heir. She has the help she needs and with the Unun Clan supporting her, she will rule with a just mind and a powerful heart.”

Both Vampire and Fairy were suddenly pushed back by a blast of silver light that shined blindingly from Sookie. Red blood seemed to suddenly pour from her mouth and nose as the spark inside her worked its magic on her.

Pythia’s face swung in Naill’s direction as she felt the power radiating in the room.

“What is going on, Prince? She is bleeding again. Is she wounded?”

Naill shook his head with a smile on his face as the light began to dim.
“No, Pythia. She has expelled the still human blood within her. There wasn’t much, not after being made and then remade. The Spark inside of her has decided that to make her strong, most of her human blood would have to be driven out and Fae blood replace it. Though she still has much humanity, she is no longer three different parts equally as she was before.

“You see, at the time of Northman’s re-turning, she was a one third each. She was a third vampire, a third Fae, and a third human. Vampires, as I am sure you know, are a Halfling breed. Half human, half other. No one knows what the other half originally came from, but it was likely some sort of Cat hybrid demon. We will never know for certain, but that is hardly the point. Though it wasn’t my intention when I gave her the vial of pure fae blood, her spark used it to drive out the weakest of her three bloodlines. The human in her wasn’t wrong, but it was weakening her. It was limitation on both the vampire and the fairy within her. So her reunited Spark drove it out to banish some of the weakness. She is healing rapidly now, and with a day’s rest, she will rise tomorrow whole, and stronger than ever before.”

Pythia was silent.

“What about vampire and fairy weaknesses? Will she still be held by them?”

Naill shrugged as he stood.

“That I cannot say. But my educated is no. Though most of her human blood has been driven out, not all of it can be. It is a part of her make-up. It will be used to bolster the failings of her other natures now. Weakness to iron and silver are not a human trait, so what is left of it will help to make her immune to these things. I seriously doubt Lemons are an issue, since her diet will be mostly vampire in nature. She may be able to partake in some of the lighter Fae food and drink when she needs them to replenish her light. Beheading will kill anything, and staking the heart will as well, no matter what species we are talking about.

“The sunlight is still unknown, but being now almost half fairy, she will likely receive immunity to that as well. She will need a teacher to both her sides now so that when a gift shows itself, she will be better prepared to control it and use it to her best advantage. One thing I am certain of is that fairy blood will not affect her the way it does most any vampire. This is a good thing, because that strength will pass onto all those who share her vampire blood line down through the beginning of the Unun Clan. Thank goodness Appius and his mad child Alexi are dead. I shiver to think of what would become of all of us if they had gotten a hold of her.”

He chuckled with his next words.

“However, we have taken up enough time and the hour grows late for vampires. Plus, I am quite certain that if we do not soon let him in, the Viking might just break the residence apart trying to make his way to his future mate. Best we let him see her and give his mind peace that she is well, even if he can hear every single word we have said thus far.”

With a faint smile of her own, the Ancient Pythoness, known as Pythia, stood and looked down on Sookie with her blind eyes.

Somehow, Someway, this girl would change the world as they knew it.

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Sookie spend the next two days buried in blankets and feeding whenever she opened her eyes at
night. Her world was shaken not just by the staking, but by the truth of her actions. Killing the Queen in defense of her Maker had consequences; more so then she could’ve ever imagined. She had no idea how she was going to be a ruler of a state when she hardly understood more than the very basics of being a vampire.

But something from her human life would help her on her way. Being head waitress at Sam’s bar for nearly six years had taught her a lot about service. The rules that applied to waitressing could, in a different way, be applied to being a new vampire Queen. The first rule was something that could help her with her future dealings with subjects, though right now it was a simple notion in her head. Sam had said something once when she had been upset with a drunken idiot who kept saying she was bringing the wrong drink. He had said:

“Cher, you heard the saying ‘the customer is always right.’ And in some cases, that’s true. But in a bar setting, some people addle their brains too much to be right. So we bar owners have our own saying. It goes something like ‘if your drinking to pass the time, you’re fixin’ to lose your mind.’ It means basically that just because the customer thinks he’s right, doesn’t mean he knows what he’s saying. In the future, if anyone who’s that drunk gives you shit, you just smile and go on your way. Cause in the morning, he’ll realize how stupid he was when he wakes up with a hangover and sand in his mouth.”

Sookie thought about that much when she was told by Eric how some vampires were so drunk on their own power, they just had to make a nuisance of themselves. She knew that being Queen meant passing Judgment over people. The Magister would help, but some problems would be dumped in her lap. So far she saw three major ones one her plate that would need her immediate attention.

The first one was the money problems the Queen had made. Looking at the richly overly furnished palace, Sookie had some idea how the Queen managed to bankrupted herself and most of her sheriffs. The IRS was demanding compensation for months now. Not to mention the restoration effort of N.O.L.A itself.

So when she rose for the third night, she drank her blood and got dressed. She may not understand the cut throat world of vampire politics, but money management was easy. She’d helped Sam with book keeping more than one in the past, and she would use that knowledge now to fix the financial crisis Sophie-Anne had tried to ignore.

After looking over all the paperwork and mail for three hours, she had some idea of how to start. Calling in her Maker and the former Queen’s personal assisant, she settled down in the garish office chair, looking with distaste at the overly fancy desk. Looking up as the door opened and closed, she stood and gathered the papers in her hand, putting them in a pile as she rubbed her face and began to speak.

“Alright, I’ve looked over all this mess and I know how deep in manure we are right now when it comes to money. Looking over the book of purchases made on Sophie-Anne’s credit cards, I’m amazed the IRS didn’t show up themselves to stake her greedy butt to the wall. It’s no wonder her sheriffs are not all that loyal, ‘cept for Andre of course. So this is what we are going to do.

“Eric, I want eyes on Andre at all times. I want his every move written down. Find people who can be his shadows. Something tells me he is in cahoots with someone else. Someone named De Castro, whoever he is. He wants to give Louisiana a ruler who thinks like him. I don’t want to be staked to the wall because we aren’t covering all our corners. Besides, after the news travels about Russell and You and Godric, I want to make doubly sure we show our power. I may hate being a queen when I barely know anything. But I’d rather be alive and annoyed, then staked and dead. One piece of wood in my body was enough for my lifetime.”
Eric nodded. He would make sure that The King of Nevada wouldn’t be able to make a coup out of Sookie. And Andre would fall in line or get staked. That was all there was to it.

“I also want every valuable piece in this house auctioned off. When the house has been stripped of every piece of gold, every painting, every jewel I want the money from the auction to be split between the Restoration effort and to turning this place into something else. Maybe a shelter or something. I have to think about that one. From the purchase receipts I’ve looked at, we can pay off the IRS and still have enough to give out to New Orleans. She needs it more than we do right now.”

Sookie sighed and rubbed her face.

“I want the tax collected from Sheriffs to be cut in half. Even with that cut, they can give enough revenue to be able to pay the taxes and still be able to keep something for themselves.”

Looking over to the desk, she saw something else catch her eye.

“We also have another problem I don’t like seeing. Vampires have gone missing. I count nineteen in the last two months. Drainers are also on the rise. An ounce of V-juice can go for ten to fifteen thousand on the streets alone. We need people on the inside, scoping out this operation and finding these people. We need it brought into the light, where the AVL can put it on broadcast. We have to have a system to take care of these drainers and addicts that doesn’t include torture and death. If this is handled right, humans will see that not only can their own kind be very cruel, but that Vampires don’t handle everything with a harsh hand and bloodshed.

“I really think Godric will be good for this. He has a calm disposition and a way of thinking that can be used to make vampires and humans understand how dangerous it is to be hooked on V. Not just for humans, but for the vampires who are drained just because someone is lookin’ for a fix.”

Sookie fell silent for a moment, before her brain lit up with a wonderful idea.

“We can use this house for that. We can work with human law enforcement that can apprehend the human dealers and the prison cells down below can be used to house them. For the addicts, we can have vampires glamour them into getting clean and starting a new life for themselves. Once we have enough reformed addicts who are able to help, we can set up counseling sessions for new comers who are on the road to recovery. Charles, check out what we need to do to open a place like that here. I want everything done through proper legal channels so that when we can open, we open without a hitch.

“We can also close off part of this place with several light time rooms and set up a hospital for weakened and drained vampires. It’ll have to be perfectly safe for both humans and vampires. Meaning that the humans can’t hurt the vampires, but also that the vampires can’t harm the humans either. Weak and Drained vampires are prone to go feral. We have to make sure that we keep everyone safe. Or maybe we can knock down the one house and build two in their place. With us being the front runners of this V drug epidemic, other states might take the hint and set up their own facilities for it. And just think of the long reaching possibilities to the vampire P.R. Campaign. Let Steve Newlin try to talk his way out of that kind of press. He won’t have a leg to stand on.”

Eric glowed with pride at how his new child was doing in her newest status. No older vampire would have thought of an idea like that. Once set in their ways, few vampires remembered how to think of such a human notion. Though it would not be easy for his new child to rule in the dangerous world of supe politics, but her different way of thinking would give rise to new ideas. It would also appease the humans to see a vampire acting on their behalf.

Charles finished writing down the draft idea his new employer had come up with and looked up. He
already liked her better than the old one and he barely knew her. Clearing his throat nervously, he spoke as respectfully as he could. The New Queen didn’t make him nervous. But Eric Northman put the fear of god into him after the stories he heard. Considering that the sweet girl in front of them was his child, the last thing he wanted to do is upset her.

“Excuse me Miss. Stackhouse, but I was wondering something. This new idea of yours is splendid, but you are missing one key group of people that need help as well. It’s why Steve Newlin and his father have gotten as famous as they have. They take in victims who have been attacked unjustly by vampires. With this new plan of yours, something says that they should be included as well.”

Sookie tapped her chin and thought about it for a moment.

“You’re right. We should include them. Especially people who have been abused by their vampire lovers, or those who have been forced to be turned against their will. The trouble with that is the councilors who would help them. My gut tells me a kind vampire would be able to help their situation and understand their plight. But being that a vampire attacked them in the first place, I have no idea how that would work. I don’t think human shrinks would do much good. They can sympathize, but they won’t understand it fully. It’ll take some thought to get this whole idea off the ground, but once we smooth the rough edges, we can really have solid ground to take off from.”

Charles wrote that down too and looked up again.

“Anything else, Miss?”

Sookie shook her head.

“For now, No. I still have a lot to go through right now and a coronation that has to be planned to let the other vampires know I’m Queen. Talk with Pythia’s people on when that is going to take place. She said before she left that she was going to handle that. Something about it being her stamp of approval so that the other vampires don’t question that I am the new Queen. After that call, you can take off the rest of the night and start fresh in the morning.”

Charles thanked her and left the office. Sookie sat back down with a huff and held her head in her hands.

Eric walked up beside her and let his pride come through the bond.

“You did wonderful, Sookie. I thought you would take much longer than this to solve any one of the obstacles you blew through tonight. You thought of several solid plans and solutions most vampires wouldn’t have even been able to think about in the first place. And your idea about the drainers and addicts are revolutionary. I wouldn’t have been able to do the same.

“Vampires deal torture and death to drainers because our blood is sacred to us. But though your way is more subtle and passive, the P.R. we could gain is remarkable. With the right endorsements and ads, if this new idea of yours takes off the way I think it will, the V.R.A bill will fly through congress with such ease; anti-vampire groups like the Fellowship won’t know what hit them. However did you come up with this? You’ve just barely begun to learn what it means to be a vampire. I knew you were smart…but I had no idea how clever you truly were.”

Sookie looked up at him with a drained smile.

“I know people, Eric. I spent the last twenty four years being inside their minds and reading their thoughts. I know what makes them tick and what they’ll listen to. Being a telepath is hell at times, but it also gives me a kind of insight few humans ever have. V-Addicts don’t want to be destroyed.
They want to escape, to feel good about their normally crappy lives. It’s that way with any addict.

“Vampire blood makes a human feel like a vampire for just a little while. To be powerful and invisible for short time. It makes it so you don’t have to care. If they have a place they can go to that can teach them not only another way to get that, but also show them what their addiction can do to the vampires whose blood they’re drinking, they will be better off for it.”

Eric nodded in agreement and rubbed her shoulders, hearing her groan in pleasure.

“You might not have chosen this life, Sookie, but you were definitely born to be queen. You go into this showing fearlessness and clear thought. I am glad to be your maker.”

Sookie looked up at him for a minute before turning her head away, laying one of her hands on his.

“Thank you for that, Eric, but you’re wrong about something. I’m not fearless. I am terrified. I can hardly comprehend how much my life has changed in so little time. Part of me just wants to go back to the farmhouse, curl up with Gran in her bed, and pretend all this doesn’t exist.”

She took a deep breath and closed her eyes, almost as if in pain. When they snapped open again, they were filled with desperate determination and a building fire of inner strength she wasn’t yet aware of herself.

“But my Gran didn’t raise me to run away from difficult times just because they might seem too big for me. She taught me how to be brave in the face of all the ugly thoughts surrounding me and draw my strength from that kind of hateful junk. I came home from school crying more than once because the kids were cruel and I was something different enough to be picked on. She would sit me on her knee and say ‘Don’t be listenin’ to them fool child, my Sookie. They don’t know anything about how special you are. Their ignorant and petty and they haven’t learned yet how the world is. You’re so much smarter than them because your gift gives you the kind of understandin’ most people dream of. So the next time they want to sass you, you just put your chin up, keep your feet straight in front of you and walk on passed them. In time they’ll see the error of their ways when you shine so bright in front of all of them. It’ll be like looking at all the stars in the sky combined. That’s how precious you are, my sweet. One day you’ll see that.’”

She swallowed as she looked up at him once again.

“I know Godric, Pam and you , y’all can help me learn what she was talking about. I am scared Eric, and I have no idea truly what I’m doing with all this newness that I’ve had dumped on me. But maybe just maybe with the lessons my Gran taught me, and the lessons you still have to teach me, I think I’ll get through this all just fine. I’ll go crazy and scream my brains out later. Right now I just have to do what my Gran taught me. Keep my Chin up, my feet straight and keep on walkin’ forward. I don’t know where I’m going yet, but that’s what I have you for.”

Eric chuckled at her childlike grin and nodded. He couldn’t wait to see where she was going to go either. It took courage to admit you were terrified of power, even if you craved it constantly. His new Child was going to be just fine.

Even if he had to become softened by love to make it so.

Chapter End Notes
Looks around at the silence. ) Hello? Is anyone out there. ( Sees no one) Alright, I am not a comment hog at all. All I want to know is if anyone wants me to bother continuing. Or if this is another failed piece of Sh*t story that I'll have to delete. I don't want praise. I just want to know it's being read. Otherwise I'm just wasting site space that could be used by someone else's better story. I just...I can't continue to write for no one. That's all. It's happened before and got to the point of me being flamed out of the site all together. I won't go through that again.
Chapter Summary

Sookie gets a call, Rene is a two faced whacko, and Gran puts the hammer of thor down on Eric as she helps him understand that old doesn't mean weak.

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Chapter Notes

Thank you so much everyone for your wonderful comments. It gave my muses energy for this chapter and it gave me a profound sense of peace as a writer.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two nights later found Sookie finally back home with Eric and Godric. Sophie-Ann’s Palace was being torn apart for any and all things to be sold. Even Pam the Shopaholic couldn’t believe how much clothes and shoes the queen had owned. And her room had actually been done in literal gold brick taken from the time Sophie had still been alive. The fortune in just that one room in the castle was enough to not only pay off the IRS and start the funds for Sookie’s idea, but also to put away for years to come.

By right of conquest, Sookie now owned all of Sophie-Anne’s assets. Along with the Palace, this included Kauai, one of the islands of Hawaii. Not to mention fourteen estates in America, Two in England, Two in Italy, and several smaller houses in Africa, Japan, Russia and Iceland. Sookie had all but the house in Iceland down completely and was waiting until the selling prices went through to see what funds could be had from them. She kept that one house as per Eric’s instructions to visit later. Something about it being night the whole winter or something.

Sophie-Anne had even owned a small silver mine she was basically using to torture prisoners. When everything added up, Sookie had been blindsided by the possibilities of what she could now call her own. She already donated the money from selling the mine to the Restoration effort of New Orleans. The Senator of the state had been so shocked, it was said that he collapsed on the spot while laughing hysterically. Who knew something so poisonous could be worth so much.

Sookie rubbed the water from her hair as she thought over all the events that had happened in the last few weeks, giving herself time to come to grips with all of it. She still had so much to do, but she knew thinking about it all at once would drive her insane.

It was then that the phone rang. Eric was out on Business and Godric was with him. Neither said where they were going, but Sookie didn’t mind being alone for a little while. Seeing that it was her Gran, she picked up the phone with a smile on her face.

“Gran, how are you? It’s so ni….,”
Adele Stackhouse panted on the other end of the phone as she spoke in whispers.

“Listen to me now Sookie. There is some trouble at the house. I heard a car pull up and some man’s voice outside my house. I tried calling the police, but no one picked up. I am locked in the attic all the way back as far as I can be. I can hear someone inside throwing stuff around. What should I do?”

Sookie growled under her breath.

“Gran, try to call anyone. Jason, maybe.”

“I can’t call Jason my Sookie, he is out with one of his flings and he won’t pick up.”

“Alright, try Bud’s again and I’ll be there as quick as I can.”

“Okay my Sookie, please hurry.”

Sookie hung up the phone and immediately picked up her cell as she dressed quick time in nothing but Sweats and a tank top. Sending out a text to Eric, Godric, and Pam, she immediately stepped outside and called Sam.

“Merlotte’s bar and Grill. Tara Speaking.”

“Tara listen. There’s someone in Gran’s house trying to find her. Grab Sam and Laf and head over there as quick as you can. She’s in the attic. And tell Sam to use his gift. There’s no time to lose. Hurry!”

She hung up before Tara could answer her, and stepping outside, took to the sky without thinking about what she was doing. She’d never even bothered to ask Eric if he help her see if she could fly. But with panic in her brain, she sped though the sky as fast as she could towards Bon Tempts.

Landing outside 10 minutes later, she heard the sounds of a struggle going on. It sounded like a man cursing and a Pitt Bull growling from somewhere towards the back of the house. Running in at vampire speed, she ignored the struggle and went upstairs. Seeing the attic stairs down, she jumped up into the landing only to immediately have Tara and Lafayette point a gun on her.

Once they saw it was her, they put the guns down and Tara jumped up.

“Shit girl, you scared the fu…”

Adele immediately spoke out stern.

“Tara Mae Thornton, you watch your mouth or I’ll put you over my knee, grown woman or not.”

Tara apologized and looked at Sookie again.

“Sam turned himself into a god…Gosh darn Dog. I’ve seen my share of crazy things, but that there was some messed up hoodoo.”

Suddenly they all heard a dog yelp and whimper, and Sookie smelt blood hit her nose. Sam was hurt.

“Stay here. I got to help Sam.”

Jumping out of the attic and closing it, raced off in the direction of the scent of dog and blood. When she found the source, she could hardly believe her eyes. A battered up Rene was sitting there, blood
knife in one hand and belt in the other, looking in shock as the dog he just stabbed turned into a
naked Sam Merlotte.

“Holy Shit, what’s this here? Freaks, all of you. Fucking freaks!”

Sookie’s fangs dropped as she read Rene’s thoughts, though his real name was Drew Marshall.

“You call us freaks, Drew Marshall, but what does that make you. A god fearing human wouldn’t
break into an old woman’s home to straggle her. Nor would he kill women because they happen to
like walking on the wild side with Vampires. But you messed with the wrong woman this time. You
may be able to hurt defenseless old ladies, you being such a man and all. But you pissed me off…and
I am just a little bit more then hungry.”

Rene/Drew pulled out a different chain; one made of pure silver, and stood up, throwing it like a
whip at Sookie. She caught the chain and wrapped it around her hand before yanking him forward
with it.

“Silver doesn’t hurt me you bastard. I’m not your run of the mill vampire.”

Then she brought him close, wrapping one hand around his throat as her eyes glowed silver. Leaning
over, she whispered deathly quiet in his ear.

“I am your worse fucking nightmare.”

With a roar that could rival a jaguar, she pulled his head back and bit him hard. She did it without
thinking, barely tasting the blood as she sucked it down. It was only when she heard Godric in her
ears that she gained her mind.

“Sookie, you must stop. He must be made to pay for his crimes. One day you will be able to deal
death easily to those who think to cross you. But you aren’t ready yet. Pull back, little one. Don’t let
death stain your heart. He is not worth the cost of your innocence.”

Sookie pulled back and threw him forward, backing up as drop of blood dripped from her right fang
down her chin to her neck. She was just about to go to the kitchen when she heard her grandmother
talking to Pam from the stairs. Stepping back further into the shadows, she spoke so only Godric
could hear.

“I can’t leave yet, Godric. I have to see them cuff him and take him away before I’ll feel safe enough
to do that. But I can’t put away my fangs either. They won’t listen to me, not with the blood still in
the air. But please, don’t let Gran see me like this. Don’t let her know I was the one to bite him. I
couldn’t deal with her knowing how…just please.”

Godric nodded, and before anyone could see him, he dip down to take a few drops of blood for the
groaning murderer on the floor. Rubbing in on his tongue, he let his fangs come down before he
painted them too. Coating his lip with what was left, he picked up Drew Marshall like a sack of
potatoes placed him in a wooden chair, tying him too it quickly. Sam had finally gotten up and with
Lafayette’s help, managed to put on his pants at least. He had a nasty bump on his head and a
healing knife wound in his shoulder, but otherwise was quite healthy.

Sookie watched in a crouched down position as Gran walked into the living room and took in the
sight of a pale man tied to her dining room chair.

“Oh my good lord, but he is a frightful sight. I see you caught him Mr.Nervii. Thank you so much.
But where is Sookie?”
“She is still a young vampire, Adele, and isn’t able to be around blood without it affecting her. She is outside at the moment.”

Adele would have fallen for the ruse too, if it hadn’t been for the captured man’s slurred words.

“Keep that blonde she bitch away from me. Whore daughter of Satan she is. Fuckin’ vampers.”

Adele raised her hand and slapped him hard enough to turn his head.

“I don’t care if you are evil incarnate, Mister Marshall. You will watch your tongue in my house. We are good Christians unlike you, and we keep our mouths as clean as our bodies at all times. Curse again and police or no, I will have someone pick a switch and tan your hide.”

Drew Marshall fixed his eyes on the proud southern woman standing before him, and crazy or not, he kept his mouth shut. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he could see his own grandmother in her. That was a wrath even he would not incite.

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After the police finally finished their questioning and Drew Marshall was cuffed and detained, Adele took a deep breath. Then she stood up and looked around the room.

“Now, my Sookie, you need to come and show yourself to me. I know what you did just as surely as I know what you are. Don’t shame me, child, by thinking I am small minded. You know better.”

Sookie gulped and stood up from her crouched position.

“I’m over here, Gran. I’m sorry. I just…I didn’t want you to see me like this.”

Adele looked at the shadowy figure and crooked her finger.

“Come now, into the light where I can see you. We need to face this together.”

Sookie walked forward nervously, her eyes full of tears. Stress and worry kept her fangs down still, and she tried to hide them by looking at the floor.

Adele stepped toward Sookie and lifted her head up by her chin. For a few silent minutes she looked over her granddaughter, seeing without judgment in her eyes.

“I need you to hear me now with your good common sense. You are a vampire just as much as you are a Stackhouse. Though it was forced on you, it’s just another part of your blood, like Jason or your parents or me. T’ain’t no different than your eyes, your ears, your nose, or the chin you got from your grandfather. And there’s no shame in that, My Sookie.

“Yes, you drink blood now. The way I see it, isn’t any worse than eating cows and chickens you raised yourself. Just like my grandparents did when I was a little girl. You have a good heart and a smart mind, just as you always did. You are no more a monster than any other person sitting here in this room. So you keep your head raised proud now. You stopped a cold blooded killer from hurting your friends. You helped capture an evil man so he wouldn’t hurt anyone else. That’s the actions of a hero in my book, and no bit of blood and fangs is going to make me think otherwise.”

Sookie sniffled, trying to raise her trembling voice in protest.

“But Gran, I bit….”

Adele shook her head, dragging Sookie over to the Kitchen to talk with her alone, face to face.
“Now you see here. Nothing you’re going to say is going to make me look on you with disgust. Does a dog who bites a person attacking it say it’s sorry? No! You aren’t an animal, but we all have a little bit of the wild instincts in us. You think for a second I wouldn’t have shot my own brother when I caught him hurtin’ you? I would’ve shot him right through his black, cold heart. Lord Forgive me, but I wanted to. You just have a little less control over that same instinct for now. In time I am sure you will learn to get a grip on it. Like a baby learns to walk, so you will learn to hold yourself back. It’s just a little harder to do because you’re new. That’s all there is to it.”

Sookie Leaned into the weathered hand on her face and sighed.

“Gran, I’m so lost. Everything is happening so fast. The whole thing with being a fairy. And now I’m a vampire Queen. I just don’t know what to do. I can’t find my ground. I try to keep my feet straight, like you told me to. But every time I go to step forward, it feels like an Earthquake is hitting me from underneath.”

Adele looked at Sookie with compassion.

“I raised you the best I could, but in the end, life is a mess. No one can be ready for everything, no matter how fast or slow it comes at you. The muck and manure sometimes is more than we can bare to clean, but we have to clean it. We earn life by working for it, cause nothing is free in the world. That’s the way it is. You work through it one foot at a time.”

Sookie’s fangs finally hid themselves, but she still looked miserable.

“Wait here just a minute. I’ll be right back.”

Adele stood up and walked over to Eric with steady strides.

“Tell me what is truly bothering my Sookie, Mr. Northman. I know you know, and it’s somehow involves you. Call it Grandma’s intuition.”

Eric chuckled.

“My Father’s mother was the same way. She seemed to know everything. I remember trying to steal a finger’s worth of honey from our stores when no one was looking. I was so careful I was sure to wash off any evidence and wait for my hands and face to dry before I went back to the village. By the time I thought there was nothing to worry about, she would have me by the ear threatening to spank me with a boat oar the next time I tried to sneak honey without asking first.”

He stood up from where he was sitting and gently guided Adele outside. He made sure to go enough distance that Sookie would have to strain to hear him. Godric could, but Godric already knew.

“It is a delicate situation, Adele. New born vampires are a prey to their heightened instincts. Sookie is in better control than most baby vamps, but she is still a victim of the same. It is difficult to explain to a human. But I will try.”

He carefully sat her down on a log from the back of the house near the woods before he continued.

“Picture if you will, a radio in the car. As it goes from one song to another, the sound is going up and down in volume. You often have to turn the dial to fit your hearing. But your ears get used to it. That is until you leave the car and go back. You ask yourself why you were listening to the music so loudly. It all but deafens you.

“New Born Vampires are like that. It as if someone has turned up the volume on all their senses at once. But there is no way to make the volume less. Every sound, every sight, every taste, every
touch is at its maximum limit. It makes for a harrowing experience in the beginning few years as they learn to work around that loudness to find a center in themselves.”

He paused, thinking over his next words carefully before he spoke them.

“Before I was turned, I was what most today would call a bit of a man whore. In my time, monogamy was not as big of thing as it is now in modern times. But I was quite taken with the women of my village. A fact my Father was not always happy with. He wanted me to take his place as chieftain, and I was only interested in…let’s call them ‘fun and games’. Until the night my village was attacked, killing almost my entire tribe. Then there was no waiting, no more time for any games. I was king.”

He stopped again, letting her settle what he said in her mind before he continued.

“When Godric turned me after I was nearly killed in battle, I rose with pure instinct. Like the Viking I was, I was ready to jump in a take life by both hands. I was quite unruly, to be honest, a fact which he still laments to me now. But when I tell you everything is heightened, Adele, I mean everything. And considering how I…forgive me, it is an uncomfortable topic to discuss with one who may not understand vampire nature.”

Adele looked at him for a moment, and shrewdly smiled before she spoke.

“In the south, Mr. Northman, we call it knockin’ boots. You and your maker knocked boots with each other.”

“In a manner of speaking, yes. Several times in fact.”

Seeing a thousand year old vampire looking at her like a bushing teenage boy caught masturbating by his parents, Adele couldn’t help but smile.

“I’m old, Deary, not dead. To tell you the truth, if I was a spring chicken again instead of an old maid, my granddaughter might have competition with me. I’ve seen myself some handsome men, Eric, but you are like a diamond shining inside mud. They just don’t make ‘em like you anymore.”

Then her look turned serious again.

“But what does all this have to do with my Sookie?”

Eric tried to keep his face straight as he spoke. It was not easy. A thousand years had come and gone in his life, and very little phased him. But talking about sex with a grandmother, even one not your own, was never easy. For one who lived an existence of controlling emotions, having the human feeling of embarrassment curl up inside his stomach was disconcerting.

“Adele, I will have to be blunt with you if you wish to hear the truth. There is no way to sugar coat this.”

Adele gave a un-ladylike snort.

“If you think you can shake me with your words, then you really don’t know a Southern woman. Say what you will.”

Eric nodded, looking at the sky as he spoke.

“For us, feeding in and of itself is a very intimate act. Whether we enjoy whom we’ve chosen to feed from or not, there is something always sexual about it. It is like the kiss of a lover. Every vampire
feels this drive when they feed. Even if it is in the middle of a savage battle. Sex and Blood is so linked for us, we usually do both at once. There is control with age, and we don’t always have to answer both calls if we wish not to. But in the end, like any other control, it takes time to learn.

“It is rare for a virgin to be turned, Adele. Normally turning usually takes place during an act of sex. Also turning a virgin can be like a cruel punishment. Vampire healing is so rapid and so perfect, that a female vampire with her hymen intact will grow it back over and over again. While I am glad Compton did not take her when he turned her, he was doubly cruel to not prepare her fully for life as a vampire.”

He ran his fingers through his long hair and sighed.

“I know much of Sookie’s human life before she was turned. I know of her uncle’s filthy ways and what he did to her. She has not told me the details, but being as old as I am, I hardly have to look far to guess just how he violated her. This is what makes the situation more than difficult.

“Sookie’s desire is like a burning torch. As her maker, I can feel it in the bonds we share as if it were my own. Between her harsh past and her moral compass, I can understand how she feels she must not give in to such. You raised her to respect herself, as any woman should. But now her new nature along with the every strengthening spark of fairy in her has all but driven that morally to a closed iron bear trap. To the point where she is now causing herself near agony. She does not feed properly, she drinks very little when she does feed, and she chugs true blood like a drunk swallows whiskey. And despite what Nan Flanagan would have you believe, newborns can’t subsist solely on True Blood alone.”

He finally met Adele’s eyes.

“I do not wish her to give her virtue away like a cheap gift to anyone, no matter how I may desire her for my mate. But she is suffering. She starves herself of what she needs to keep herself free of any other lust. It weakens her greatly. The first year of turning is no different from the first year of a new baby’s life. Proper nourishment makes a strong vampire. And she will need her strength with the crown now placed around her head. Godric and Pam have tried to help her understand and accept, but she is stubborn and terrified. We are at a loss to help her.”

Adele sat silently for a while, rolling around the thoughts in her head. Then she stood up slowly.

“Thank you for being honest with me, Eric. I imagine, vampire or not, that wasn’t an easy thing for you. You strike me as the type of fellow to solve his own problems. You also seem to have a high sense of entitlement to your character. Some would call it arrogance, I suppose. I see it as a fact of your way of life. Your confidence is part of surviving your world, I imagine, and you wouldn’t be your age if you didn’t show that off.

“But you also have a heart behind that stone shield you carry in front of you. You’ve barely known my granddaughter less than a month, and already you try to protect her. I can see you two making a fine pair. Consider that a stamp of approval to court her. I doubt you need it, but it’s there none the less.”

She looked at him sternly, though her eyes hinted at a smile.

“As for Sookie, you can’t be the one to help her understand. She may be a vampire, but this is more a human problem for her. While I am sure Bartlett had something to do with her aversion to relations, it isn’t the main problem. Sookie has lived in this town all her life and most folks here aren’t
forgiving to people who live outside the norm. They don’t like that she’s different, and most of them haven’t spared her of their judgment. Even if it is only in their thoughts.

“She doesn’t think to highly of herself because of this. She could have dated any man here, and they would be blessed to have her. But her gift has made that an impossible thing. She isn’t single because she wants to be, she is single because she can hear them. There is no way to get close with any human boy with her head always tuning in. So she stayed alone.

“But I am also aware that her view of herself has been tarnished by simple minded fools for too long. She is used to their view of her, and even with her shields against them, it was going on too long not to affect her. Her Self worth is very little. Even if she is sweet on you, she won’t understand how you could want her. Every other woman is better than her in her book. To her, with so many pretty faces for you to choose from, she is sure she’ll never stand a chance of your attentions.”

Adele finally paused, feeling her tiredness after such a busy and at times, terrifying night.

“I can’t help her any better than you can. But there is someone who can talk to her who she won’t be able to ignore. Luckily for me, he’s still in the house. And when they talk, you let them alone. She and Tara may be sisters, tried and true. But Lafayette and her have a connection to each other that I stopped tryin’ to understand years ago. If I put a bug in that boy’s ear, he’ll know how to get her talking while keeping her away from grief.”

As they started walking towards the door, Adele raised her voice one more time.

“Just one more thing, Mr. Northman…”

She turned and gave him a look that suddenly made him feel like he was looking at Godric about to scold him.

“You treat my Sookie with respect. And if she should decides to give you her heart, you keep it. Protect it as fiercely as any creature would protect their young. She is smart and strong, make no mistake. But she is also fragile and life hasn’t always been kind to her. So if you want her and she wants you back, you best make sure you are ready for the full basket of apples. Cause my own Granny had a sayin’: ‘If you don’t want the apples, don’t go pickin’ ‘em off the tree. And make sure that when you do, you take only what you are ready to use. Just cause the tree is full of ‘em, don’t mean we get to be greedy.’

“So you just remember that. I don’t know what kind of vampire or man you were before you met her, but I have some idea. I don’t wish to judge you; that’s for god to do. But if you want her, you want only her, you get me. You hurt her heart and let your hands travel to other apples, eighty years old or not, I have a nice sharp silver knife just waiting for…meat to cut. Don’t make that first meat be yours. You hearin’ me, Son?”

Eric tried not to show his fear in the face of her suggestive comment. But part of him wanted desperately to grab his own balls at the moment, just to protect him. Human or not, something told him she would find a way to make good on her threat if he slighted her.

“Yes, Ms. Stackhouse. I understand perfectly.”

She patted his face gently with an indulgent smile.

“There’s a good lad. Now help an old woman to her front door. These old bones want to remember what it feels like to be near a strong, sturdy pair of arms. And with the way your hind-end is chiseled in granite, I can just imagine what your arms must be like.”
Eric chuckled as he put her arm in his and walked her to the door. She was a wily old woman who
knew how to put the fear of the gods in many a person. But in the back of his mind, in the dark part
he would never let anyone see, a truth took root this night that would be with him for a while.

No one crossed the Battle Axe that was Ms. Adele Stackhouse. And strong vampire or not, that was
one thing he would be quite sure never to chance. He shuttered to think of what she might do to him
if he angered her. After all….

Vampires slept in the day…humans didn’t have to. And all it would take is one good slice of a blade
to change his religion.

Chapter End Notes

So how do you like dem apples?
Chapter Summary

Lafayette has a "Come to Jesus" Talk with Sookie to set her straight, Eric gets a beautiful surprise, and Sookie grabs her courage with both hands as she puts her heart on the line.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

After Adele slipped a note to Lafayette, she hugged her grand daughter and went to bed, sure in the knowledge that she would be safe for the rest of the night. Pam and Eric, though neither wanted to leave, had to go to Fangtastia to make sure the money Long Shadow stole was back where it belonged. That left Sam, Lafayette, Tara, Sookie and Godric.

After reading the quick note, Lafayette walked into the kitchen with his usual flare, hiding the missive in his pocket before he spoke.

"Sweet Gran Gran needs me to be doing something. I needs to speak with Sook alone. That means the rest of you bitches needs to be getting' your butts on home, and let us ladies have ourselves a sit down. Go on now, git. I'll make sure Miss Sunshine gets to her bed 'afore da sun comes up to cook her like a french fry."

Though reluctant, Sam and Tara knew that look on the Gay man’s face. There was no argument they could try that would work. So after bidding Sookie a too long good bye, they left without a word. Godric however seemed unmoved.

"Uh, Daddy man, dat means you too."

"I will stay, if only to make sure she is safe."

Lafayette shook his head. Vampire or no, he wasn’t going to take no for an answer.

"Now you listen to Lala, Daddy man. It’s real simple like. Sook and I goes back to diapers. We were suckin’ on our toes long before you came up in here all protective. We were practically raised from da womb by da same people. You gonna have to trust we can take care of ourselves. Like I said, I'll make sure she leaves way before da sun comes up. Now go on. Adele gave me a mission, and there’s nothing you can do outside glamourin’ that’s going to make me change my mind."

Godric paused for just one more moment.

"I will compromise. I will leave you alone to talk of whatever you wish. But I will not be far. I wish to go through the Compton place and see if he has left any other information we need. I can hear you from that distance if something should become amiss, but otherwise you will have your privacy. Are we agreed?"

Lafayette barely had time to nod before Godric disappeared out the front door quick time. Then he shrugged and turned to Sookie, who was still sitting where her Grandma left her at the kitchen table.
“Come now, Honey Child. You and Auntie Lala has to have ourselves a talk. Don’t try to bullshit yo’ way outta dis. You know once I say we needs it, there is no changing my mind.”

Sookie didn’t put up a fight as Lafayette helped her out of the chair and to the back door. He sat her down in the old lawn chairs before taking one of the other chairs to sit down in front of her.

“Now I know this night has been some crazy shit already, but I don’t much care. I heard you talkin’ to your Gran, and I don’t buy yo’ little bout of self pity any mo’ den she did. From what I hear, you’ve even been givin’ dem vampires a run around. Now, you can sit there an’ say that you are just fine. But we boff know it ain’t true. You look mo’ tired den Arlene did when her children were babes keepin’ her up all night. So what’s going on in yo’ head, Hooker? Talk to Lala, come on now. Ain’t nothing’ you can say gonna make my head spin at dis point. So out with it.”

Sookie was silent as she looked at one of her oldest friends. Then she sighed as she looked up at the stars.

“I’m in love with a man I barely know. And I don’t know when it happened either. It was just…like the moment I met him, Cupid took out his bow and filled me with one too many arrows. But he’ll never look at me that way, Lala. Sure, he wants to sleep with me. He sleeps with any woman who looks at him the right way. But a notch in the bedpost I am not.”

Lafayette snorted.

“We talkin’ bout Eric, aren’t we. Yeah dat boy is finer then Crystal’ going down your throat. Mmm mmm, Sex on a stick.”

Sookie chuckled despite herself. Trust Lafayette to know a way to lighten her heart.

Then Lafayette spoke again, his tone almost playful.

“Come on, den. Tell Auntie Lala da full of it.”

Sookie sobered and her face blushed red.

“A lady doesn’t talk about her dirty thoughts, Lala.”

Lafayette grinned with his usual flare as he spoke.

“Oh, I sees what you thinkin. Want to climb on him like a crazy squirrel on a tree. Dip da sweetness down on him and let him taste the honey on yo’ skin. Ain’t no hidin’ from Lala. That rosey blush on yo’ cheeks might be borrowed blood, but it’s still glowin’ on yo’ face.”

“Lafayette! That’s nasty talk. I won’t listen to it.”

Lafayette poked her in the ribs once, his face taking on a smile a bit like the Cheshire Cat.

“Now now, no need ta be all straight edge, hooker. You know it’s true. Just as surely as da sun comes up; you want a piece of that white chocolate running creamy down yo’ throat. Yum yums all around. Can’t lie to Lala. I sees da truth in those eyes, lighting bug.”

Sookie couldn’t hold back the laughter bubbling out of her throat. Lafayette always knew when she needed him to lighten the mood.

But as she calmed her laughter, Lafayette’s next question brought her slamming down to earth.

“So what’s souring da grapes, lovely? Eric can’t take his eyes off you fo’ a minute. You could try it
fo’ a while. What you waitin’ for?

“Laf, he’ll never want me like that. Eric is a man that seems to thrive on sex. One woman could never be enough for him. And look at me. I’m a mess. Last month, I was just a crazy waitress in a no horse town. Eric has lived for a thousand years and he is god’s answer to the perfection of a man. How in the heck am I going to be able to hold on to that? I would have had better luck trying to wrestle a Grizzly into the ground when I was human. Not to mention I know nothing of sex in the first place. It’ll never work.”

Lafayette looked at her sternly.

“So let me get dis straight. You think because Mr. Tall, blonde, and strong has been around the block a million times, he won’t want you? Mo’ than that, you think that cause youz as pure as a nun, he’ll be disappointed in you. Am I hearin’ you right?”

Sookie nodded with a sad sigh. Then she rose up her head in confusion as Lafayette threw his head back and laughed.

“Oh girl, you truly know nothin’ bout men. Let Lala tells you how it is, hmm?”

He took her hand and smiled gently at her.

“Sook, it’s like dis. A man will get tired after a while always havin’ easy pickin’s. White boy is old. Let me tell you something I knows you haven’t thought of. Yeah, dat boy can get whoever he wants. Dat’s the problem. Easy women has flung themselves at him all his years. It’s all he’s had for so long. You is like a fresh spring to him.”

She shook her head in disagreement, but he shut her down.

“It’s like he be eatin’ at Burger King all his long life. Den you come in looking like a Lafayette burger wit all da fixin’s.”

“But that’s just my point. Once he has a taste of that…he’ll be over his desire for it and move onto something else. No…better to keep it to myself and let it fade with time.”

Lafayette looked at her with concern.

“What happened to you, Sook? This ain’t you. Did Compton suck out yo’ courage when he sucked out yo’ blood? Where’s da girl who used to sit in the whole bar wiff all dem voices in her head and smile through it all? Did I lose you to dat stupid Mo’ Fo, cause I still see you standin’ here in front of me. Tsk, Shit.”

He pulled out his phone and ran through the list of music he had. Finding the one he wanted, he took out a set of what looked like small box speakers. He plugged them in and then turned to her.

“Now, Granny is in dream land, so’s she won’t here this. Mind you, it’s not my usual funky tune. I was savin’ it fo’ Tara da next time she loses her shit and comes over all depressin’, but you need it more den her right now. I hates me dem sad white boy bands, but dis one’s not half bad. You just listen to the words and let dem talk to you in a way I can’t.”

As Lafayette set everything up right on his phone and Sookie shook her head in defeat, neither noticed Godric on the roof. He watched them in silence, having only caught the end of the conversation. He knew he promised them privacy, but a new vampire was a new vampire. Fairy princess or not, Sookie was still prone to the drawbacks of any New Born. He had to keep a close eye on her.
As the music began to play low, and the crickets almost chirped in time with the melody, Sookie’s eyes widened as she listened. It was the kind of song that spoke to you. The kind that hit you like an epiphany you didn’t know you needed.

You used to be the girl
Who set the world on fire
They tried to douse your soul in water
But the flames raged higher
Used to act so tough
Like you could walk on a wire
And they called you devil’s daughter,
Such a petty lie

You were burning like the summer,
Crazy like a fox
You hit harder than a drummer,
Like a wave on the rocks
You could play 'em like the lotto,
You were playing the part
There ain't nobody could tame you
And your wild heart

I'll take you back
To those barefoot summer nights
Take you back
Running down those highway lights
Remember when
You said 'Won't let go 'til I die'
Take you back
To that fire in your eyes
'Cause I know it ain't gone too far
Take you back to that and to your wild heart

Lafayette had ushered Sookie out of the chair as he mouthed the words, speaking to her heart the way he knew she needed. And by the red coming from her face, he knew he had done right.

You used to be the girl
That could light up a room
And with the flip of a switch
I bet you still do
You would leave a trail of danger
Yeah wherever you go
And no matter where it lead us
We would follow

You were beautiful in blue jeans,
Holes on the knees
You were smoking like a cigarette,
Men couldn't breathe
Used to rock around the wood floor,
Dance in the bar
Baby nobody could tame you
And your wild heart
I'll take you back
To those barefoot summer nights
Take you back
Running down those highway lights
Remember when
You said 'Won't let go 'til I die'
Take you back
To that fire in your eyes
'Cause I know it ain't gone too far
Take you back to that and to your wild heart

As the song flowed through Sookie’s head, memories of the past came up inside her. Of happier times that Telepathy didn’t ruin. Running through the woods with Tara in the Rain. Times that she and Jason would go down to the bayou and fish out catfish and craw daddies to eat for supper. She remembered nights when she and her Gran would sit out on the back lawn and stare in wonder as a million lightning bugs danced around them.

There were times in School with Tara and Lafayette when the bullies would call them poor and ugly and Faggot. Sookie would stand, fist clenched in anger, before giving some bully a bloody nose to shut him up. And when Tara would turn around and do the same when someone called her a freak and a retard. Endless twilights where her, her brother and the Cousins would sit out to watch the stars wake up. Good times, lazy summer nights by a campfire or winter nights snuggled up around a Christmas tree with cocoa. A different world that made them safe, gave them joy.

As Godric listened and watched, he had a light smile on his face. He did not have a bond with her as Eric did. But he could tell by the look on her face, this was something that she desperately needed.

You used to be the girl
That set the world on fire
They true doused your soul in water
But the flames raged higher
You'll always be the one
To keep it crazy at night
And if you got a wild heart
Don't you let it die

I'll take you back
To those barefoot summer nights
Take you back
Running down those highway lights
Remember when
You said 'Won't let go 'til I die'
Take you back
To that fire in your eyes
'Cause I know it ain't gone too far
Take you back to that and to your wild heart

As the song ended with the two friends hugging each other, there was a sort of peace between them that helped soothe Sookie’s aching heart.

Finally Lafayette raised his head, taking out a fancy lady handkerchief which he used to wipe her face of blood.
“There you is. I knew you weren’t gone. Now you listen ta Lala. Dis is how we gonna tackle dis. First, you needs to feed better. Yo’ Tan might disappear in time, but you still gots it. Maz well flaunt it, honey child. Second, you is gonna do what yo’ heart is telling you, girl. No worries. Dat boy is gonna get one taste of you and he’ll get such a sweet tooth, he’s just gonna keep on comin back.

“And last, we gonna fix you up Lala style. Get you in one dem sexy sundresses you got, put some pretty makeup on dat makes you sparkle, and curl yo’ hair into rings a gold. But the time we done… Mphm…White Boy gonna be droolin and slack jawed while his eyes pop out his head. You is gonna look so fine, he grab his sword to take out with him so he can kills any man looks at you sideways. You just leave it to Lala. We get vampire god of yours so strung up, he cum in his pants the moment he lays eyes on you.”

As the friends talked back and forth about different dresses Sookie had, Godric grinned on his perch as he listened. He had no idea what the finished product was going to look like. But if what he was hearing was any indication, his Erikir was going to be struck by lightning. It would be funny to watch.

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After a busy week of learning vampire politics, working on the last of the money issues, helping okay a new church in down town New Orleans, and planning the last details of coronation, Sookie finally had two nights to herself. Eric had built a small cubby space for her under the shed at the farmhouse for when she would sleep there, and now she used it to her advantage. She had given him very vague hints that she wished to spend the night with her friends in Bon Tempts and would be back the next night after Sunrise. He had been a little worried, but given the fact that she’d been feeding better and she hadn’t seen her human friends much since she’d been turned, he agreed. What she didn’t tell him was that she had a surprise up her sleeve. She tried to keep her emotions calm and even so he wouldn’t pick up on it. Since he hadn’t called to ask her about it, she knew she was doing a good job of it. It would be a Monday night, and though Fangtastia would be closed, Eric still needed to go in and make a couple calls. After texting Pam to help make sure Eric kept busy, Sookie hopped in the shower and cleaned herself carefully down. Luckily the night she’d been turned, she had shaved everything and her nails had been polished clear to a fine finish. Dying with all body hair intact would have been a nightmare. She smoothed her body down with a light natural lotion called ‘Sun-kissed’. It smelled light to her new nose and gave off the scent of sitting on the beach of a tropical island, where the water was so blue and clear you could see all the fish.

After putting on her bathrobe, she finally invited Lafayette up to do her hair and make-up. After he’d seen the dress she picked, he had fanned himself with his usually dramatic flair and all but danced a jig around the room. Now it was time for the finishing touches. Her make-up was natural and light, save for her lips which were dusted with a blush color to darken and enhance their nature beauty. Then a lip gloss was carefully blotted on, just to make her lips look full and juicy. Finger and toe-nails were painted next, set to dry while her hair was being blown and curled just right. Small, platinum dangle earring were placed in her pierced ears and a necklace a tiny purple jade stones lay around her throat just enough to ‘bring attention to her assets’ as Lafayette had said.

After everything was in place, she slipped on her light lavender sandals that laced up her leg to mid-calf. They had a slight heel, but nothing too high. Sookie was known for her sensible shoes, and that meant the flatter the better. Then she slipped on the dress that literally felt like it floated around her. After having Lafayette zip it up, she turned to the mirror and her mouth fell open.

It was like looking at herself in high definition. Her skin nearly glowed with health and her hair
looked like it was spun of pure golden, ripe wheat. The make-up only served to make her face ‘pop’,
drawing out all her best features. The small details of painted nails and jewelry added a small sparkle
without taking over. This was the Sookie Stackhouse she thought she lost when she was turned. Still
tanned skin and sundress wrapped around her curves like she’d just come off an edition of Southern
vogue. It gave the hint of virginity mixed with pure sex. It was perfect.

“Oooh, Sookie. You look like a porn star, honey child. See now, dis is what I’m talkin’ about. This
is a Grandma approved dress dat make the boys think sex-A-Y. Come on down stairs den before we
leave. Your Gran is gonna love it. Fuck, I needs to find me a vamper to turn me. All you
bloodsuckers make us humans look like fugly people. Damn.”

After walking down the stairs with clutch in hand, she stood before her Grandmother, hoping for her
seal of approval.

“Oh dear me, Sweet heart, you look beautiful. The very epitome of a proper Southern lady. Did Mr.
Northman call on you?”

Sookie smile, careful not to displace the fancy comb Lafayette had added to her hair at the last
moment.

“No Gran, I am going to surprise him. It’ll be the first time he will see me as I am. I haven’t really
been feelin’ myself lately with all that’s been going on, but now…I thought I’d give him a chance to
call on me in the future.”

Adele smiled while inside she breathed a sigh of relief. Thank the baby Jesus her Sookie was making
a comeback. She was worried there for a while.

“Good for you Sookie. Make sure you are safe and don’t forget to call when you get the chance.”

Sookie nodded her ascent and hugged Gran before going outside to get in Lafayette’s car. As they
took off into the night towards Fangtastia, Sookie only had one wish.

She really hoped this wasn’t going to kick her in the fangs.

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As Lafayette let her out three stores down from Fangtastia and stayed to watch and make sure no one
got any funny ideas, Sookie texted Pam that she was about to arrive and to make sure to let her in.
Sure enough, Pam let her in as quietly as possible.

Knowing that Eric was on the phone and wasn’t listening, Pam leaned over and whispered very
softly in her ear.

“I told him that I was inviting a donor to feed on. And with the way you look, Cupcake, I wish it
were so. Wait ten minutes in my office to keep him in the dark, and then knock on his door. Good
Luck.”

Sookie nodded and sat herself down at the desk in Pam’s office, looking around herself. Pam had her
own swords and weapons hidden well behind filing cabinets and under the fridge. No Human would
see them, but a vampire’s sharp senses once attuned, could pick up even the smell of metal. She tried
to keep the bond calm and her breathing quiet and steady as she waited what felt like ten hours
instead of ten minutes.

Finally the time was up to the second, and she stepped out of the office loudly, trying to match Pam’s
way of movement to perfection. Hearing the shuffle of papers, Sookie determined that he was done
with his phone calls for now and just cleaning up. Putting her hand slightly higher to keep her ruse going, she knocked on the door lightly and heard him respond immediately.

“Come in, Pam. I am almost ready to leave.”

Sookie gently opened the door and left it open, seeing Eric’s head down as he piled papers carefully into two piles. Finally he seemed to notice the silent.

“Well, are you going to speak or just sta..”

As Eric looked up to take in the vision before him, his open mouth stayed open. He could not believe his eyes. Was this his newest progeny? He had always thought Sookie looked prettier than any girl he’d had as a quick feed and fuck. Now, it was like the goddess had come down from on high to spill her grace inside his future mate. She lit up the dark office like a ghostly image of Freya.

Sookie cleared her throat and carefully licked her water proof lip gloss before she spoke.

“Good Evening, Mr. Northman. I am Sookie Stackhouse. I am new to the area and would like to check in with the local Sherriff. I hear he can be a real hard ass. I am sorry this is not during the hours of business, but I thought it best not to wait. Pam let me in. I hope you don’t mind.”

Getting his wits about him, Eric sat back with a bit of a smile. So that’s how she wanted to play it. Straightening his face, he sat up and put out a hand towards the chairs.

“Not at all, Miss Stackhouse. You were very wise to come in as soon as you could. Some vampires have less then proper timing and think they can stay in my area without my knowledge. My Queen would be upset with me if I did not report to her promptly about new comers. Please have a seat and we will talk about what brought you to my area and how long you planned to stay.”

Keeping with the game he was playing, he brought out a piece of fancy paper and jotted down several lines quickly.

“So, are you just passing through this fine state, or are you thinking of taking up a more Permanent residence.”

Sookie tried not to smile as she spoke, picking her words wisely to get their coded conversation across.

“I really can’t say yet, Mr. Northman. You see, women like me, well, tend to be cautious with a new area. We are never sure of the dangers of moving to a new state. How can you trust that you will be safe around others? I would like to try to live here for a time. It is a lovely state, you are right about that. Just up my alley, so to speak. But before I decide, I have to make sure that I know what I am getting into.”

Eric heard between the lines and turned them around in his head. Coming up with a good response he nodded at her.

“Well, then Miss Stackhouse, let’s see if we can help you assimilate to my area. How can I help ease your fears? And what are you hoping to achieve living here?”

Sookie folded her legs carefully and bringing every bit of courage to the forefront, she leaned forward and spoke.

“I am young for a vampire, Mr. Northman. There is a lot I am still learning about how we operate. To feel safe and trust that I am in no danger, I have to know that you are dedicated to keeping things
on and even keel. You have to be serious about keeping your underlings in line and making sure they do not over step their bounds. Being a fairly new vampire, I am not strong enough yet to fight against riff raff that wish to look for trouble. So if you wish me to stay, you have to promise me you can guarantee that.

“Furthermore, you also have to be prepared to help me when I have need of it. You have to be willing to understand that I am still fragile, no matter how much vampire strength I have. You have to be willing to go the extra mile. I don’t like staying in an area where all the Sherriff does is sit on his butt and look pretty. I know it’s a lot to ask, but I am still too new, too untried, and I don’t want to be left defenseless.”

Eric looked at her carefully, suddenly realizing this wasn’t a game anymore.

“Is there anything else you will ask of me before I speak in answer of your concerns, Miss Stackhouse?”

Sookie swallowed hard, and her courage failed her as her head dropped.

“I have some special gifts I don’t care to share right now, but they can be very tempting to use. If I am to build trust, I want to know I will be guarded. I am no prize to be won, and I won’t be treated as such either. If you wish in the future to gain the use of my…abilities, I want to know that you will see to it that I am protected. Many would treat me like a trinket; something they can own until they grow board with it. I am not willing to be treated in that fashion.

“What I do understand about vampires is that some will pass their…gifts from person to person. But I also know that they are possessive of what they own. So if you want access to my gifts, you have to be willing to make sure I belong to one person only and no other. And that person has to be strong enough to keep me in their retinue so that no others may take me to use. IF you can’t promise me that, it’s best I move on before I fall in love with an area only to have to leave it later.”

Eric sat silent for a few minutes before he dropped the ruse. He stepped in front of her, picking her up to stand in front of him. Touching her face, he met her eyes. Then he did something he hadn’t done since Russell slaughtered his family; he opened up his heart a little and used it to find his words.

“Sookie, I am as new to this as you. I can say I have loved before, but it would be a lie. Like you, I feel blind-sided with what has sparked between us. And I do understand your fears. Until quite recently, I was glad to say I had no emotions at all. I was alone, and bored, but I was powerful and no one could touch me. It was easy to focus on survival and not have to feel.

“But in truth, I was lonely. I would never speak of it to anyone, even Pam, but I grew restless and weary of my existence. I thought the great reveal would provide a new interest in my dismal world, but it only made feeding easier. I did not want more. Then you walked in and changed everything I knew.”

Sookie shook her head in confusion. It sounded like a pick-up line from a cheesy romance.

“How can that be true Eric? When we met, I was still just a waitress from a backwoods town who just happened to be stupid enough to save the wrong vampire. You can have any woman you want, and most of the ones who you don’t.”

“They are not you, Sookie. And when I say this, I’m not talking about your telepathy or your fairy blood or your virginity. All of those are simply ‘extra’. You are so beautiful, when you walked into
my office and I saw you, I thought Freya had gifted one of her treasured maidens to me. You are strong will, able minded, sharp of wit, and you stand by your family and values like a shield woman. You almost remind me of the women of my village who could stand toe to toe with the men in battle. You cannot see this yet, but you will.

“But more than that, you’ve awakened in me something I never knew I even had in the first place. Not since my human days have I felt so alive. You pulse with it, spread it to all those around you like a fire warms a whole house. You did not let your past taint your eyes and blind you. Not many could say the same. You have a fortitude it takes most vampires centuries to learn, despite your harsh and cruel beginnings. You are everything that I would have asked for in a love bride when I was human and my father begged me to settle down and become king. And considering what a hard ass he was, that is saying something.”

He bent down a little more, so that their foreheads touched.

“Give me time to gain your favor, Sookie. Give me time to prove to you that I can earn the right to call you mine. And also the time to prove that I will be only yours. I know you are frightened of many things, but I ask you to give me the chance to show you you have nothing to fear. I never beg and I don’t plead. It is not in me to appear weak willed. I take what I want and no one stops me. But I can’t take you like that, and even I know this. So I will ask instead and hope that you will not turn your face away. Please, will you let me try?”

Sookie’s eyes were brimmed in red.

“Don’t hurt me Eric. Don’t play with me. Don’t bruise me. You are more than just a man of my interest. You are also my maker. I couldn’t survive it if you stung me this way. I will give you a chance to try, but please, don’t come into this if you aren’t willing to give your all. I have too much to lose this time.”

Eric held her close, opening up the bonds wide so she would know the truth of his words.

“I promise you, Susanna Rose Stackhouse of the house of Brigant, that I will keep your heart safe once it is mine. In that, you have my vow. As a Viking, as a Vampire, and as a man. And I do not break my vows.”

Chapter End Notes

Here is the dress Sookie is wearing in this chapter.

https://recessionrunway.files.wordpress.com/2013/06/screen-shot-2013-06-23-at-9-02-02-am.png
Sookie breathed through her nervousness as she stood in a small side wing of the InterContinental City hotel’s massive event room. She could hear humans and vampires alike chatting like a low roar on the other side of the curtain. The Coronation would take place in a more private room later tonight, but for right now, she would be introducing herself not just as the vampire ruler of Louisiana, but also as the owner of the new Light of Hope Clinic which had just had it’s ribbon ceremony this morning. Vampires and Weres worked night and day to get it built to her specifications and it was perfect. Everything she could have asked for. Getting the right staff had been the most difficult part and she still had a long list of applications to go through, but it was a good start.

Hearing the Major of New Orleans introduce her, she took one final calming breath, put her shields up to their highest strength, and plastered a smile on her face before she stepped onto the stage. Smiling and waving to the crowd, she stepped up to the podium and put her speech notes down. She had to do this right. Her family and friends were in the seats somewhere.

“Thank you, Mayor Burrell, for that wonderful introduction.”

She looked out at the crowd and noticed something immediately. Vampires and Humans had been divided down the middle. The vampire group was much smaller. Segregation. She didn’t like that one bit.

“Welcome everyone, and thank you for coming to this event. Some of you came because you know the new title I hold. And others came because I donated a lot of money to the restoration effort. Just this week alone, I have been pampered and treated like a time honored celebrity. But I’m not.

She stepped away from the podium with the mike and walked to the end of the stage, sitting down with her legs swinging.

“I am no different than any of you. No matter if you are four years old or four thousand. Vampire or not, I am still twenty four year old Sookie Stackhouse from the town of Bon Tempts. Up until two months ago, I was a waitress in a little bar in the middle of nowhere. And I was happy with my simple life. Money, fame, and fortune didn’t mean jack squat to me. I was raised to understand hard work and common sense were the way of life.

“So, as I look out at all you fine folks here to celebrate me and honor me, I don’t really understand
the reason for it. I am just a regular girl who gained the ability to give a profound act of kindness. I did it because, like you, I love our fine state of Louisiana. And She was in crisis. One that I was able to help.”

She sniffed and paused for a moment before continuing.

“Good People, when I came out on stage, I noticed something immediately. I saw not a group of people here together to enjoy themselves. What I saw was segregation. Even here, in this beautiful hall, I see the seeds of hatred and non-acceptance. And it troubles me. Regardless of age, race, color, religion, or creed, we were all human once. We all sprouted from the same root. That’s not what I see here though. I see humans sitting to one side, afraid, judgmental and disgusted. While on the other side I see vampires who feel superior, judgmental, and disgusted. Is this what the great revelation was for? Is this the best we can hope for? Is this what comes from being open and honest?

“I can’t make you see what you won’t. I can’t tell you to change and hope it will come. You have free will, and that free will dictates that you can make up your own minds. But if this is the best we can do, than we might as well give up. With the way things are, it will eventually become a battle ground. And when that fight happens, there will be major lose on both sides, and nobody will win. Hatred breeds nothing but death. And you know that as surely as I. There are good people and bad people. Just like there are good vampires and bad vampires. Age and species makes no difference. Hate is hate, and nothing good can come of it.”

She stood up and made a signal to someone in the back. Two different people were rolled out on wheel chairs. One was a rather young woman, no older than thirty, who was wrapped to keep warm. Her face was pale and her features gaunt. In the other chair was another woman, who looked about the same, except she had horrible red chain marks down her face, neck, arms and hands.

“What I can do is show you what happens when we continue to breed hatred and separation.”

She stepped beside the first woman and shook her head.

“This is Kathy. Poor Kathy was attacked coming out of a bar. She was jumped by two vampires, fed on, and raped. She is still recovering from her ordeal, and her throat is still too bruised to speak. But she is recovering, and will be going to the Light of Hope Clinic when she leaves here. But Kathy wasn’t just attacked for any reason. For you see, Kathy is a v-addict. She was pressured into it by her boyfriend. Some vampires will tell you that her attack was justified for stealing something that wasn’t hers to take. But V-addict or not, no one deserves such a brutal punishment. It was wrong and disgusting.”

Then she walked over to the second woman.

“This was the vampire whose blood Kathy was drinking. Her name is Anisha. She is three hundred forty seven years old. Humans broke into her resting place, chained her in silver, threw a couple of blankets over her, and took her to a basement of a warehouse. She was tormented for days, raped repeatedly, and drained to the point that she is still having trouble healing. It will take weeks before she can even stand on her own. When she was found, her legs were so shattered that she had to re-grow them. The reason her kidnappers gave for her state was that Anisha, who is unfortunately without a maker, killed one of their friends after he shot her on accident because he was drunk. She too will be treated at the clinic.”

Sookie walked to the end of the stage, her face stern.

“Who is the victim here? Who is more deserving of justice? Who is the one that is in the right? Does it matter who is a vampire and who is human in this scenario? Does it make the pain less hurtful or
the crimes less evil?”

She turned around, her voice determined and clear.

“This is the cost of ignorance. This is the cost of being blind in a harsh world that can’t afford it. This is segregation. Both sides wrong, both sides a victim, both sides guilty. Yet because people decided that an eye for an eye was the best way, both women were nearly killed. Look at them…”

She turned to the crowd again, many of whom were crying silently. Even some of the vampires had red down their faces.

“…Does it matter whose fault it is anymore? Does it matter why or how or just cause? When will it be enough?”

As the two victims were wheeled away, Sookie stood staring at the people before her and bowed her head.

“I have every right to be bitter at vampires. I was a simple woman not too long ago. I saved a vampire. And that vampire actually turned me without my consent. By accident or design, I am something I had no say in being. An act of kindness thanked in blood and death. So I could hate all for the actions of one.”

She looked up again.

“But where one vampire was cruel, another was kind. He took me in, helped me learn, became like my father, brother, and son. I didn’t let the crimes of one blind me. And I am better for it.”

Sookie looked at Eric briefly with a smile before she raised her hands to the crowd.

“So stand up now…and stand as one group. Stand against hatred, vengeance and death. Let this start now in this moment. Let that be the reason we celebrate today, instead of the reason we continue our prejudice.”

It was slow and hesitant, but vampire and human alike began to rise and stand. A few left the room entirely, but most stayed and stood together.

“People of Louisiana, many call us stupid, southern hicks. They call us backwards. They call us dumb. Well, it’s time to prove them wrong. Let us be the first to start the change. And change that states that no matter what you are, or who you are, or where you were born or made, that we can work together without prejudice and brutality. It will not be easy, and it will not always run smoothly, but it has to start now. Let us be the ones to start it. Let us prove those who called us stupid wrong. Let’s pave the path of a new way, where fangs or no fangs, we can shake hands and rebuild what hatred has destroyed.”

She looked solemnly out at everyone.

“One of my favorite stories is actually Romeo and Juliet. Not because it is a tragedy, but because it teaches you a lesson. And you don’t even have to read the whole play, or see it in a theater to learn it either. It is in the first two seconds of this work of art that teaches us the most about what can happen when anger rules us. Listen now, and understand why it is important that we learn a different way. Or death will be our only path.

She cleared her throat and projected her voice across the room.

“Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life,
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two-hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.”

“Let that be our lesson, ladies and gentleman. Let us go from this room with open eyes and hearts. Those who have hated tried it their way. Let us make our own. Until it spreads like a virus every corner and every state. Let this truly be our GREAT REVELATION.”

She bowed her head and put the mike back in the podium, collecting her papers.

“Thank you very much for being here today. Please have a safe trip home and remember…a revolution only takes one person to start…but it takes a nation to work. It is up to you now. Let it begin with us.”

The sound of applause and whistles that followed her off the stage was profound. But all Sookie could think was ’At least it’s a start…’

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Two and a half hour later found Sookie in another meeting room. The coronation ceremony had been rather simple. One drop of blood from all the residents of Louisiana’s vampire community and a couple of words, and she had been sworn in. Now she was mingling with different attendees and keeping one eye on her Gran, one of the few humans allowed into this most sacred event.

She had just been taking with Rasul, one of Sophie-Anne’s sheriffs that she actually liked, when her mental walls slipped. At first it was like listening to white noise on T.V. A constant hum of too fast vampire thoughts that she knew better then to focus on. But then she heard the human voices not far outside the building.

"Fucking bloodsuckers think they can do whatever they want. Hate them, hate them. Fucking demons. Reverend Newlin will be so proud. Wipe out all the vampires in Louisiana at once. Just five more minute and the silver will fly. Bombs away mother fuckers.”

Sookie’s head snapped up and she yelled out.

“Fellowship of the Sun is going to bomb the hotel. We have five minutes. There’s silver in the bombs. EVERYBODY OUT!!!!”

Sookie ran for the nearest fire alarm and yanked it down, her ears almost deafened by the shrill alarm.

Eric ran up to her, his face barely showing the panic inside.
“Sookie, we have to go. NOW!”

Sookie shook her head.

“I can’t go. I have to make sure Jason, Tara, and Lafayette get out. Their on the top floor Eric. Now you get Gran and you get out.”

Eric shook his head.

“She…”

“NOT NOW ERIC! GOD DAMN YOU! Get my grandmother and get the fuck out. Silver doesn’t hurt me, remember? If you love me even a little bit, you will do this for me. We don’t have time.”

With one more angry stare, Eric took off to do as she bid. Sighing in a moment of relief, Sookie ran off as quickly as her feet could carry her. Apparently fire alarm meant panic, because everyone was racing around frantically. She had to push her way through waves of people staying at the hotel. She tried to help as many as she could, so no one got trampled, but time was ticking away in seconds when she finally reached the right door. It was a good thing to, because someone has knocked over an ornate clock and it was blocking the door.

She just barely got it open and set her friends free when the whole building shook. Knowing she had no time, she hugged her screaming family members to her and let her light free, praying for a miracle. Then everything exploded in a flash of brilliant light.

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A half hour later found Eric, Godric and Pam heading up the other vampires to search the debris. They worked with several of New Orleans’ fire department to work through the rumble and find survivors. But with every minute that ticked by, Eric was losing hope that they would ever find Sookie. The bond between them seemed to be cut off at the middle, and he couldn’t feel her. His hands were bloody and his mind numb as one thought ripped through his mind on repeat and wiped out all other thought.

He had to find Sookie.

After another fifteen minutes of searching, and with the night time hours being eaten away, he finally sat down on a slap, his hands utterly useless at the moment. Pam walked over to him, silent and dirty. She put her hand his shoulder, offering what little bit of comfort she could.

“She is a strong vampire, Eric. One of the strongest new borns I’ve ever seen. Plus she’s also a genuine fairy princess. She is still in here somewhere, and we’ll find her. You can’t give up.”

Eric was about to respond, when the rubble under him actually moved. Getting up, he looked at it with confusion. He was sure he felt something, but his tired mind could be playing tricks on him.

But as he watch, more rocks trembled and shifted and he stood back, unable to do much with his hands being almost bone and no blood to feed on at the moment. Pam’s hands were no better right now. Between the sharp rock and silver, many a vampire had been damaged.

Suddenly with a great crash, a massive slab rose up and was thrown to the side. Four cut up vampires, almost unidentifiable with blood and dirt covering them, pulled out humans one at a time from the now large hole. Firefighters, Paramedics, and other less injured vampires had begun to gather, each reaching out a hand to grab up another wounded human from the debris. In all, one
hundred and eighty three humans came out of what appeared to be a make shift tunnel. When Eric saw the last human pulled, he looked at one of the vampires there.

“Was there no one else? Did you see the Queen.”

The vampire, Whose name was Joseph Myers, actually smiled at him.

“Shit, Northman. She was amazing. She is actually the one to help us get the humans out of there. But she’s a bit busted up. She’ll be coming along soon, though. Her brother got hit in the head with something and was nearly buried, so it took some time for her to dig him out.”

Just as Eric was about to jump in the hole to go and find her, Sookie appeared, Lafayette and Tara walking slowly beside her. She carried her brother like a sake of potatoes over her shoulder, the other one hanging limply at her side, clearly broken badly. Behind the motley crew was fifteen more survivor, vampire and human alike. They leaned on each other as they walked, each helping to support the other as they made their way towards the surface.

The minute Sookie was free of her burden and helped from the hole, Eric wrapped her in his arms. He didn’t hear the talking of rescuers or the sirens wailing off towards the hospital. He didn’t hear the questions some tried to ask or the applause that went up when the story was spread that Sookie had saved them all.

All he heard was Sookie, breathing quietly in his ear as her head leaned tiredly on his chest. And in that moment, he looked up at the stars and came to a conclusion. By whatever name you used, by whatever religion you followed, the gods were always watching. And with his living heart leaning into him he gave thanks to that most profound truth.

For surely only a miracle could have brought them back together. There was no other way to see it.
Chapter Summary

A tragic event takes place that brings Sookie to her knees, but also awakens the beast inside her.

Chapter Notes

Very very sad chapter. Please remember your box of kleenex and some warm tea. God knows I needed plenty of both to write this. And please, no hating on me. One way or another, this chapter was going to come.

I listened to the Song Never alone by Lady Antebellum as I wrote this.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Things finally settled down into a routine after the bombing. People had panicked for a while, but eventually the worry calmed enough and people went back to their lives. Sookie was hailed as some sort of vampire national hero, and she was thanked almost ridiculously more than once. But all in all, life fell into place again.

Between trying to run a kingdom and the new clinic though, Sookie was absolutely buried in paperwork of all kinds. More than once it had been suggested that she buy a place to hold court and hire people to help her with the massive incoming mail. But for now, Sookie worked out of a new office Eric had set for her not far from Fangtastia. Just trying to clean up the financial mess Sophie-Anne had left behind was almost too much, given the fact that it had nearly bankrupt the whole of Louisiana’s vampire business community. But slowly the balance was coming back to an even keel.

On a rare night three weeks after the bombing, Sookie had finally found a pause in her endless new work load. There were some e-mails to answer, but that only took her a half hour. Eric would be busy with his own kingdom paperwork tonight, and Godric went to visit his old nest to collect a couple of objects he’d left behind. So that left Sookie free and alone. A perfect time to go and visit her family.

Gathering up her car keys and writing a quick note to Eric, she headed out to the garage, seeing her new car sitting there. Eric had insisted on buying her the Mercedes C55 AMG. She had fought him tooth and nail, but he would hear none of it. Not only did she need a new car, but it had been outfitted with everything from bullet proof windows to bomb proof metal. The price of the car had remained a secret, but she’d heard Pam say he literally had it commissioned to his exact specifications. She could throw it off a cliff and it would barely be scratched. To Eric, safety of his new queen and future consort, as he put it, was the most important thing. In the end, she had to agree that the car purred like a kitten and had wonderful gas mileage, so she couldn’t argue with him.

Driving to Bon Tempts had been quiet and she carefully pulled in the drive way, parking her car in
front of the house. She saw there was a light on and that meant her grandmother was still awake. Walking up to the door, she made sure to make some noise getting in, so her grandmother wouldn’t be Startled. She was glad to hear that Eric took the time to glamour Adele after they got home from the bombing. Her poor eighty-two year old heart didn’t need to remember the trauma of that night. She only wished Vampires could be forced to forget too. It wasn’t something one wanted to remember.

Walking into the living room she saw Gran sitting in the chair, apparently reading a book. Smiling brightly, she slowly walked up to her.

“Gran, I came for a …”

Suddenly her nose was assailed with the scent of blood. Her face took on a panic as she raced to her grandmother’s side, praying for a miracle.

“No no no, Gran…please no.”

But Adele Stackhouse was tepid, her head bowed down like she had fallen asleep reading the book in her lap. Shaking, Sookie reached out to see where the smell of blood was coming from. Her mind was too shocked, too frozen to take in the fact that her Gran was dead yet. It was then that she saw it. Two vicious puncture marks, still fresh, on both sides of Gran’s neck. Pulling back, shaking with the truth, she pulled back and fell to the ground on her butt.

It couldn’t be true. Gran was too smart to invite a strange vampire in her house. She’d been warned. How could this happen? How was it possible?

Trying to gather herself and numb her pain, she stood up and took a deep sniff of air through her nose, trying to pick up a scent like Eric had taught her. When the wind filtered through her nose, her brain lit up in recognition. She knew this scent well. She hated it with a passion that nearly drove her into fits of rage. And now it was the reason her Grandmother was dead.

William Compton had come into her house and killed her Gran!

For the first time since she’d been turned, she used the bond between her and Eric like a lifeline. She felt it in her chest and took a hold of it with an iron grip, sending her emotions through it like turbulent river rapids. Pain, sadness, and rage. She pulled on it strong enough to let him know he needed to come to her. She didn’t have a mind to use the phone right now. Her hands were shaking too badly.

Sitting in the kitchen with a blank face, trying to hold herself together, she waited for Eric to come, not even noticing when bloody tears ran down her face like a waterfall from her eyes.

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Eric and Pam landed outside the farmhouse an hour after. Unlike Sookie, who was still too young to notice, they knew immediately that something was terribly wrong. Alert and ready for anything, they walked into the house and went directly to the kitchen first. Eric walked up to Sookie with deep concern etched on his face. What she’d sent him through the bond had almost crippled him.

“Sookie, what is wrong?”

His question met silence as Sookie stared ahead blindly and didn’t move.

“Come on, My Sookie, Answer me. What has happened?”
As Eric tried to get a response from her, Pam went to check out the house, trying to get a beat on what happened. It was then that she found the source of Sookie’s state.

Walking back into the Kitchen, she laid a hand on Eric’s shoulder.

“It’s…her maker Eric. It’s Adele. She’s been drained completely. She’s met the true death. I’m not sure, but I think it was Compton. I’d say within the last three hours. Probably right after the sun set. I also smell another in here too. Maybe that’s his maker. It smells of cheap perfume and bad hair dye.”

Eric blinked several times and picked up Sookie, holding her to him like a rag doll.

“Call her friends Pam, and her brother. But do not tell them why. We cannot mention this to the police. They will only assume Sookie herself has done the killing. We need to handle this ourselves. Then call Godric. Tell him of Compton. We need him found. I want every available tracker in the state on this. Vampire, Were, or Human, I don’t give a shit. No one is to rest until that Fucker and his bitch are found. And I want them alive when they are brought in. Sookie deserves vengeance.”

As Pam made her calls, Eric walked with Sookie outside, trying to get her away from the taint of death. He wasn’t sure where she was inside her own mind, but he didn’t want her waking up with the smell of her grandmother’s blood in her face.

Her friends showed up one by one, all of them devastated at the horrible things they’d been told. Jason was beside himself as he talked to Pam and Eric. But it was Tara who tried first to talk to Sookie.

“Sook? Sookie? Girl come on now. Gran wouldn’t want this. I know it’s hard, but you got to come out of it. We’ll get the fucker Compton, don’t you worry about that.”

At first there was no reaction. But as Bill’s last name filtered through her brain, something in Sookie snapped. With a cat-like roar, she snapped up, charging blindly at the first person in her sight. It was only Eric’s strength and age that held her down as her rage over took her. Tara and Jason jumped back as she went wild in the older vampire’s grip, snapping her teeth like a wild animal.

It was Lafayette who brought her back though. With a small shutter going through his body, he had his first encounter with spirits as Adele Stackhouse took up residence in his mind.

“Susanna Rose Stackhouse, you stop that unseemly tantrum this instant young lady. I raised you better. You better get yourself together before I make Lafayette get a switch to use on you. I didn’t die to let you become an animal.”

Like someone had cut the wind out of a boat sail, Sookie immediately stilled in Eric’s arms. Her blow pupils finally shrunk and she blinked several times before looking at Lafayette.

“Gran? Is that you?”

Lafayette’s face lit with a smile not his own.

“Sure is girly. I may be dead but a little thing like that don’t slow me down none. But it does have a time frame so listen up. You sniffer told you right. Mr. Compton and his maker made their way into the house. I didn’t know that vampires can disguise their voices. It sounded like Jason, so I told him to come in. I was bitten and dead before I quite knew what happened. Fintan found me though, and he’s gonna be keeping me company for a while.”
Sookie’s tears poured down her face hard as she spoke her words.

“Gran, I’m not ready for you not to be here. Please...can’t you just...”

Lafayette’s hand reached out carefully and brushed along Sookie’s face.

“No one is ready for death, my Sookie. No matter how old or how tired, we are never ready to close our eyes for good. But no matter how we meet our end, it’s only God’s way of telling us it’s our time. We do the best we can in our lives, but when the end comes, we must take our place with all the others who have gone before us. You know how it is, darling. We can’t go back...it’s not our way. Remember our motto. Keep your chin up, your feet pointed forward and walk on with life.

“But I’ll never be far from you, Sookie. Never doubt that. You’re gonna walk this earth long after this night. And I’ll be watchin’ you every step of the way. And when you stumble, I’ll be there like I always have, to help you back on your feet. You may not see my hands up under your shoulders, but I’ll be there.”

Lafayette lifted his head and stared at Jason.

“You better get your act together, boy. Your days of chasin’ skirts is going to get you in a heap of trouble if you don’t shape up. I didn’t raise you to be a honey bee, Jason Stackhouse. Going from flower to flower trying to take all that nectar for yourself. You sharpen yourself and settle on one woman. You’ll do better if you keep that in mind, ya’ hear me?”

Jason nodded.

“Sure Gran, no problem. I’ll do better.”

Gran/Laf looked at Tara next, a smile coming over her face.

“Tara Mae, I was glad to help raise you when you needed an extra set of arms to hug you. You’re gonna be around a lot longer than you think. I can’t tell you everything, but I can say that life has surprises in store for you. Oh, and a warning from on high. If a woman named Maryanne should try to make friends with you, you run the other way. Don’t believe a word out of her mouth. Remember the quote I taught you from the bible ‘Behold, I send you out a sheep amiss the wolves.’”

Finally she/he looked at the vampires.

“There’s not a lot I can tell you that you don’t already know. But be warned of Sarah and Steve Newlin. Keep an eye on them. Glamour them as soon as you get the chance. If you don’t, vampires everywhere are gonna be in a heap of trouble. You just keep that in mind.”

She/He looked up at the sky.

“It’s time for me to go.”

Brown eyes fixed on Sookie one last time.

“It’ll be alright, My Sookie. I’m happy where I’m going. But if you ever have trouble, look up at the stars. Call out if you ever find yourself lost. I promise you, that if you listen hard enough, the answer will come. I love you.”

“I love you too Gran.”

Another shutter went through Lafayette as Adeline ‘Adele’ Stackhouse took up her place in the
heavens. She was finally at peace.

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The funeral arrangements had taken some careful glamouring on Eric’s part, but the service was held at night so that Sookie could be there. The coroner conveniently ‘forgot’ to see the puncture marks during his examination of the body and the police somehow lost their file. But Adele was laid to rest on a warm summer’s night in August. It was a quiet affair with twenty people all told, and Sookie kept her shields tight that night.

But just before the first pile of dirt was put on the casket, Eric stood up and walked over to the plot. Drawing out a big sword, he placed it against the ground and knelt, speaking words he hadn’t since he buried his own parents. He hadn’t known Adele Stackhouse long at all, but she was one of the most open hearted women he’d ever met. And she deserved the respect he was about to give her.

“In the time of my people, we had our own burial rights. And though I stand in front of Christian people, I feel compelled to speak the words of death my father once taught me from his knee when I was but a boy. It may not be understood by any here, but it is more than deserving of such a remarkable woman. Now instead of bowing your heads, raise them in honor of her memory.”

After a few minutes which gave everyone time to do as he’d asked, he spoke the words of his people. It was not exactly the same prayer, but it was fitting none the less

“May the Valkyries welcome you and lead you through Odin's great battlefield. May they sing your name with love and fury, so that we might hear it rise from the depths of Valhalla and know that you've taken your rightful place at the table of Kings and Queens. For a great Woman has fallen: A Shield Maiden. A matriarch. A mother. A friend.”

Pam joined his side, speaking her own form of prayer, one that the people would understand at least. The priest would have spoken it himself as the casket was lowered, but Pam felt it right that she be the one to do this for her sister.

“The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name’ sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil: For thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil; My cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the House of the Lord forever.”

Finally Jason stepped forward, tears in his eyes as he spoke first.

“I found this in a book somewhere and it stuck with me. It’s usually for sick people and such, but it sorta reminded me of Gran a lot. So I wanna speak it now. I just feel it’s right.”

No one questioned him as he knelt down beside Pam and read the paper in his hand.

Come With Me
The Lord saw you getting tired
And a cure was not to be,
So He put his arms around you
And whispered ‘Come with me.’
With tearful eyes we watched you suffer
And saw you fade away.
Although we loved you dearly,
We could not make you stay.
A golden heart stopped beating,
Your beautiful smile at rest.
God broke our hearts to prove
He always takes the best.
It’s lonesome here without you,
We’ll miss you so each day.
Our lives just aren’t the same
Ever since you went away.
When days are sad and lonely
And everything goes wrong,
We’ll hear you gently whisper,
‘Cheer up and carry on.’
Each time we see your picture,
You seem to smile and say,
‘Don’t cry, I’m in God’s keeping,
We’ll meet again someday.’

With bloody tears, Sookie stood holding the hands of what was left of her family as her
Grandmother’s casket was lowered into the ground. And while other people gave their words of
comfort and left, Sookie watched until the very last shovel of dirt was thrown on the grave. She just
sat and stared even after the grave workers left, unable to move as she mourned her lose.

It was then that Naill, dressed in black, showed up in a wave of warm light. Walking up to Sookie,
he took her hand and lead her until he stood on one side of the grave and she the other.

“Kneel with me now Sookie. The Fae have their own way of honoring their dead. With our shared
light, we will give your Grandmother the only gift we can now. A beautiful place for which she may
rest her head forever.”

Sookie knelt as Naill bade her and joined hands with him.

“What…what do I do?”

“Just focus on your light, Susanna. I will direct it.”

Sookie nodded and bowed her head, letting her light free. Though the others shielded their eyes a
little, they couldn’t help but stare at the magic whirling in front of them.

Beautiful Lilies, Roses, Daisies and Daffodils grew from the freshly disturbed soil. Adele had always
cherished her garden and tended it with loving care. Now she would forever have a secret garden all
her own. It would remain the same forever. It would never wilt and never die. And on the head stone
the crest of the Brigant family etched itself into existence on the polished black marker.

It was a perfect display for a woman who had been kind to any manner of creature lucky enough to
meet her. And it would make the finest resting place one could offer to their dearly departed love one.

But behind the tears of pained grief, lay a beast in waiting. It laid low, like a panther ready to pounce as it waited for its time. It would have blood for this heinous act of murder. And vengeance was close at hand.

As Sookie went to rest that morning, a movie quote planted itself in her head. One that wouldn’t leave until she had the revenge she deserved.

She was going to Kill Bill. And nothing was going to stop her.

Chapter End Notes

I write this chapter in memory of my father, who died at the age of 69 to cancer. The Poem Jason read, was the one I read at my fathers wake.

For all those who have suffered the same devestating lose as I, I also write this chapter to you.
Enter Sandman

Chapter Summary

Bill and Lorena finally get caught, Old friends meet in strange new places, and all bad guys get what's coming to them. Fun times all around.

Chapter Notes

First I want to say thank you to all the support I got from my letter. Secondly I have a bit of good news. The reader, who shall remain unnamed for now, has turned a new leaf and apologized for her harsh words. Bygones are bygones.

And lastly, I hope you enjoy this chapter. It wasn't easy by any means....but it did end well I think.

It took exactly four days after the funeral for Eric’s people to find and isolate Lorena and her wayward progeny on the outskirts of Vermont. It turned out that a very old member of the Were pack that Russell had ruined with V had located them. Unlike the others, he hadn’t been marked. Nor was he addicted. He’d been born to the pack, but his mother and father wanted more for their son then a lifetime of addiction. His mother had squirreled him away to Arkansas while his father stayed behind to placate the rest. Word had it that the pup had died and the mother, stricken with grief, had run away to die somewhere on her own.

Because of this, Alcide Herveaux had grown into a smart, strong wolf. Though his mother was long dead, and his father and he were estranged, he was a strong Alpha of his own pack now. And that pack had been able to find the two troublesome fangers easily with the help of an allied pack in Vermont. But it was the Mississippi native Alpha himself who had tracked their exact location deep in the woods during the day. And now he was on his way to the newly set up Light of Hope clinic to bring the news. He walked with his second in command, Tray Dawson.

Word had it that the new Queen, a bombshell of a blonde he’d seen on T.V. had an office there now, on the southern edge of the complex of four buildings. Walking into Main office area, he stepped up to the receptionist, a sweet brunette with the name tag stating her name was Amelia. Waiting for her to notice him, he stood quietly at the desk, showing the manners his momma had taught him.

Finally Amelia looked up and smiled.

“Hello, and welcome to Light of Hope Clinic. Are you here as a family member or a victim?”

Alcide smiled back politely.

“Neither, thank god. No, I am here to see the Queen on some urgent business. I was told she could be located here when I called earlier to make an appointment. The name is Alcide Herveaux. They should have me down for seven thirty.”
Amelia typed rapidly for a second and then nodded.

“Ah, yes, here you are. Is your companion also on our list?”

Alcide cursed himself for not remembering to include Tray when he called.

“No I am afraid not. But he is my second in command and plays a vital role in the news I have to tell Queen Stackhouse.”

Amelia looked between them for a moment.

“Are you a werewolf, a Werecat or a Shifter?”

Alcide looked at her surprised, but answered anyway.

“Werewolf Ma’am. How’d you know?”

Amelia snickered.

“I am a third generation witch on my mother’s side of the family. When you know how to SEE, things like knowing who you are talking to comes easy. I’ll call the Queen and tell her you’ve arrived. She’s really nice, so I don’t think she’ll have much of a problem with your guard. But if you have any weapons on you, I suggest you hand them here and you can get them back when you leave tonight. With all the addicts and vampires here, one can never be too careful.”

Alcide nodded and stood back, pulling out a gun loaded with wooden bullets and a pocket knife. He put them on the counter and watched as Amelia carefully looked them over, pulled out the bullets and gave him a serious look.

He immediately answered her silent question.

“We were looking for renegade fangers who we were told were serious trouble. We just came from their location and you can never be too careful. To be honest, I forgot it was on me until you said weapons, or I would have left it locked in the truck. I want no beef with the Queen of Louisiana and her Maker. Eric Northman is one scary fucker, pardon my French, and I just as soon shoot myself then get into any kind of trouble with him.”

Amelia nodded and made the call through. It only took about a minute to get a response.

“Alright, Mr. Herveaux, you can head over to the Queen’s office. When you go out that door, hang a right and follow the path to it’s end. Just knock on the door and the guard will scan you down before you will be let in. It seems like it’s a night for werewolves. The Queen is getting done with an intake client who is addicted to V whose also one of your kind. The clinic is hopping for the last three nights since I started work here. You’re the fifth werewolf I’ve seen since yesterday. Although I am happy that you aren’t here for the rehab program like the other four were. Stop by the office again before you leave and I’ll give you back your weapons. Though I will have to keep the bullets. Security and all. I hope you understand.”

Alcide nodded and thanked her before he and Tray walked out the door. It was time to meet the queen and hope his news made her happy.

After the Guard scanned them, Alcide and Tray were led to a waiting room where they were told to sit down. It only took about four minutes before the door opened and they saw the Queen holding
her arm around a skinny woman with her head bowed.

“You made the right choice in coming here, Debbie. We will make sure that you kick this nasty habit and become a proud female wolf again. Eleanor, one of our resident Were nurses will be here to help you with your move. Just sit by Joshua over there and she’ll be around to get you soon enough. And don’t you worry about Coot. We have security all over the place. He won’t get to you here.”

The woman, Debbie, actually hugged Sookie to her.

“Thank you so much, Sookie. I was so lost and scared. I don’t wanna be like this anymore. I’m tired of the constant need to have V juice. I wanna be a momma one day, and my pups don’t deserve to grow up hooked to this shit like I am.”

Sookie smiled sweetly, patting her back.

“That’s a smart choice, Debbie. You are looking to a better future already. Now we just have to get you clean and you can get on with your life.”

The minute Alcide registered that it was in fact his Ex, Debbie Pelt, his eyes opened wide in shock. After leaving him about a year ago, she was the last person he would expect to seek treatment.

“Debbie, is that you?”

Debbie looked up with a tear streaked eyes and a large smile crawled across her gaunt face.

“Alcide? Oh my gawd, I thought I’d never see you again. What you doing here? You’d never get hooked to V. You were always too smart for that.”

Alcide smiled lightly back.

“It’s good to see you too, Debbie. Especially here. I lost hope that you would ever want to get clean. I’m just here to bring some news to the new queen.”

“I got tired of it, Alcide. Coot was always on me about getting more blood and getting in good with that crazy gay fanger. I just didn’t want it anymore. I mean, look at me. I am hardly a wolf the way I am. I heard about this place on the news and decided that it was time to get clean of this shit. I got no family left and the pack is all broken up. I want to make something of myself, and I can’t do that the way I am.”

Alcide nodded.

“Well, good for you, Debs. It’s a better way without the V in your system. When you’re totally clean, I’ll have someone give me a ring. I have a good pack going now and new members are always welcome. No one likes to be a lone wolf.”

Debbie nodded as a nurse came in to collect her.

“That’s decent of you after the shit I put you through. I’ll make sure that it’s all out of my system before I give you a buzz.”

After saying their goodbyes, Debbie went with the nurse and Alcide and Tray went into the office with the Queen. But as he watched Debbie disappear, one good thought went through his head.

It was amazing how when you least expected it, even the sickest people could turn their life around.

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As they settled into the seats in front of the queen’s desk, they watched as she sat down and smiled at them.

“How do you do? My name is Sookie, and that’s what I like to be called. Honestly, there’s only so many times you can hear ‘Queen Stackhouse’ before you want to throw your head clean through a closed window.”

Alcide smiled knowingly, already taken with Sookie’s casual nature.

“You don’t have to tell me that. After being called Alpha one too many times, I actually had to bite some people to get them to quit it. But that’s how it goes when you’re a beloved leader. One minute people are frightened of you and the next, they’re driving you insane.”

After shuffling through some of her paperwork, Sookie looked up.

“So what brings you here tonight, Mr. Herveaux? Amelia just said you were here to tell me something important.”

“We found Compton and his maker on the edges of Vermont. I spoke with the Queen there to make sure their presence was known, and she told me none of her Sheriffs knew. After hearing the story that Eric Northman gave me, she said she was happy that we were going to handle the situation. We managed to scope out their shack in the woods and they have few tails on them to make sure that they stay where they are. My people are working with the local pack in the area to keep a sharp eye on the dumb shit fangers who killed your Grandmother. Give us the word, and we’ll transport them in the day light to any location you wish. Or we can stake them for you. Whatever you want. And please, call me Alcide.”

Sookie looked at him blankly for a moment before she shook herself out of her shock.

“You have done me the greatest of services, Alcide. William Compton and his Maker, Lorena, are wanted in four states alone for crimes against myself and the Vampire Authority. Bill himself has turned three girls in the last month, all of which he’s left without a maker. Lorena’s record is even worse. Embezzlement, Betrayal, and unwanted human causalities are just a few of her crimes. The V.A. has given me their written permission to give both their true death.”

Alcide made a face at the fact that these two idiots were so careless with life.

“As for what to do, please pick them up tomorrow during the day. I want you yourself to make sure they reach that abandoned warehouse just north of Fangtastia. You know where that is?”

Alcide thought for a moment and nodded.

“That’s the one with the glowing E on it, right?”

Sookie nodded with a slight grin.

“That’s Eric’s little joke, I’m afraid. He decided that letter should be the only one lit. No one would understand why only one letter of the original name is still working in the first place, considering that it’s been abandoned for the last sixteen years. Most just think it’s haunted or something.”

Alcide grinned back, despite himself.

“Yeah, that sounds just like Northman. I only met him a couple times, but he’s a bit…larger than life, so to speak.”
Sookie actually snorted at that.

“You mean his ego is larger than life. He may be my maker and all, but he is a tall man in every way. And with the way some people throw themselves at him, well…it does help keep that confident nature of his sky high.”

After exchanging more chit chat and working out how to keep Lorena and Bill under lock and key, the two shook hands and parted ways. And though Sookie was already happy being with Eric and let the relationship soar, she had to admit…

Alcide *did* look might-tee fine in dem Jeans.

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The next night, in an abandoned warehouse almost swallowed by the woods behind it, the area with filled with a dense air of tension. Five Vampires sat in a row, condemned people awaiting the sentence that would spell their doom.

The first was Russell Edgington. His head was shaved, he was stripped down to nothing, and he was pinned hard to the ground with silver. His mouth was forced open with a device normally used by hardcore BDSM fetishists. A ring gag had been placed in his mouth just behind his fangs. It was chained into place with titanium so no matter what he did, he couldn’t move it. A collar was placed so tight around his neck he couldn’t scream yet. And he was stretched so far with the chains that held him down that one movement would force bones to snap and stay broken.

The Second Vampire was Lorena Krasiki. Her head too was completely shaved. Not just for humiliation, but because her hair dye left an awful stench to a vampire’s sensitive nose. She was left in her bra and underwear, but with the chains strapping her to her chair, it was almost impossible to see anything. She too had been fitted with the same ring gag. But someone had actually stuck something that looked like a wooden carving down her throat behind the gag. No one was quite sure what it was, but some joken it might have been deliberately carved to the shape of a penis.

The third vampire was William Compton. It was clear he had struggled some before being chained into a silver version of the Judas Chair he was strapped into. He too was stripped down to just a pair of briefs and sat almost statue like to keep the spikes from digging too deep. Rather than gagging him, someone had lodged his mouth open with three silver spikes. They were kept in place by the fact that they dug into the roof and bottom of the mouth. His head was shaved too, but unlike the first two, a cap soaked in colloidal silver water was placed tight on his scalp.

The fourth was Longshadow. Though he was chained down to a post screwed into the cement, he had managed to keep his pants. His hair had been cut short to his head and he twitched as the chains burned his bare chest, but he remained calm.

Unlike the other four, the last vampire was fully dressed. Edward Fournier was placed with his hands tied around his back with a simple tight rope and his hair was still intact. Though one band of silver held him thus, it barely burned him through his clothes. And he was the only one of the five who had the hope of getting out of this judgment with the least amount of punishment.

Magister Jorge Alonso de San Diego rubbed the head of his cane as he sat high in his overly done chair. The Ancient Pythoness was sitting to the right side of him, her attendees kneeling comfortably on cushions. To the left were Sookie and Eric, looking like stone. Their chairs were less lavish and little more than lawn chairs, but it did little to make them less imposing.

Finally Jorge spoke, wanting to get on with the night.
As Magister for the greater south eastern quadrant of the United States, I preside over these trials on behest of the ever watchful Vampire Authority.

He scrolled down the screen of his phone and looked up.

"The first on tonight’s list is Mr. Edward Fournier. He is here for the crime of willingly allowing a human to procure his blood in exchange for sex. Tsk Tsk. Seems like lately I’ve seen one too many vampires before me guilty of the same charge. Terrible injustice, giving out our life source to help humans get high."

He fixed his eyes on Eddie with a near bored expression.

"Mr. Fournier, are you aware of the severity of your crime?"

Eddie swallowed, his face holding both fright and courage. He knew he’d done wrong, and to try to make excuses would only make his sentence graver.

"Yes Sir, Magister. I knew it was a terrible thing to do. I have no excuse for my actions. Whatever punishment you give, I will take it with proper repentance for my wrongdoings."

Jorge was quiet for a moment before he spoke.

"Well, you haven’t whined. So I feel especially forgiving. You will only have one of your fangs removed. And you will send three weeks in a silver prison drinking half a bottle of true blood every other day. Perhaps the growing back of your fang will make you appreciate the blood in your body and make you less inclined to sell it out like a cheap drug."

He spoke out to the crowd.

"People of the conclave, is this a fair judgment?"

With a roar of approval, the Magister gestured to a woman in leather and she stepped forward. Removing Eddie’s fang from the root, she handed it to Jorge and stood back in her place.

Everyone waited for Eddie to be carried off before Jorge spoke again.

"The next character on our list is Mr. Longshadow. He is guilty of the crime of theft. He stole nearly sixty thousand dollars from the former Sherriff of Area Five, now known as King Northman of Mississippi. He tried to glamour a bar wench nearly to madness so that she would take the fall. How utterly pathetic. This is a very serious offence. And since he likes to lie and be a coward, I think we will skip asking him why he did it."

He looked at Longshadow with a glare.

"Despite the fact that your maker has paid for your stupidity, it hardly makes up for your crime. So this is my verdict. You will have your dominant hand removed and silver will be capped around it. This means it will fuse to your bone and the hand will never grow back. Maybe this will teach you the price of greed.

“For the rest, you will have your tongue, fangs, and eyes removed. After that you will be locked in a coffin for six months while your body slowly becomes a dried husk. This will probably make you mad. Though I hold humans of little value, these are precarious times for vampires. The VRA is still a few months from passing, and we have to be careful to NOT draw unwanted attention to ourselves. Glamouring a human to near insanity is bad publicity. Perhaps the slow deterioration of your own mind will teach you the importance of discretion.”
Fangs snapped down as the verdict was carried out. Sookie had been warned it would be brutal, and kept her face blank. Inside she wanted to curl into Eric’s chest. But she kept her fortitude and swallowed her horror for now. She would try forcing herself to vomit later.

“The next case is Lorena Krasiki. Feeding off of other vampire’s humans three times, thief of four state rulers, and the unauthorized death of a human belonging to the new Queen of Louisiana. My my, Miss Krasiki, you have been a naughty girl.”

He actually stood up and walked down to the prisoners, putting a pair of gloves on to protect his hands.

“I will personally remove your fangs with a fierce joy. You are a sacrilege to the Authority and a usurper of your people. We are going to beat you severely for a month. Then, after you are starved and there is nothing left, you will burn at dawn on the last day of your sentence. If you act like a bitch, you will be fried like one.”

Two more fangs joined the collection. But the Magister refused to sit down. He stepped before Russell with rage painted on his face.

“Russell Fucking Edgington. The Authority has waited a long time to capture you. But you are old and crafty, and until quite recently, we didn’t have enough proof to pin your many crimes on you. Now that we have you...oh how you are going to suffer.”

He stepped back to the platform his chair was on, so that everyone would see and hear him clearly as he spoke.

“This Vampire is precisely two thousand, eight hundred and fifty years old. In that time, all told, he has killed more vampires and other supernaturals then the Plague killed humans. At one point he had killed so many, the fae and two-natured were near extinction. He drained our own population down to a mere two hundred at one time. But the reason we had such difficulty finding him is his own hands were never the ones that committed the murders.

His greatest crime, however, is blood desecration. He had a long continuing pack of werewolves he fed his blood to to keep them loyal. But what gave him away finally was a brand he marked this pack of inbred mongrels with. It is a Nordic Symbol called ‘Wolfsangel’. It was said to be a mark to ward off or capture wolves. He gave himself away when he decided to be too cocky. And he is going to suffer for it.”

Jorge paused for effect before he continued.

“However, I am not the one who will decide his fate. King Northman has asked to be the one to deal out his punishment. After hearing his appeal, I have graciously decided to leave this poor excuse for a vampire to his capable hands. Mr. Northman, you have the floor.

The magister sat down comfortably as Eric stood up and spoke.

“To most of you, the reason I want to punish Russell will seem rather silly. Most of us have, in our lives, killed more than our fair share of humans. But while we do this for feeding, Russell does it for sport. He makes his wolves kill instead, and the blood is wasted and unused.”

He hopped down off the raised dais and stepped forward.

“A little over eleven hundred years ago, Russell came to my village when I was human still. I never saw his face, but he did leave behind one of the werewolves I killed. These wolves of his didn’t stop at just one or two people, though. He let them murder the entire clan. Sixty people died that night,
including my father, mother, uncles, and baby sister.

“I could nearly forgive him if he had murdered them himself and drained them of blood. But he only took my father’s crown as a fucking trophy and told me don’t be a hero, Viking’. I swore vengeance for their deaths but I, like the authority had a hard time tracking him down. See, when he came to my village, he covered himself so no one would see his face. Then, like a smiling, laughing, fucking coward he swept off into the night.”

Eric glared at Russell harshly, his rage barely contained.

“I would spend lifetimes torturing this bastard and still my rage would not be quenched. However, even if we live forever, I don’t want to waste the time. So before I kill him, I will ask this now. If there is any vampire here whom Russell has also betrayed, please step forth now and take your pound of flesh.”

A fancy dressed male vampire came forward. Gay men really didn’t bother Eric anymore than a lesbian woman walking naked into his bar for Pam to feed on after hours. But this vampire should have been born a woman for the way he carried himself.

“King Northman, I thank you for giving me the opportunity to take my pound of flesh. I am called Talbot. You see I was his consort. Until his fucking collection took up all his time. Centuries of collecting this or that while I sat there alone. However, before I cut from his body what is mine, I have something I believe belongs to you. It’s long passed time that it was returned.”

Talbot reached into his velvet overcoat and pulled out a newly polished crown. He presented it with a bowed head and delicate fingers, knowing that it was of great importance to the tall, god-like man in front of him.

Eric took it from him with an awed expression, before bowing his head in return.

“For the return of my father’s crown, I would almost allow you to kill him in my stead. But the man who wore this crown last asked me to avenge our clan. I could do no less than honor him.”

Talbot nodded and turned to Russell, as if to consider his options.

“Would you mind terribly if I removed his…how do you say…cash and prizes? I only ask because he would bleed too much and that might just spoil your kill.”

Eric shrugged uncaringly and waved his arms towards the prone man.

“Please be my guest. I could always use this large amount of silver around us to cauterize the wound if he does bleed a lot.”

Talbot thanked him with an odd half smile of happiness. Then he took out a dagger that looked to be as old as the vampire it was about to cut. Spewing forth several Spanish curse, he used the obviously dull knife to cut away what made Russell a man. If vampire body parts lived removed from their owners, he would have enjoyed shoving it down into the ring gag. Giving one last spit of disgust and dishonor to his former paramour, Talbot wiped his hands off on the body and walked out of the building.

Eric went through the task of removing Russell’s fangs quickly. Then with a whispered prayer in Norse, he quartered Russell and gave a mighty roar as he removed his head.

Bending down with his sword pointed towards the ground, he looked up at the sky and whispered so low even the best ears in the world had to strain to hear him.
“At last Father Mine, we are avenged. May you go to the table of Kings with your head held high and peace in your heart. After a millennium of hunting, our quest is complete.”

As Eric sat down and proceeded to carefully clean his sword, Jorge spoke for the last vampire on trail.

“After that highly entertaining performance, I say we finish this night on a high note. Our last colorful character is Mr. William Thomas Compton. He is guilty of turning three women against their will, including the Queen of Louisiana who sits to my left. He also, with the help of his maker, killed a human belonging to the same woman. And lastly he is guilty of treason in two parts. One to highly respected member of the council which I’ve been told not to mention. The second is no better. He sought to put our entire population on a program at the behest of the former queen to use as weapon against all of us. I shiver to think what might have happened if it fell into the wrong hands.”

Jorge looked at the aforementioned man and shook his head in ready disgust.

“The new queen of Louisiana has asked to be handed his punishment. This is difficult, because the Authority has their own punishment in mind for him. So if I am to agree to allow Queen Stackhouse her just rewards, she will have to convince me that the punishment she would give him is as harsh as or harsher than the one I have in mind.”

He looked at the young blood vampire who was now standing and waved his cane at her.

“Queen Susanna, the floor is yours. Convince me to grant your request.”

Sookie tilted her head.

“Honorable Magister, it is hard to know a great enough sentence fitting enough for what Bill has done to me. See, unlike y’all, I haven’t been around long enough to let go the mortal coil and all. I don’t like to torture, and I hate getting’ my hands dirty. But I do have something in mind that just might work.

“My vampire gift is telepathy and flight. I would have kept it secret, but pretty much everyone knows it by now after that whole incident with the bombing. But I have another ability linked to that telepathy. I like to called it ‘Back Flow.’ I can take any memory I’ve read in a person’s mind and put it into anyone’s head. Older vampires get harder to do this with because they are stronger than younger ones. But Bill’s mind would be surprisingly easy.”

She glanced at Bill heatedly before she continued.

“This is what I propose. I have several memories in my head from the girls he turned. I also have my own. I will shove them inside that skull of his so he can learn exactly what it feels like. Their pains, their fear, their terror, it will become his. Along with that I say that he should stay pinned in that chair for as long as I have been a vampire, which as of tonight is Two months and two weeks. After that, I want him to be drained of his blood slowly until he’s nothing but a husk. What you wish to do with him after is your own business.”

She almost sat down again before she remembered something.

“I also want his fangs for my own. But I would like for my new Maker to collect them for me. Is that enough of a satisfactory punishment for you and the Authority, Magister?”

Jorge grinned widely for the first time that night and nodded.
“Indeed it is. But before you carry out this most fitting sentence, I have something I would like to bring forward. The Ancient One wishes to give us a message.”

Pythia stood up with the help of her attendees and walked forward to speak to the conclave.

“The words I have tonight I want spread far and wide. This woman, who to most here is but an infant and not fit for her station, saved many of us during the Bombing in New Orleans. As such she is under my personal protection and shall be harmed by no other supernatural who wishes to exist. More than that, she is the great granddaughter of Council Member Naill Brigant, Royal Prince of the Sky Fae. She is also respected by many humans and Were's alike for her astounding work at the New Light of Hope Clinic, which has already saved twenty vampires, fourteen Were’s, and a total of sixty three humans from certain death. She and King Northman, as well as all those in their bloodline are untouchable. You have been warned. Speak these words to all you know. To attack them is to attack me, and will mean certain and swift death. That is all.”

All the collected vampires bowed their head in acceptance to the edict spoken. If the Ancient One, one of the highest rulers of the council, said this, it was set in stone and as such, could not be refused.

As Sookie carried out her sentence on Bill, her inner beast laughed in glee. His screams of torment were like music to her ears. She would be lulled to sleep tonight by each beautiful cry of agony he gave, like a lullaby sung from mother to infant.

And as the fangs were placed in her hands, she gave one last hateful look to her enemy and spit at him before saying one final thing.

“May flights of Devils wing thee to thy rest, William Compton. And May God have no mercy on your soul. Die alone and suffering, just as My Grandmother and I did. And when you take your last breath, I hope the flames of hell burn you forever. You deserve no less.”
I Can Not Stop This Sickness Taking Over

Chapter Summary

Sometimes being a vampire Sucks. For Sookie that's the opposite of true. She can't seem to keep blood in her system. As the puzzle pieces fall into place, find out what it truly means when someone says "Nothing's for Free."

Chapter Notes

Don't ask me where I am going with this chapter, I couldn't tell you. Since no one responded to the last chapter at all, I'll assume that means my punishing of Russel, Bill, Lorena, and Longshadow was just not good enough. I'll give this chapter a try, and see if it's any good. AND NO, THIS ISN'T A PLEA FOR MORE COMMENTS! I explained this all before. I don't want to be given sweet words. I just wanna know if I should keep going.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

The rigors of running a kingdom were a test in endurance and patience. Both of which Sookie was sure she had in abundance before she won the battle against Sophie-Anne and took up the crown. Now she wished she’d found someone to abdicate the crown to. The paper work alone was killing her.

If only she could have just one night away from this endless disaster.

As if to answer her unspoken wish, Godric walked into her office without a guard check. He’d been given a free pass along with Pam and Eric that allowed them access to all the areas of Light of Hope and the side office of the Queen. Plus, with Godric’s age somewhat known, and Pythia’s decree, no one dared to question them.

When Godric saw the hunched over state of his son’s youngest progeny, he noticed the stress in her face. Seeing the three empty bottles of true blood, the wastepaper basket filled with red vomit, and the pale complexion of the woman in front of him, he shook his head. He had known that being made to carry the burden of running a state would be incredibly difficult for one so new. But Sookie showed so much promise, so much aptitude, he doubted anyone saw what he was seeing.

“Mo Garínion, I can see that you are not well tonight. I felt you through my bond with Erikir, and if I can feel it, he is likely beside himself. The Prince has told you that synthetic blood will not be tolerated by your system. Why make yourself sick trying to drink it?”

She sighed as she continued to type out several forms, her eyes moving rapidly across the screen.

“I had no time to go out and get new bagged blood right now. I used up the last of my supply last night and the clinic has only what it needs for the patients, so I can’t take it from them. I have the taxes from the sheriffs coming in, the Clinic bank log to finish, and balances from the auction that I need to sign off on. After that, I have to plan a meeting with the mayor, plan a gala for the
Halloween ball, check the staff reports, and send out for more clean blood. I have delegates coming over from Europe next week to see how this System works so they can begin clinics in their side of the world and Steve Newlin to battle on T.V. since Nan has a meeting with the King of Nevada and the Governor of Virginia. And that’s just for tonight alone. I have no time Godric. Amelia and the other staff are already back logged and we just don’t have enough hands to do this.”

Godric shook his head. That was too much for Eric to do in one night, and Eric had been a savvy businessman in one way or another most of his existence. Sookie needed help. Excusing himself for a moment, he stepped in made a few calls. It was time for re-enforcements to come help the cause. Overworking one’s self into starvation was unhealthy and deadly. If Sookie didn’t learn to feed properly soon, she would be in bed right next to the drained patients in the vampire ward.

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Two hours later, Godric and Eric walked slowly to the office, trying to keep their footsteps silent. Godric had wanted Eric to first observe her before they went in and spoke.

As Eric approached the semi open door, what he saw shocked him. Sookie was near gaunt, her face white and drawn. He could already tell that she had been staying up passed dawn more than once by the dark lines around her eyes. Vampires didn’t normally suffer from dark under eyes, but given the obvious lack of blood in her system, it was safe to say that she was very tired. Her hair, normally full and with a healthy sheen, hung almost straight down her back. He could tell it had been at least two nights since she showered. But what bothered him most out of all of this was the coffin in the corner of the room, almost invisible behind a curtain. It meant that from the minute she got up until she was forced to rest, Sookie had rarely left the office. And with the amount of true blood bottles on the desk and near her coffin, as well as the smell of sick, he only grew more concerned.

“Did you call Naill? He might be able to tell us why she is having so much difficulty feeding on humans.”

As if Naill heard them, he walked up behind the two and hissed a little, not wanting to give away his presence to his granddaughter yet. He only had to look at her a second to see the problems she was facing. Issuing a silent gesture for them to follow him, he walked out of the building. He drew them far enough away that he was sure Sookie wouldn’t be able to hear them before he spoke.

“I am not able to be seen by any other supernatural but you two. So it will appear as if you are talking to each other. With so many drained vampires and other supes around, I could not take the chance. So forego saying my name and all will be well.”

They nodded to him without a word, knowing by the look on his face that he had more to say.

“I was dreading that this might happen. You may know of Fairies, but you do not know enough about them to understand the dilemma Susanna is facing right now. All fae are of light. Sky Fae by nature are more so. We are beings that hold life sacred and protect it when we can. We inspire, we are the muses, and we are the abstracts of creativity. It is in our very nature to ignite this in all beings. We may be warriors when needed, but without a serious threat, we but keep the peace.

“This is why fairies have never been turned. Back when Vampire and Fae fought, there were accidents of a sort. Some fae were turned. None survived. Even Warlow hated his darker nature. It kept him from everything he knew. His blood lust almost killed off the sky clan all together. It was a terrible thing indeed.”

He took a breath before he continued.
“For Sookie, it is at two fronts that she must fight. Her fae fights because it is made to protect life. The other side of the sword is her Christian upbringing. Her grandmother taught her to be devout and pure of sin. With this proverbial sword swinging both ways to cut her, she suffers greatly. On top of that, her body actually requires light. Sun light is best. Amy Ludwig has been incredibly busy, or she would have given Sookie the wine I asked her to deliver. Susanna is now in serious condition though, and the wine at this point will do her little good.”

Eric, swallowing down his panic and hiding it behind a face of stone, spoke next.

“So how can we feed her if she refuses to do so by her nature? She drinks donor bags, but she vomits them up.”

Naill’s eyes closed in defeat.

“I am afraid that is not part of the condition. That, sadly, is something she is doing to herself. It is not deliberate starvation. It is deliberate control. She is trying to force herself to learn to survive on the least amount of blood possible. She is actually trying to teach her own body to accept the synthetic blood out of sheer need for sustenance.”

Eric sighed.

“This is my fault. I saw how well she was doing for a new born and between the running of my own state and the fact that she is doing such a successful job of running her own, I’ve forgotten what a maker is there for. I sort of left her on her own.”

Godric was calm for a few moments, saying nothing. Then, with a severe glare at his wayward son, he backhanded him. It was hard enough to turn his head without knocking him down.

“You have forgotten the most important lesson that I taught you. Nothing comes before a progeny. Not politics, not money, not even selfish qualms. The only reason you leave a new born by themselves is if there is a threat to your life and you wish to keep them safe. What reason could you have for such a gross oversight as this?”

Eric sighed, knowing he deserved his Maker’s anger. Godric had taught him better.

“Godric, you must understand. I know I should have used a firmer hand with her, but I think…no I know my heart got in the way. Sookie and I have barely begun our relationship. And she is fiercely independent. To force her to feed on that which she clearly hates would mean a maker’s command at every meal. The maker in me is warring with the man she has awakened and I do not know the best way.”

Now he understood the situation. It was the eternal argument between the head and the heart. Yes, Godric knew that battle well. Thinking for a few moments, he formulated a plan.

“I will speak with Pythia about the rulership of both states. Rather than making Sookie the sole queen of one state, I think it better if you and she joined forces and ran both. You’ve already chosen Talbot as Regent and he is doing surprising well for a man who seems more interested in material wealth. That means you can help Sookie run this state while she adjusts to her new status better. As for the feeding problem, let me worry about that. Sookie and I are like teacher and student. I may not be able to command her, but I think I can make her see the error of her ways. She may not like the lessons, and some may be very harsh, but she must be made to understand what being a vampire means.”

Eric sighed in relief. He wanted to be a good maker, but he also wanted to be a good prospect for a
future bonded for Sookie. It was not as it was with Pam. They did fuck, and they’d grown to love one another, but not romantically. And there was no better Maker than his own.

“Thank you Godric. I want to be the one to teach her all she needs to know. But this one area I find is too difficult for me. I cannot treat her as I treated Pam. She would crumble under it.”

The men talked back and forth for a little longer before parting ways, each sure that the one they cared for would get the help she needed to get passed this hurdle.

The next night, just as Sookie woke, she got out of her coffin and went about getting ready for her night. Just as she was about to put another useless true blood to her lips, Godric rushed into the room and tore it out of her hands.

“Hey, I was drinking that.”

“I find I do not care to see you vomit this liquid again. You know you can’t stomach it nor should you try, and yet you force it down your throat for what reason exactly? Hope that this time your stomach will come up with it? Sookie, you are starving yourself, and it must come to an end. Whether you like it or not.”

“But Godric…..”

He shook his head firmly.

“But Godric nothing. Let me ask you a question. When you were young was there a food group you or your brother did not want to eat? One that your Grandmother made you eat because it was good for you, but that you wanted to refuse because it did not suit your taste on sight?

Sookie almost shook her head no, and then she thought about it for a moment.

“Jason had a hard time eating anything remotely green and leafy most of his life. He wouldn’t even eat lime jello for a while because he was convinced it was made of grass. Gran finally broke him of it though. She made him sit at the table one night for seven hours straight until he was finally forced to eat his broccoli and green beans. He stopped fighting her after that.”

Godric nodded, glad that she had an example he could use.

“Your grandmother did this because she understood that vegetables were good nutrition for a growing child. When I was human, I too remember a time where my own mother would make us eat carrots. I hated carrots but she would hear none of it. It was either eat or starve in those times. I too remember when my younger cousin was made to sit in front of his meal for the entire day because he refused to eat his own carrots and squash.

“In a way, this is exactly what must happen with you. You are a moral person, Sookie, and I commend you for that. But there is morality and then there is foolishness. Busy or not, a vampire that does not drink blood properly is a sick vampire. You’ve seen what vampires look like who are forcibly drained and kept on true blood. There is at this very moment, 73 vampires in your wards that suffer. But you are doing this to yourself on purpose. And it must end.”

He saw Rasul enter the office and nodded to him, before turning to Sookie again.

“Rasul was practically running this state himself when the former Queen was in the thrown. On the nights that I must train you, he will be the one to take over. He is a competent man and a trusted
vampire to both Eric and myself. Save for those things to which you must be present, he will be acting regent during the next few weeks while I help you learn the truth of your new nature.”

Sookie looked at Godric confused.

“But isn’t that Eric’s job?”

Rasul answered first.

“Eric loves you, Sookie. For a maker, this is a very difficult thing. Training a new born requires a certain lack of feelings to keep the Progeny on target. If Eric trained you the way he should, you would despise him by the end of it. He does not want that, so Godric will act like a buffer between the two of you to help preserve the budding relationship you and your maker are forming.”

Sookie let that settle in her brain for a moment before she looked at Godric again.

“I’m not going to like this at all, am I?”

“The answer to that is no, I’m afraid.”

Sookie sighed, looked around the room. Then she shrugged and accepted it.

“Well, alright then. Let’s boot and rally.”

Godric looked at her confused.

“You want to put on footwear and stage a rebellion?”

Rasul laughed. Sometimes age had its draw back.

“No, Godric. Boot and Rally is a southern slang term often used at bars and taverns. It means to get sick and continue to party after. But in some cases it is also used in place of accepting a challenge. In this case I believe she means ‘bring it on’.”

Godric nodded and grabbed Sookie’s arm, leaving the office to Rasul. The night had barely begun and it was time to end the starvation in Susanna once and for all.

When they landed from their flight, it was not where Sookie expected them to be. They were out in the wildness in the middle of nowhere. This was the last place Sookie expected Godric to take her. But she remained silent beside him, waiting for his instructions.

The reason Godric decided to bring them here became evident when they both spotted a vampire and human walking along an overgrown path. The vampire Sookie immediately recognized as one of the other girls Bill had turned. Pam had protested at first, but she had taken the new born under her wing and became a maker in her own right. Jessica had been willful and unruly the first week of training, but Pam had set her straight. The human she was walking with however, was almost familiar to Sookie. She couldn’t quite place why because she was only looking at him from the back.

As the seemingly regular couple stopped not far from their hill top vantage point, Sookie noticed two things immediately. The familiar man was Hoyt Fortenberry, Jason’s best friend. And the striking image of sugary sweetness the couple made was just beautiful. The second thing she noticed was Pam sitting in a tree wearing a black and pink pair of sweatpants with matching sweatshirt. It was the first time Sookie had ever seen her in something so lacking in either sex appeal or the everyday more
proper attire Pam seemed to have a taste for. Sookie called it the ‘fifty’s house wife meets cutthroat business woman’ look.

Hearing a rustle, Sookie turned her eyes back on the couple just as Hoyt began to speak.

“You know, Momma taught me that being alone in the woods with anyone you just met is like takin’ candy from strange men in an ugly van. If she could see me now, she’d throw a fit. It’s just too bad she ain’t here right now to stop me.”

Jessica giggled at his little joke.

“Well, my daddy taught me good girls didn’t go anywhere with a boy alone until marriage. So it’s just better for both of us our overbearing parents don’t know anything. It’s like I always say. What they don’t know won’t hurt us.”

They laughed for a few moments before Hoyt’s face became serious.

“Is it going to hurt? I heard some people say its good and others say it’s like gettin’ shot in the neck, so I had to ask.”

Jessica immediately became concerned. She could smell his nervousness.

“We don’t have to if you don’t want, Hoyt. I would understand.”

Hoyt shook his head.

“No, I told you I would. Besides, if we’re going steady then this will be a big part of that. I know I can’t be your only source, but if you’re going to be my girl, well, then I want to be able to do this for you too. I just want to know if it’s going to hurt, so I can just prepare myself is all.”

Jessica shook her head.

“No, it won’t hurt much. It may sting for a second, like when you get a shot at the doctors. But after that it should feel nice. The way I was told, something in a vampire’s saliva helps to numb the area or something like that. And I was taught to be gentle and how to heal it after so no one will get in your business about it after. I know how some people can be.”

Hoyt smiled widely as he caressed her face with his hand.

“You are just the sweetest thing. And that smile…nothing bad can come from someone with a smile like that.”

They kissed and chatted a few more minutes before Hoyt crouched down to her height.

“I’m ready now. You just go ahead and chow down. Just don’t take too much. I don’t want to be too tired to take you home after.”

Jessica gave her promise and let her fangs snap down. Closing her eyes a moment to take an unneeded breath, she laid her tongue across his neck to find just the right space to bite, like Pam had taught her. She knew her maker was here to make sure nothing went wrong. But this was her first time feeding without the older woman standing beside her to coach her through it and she wanted to get it right.

As Sookie watched Jessica’s fangs slide in, her own fangs snapped down without her say so. She’d seen other vampires feed before, but never up close, and certainly not like this. Hoyt seemed to melt
into Jessica, his gasping moans proving just how erotic the whole thing was. And Jessica gave no indication she was at all bothered by the fact that he was almost humping her leg, which surprised Sookie more. Like her, Jessica had been a virgin at her turning. Which she griped about the first week because it meant, unlike Sookie, Jessica’s hymen would always heal back. Doctor Ludwig was working on a way to rectify the problem for any virgin vampire. But so far outside of a painful coating of silver, she hadn’t come up with any conclusive methods that would work.

After a few moments, Jessica lifted her head, the fangs marks healing up just as Hoyt shuttered against her and she felt the wet warmth against her leg. She was feeling particularly frisky herself, but given that this was only their second date, well, she would control herself. Hoyt’s reaction was more involuntary anyway and she didn’t want to rush anything with him.

Hoyt lifted his head up after a time, his face glowing red with embarrassment.

“Oh man, I am so sorry. I didn’t mean to be like some horny dog. Look at the mess I made.”

Jessica shook her head.

“It’s alright sweety. I was warned that can happen sometimes, for both guys and girls, when a vampire feeds on them. There isn’t anything to be ashamed of. When I get excited, I get something I like to call a fang-boner. My fangs just pop out without my say so like a big ole’ flag telling everyone what I’m feelin’. It’s just the way your body handles the closeness of being able to share its blood with me.”

Hoyt smiled sheepishly before they settled on the ground for a while. His legs were still a little shaky and Jessica’s half closed look of repletion told them both they should relax a little before going back to the car.

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Meanwhile, as Godric and Sookie left the couple, she shook her head at her own thoughts and looked at him.

“You think it would be the other way around.”

Looking at her in confusion, Godric blinked.

“What should be the other way around?”

“Well, when a vampire feeds, they draw blood away from the body. So you would think that it would cause less excitement instead of more. For men more than women, but still, you would think that drinking blood forces it out of those areas and makes it less likely to cause arousal.”

Godric smiled. She was definitely getting more like Eric when Godric first turned him. Despite being a warrior, Eric had also been endlessly curious about all the functions of a vampire.

“You know, Lilla, sometimes I forget that you are my son’s progeny, given the way you were first turned. But then you ask me questions like that, and I am reminded all over again. Eric asked me many questions of that nature when he was first turned. In fact, as you may suspect of him, he asked me if he could still have sex. He thought, given the nature of our dead bodies, he would be unable to get an erection. There are some things about being a vampire even I do not understand. You say that it should cause less arousal to have blood drawn away from the body, and in a way you are certainly right.

“But this world, as you once told me, is large and full of things we may never understand. There are
many questions without an answer. For instance, how do we fly? How does blood actually sustain us exactly? Where does your fairy spark really come from? All of these questions are answered with the ever questionable answer of magic. Look at me. I am dead for over two thousand years. Yet I still breathe as if I were only human yesterday. The why’s and how’s of the supernatural are not for us to ponder. We simply live the best we know how and let the mysteries remain mysteries. Otherwise one would spend their life shut up in the dark pouring over books with no answer as he tries to answer the way the universe formed us all.”

Sookie nodded, pondering that for a moment, before she spoke again.

“Godric, I know I’m not doing well with the whole feeding thing. But maybe you’d understand if you sat there and thought about it long enough.”

“You do not wish to take human life. It is against the very fabric of how you were raised. I say I understand it….”

Sookie cut him off. He didn’t get it. They’d all forgotten.

“No. You don’t understand. Because you aren’t a telepath. All the fancy tricks that you have are great for you. Let me see if I can explain it to you in a way you’d understand.”

She thought for a moment before coming up with a way to help him see it from her point of view.

“With your sense of smell, you can tell where a person’s been and what they were doing when they were there, right? And your hearin’ is so good you can probably hear a mouse break wind from a mile away. But imagine what it would be like if you had to live inside a person instead. Imagine being able to not just know where a person was, but everything they felt while they were there. Imagine not just knowing a person has had sex, but how they did it, what their bodies felt, what they smelled and what they tasted. Could you feed like that? With all of that inside your head, would you feel comfortable enough to get close enough to feed from anyone?

“Godric, I would love to feed. But I can’t. The minute I get close enough to touch someone, my shields are like swisscheese. I have nothing to block my mind from hearing every thought and feeling inside someone’s head when I feed. It was bad enough when it was just humans and the occasional were creature. Now it’s everyone around me. I can’t even hug people anymore in fear of what I might hear. I tried feeding once, on one of the donors who came in for a badly drained vampire. Unfortunately he had his fangs pulled, so we had to transfuse him instead. I tried to feed on her, I really did. Godric, I didn’t have a chance to take more than a mouthful before my headache was so bad, I had a nose bleed. No matter how high I put my shields…it hurts me Godric.”

She grabbed her head and sank to her knees.

“I’m so hungry I can barely function, but the endless voices, the headaches, and the pain. I just…I don’t know what to do. I don’t know how to stop it. My body wants fresh blood so badly; I vomit up the donor bags because they’re too processed. I don’t know what to do”

Godric bent down to hug his poor, starving grandchild, helplessly trying to think of a way to help her before she was starved to death.

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The next night dawned almost too peacefully as Sookie rose in the safety of Godric’s safe house. She could hear him above her, clearly talking with another male she didn’t immediately recognize through the muffling effects of the ceiling. Getting up and getting dressed, she made her way
upstairs, heading to the kitchen. Walking in, she saw Naill and Eric chatting back and forth with Godric in some language she feel she should know, but couldn’t quite grasp.

Naill smiled at her happily.

“Ah, just the woman we were talking about. Come and sit. We were discussing you’re little dilemma.”

She sat down with a frown. She wouldn’t exactly call it ‘little’, but she shrugged it off. In the grand scheme of things, her overwhelming telepathy was rather small, she supposed.

Naill took a sip from a bottle he took out of his pocket and then proceeded to sit it in front of her.

“Susanna, in this bottle is something the Fae call ‘light wine’. We drink this to keep our spark strong. We can normally keep ourselves at full power because the sun never sets completely in Faerun, the home of the sky fae. You are not yet strong enough as a vampire to use your light to stand the ever powerful daystar on earth. So until that day comes, you must drink this at least once a night to keep your powerful spark from taxing you too much. More will be delivered tomorrow by way of Amy Ludwig. For tonight you will drink what’s left in the flask.

“But for you to consume this, you need to drink it with blood. Which brings us to the next problem. Your telepathy is rather out of control at the moment. I honestly thought it was you fae nature combined with your moral Christian upbringing that was the cause of your starvation. I never even considered that your mind-reading abilities could cause you so much havoc. For most Fairies, telepathy is a skill easily controlled because we use it to communicate. It starts very young for a fae child, maybe by the age of three or four. In this way, the mind is worked much like any muscle in the body. But it is the opposite case for you.”

Pausing to gather his thoughts, he sighed. What he was about to say would cause her emotional pain. Something she had too much of to begin with.

“Granddaughter, you have spent too much time without the proper training. Not only that, but in Fintan’s need to keep you hidden from the troubles of the supernatural, he did you a very great disservice. Your cousin, Claudine, has spent the last thirteen years searching for you. She felt the presents of another hybrid like herself, and tried to locate you. She would have been your teacher, your guide, and your guard. But the cloaking magicks that Fintan used blocked you from her sight. And thus, you’ve grown up without protection and without any training whatsoever.

“You’ve now spent a lifetime doing the exact opposite of what you should have been doing. Instead of being allowed to work on your telepathy, you’ve been taught to shun it, block it, and hate its existence for the pain it has caused you. You’ve been made to feel like a pariah because you were treated like an outcast to a race you were never fully apart of. In protecting you, Fintan caused you a great deal of harm and a lack of kinship.

“Even your vampirism might have been easily prevented if Claudine had been allowed to protect you as she wanted. Comptom would have been burnt to a cinder for trying to get close to you. And your uncle would have simply disappeared before laying hands on any of your family members. So much pain, so many obstacles, and so much of the struggle you and your family faced would have never come to be if Fintan had had the courage to admit to his affair with your grandmother to me and allowed me to set up protection for you.”

Sookie was about to say something when she accidently brushed her foot against Godric’s leg under the table. In seconds she was grabbing her head as her nose started bleeding again. And in a voice no one had heard from the usually strong-tempered woman, she pleaded.
“Please make it stop. It hurts! MAKE IT STOP!”

Naill grabbed her up immediately, his spark glowing around her powerfully. Sending her as much calming and healing as he could, he felt her slowly relax into him, falling into a near sleeping state.

“Naill, you forget that She is a busy woman and the leader of the council. One doesn’t summon her simply on a whim”

Naill’s face became harshly stern.

“My Great Granddaughter’s brain is about to run out of her nose. I have no time for your protocol. Do not forget yourself, Gallus Vetorix. She may be your maker’s maker, but even she will not refuse the summons of someone two times her elder. She is also a Sear, and as such, knows the most about mind powers beyond the fae. I know she is still in the state, despite her role on the council. And if you wish to save your progeny’s future mate, you will get on the phone and grant my request, Vampire. NOW!”

Though there was hardly anyone on earth outside of Roman, the dragon of the Western Gate and leader of the authority, who would dare to command Godric to his face, Naill was right. No one dared say no to The Prince of the Sky Fae. His age and the power he wielded was spoken of in fearful whispers. No vampire would ever dare to challenge the Fae leader and hope to live. It just wasn’t done. A war was the last thing anyone wanted.

Taking a deep breath, Godric dialed the number he had been commanded to, and prayed for yet another miracle.

Three hours later found Pythia in Godric’s living room, bending over the youngest member of their blood line. Eric had said very little during the whole of the night so far, content to pace with worry and restrain himself from throwing things.

Pythia had been sitting with her hand to Sookie’s head for some time now, searching with the full range of her power gifts. Being an oracle was only one of her gifts, but she had many, being as old as she was. She saw no need to give away all her secrets to anyone, though Naill probably knew all of them. They had spoken often together in Naill’s four thousand years on the council.

Finally looking up, she let a gentle smile climb over her face.

“While it is true the child is wounded in her mind, it is not as dire as you seem to fear. The answer is rather simple. She must be allowed to set her telepathy free to its full range. The method in which this must be carried out is the tricky part. Most fae are nervous of vampires, and for good reason. But you spoke of your people often enough, Naill. The one that I say is best is Morella. She knows how to
cloak her scent and her healing gift is strong. She is a gentle spirit, and will be able to help Sookie guide her mind so that there is peace.”

Everyone sighed in relief. At least now they had a direction in which to go.

“As for the starvation, that is a much more difficult situation. For you see, it is not that Sookie chooses not to feed. Nor is it just the matter of her mind reading ability. Sookie is unable to drink human blood. She is not human. Your healing spells in the palace has its drawbacks, Prince.”

Naill looked at her curiously.

“In what way was there a drawback? It saved her life.”

“Vampires feed on humans because they are a hybrid of human and Daemon. Given the fact that her body expelled that during the healing, human blood is no longer her diet. Everything comes with a price, Naill, even healing. She must feed on fairy blood, and therein lays our problem. For what fae would ever allow such a thing? There are few fairy hybrids in the whole of the United States. And the blood that Sookie needs must be nearly pure. As it is, we must transfuse her while your spell still holds. This means you must be willing to spill your blood into a cup to give to her so that her mental wounds heal properly. Otherwise, there will be too much damage by next moon rise and Sookie will be feral. Make your choice, Fae, but make it soon. Or your heir will starve to death.”

Chapter End Notes

Will Naill choose to help Sookie? Can there be a way to see that she is fed? Is this chapter even any good? Well then, lets find out. Or Sookie won't be the only one starving. ( Goddess I sound like a pathetic writer asking for attention don't I? Ignore me. I hope you enjoy. Cause if you don't....another one bites the dust. )
Breath of Life

Chapter Summary

Eric puts his foot down. And then the surprises reveal themselves one after another. Will the truth help or hinder the small new family that is beginning to form, or will it only bring the danger on faster?

Chapter Notes

First....Let me apologize for the way I acted in my authors note in chapter 14. I was simply having a really bad day.

Second....going into this chapter I want my readers to remember something. I dream big, and I dream strangely. In saying that, I also has a touch of reality and rational with my writing. NO ONE is a god. No one is given more power simply for the sake of having it. And no one is completely impervious.

Third...I leave it up to you. No flowery words are needed. No niceties need be said, though they are supremely appreciated. Should I continue or shouldn't I? Do you like chapters 13, 14, and now 15 or not. A simple "Continue please" is all I ask for. Otherwise I get antsy and the story disappears into the failure pile. I don't waste space on on fanfic site. If I see that my work is not well received for whatever reason, I give it a week and then it vanishes, plain and simple. So respond or not. I ask nothing but to know if you want to read more. That's all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The suggestion of Naill giving Sookie his blood started up an argument between Godric, Pythia and the Prince. The good and bad side effects of a vampire on fairy blood started a debate that ran rampant through the house. Eric watched them from Sookie’s side as they spent fifteen wasted minutes talking nonsense. Finally he had had enough. Standing at his full height, he roared like an angry lion protecting its pride.

“THAT IS ENOUGH!”

The three battling elders turned to him, stunned to silence by more than his anger. His status as protector of Sookie’s light shone in a silvery glow that pulsed around him like a heartbeat.

“Look at you. You are probably the three most eldest beings on the face of planet earth at this moment. Together you are nearly god-like in power, status, and form. And yet you bicker like children while the life of one you clearly hold dear to you dwindles away to practically nothing. You speak of her as if she is some pawn in a chess game to be picked up and moved how you wish it. But none of you grasp what her true value is. You waste time arguing for petty reasons and stupid worries. But let me tell you something you’ve yet to understand.”

He glared at them through reddish black eyes that drilled into them like lasers as he spoke.
“Sookie has had a harsh life. Maybe not as hard as some, but still, her short twenty four years has been filled with difficulties that would have crushed a weaker soul. Yet she has persevered and flourished in the shadows of those who would hate her, use her, and treat her like some sort of scum rather than the goddess she has the ability to be. Save for her grandmother and her scant group of friends, she has had no one to comfort her, even in the time of her two darkest periods. Yet she has survived through death, through rape, and through being ostracized by most everyone around her.

“In her short time as a vampire, something she never wanted to be in the first place, she has accomplished things that no new born could hope to understand, let alone be able to do. The first night I met her she was a week old, and she was able to stand and control herself with human blood dripping around her. She has all but managed to break Louisiana’s bigoted religious groups by standing in a hall and showing them the cost of their hate. In one night she managed to have vampires and humans shaking hands like honored warriors meeting on the battle field for peace talks. I have gotten calls from Florida, New York, Ohio, California, New Mexico, and New Jersey from monarchs asking me to bring her to their state to help human/vampire relations.

“That same night she saved not only nearly the entire population of Louisiana’s Vampires, but also four hundred and sixty three humans from the bombing. Do you know that I got a call from the King of Washington D.C. telling me that the human president actually wants to thank her personally for her heroics? The main chapter of the F.O.T.S in Dallas has been nearly driven underground because Sookie has done phone interviews for news stations in the last few weeks to help other humans understand vampires and bring them in a better light.

“The Vampire Authority and the American Vampire league have practically been breaking the Magister’s phone daily with requests to speak with her. She has delegates from Europe and Asia coming over in the next few weeks to speak about her clinics and ask her advice on the V-Addiction crisis in their regions. Her clinic is treating most of the population from Hotshot, half of Russell’s old werewolf pack, and more human v-addicts become better each day. She’s managed to do all of this in a little less than three months into being a vampire. Not to mention what she did to the queen, who nearly cost her her own life.”

He paused a little before continuing, his softened gaze starring at her.

“You, she never complains about any amount of work. She hardly ever asks for things most modern women her age would demand. She shuns gifts and almost refused to even accept the cell-phone I gave her. She is humble and kind and brave. She accepts every race, every species, and never judges a person’s character by how harshly they may appear to be. She is a fortress onto herself. A Shield Maiden the likes of which I have never seen. And regardless of her youth or her lack of knowledge about certain things, she deserves respect and inspires the kind of loyalty that most Vampire monarchs ten times her age would demand but never actually deserve.

“The tragedy of this is she still does not see her own worth. She thinks herself as just some ordinary girl who is not deserving of more than the cursory glance. She asks for nothing and wants nothing but a kind word or a comforting gesture. She has the manners a lady of stature should without making it look forced or strained. She smiles through her pain, laughs through her tears, and offers what she can, even if she has little to give outside of a hug or a word. In my thousand years on this earth, I have seen many amazing humans doing many amazing things. Yet I can honestly say with truth, that I have never come across someone like her since my mother died before me. Not one woman I have ever known since my human days has ever shown me an ounce of what Sookie has been able too. She reminds me of what it feels like to be a human and love life again, something not even my maker could achieve.”

He looked at them, his face solemn.
“Now she is the one needing help. She needs us now, as we needed her. Is it not right that we should do all we can to give her that? Isn’t she worthy of a little blood and a little healing? I say she is. I say instead of arguing, you should instead be falling all over yourselves to bring her the care she needs right now. And I may be speaking as bias man in love with her, but you cannot deny that it is the simple truth. So, instead of your fucking bickering, act fast to bring her back to us. She would do no less if one of you was in her place. And you shame yourselves by wasting precious time yelling at each other instead of doing all you can.”

He looked at them carefully, seeing the understanding and regret in their eyes as his words took effect. Turning to Sookie again, he kissed her forehead and went to the kitchen, coming back a few moments later with a bag full of something clearly metal. He handed it to Naill, who was surprised by its contents. Inside the satchel was a goblet that looked to be made of pure silver. The dagger that was paired with it was also silver in appearance, but Naill knew the truth of the metal more than the vampire who owned them. These were made of elvish metals so rare on earth, this set was only the fourth and fifth pieces Naill had ever come across in all his years. Elves were the progenitors of all fae creatures in one way or another. Placing both before him carefully, he felt their magic sing harmoniously to him.

“I will grant her blood in a moment Norseman. But first I must ask you where on earth you managed to come by this set?”

Eric looked at him with a blank stare for a moment. Then a knowing grin curled over his face.

“Did you think your people were the only ones on earth able to hide in plain sight, Fairy? Viking is such a broad term. Godric hails from the Gauls, but what were they before they were named so? My clan could trace its lineage back almost as far as yours can. We were taller than ninety-eight percent of the other men and women of those times who called themselves Vikings. We were considered blessed by the gods and goddesses even then. This cup and dagger was a personal family heirloom passed down from father to son. In my day, they were considered to be objects blessed by Freyr herself. But it was my paternal grandmother and her line who knew the true secret of these two objects.

“They are called the chalice and sword of healing. Gifted to forefathers of my line in ancient times. It is said that the All Father of our family, the one who began it, saved the life of the winged Prince. Fairies back then were called fair folk, and when my grandmother said winged prince, I thought she meant fae. She corrected me immediately. The winged prince was called so not for actual wings, but because he bared a physical feature that looked like them. She showed me an image of this prince and his particularly strange tapered ears. It was said that because our all father had saved this man’s life, he was granted a gift beyond all blessings. They became blood brothers in the truest sense. Forty ages of our family came and fell before I was given the cup and dagger by my father after becoming a man, and even I knew then that they were extraordinary. They felt like they were mine, like they were made only for me.”

Naill blinked and spoke almost whisper quiet.

“Are you saying that your human family carried the blood of a true Elf prince? How is that possible?”

Eric came up and took up the dagger for a moment, bringing the blade lengthwise to his lips. The blade gave off a golden purple glow and Eric took it and touched it to his left wrist. A mark came into existence slowly, becoming darker bit by bit until it was clear. Naill gasped as he saw the seal he recognized immediately. It was the seal of royalty given to those whom were blessed by the Elf Prince Arphenion, who still to this day was said to rule over all elves. One of the rare few elvish
peoples who ever walked on this planet. That the vampire before him bared the seal of the royal house was astonishing beyond compare. Gulping hard, Naill shook his head.

“First we will help Susanna. But one day soon, Norseman, we will have to sit down and discuss what you’ve revealed here today. That mark, as I am sure you well know, is no mere tattoo. It is a symbol of power and royalty even greater then my own. It likely grants you gifts you’ve no knowledge of. And in the future it could very well mean the difference between victory and defeat in any future battles you must face. Guard that secret well, Erikir, Son of Northlands. Guard it with your very existence. Blessings of such nature are not given lightly, and are far more sacred then even I can explain.”

Eric scoffed as he was handed the cup and slowly worked the blood down Sookie’s throat slowly.

“I may not be even a blink in your lifetime, Turwaithion. But remember this and remember it well. By blood and birth, I am royalty as well. By my father’s linage I am royal twice over. First by Viking standards, for I was the son of a chieftain. And by the mark I bare on my wrist, a secret which I have kept even from my Maker, though he may have known it well before tonight and kept it to himself. Nearly twelve centuries have come and gone since I was mortal, and yet here I stand. Through wars, through plague, and through the sands of time, I have persevered, adapted and changed. I know how to protect that which is sacred to me, as can be attested to by many vampires through the ages. The long reach of my allies stretches across almost every continent and in more than one dimension. Just because you are older than me, does not make me less than you. You would do well, Prince of the Sky Fae, to remember that.”

For the first time in his life, Naill Brigant, who respected few outside his people, bowed his head in respect. After all, knowing what he now knew, he could not say the Viking known once as King Leif Erikirson, was not justified in his words.

It took two nights before Morella was prepared enough to aid her niece. When her brother had come to her and told her of the situation, she was understandably worried. A fairy among vampires, even one who shared her blood, was pure suicide. But after watching the memories and seeing Princess Susanna struggle and bleed, the healer in her could not refuse. Prince or no Prince, Naill couldn’t force her. But Sookie seemed like such a gentle spirit; a trait so rare among vampires. That, paired with the stories of Godric and Eric, made her decision far easier.

Dressed in her usual attire, she made sure the coast was clear of humans and other creatures before she walked from the woods to the front door. Knocking a couple times, she waited patiently for someone to open it, making sure her scent shield was at its highest concentration.

Eric opened the door slowly, eyeing the fairy woman before him with some guarded suspicion.

“Welcome to my home. State your name and business fairy. And do not lie. Your heart beat will give you away.”

“My, Naill said that you were tall and fierce, but he didn’t mention you were also beautiful. I am Morella. The prince sent me for his blood kin, a vampire fairy Hybrid named Susanna. I believe she is called Sookie by most. I am to heal and guide her.”

Eric looked her up and down again before he nodded.

“Listen Fairy called Morella, and listen well. Cause me and mine danger in any way, and I promise you, you will not live to see your homeland again. Fairy war or no fairy war. Are we clear?”
Morella nodded in acceptance, her face stern and serious.

“We too are protective of our family, Vampire Prince. Susanna is very dear to my brother Naill, and so is dear to me. I can feel her agony from all the way in Faerun. It screams at me. No please, let me in so that I may help end her suffering.”

Eric finally stood aside, letting the woman in the door.

“We have had to keep her in a separate room to keep our touch away from her. As long as she remains untouched, she can keep up her shields. The blood vials Ludwig dropped off have done much to help strengthen her, but her nosebleeds are getting worse.”

Morella frowned, her bare feet almost silent as she walked beside the tall man.

“Of course she is getting worst. To block telepathy is a hard skill, one many fae, hybrid or not, never accomplish. It is hard for you to understand, but I will try to explain.”

She stopped for a moment to think, before looking at him in the eyes.

“Imagine if you will the effects that pure silver has on your body aside from its burning aspect. It drains you of your gifts completely, chains and locks them down. It causes you a great weakness. This is what Susanna’s shields are doing to her mind and have been doing most of her life. They weaken her, causing cracks and fissures in her brain. Like a tide of water kept bottled by steel walls, it builds up pressure until the walls can no longer hold the waves back. When Sookie was turned, the walls broke bit by bit. And after a lifetime of misuse and no training, she can no longer take the constant voices she has spent a lifetime trying to keep out. What should have been gradually flowing like a new river became dammed in, until it flooded in all at once.”

They started walking again until they reached Sookie’s door.

“Now she simply drowns, unable to stand and swim against an ocean she was taught to fight back and shun. It is my hope that beginning tonight, I can turn that ocean back into a river again. Sookie and I must simply clean out the debris first.”

Eric opened the door, seeing Sookie laying propped up in bed. The bloody tissues from earlier tonight were all around her, and another one was ripped in half to be stuck in each nostril. She was watching the television silently, the captions allowing her to see what people on the screen were saying.

Eric kept his voice extra low, afraid at this point that even speaking would cause her more agony.

“Sookie, this is the healer I told you about. The one that Naill sent to help you. Her name is Morella.”

Sookie’s tired eyes focused on the woman, and for the first time in two weeks, she smiled brightly.

“You’re so quiet. It’s been so long since I heard a brain as quiet as yours. The world is full of noisy, loud, screaming voices. I wish it would just stop.”

Morella stepped forward, sitting herself gently on the bed as she looked over her patient. Her face became sad.

“Look at you, you poor sweet child. There is so much pain in your eyes; so much suffering. A lifetime of hatred, misunderstanding, and grief. I can help you. Will you allow it?”
“I will do anything to get rid of this noise. Even if it means I will never hear another brain again.”

Morella smiled and shook her head.

“I cannot remove your telepathy. It is as much a part of you as your fingers, toes, and skin. You may hate this part of being fairy, but you are what you are by birth and no one can change that. Not even the blood of a vampire. But what I can do is teach how to properly use your gift, how to accept it, how to strengthen your mind. With time, you will choose what to hear and what not to hear without forcing your gift down. For this is what you are doing.

“Where Fae live, your telepathy is a way of simple communication. We direct our thoughts to whom we wish to speak and they receive it. We do not hear everyone at once. This is why most believe that fae do not inherit such a gift. But you were not trained like usual because before your change, you were only one eighth fae and Fintan likely thought that you would have no gifts. Corbett, your father had a very small spark and could talk the way that fae do, but since he never used it, it was dead by the time you were born.”

Morella put her hands out in front of Sookie palms up.

“Now, if you are willing, than take my hands. We will do this together.”

Slowly, Sookie joined her hands with the pretty fairy woman before her and blinked.

“Now what?”

Morella smiled.

“I want you to let your light free. Stop trying to constrain your mind. It is what is causing you so much pain and misery. I will help to guide you while my own mind will provide the quiet silence you desperately need. Think only of me. Let everything else slip away and focus only on my thoughts. Open your mind fully and I will cradle it while our shared light helps to begin mending the damage of a life time of wrong-doings.”

At first, Sookie was too afraid to let her shields down fully. The last time she did that she accidently read Eric’s mind and suffered searing agony. But as she let her shields slip down, her face smoothed out and became serene. It didn’t hurt anymore. There was no screaming, no pounding, and no voices. For the first time in her life, Sookie’s head was silent.

Morella smiled at her gently, seeing the questions in her eyes.

“Sookie, you are a rarity even to the eldest of fae. Your essential spark is the brightest I have ever witnessed. Not even my brother prince has a spark as large, and he is all but pure fae. You still have gifts you’ve yet to unlock. I don’t know exactly how you managed to receive the spark of a pure fae, but it is not for any of us to question why we are blessed. We must simply except and move on.

“But you also must stop seeing these gifts as cursed hindrances in your life. You have forever now, and forever is a very long time to loathe that which you are. As you have now seen with your telepathy, trying to ignore your fairy attributes causes them to fester and twist their true purpose. It will only serve to wound you further. Chain your spark down, and you chain yourself. But in accepting them you are free.”

Sookie’s eyes filled with tears.

“But it’s so hard. I don’t want to be a freak.”
It was Eric’s growling voice of determination that corrected her self-depravation.

“You are NOT a freak. You are a vampire fairy. You have the best of both these worlds, and one day you will have only weakness. You will have to drink fairy blood, which will not always be….”

Morella broke in immediately.

“Who told you that she could only feed on the blood of the fae?”

“The Ancient one said that Sookie had more fairy then human in her so she would have to drink that instead of human.”

Morella shook her head. She respected Pythia greatly, but she was no healer.

“Pythia is very wise. And her gifts are powerful. But she was wrong to make you think that Sookie had to drink the blood of her own people permanently. In truth, Viking, once you bond properly, the only blood Sookie will need ever is your own or one of your vampire bloodline should you be unable to give her your blood. Until the bond however, she will have to drink the light wine mixed with human blood in order to sustain herself. The reason Pythia thought Sookie could only drink Fairy blood is because she will need it until she is fully healed. I would say it will be one more night. After that, the injuries inside her mind will be completely mended and she will no longer need it.”

Sookie spoke up.

“But human blood makes me vomit. How can I drink it?”

“Human blood makes you vomit, because alone it doesn’t provide you with the important nutrition your body needs. Regular vampires, for the most part, can survive on it because they are half human to begin with. Though it is a rare thing indeed, other species hybrids with vampire in them require a mixture of blood because human alone is rather poor by comparison. It holds no true power, and sadly, after so long in modern convenience, it hold very little of pure natural essence.”

She looked at Eric knowingly before continuing.

“It is likely why your Maker is never truly satisfied with the women that he uses to calm his own urges. Even though the trace of elvish blood in his system is minute, that coupled with his makers own hybrid blood likely makes it hard to completely be filled on human alone.”

Eric blinked in shock.

“Godric is a Hybrid? How is that possible? He never mentioned it to me, and by now I know his entire life.”

Morella smiled secretly.

“That is because he isn’t aware of it himself. He was little more than child when he was taken as a slave and Appius turned him not much longer after. With his parents both dead and his people either killed or sold as slaves, the legends of his people died with him. All the vampires you have both met in your long life I am sure you remember well. But none of them has the ability of true flight save for your line. And considering that Appius never had it, nor did his maker, it was awakened in Godric alone, brought to light after his change. Flight without wings can only belong to one creature I know. They have no title to truly speak of, but people long ago called them the Nephilim.”

“What is the Nephilim? I’ve never heard of them.”
It was Sookie who answered him. Her grandmother’s constant reading of the bible stuck in her head too deeply to ever forget.

“The Book of Genesis 6:4. The Nephilim were on the earth in those days—and also afterward— when the sons of God went to the daughters of humans and had children by them. They were the heroes of old, men of renown.”

Morella sighed.

“Honestly, mortals had the right ideas; they simply stated them in the wrong way. It was believed that creatures such as the Nephilim were the cause of demons. This is not so. Nephilim in true was once a type of Fae that is now spoken in legend and lore, for it is believed none exist in this present day. But they did have one gift no creature without wings were granted. The gift of self-powered flight. They could simply fly by will alone, and as such, were considered as near to the fae gods and goddesses as one could ever hope to come.”

Eric raised his signature brow into a arch, looking at her skeptically.

“So let me see if I understand this right. Pythia, the beginner of our blood line, was THE Oracle of Delphi. Godric shares his blood line with Nephilim, a race of fae that is believed dead. My family line is blessed with the blood of an Elf Prince that according to Naill, still rules over his people now as King. And Sookie is the blood heir of the Royal house of Brigant, the ruling house of the sky fae. And we all just met by accident? Next you will tell me Pamela is half pixie. I believe you’ve drunk far too much light wine, Fairy, if you can come up with a fantastical story like that.”

Morella actually snorted, finally letting go of Sookie’s hands. Her healing for now was done.

“First, Pamela and Nora were completely human before they were turned, so please rest your mind about that. Second, while I did explain something you never knew, I spoke truth. My heart remained steady, and even the fae can’t trick a vampire’s superior hearing that well. We simply don’t possess that kind of magic, I’m afraid. And third, it was no accident that your maker found you any more than it was an accident that Sookie walked into your bar Believe me when I say even had she not been turned, she would have found you regardless. The outcome simply would have been different.

“What drew you towards each other remains a mystery, Viking. Not even the oldest of beings can answer that. Call it what you will, but some force drew you all together somehow. And while it only gave you a push, it cannot take your free will from you. It is but a simple guiding hand. The fact that you are all fae in some fashion or form is no more or less than the fact of your blood. I only stated what I know. Take it whatever way you will. But don’t ignore it. The guiding force that drew you three together did so for a reason. What that reason is might remain a mystery for a long time. It is not for me to tell you the why. I can only give you what I know is fact.”

She stood up after giving Sookie a kiss on the forehead.

“For tonight, Sookie will have peace in her mind. I cloaked her gift until tomorrow night, when she is fully healed. When next the moon rises I can begin to train her to use her telepathy properly.”

She turned to Sookie.

“Remember to mix the wine in with the blood when you feed tomorrow. You will need your energy for training, and that requires the light wine until you are strong enough to use your spark to stand in sunlight. Rest for now. We have much work ahead of us.”

She looked at both of them, giving each a nod of respect.
“I must go now. I return tomorrow. Until then, Merry meet and merry part and Merry Meet again.”

With those last words, she popped out of the room, leave too shocked and silent people with their jaws on the ground from the shock of what they heard this night.

Chapter End Notes

Most likely there are at least a few of you going " W.T.F?" I like being original and that means coloring outside the lines. And my muses are on drunk on fairy blood most of the time, so who knows what they will come up with. I like it though, cause it's fun, and sometimes it surprises even me.
The Gospel Truth

Chapter Summary

The Newlins learn that hubris is a bad, bad thing. Nan learns that she can get chastised, and Sookie learns sometimes you have to sacrifice privacy to get the job done.

Chapter Notes

WARNING: 9-11 is mentioned in this chapter. I don't mean to offend anyone. To all those effected by the tragic event, I am sorry if this bothers you. I was not trying to make light of the horrible events of that day and I live in New York, so I know of the horror.

Secondly, thank you everyone who left comments in my last chapter. You rock and your awesomeness can not be measured. I hope you like this chapter too.

And you'll notice that I editted my tags section. Take a look. New relationships and new People....ooooo.....lets see how it goes together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Godric had taken the news of his Nephilim blood like he took most other things these days. He listened to all the facts, considered it silently for a few moments, and then shrugged and gave his boyish smile before walking away. After two millennia, nothing surprised the verbose vampire. He had learned to take it all in stride and go on his way.

Sookie on the other hand was growing in leaps and bounds. With her telepathy under better control and Morella training her on defensive and offensive fairy skills, she felt much better prepared to take on the Queenship again. Her meeting with the delegates from Europe had gone beautifully, and the Asian delegates would give her a few more weeks before they came to speak with her. She was also now secretly working with Naill and her two cousins, Claudine and Claude Crane, on a way to improve Synthetic blood.

Though not a scientist by any means, Sookie herself knew there had to be some room for improvement. As a replacement for human blood, it may provide all the nutrients a vampire needed, but it did little else. The taste was like peroxide mixed with rust and the fulfillment was practically zero. Naill was cautious about the whole venture, but he was also optimistic. After all, if humans had come up with such a brilliant formula, than the Fairy Prince could come up with a way to improve it. Sookie figured it was more of a pride thing for her Great Grandfather, but she kept that little theory to herself.

Right now, she was gearing up for the face to face talk on national television with the worst radicals she’d ever probably meet in this lifetime. But she’d been preparing for this for days now, and she had worked hard to make sure Steven Newlin and his ‘god fearin’ wife had no wiggle room for which to back her into a corner.

Finally given the signal to walk out, she sat down quietly and waited for the camera to begin rolling.
Opening up her shields just enough to hear The Newlins thoughts, she took one last fortifying breath while the Announcer introduced them and let Steve speak his piece first. She had to give it to the Reverend; he knew how to draw an audience.

Finally it was her turn to speak. She cleared her throat and kept her face calm.

“Rev. Newlin, Mrs. Newlin, I have politely listened to your avid speech about the evils of vampires. I listened to you quote the bible as you would interpret it. And it might even surprise you to know, that though I’m a vampire, I was and still am a devote Catholic. I still try to make it to Sunday night masses when my busy life allows. So, as shocked as I am sure you are right now by this prospect, we seem to share in our love of God. That, sadly, is where our likeness ends.

“You speak sweetly, Rev. Newlin, but I hear something different under all those placating words. I hear loathing, evil, and downright hatred. Where you spout words of love for your fellow man, I hear poisonous rancor from your heart. And where you would wish to blind the world with your ever present smile, I hear the serpent tongue hissing from behind your teeth. But unlike your forked Lies, I have more than sweet words to use. I have facts. And facts don’t lie.”

She stood up as a screen dropped down. With a control button in her hand, she clicked at the screen as the lights dimmed just enough to show the picture clearly without obscuring the three people on stage in an otherwise empty studio.

“Behind me now is a picture of a very special camp that Steve and Sarah run out of their church. Most of you know it as the Fellowship of the Sun. A blessed name they picked directly in combat of vampires. The followers of their church are often called the Soldiers of the light. Again, a rather non-threatening name. And for the purpose of privacy, no other face in these next photos other than Steve and Sarah can be seen.”

She clicked to the next photo, and even the Camera man looked up for a second in shock.

“This is a secret room inside their camp that the public never gets to see. These pictures were taken by an undercover member who like me, is a good Christian. In this picture you can clearly see Steve in a weapons chamber filled with enough ammunition to take out most of the vampires in every southern state. Guns loaded with both wooden and silver bullets. Swords, Arrows and Stakes also made of wood and silver. Flame throwers and machine guns which send out explosive rounds that are filled with powered colloidal silver. And to make matters worse, they are now working on bombs and bullets with high intensity UV light in it. This is the non violence that you speak of. Interesting that this is your real example of the gospel truth.”

Another click brought up another picture. Steve had gone to argue, but now there were military men in black behind him and his wife. They had nowhere to go. All they could do is watch everything they built crumble before their eyes.

“This is a set of silver barred prison cells located under their main chapel. Each cell is lined in Silver from floor to ceiling and each holds a light in it. This light is ten times higher in UV concentration than the best tanning salons would even dream of. A human’s skin would get third degree burns in mere minutes. A vampire would fry in seconds. The strength of the light can be controlled from a room just left of the prison. Fellowship of the Sun indeed.”

Another picture showed and this one was the harshest of all.

“This is one last place located deep underground in the woods. As you can see, there are vampires there. But what is worse is not just the torture you clearly see them going through. Steve and his wife have gotten rather clever in how they make sure vampires know what’s coming to them before they
torture them. Between them and Steve’s now deceased father, there are four hundred and eighty
three pairs of fangs on the wall. Along with this sick display is a crime far more terrible than any
Christian would dare to do. They have figured out a way not only to preserve vampire heads…but to
stuff and mount them on the wall for their viewing pleasure. You can tell these heads are vampires,
because all their fangs are missing.”

One last picture went up. It was of clear pages in a document. There were chemical recipes that were
blacked out for security, but what could be read was enough to give away a terrible and sinister plot.

“Now Sarah, who of course doesn’t want to be outdone by her husband, has come up with a new
idea. This a genetically engineered virus based off of the Hep-D virus. The only virus known to
harm vampires. They call the new virus hepatitis V. Unlike the original strain, this would kill a
vampire very slowly and very painful. The vampire would be rabid with thirst throughout the
sickness before melting in a pile of goo. The formula was only in its infancy, but we were able to not
only take the research, but begin work on a vaccine for both viruses.”

The light shined brightly again as she glared at the Newlins with near hatred.

“It is my duty as the vampire Queen of Louisiana and my extreme pleasure as a god-fearing
American to inform you both that you are under arrest. This is by order of The American Vampire
League and the President of the United States for acts of terrorism against your nation. You are going
to be in separate maximum security prisons for a very long time. And may god have mercy on both
your souls, Steve and Sarah Newlin. For now, no one on this planet would have mercy on you. In
fact, I am pretty damned sure hell is looking like a permanent residence in your eventual future. Have
fun in Prison and remember, keep a good grip on that soup. I hear that where you’re going, they
don’t take to kindly to terrorists.”

As she watched the two ‘good Christians’ being dragged away kicking and screaming, she gave a
kind smile and threw out one last phrase. One her grandmother had taught her the true meaning of. It
wasn’t exactly like the bible quote, but it would send the message home.

“Lo, do I give ye a warning. Beware of false prophets. For I send ye out now as a sheep amongst the
wolves.”

As the lights dimmed in the studio, and Sookie made her way home, the broadcast reached out to
vampires all over the United States. And as Nan Flannigan sat in her hotel room after finishing her
dinner, she watched with a fanged grin on her face. Just as she watched the Newlins being dragged
off the stage for the second time, her phone rang.

“This is Nan. What’s the buzz?”

As Nan listened to the frantically happy voice speak from the other end of the phone, her eyes almost
dropped out of her head.

“Nan, this is Roman. You are not going to believe this. I can hardly believe it. But my sources are
air tight and trustworthy, so I know for a fact it can’t be false. Originally I didn’t believe it myself.
You see, the VRA bill was slotted to go out in another four months. But my correspondents at
Washington D.C. just called me. For weeks now, since that event in New Orleans, people have been
breaking the phones at the capital demanding that they want to vote to pass the bill. And though
hardly anyone knew it, they have been voting. The number in favor of the bill is a landslide.”

Nan steadied her voice as she spoke. After all, she was the face of the VRA movement, at least until
today. Some hick queen from B.F.E. Louisiana seemed to have stolen her crown from right atop her head.

“Well that’s good. So what, are they going to pass it in a month or something?”

“A month? Try this week! They are voting it through as we speak, but from what I hear, that’s just a formality. The V.R.A. is already passed. They will be announcing it in two nights from now. And Louisiana Tied California, New York, and Nevada with over 4 million votes. I don’t know who that baby vampire is, but Sookie Stackhouse just made our lives all a lot easier.”

“Shall I secure an interview with Miss Stackhouse, Guardian?”

“No. I am coming there myself to see her. Godric and I are old friends, and his progeny, Eric Northman is her maker. It’s best I go myself to see her in person.”

Nan didn’t like the sound of that one bit. She’d worked hard to get to her position, and this little upstart had slipped the red carpet out from under her feet.

“But Guardian…”

Roman growled at her from the other end of the phone.

“Flannigan, you may be the princess of the A.V.L. but here at the Authority I am the King. I am the Dragon of the Western gate. And I have been guardian of this establishment for over eight hundred years. Besides, the Ancient One has asked me herself to meet with Sookie Stackhouse. I will not refuse her just because you are jealous. You would do well to remember who the fuck you are talking to. Now BITE YOUR TONGUE! Do you understand?!”

Nan swallowed hard and spoke.

“I understand Guardian. I will endeavor to remember my place in the future. Forgive me.”

"Now, I am going to prepare to travel. You have a meeting with Felipe de Castro in two hours. Get a bead on him, Flannigan. I don’t trust that vampire as far as a human baby can throw him. I expect a report on my desk by two nights from now. Until then, have a safe trip and keep your lips sealed about the V.R.A. Passing.”

Nan clicked the off button on her cell with a stunned look frozen to her face. After all, getting reprimanded but the Guardian was almost as bad as getting cursed out by the Ancient Pythoness. As she sat there stewing at the news she received that night, only one thought crawled through her mind.

Just who the fuck was this Sookie Stackhouse?

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The next night, Godric and Roman were chatting like old friends again as they walked up to the Queen’s office area. No one got in their way as they entered the doors, the vampire and were guards all knowing Roman by reputation if not by face.

But as they walked up to the office and saw the door half open, they froze, hearing music which would be low to human ear, but to them it was actually quite loud. As Godric pushed the door open to the spacious office, neither of them expected to see what they saw. Eric was sitting in the far back corner of the office, watching as his future mate dirty danced her way around the room. The desk had been pushed back against the wall, leaving the floor open. The rather expensive sun dress she wore flared open as she spiraled in a tight circle on nimble, shoe-less feet.
“Well, she certainly shows her promise in professional dancing. I knew that your progeny had a certain proclivity for strong, beautiful women, Gallus, but this time I believe he may have outdone himself.”

Roman took a small sniff of the dancing woman with her eyes closed in front of him, and then tilted his head on Godric.

“Is that the blood of the sky fae I smell on her? She smells like Councilman Brigant.”

Godric nodded. He trusted Roman too much to lie to him.

“It is Brigant blood you smell. You are looking at the Great Granddaughter of the Prince himself. One that has managed to keep her essential spark even after her forced turning. Amazing, is it not?”

Roman smiled as Eric winked at him from the corner of the room.

“Amazing indeed. She is a vampire turned only a little over three months ago. She managed to win the right of Queen by conquest and singlehandedly wiped out the Fellowship threat. There were pocket groups in many states, but after her Television appearance last night, they are being completely disbanded and literally burnt to the ground. And now you tell me she is a genuine fairy princess from the blood line of one of our oldest council members. How can one small girl from the middle of nowhere be so inspiring?”

Godric went to answer when Sookie spoke herself.

“I’ve asked myself that question many a morning before I seek shelter for the day. I really don’t know what everyone sees in me that makes me seem so special, Guardian. But I do know one thing. I do what’s right. If y’all want to celebrate that, then be my guest. I just want peace, even if I have to do it one person at a time. And please call me Sookie. Queen Stackhouse is getting worn out.”

Roman smiled politely as she tilted her head in respect of him. This was a girl who knew manners.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Sookie, Progeny of The Norseman. I must tell you, the changes you made to the rulership in just the short time you’ve sat on the thrown is refreshing and frankly, a little more than surprising. You are barely a babe in our world, and yet you have this attitude about you. It is as if you are a natural born leader. And please, call me Roman. You aren’t the only one tired of titles. And I’ve held mine a lot longer then you, so I understand perfectly.

As Eric moved the desk and chairs back, they sat down comfortably. Then Sookie looked at the elder vampire before her and sighed a little before speaking, her words chosen carefully. The last thing she wanted to do was offend him. He was nearly as old as Godric, and she was taught at a very early age to respect her elders.

“Mr. Roman, it’s rather simple. I’m not a leader. That’s just the point. People, vampire or not, don’t need a leader here. To make sure that everyone is on equal footing requires more than some person sitting in a chair telling people what to do. A dictatorship didn’t work for those who tried it in the past, and it ain’t going to work now.

“What people need, truth be told, is a swift kick in the butt. They need to wake up and open their eyes. The world is full of people who just don’t understand. They like to pull the pillow over their head and stay asleep. And it doesn’t work that way. I’ll give you an example.”

She tapped her chin.

“Take September 11th 2001. I was just 18 and we had no TV, but I remember my Gran talking
about it all the time. Up until that moment, people thought everything was safe. They thought America was untouchable. And it wasn’t. There were flaws in the system somewhere. Loopholes that made it too easy for people who hate to attack us. And that hate had such a profound impact, that it nearly crushed us in one day.

“But the panic was real. Suddenly everyone knew we weren’t safe. And no one knew what to do. Everyone either did one of two things immediately. They either got real angry, or they go frightened. No one was ready, no one was prepared, and all over the nation, people in charge realized one thing very quickly. We got caught with our pants down. And excuse my language, but they realized they got fucked hard and messy. It was horrible, cruel, and frankly, it was just plain mournful.”

She gulped hard before continuing.

“When I was told I was going to be Queen of Louisiana, I did the same thing. I panicked. I was terrified. But I realized something. I won’t be the one caught with her pants down. My friend Tara and I, we have a saying for a situation like that. We say ‘panties go up’. What that means is basically it’s time to pull up our big girl panties and act like the adults we are. And being Queen ain’t any different to me.

“Mr. Roman, it’s like this. I am loud, I am stubborn, and I am independent. I don’t like being told how to live my life, and I can guarantee that most adults probably don’t either. That’s what I mean when I say no one really wants a ruler. Not only that, but they probably won’t accept one either. Especially a girl from the middle of nowhere who to them is barely old enough to tie her shoes. So, when the crown was placed on my head, I threw out the rulebook.”

She paused for a moment before continuing, needing to gather her thoughts. She felt a tentative pride from her maker, and that settled her more than anything.

“I decided what people really need is to have the problems we’re facing right up in their faces. They need to see what happens when ignorance and blind hatred are the norm and no one wants to put in the work to change. We live in a violent world, Guardian, and there is enough death already. If vampires ever hope to become a part of the population, then they have to see to it that humans understand them in the light of day. Until the great revelation, all anyone thought of vampires was what books told them. Fanged monsters that hang out in outdated clothes. They lived in alleys, they lived in darkness, and they either wanted to do one of two things. They either wanted to kill you, or join a rock band and have sex with every pretty woman they could find.

“But then vampires became real, and all humans had to go on was what they read or what they saw in books or movies. Down here, hell, we call this God’s country for a reason. And whether you know the myth or know the truth, it all comes down to one thing. The truth of it is always about the blood. And True Blood or no True Blood, most people can’t accept a creature that generally looks like them but for all intents and purposes acts like a parasite. They have to be taught to see a different way. And that’s what I want to do. I want to show them the other way. A better way then what they think they know. But, I can’t do it alone.”

Roman nodded.

“Even with as old as I am, I could never run the Authority alone even if I tried. So I understand perfectly what you mean.”

Sookie smiled and nodded back at him.

“So I have to make people step in and see it for themselves. I have to show them how they can make their own difference. How hate and violence isn’t going to solve anything. We can’t sit with our
thumbs up our butts. And new vampire or not, I can’t go back and hide under my bed cause the task I’ve been given is difficult. You say you are surprised. Not nearly as much as I am.

“Because I see already that the tides are turning. I only put the bug in people’s ears. I can’t make them do anything with that bug if they don’t commit themselves to action. And they are. They are standing up, one person at a time, and saying they don’t like the way things are. They don’t want to be caught with their pants down. They want it better and for that they are ready to listen and learn. That’s the bigger surprise.”

She leaned forward in her chair, making sure he understood how serious and passionate she was about it.

“People can change, Roman. I’ve seen it. They can adapt if they are given the right tools and a teacher to train them how to do it. If that teacher has to be me, then you bet your pretty hazel eyes I’m darn well going to say it loud and clear until they get it. If that makes me a celebrity…then so be it. I’ll work with what I got if I get to see the pieces fall into place. Fortune and Fame isn’t my goal. My goal is to simply see the day when a vampire and a human cross each other in the street, knowing what the other is, and to see them shake hands anyway. It might sound like a cheesy phone commercial, but it’s what I want more than anything. That, at the end of the day is greater than any fame and more profound than any silly title people want to call me. That’s what I want to achieve being Queen of this fine state. And you better believe I’ll work my tail off to see it come true.”

Roman looked at the girl before him up and down, considering her words carefully. Then he stood up and pulled out a folder and laid it down before her.

“Your dream is a great one, Miss Stackhouse. But to be honest, up until yesterday, I frankly thought such a thing would take forever to achieve. Then yesterday I received a call from a very trusted friend in Washington D.C.. His name is King Leon and he runs that state easily. He also has many friends who are politicians working for the President. Since the event in New Orleans, people have been in an uproar about, of all things, the V.R.A. bill. It was slotted to be discussed in four months and was predicted to take years to decide on.

But apparently, after the uproar, the people in charge decided to burn the midnight oil about the bill. And as of tomorrow at exactly nine o’clock, the vampires of thirty-seven states, including Louisiana, are going to become Fully-fledged American Citizens. They will fall under the same laws and rules as any human. We will be able to own land, get married, and adopt children if we so wish. Granted that the processes will be slightly different for us because of what we are, but still, we will be free to do all the things humans do. We will be given the same rights. And I am usually not one to show favoritism to anyone, but that is due in large part to your actions in the last three months. So as much as you don’t care for fame, you are going to get it.”

He saw her shocked face, and went on, wanting to get out all his information.

“The splinter groups of the F.O.T.S church have also been flushed out in twenty states. Their churches have been shut down, and they don’t have a leg to stand on. Fourteen other states are now working on opening clinics just like yours to help the V-addiction crisis in America. I hear that England, France, Germany, Russia, Italy and Spain are all working on something similar too. The fact that the Ancient One sings your praise only makes you more mysterious and sought after. What you have done for both humans and vampires may not be well known yet, but it has such far reaching effects that one day, people in tents and caves will know your name.”

Sookie looked at Roman with a calm look and sighed.

“Well, fudge sundae. Now I’ll never be left alone. That’s just great. Anybody got any aspirin I can
use. I think I’m getting a migraine.”

The three elder males in the room only smirked and chuckled as they watch the new, young vampire try to bury her head in her arms. But such was the life of any Monarch. It was true what they say:

Sometimes you just had to roll with the punches and get back up to fight again. And Sookie Stackhouse was one hell of a fighter.

Chapter End Notes

Hoped you like it. In the next chapter Sookie and Eric might have something lemony fresh. They have to start somewhere.

The muses are hungry F**kers. Feed them so they give you more.
Do you want to hear a secret...do you promise not to tell...

Chapter Summary

Sookie's in a pickle....what should she do?

Chapter Notes

There is a cliffhanger at the end of this. And a bit of fun for the readers....hope you like it.

Sookie sighed for the third time in the last fifteen minutes as she worked on her e-mails almost blindly. It wasn’t the fact that she was annoyed with work. But something had been plaguing her since the last time Morella had been to train her. They had been meeting now only twice a week instead of everyday as Sookie’s skills improved, but during the last session, Morella had asked her a question that still bothered her.

“If he is your mate, then why are you not allowing yourself the freedom to be with him? It is more than fear, Susanna, and even I can see that. What is preventing you from opening up your heart?”

The truth was Sookie was in a very difficult place. While she and Eric had actually gone out on dates, she was reluctant to bring it any further, a fact that she could see was frustrating for him as well as her. But her reluctance was based on something she kept in the dark. Yes there was fear, but from more than just her past. Sookie held a secret, a secret that troubled her greatly. And the guilty truth of that one secret was gnawing at her insides slowly as it drove her mind mad.

She didn’t know when or why it happened, but she now felt drawn to two men equally, and her heart was in a tug of war. Her good Christian upbringing and her moral mind told her she should only choose one. But her heart was less inhibited, less able to be locked into her strict code of decency. And there in laid her major problem.

Rasul, who had been helping Sookie with the massive amount of paperwork, strolled into her office silently to drop off the new state quarterly. Since the big celebration of the V.R.A passing, they’d become rather serious confidants. And the fact that Rasul himself was indeed gay, well, that allowed Eric to be at ease with his presence near Sookie. So when Rasul saw the troubled look on his Queen’s cherub face for the third night in a row, he knew it was time to sit down and have a talk.

“Something troubles you, Sookie. I can see it on your face. This is the third night now I have seen that look on you, and it is only getting worse. Is it a state problem, a threat, or something else?”

Sookie shook her head as she glanced up at him.

“No, the state business is going well, Rasul. And there is no threat as of yet, which is surprising, but welcome. My problems aren’t exactly note worthy and I really don’t see a reason to waste your time with them.”
He looked her over carefully, his four hundred and thirty-three-year-old eyes seeing with the wisdom of one who had been watching people long enough to know how to read them.

“No matter is a waste of time to a friend, Sookie. You told me that. Especially when it is a matter of the heart.”

Her shocked response only made him calmly smile.

“Don’t look so surprised, my queen. I may not be as old as your infamous maker, but I’ve been around long enough to know a troubled heart when I see one. Come now; tell me what the problem is. There is no point in hiding it. Forever is a long time to live with that kind of confusion. Trust me, I know.”

Sookie sighed again and bit her lip.

“Rasul, promise me this goes no further than us. If it got back to Eric…”

Rasul grinned.

“He may be able to crush me into the ground with a punch, dear one. But as he isn’t my maker, well, he can’t command secrets from me. What we discuss will remain between just you and I. That I can promise.”

Sookie rolled her chair back and stretched, having been staring at the computer screen for over an hour.

“Oh, Rasul it’s just a big old mess, is what it is. You have to understand, I love Eric very much. He’s the soul mate I never thought I’d find. Sure he is bone-headed, high-handed, and has an ego the size of the Atlantic, but I love him in spite of that. He’s strong, and loving, sometimes gentle, and respects my opinion unless it puts me in danger. That’s hard to find in this day and age. It’s kind of funny it took a thousand years in the making for a man like that to exist. And really, I thought it was all settled with us.

“Then I just had to go and fall in love with someone else. You have to understand though, it doesn’t change what I feel for Eric. If anything, it only makes me more aware of that love. But then the other man I fell in love with happened sort of out of the blue. I didn’t expect it. I never saw it coming. It was like I looked up one day and Wham; instant butterflies and affection. I am with Eric though…I can’t just forget that. It’s impossible. And it’s driving me insane.”

She sniffled a little, showing the ache inside her chest that she couldn’t keep hidden anymore. She looked away when she felt a blood tear roll down her face.

“It should be easy. I am with Eric and that’s that. But then I see the other man, and …I just don’t know what to do. I want to forget it, push it away and ignore it, but it won’t go. I don’t want to hurt him, Rasul, and he is a jealous man. I belong to him. Cheese and Rice I am so confused.”

Rasul rubbed her back gently, understanding her pain. He’d been where she was. And he had lost them both because he didn’t want to hurt one with the other.

“Who is the other man, Sookie? You can share it with me. I already gave my word not to speak of it. You can trust me.”

Pulling out a tissue, she wiped at the blood on her face and whispered almost too quietly for him to hear.
“It’s….Godric.”

Rasul’s eyes opened wide when he registered what she said. Suddenly everything made sense. In fact, he’d come across this before when he was just a little over a century old. A man loved two women, one his maker, and the other her maker. He had been so torn by his need for them both, that rather than being able to simply choose one, he eventually walked out into the sun. He had written a letter to both women stating why he had done it and it was devastating to watch them both mourn at the agony of his death.

Offering what comfort he could, he consoled the poor woman with useless words as his mind worked overtime. He didn’t want Sookie to meet the same fate as the poor vampire whose death still burned in his brain. Shaking his head, he knew that this time, he would have to break his word. Sookie was still a very young vampire, despite her achievements. And depression in young vampires was the number one cause of progenies meeting their true death in the first year. He couldn’t let that happen.

He had to seek advice from the one person he knew who could possibly help him now. He had to go to his own lover. There wasn’t a moment to lose.

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Hissing at the third donor to beg him for a fuck, Talbot Angelis waved his hand to send the muchacho mudo away. He had the perfect man all to himself now, so donors offered little more than hunger satisfaction. As if his thoughts conjured the man in question, his new lover came walking in, a troubled look on his face.

“Oh, you look positively perplexed, my sweet. Come, sit down and maybe we can work on relaxing you together.”

Rasul grinned at the suggestive statement but shook his head. Sex wasn’t going to solve the problem this time.

“That’s sweet Talbot, but the problem is not my own. Sookie is very troubled and bordering on depression at the moment. I need advice, truth be told. I’ve given my word that I wouldn’t speak of her secrets, but I’ve seen my share of newborns kill themselves for love. I don’t want to see such a promising vampire repeat the same tragedy. I thought maybe you could help me.”

Talbot gave his lover a look and nodded.

“I can try. I’ve been around for over six hundred years. There’s little I haven’t seen at this point. What is the problem, mi amante?”

Rasul sighed and rubbed Talbot’s arm.

“She is very much in love with her maker. That fact is easy to see.”

“Who wouldn’t fall in love with him? If he wasn’t mostly straight, I would have jumped him like a monkey. He positively screams sex.”

Rasul chuckled. He wasn’t bothered by Talbot’s obvious attraction to the tall Norse god. He knew of few vampires who didn’t look at Eric Northman without unabashed lust. Sophie-Anne was as lesbian as they came, and even she had desired just one night with her sheriff, just to see how it felt.

“Her love for him is a done deal. And it would not be a problem whatsoever if she didn’t love his maker as well. She is suffering, Talbot. I saw blood tears running down her face. She is still so
young, so tied to her humanity. I’ve seen before what happens to new vampires who are torn between two people. I once knew a man who committed his own true death because he loved his maker’s maker as well as his maker herself. Sookie is doing so well with her new ideas. She is going so far already, and she isn’t even a year undead. I would hate to see her do the same all because her heart cannot decide which man to love.”

Talbot looked confused. He’d never spent much time with either vampire, but from what he heard they were very close. And if the rumors were to be believed, Godric and Eric had been lovers in the past. He didn’t understand the problem.

“Why does she have to decide at all, hmmm? Can’t she simply have them both? I don’t see the trouble, mi amante?”

“You don’t know Eric Northman the way I do, Talbot. He is very possessive of her. He wouldn’t dare to share her with another man, maker or no.”

Talbot scoffed.

“According to what I heard, Eric Northman and his maker were very close lovers in the past before they separated to make their own way. It isn’t uncommon for maker and child to share a lover. In fact I know of at least four tri-bonded couples in the states alone that do very well together. And only one is maker and child. I’ve never been close enough to see it myself, but Russell, the bastard, was a very old vampire. He spoke often to many other vampires who did know of Eric and Godric. According to most of them, those two shared a bed often. I do not think that Eric would have a problem sharing his progeny with his maker. I would almost think Godric would be the only man Eric would never be jealous of. I’ve seen them together in the palace already. They are extremely close.”

Rasul sighed yet again and blinked.

“I don’t know, Talbot, I really don’t. It’s not really my business to get in the middle of, but she is such a sweet girl. I hate to see her in pain.”

But what neither man knew was there were another set of ears in the palace that listened in on them. And after hearing everything and putting it together with what she knew, she walked away on silent feet. For unlike either Talbot or Rasul, she knew both men almost intimately. She had the insight of one who had seen them in action and knew them well.

Walking out the front door and getting into her car, she let a knowing smile settle on her face. Now that she knew what troubled the new Queen of Louisiana, she had work to do.

And once she set her mind to it, nothing would stop her.

It wasn’t until two nights later that Pam finally managed to get Eric and Godric alone. Both were busy people, what with Eric being King and Godric being a duel sheriff of area one in both Mississippi and Louisiana consecutively. Her face was determined as she strode into their office at home.

“I have news, Gentlemen. And it is much more important than silly state paperwork.”

They both looked at her with identical expressions of curiosity. It as Eric who spoke first.

“What have you to report? Is there trouble in Mississippi?”
Pam shook her head.

“Don’t worry Eric, there is no trouble in your state, oh great and wonderful majesty. But you know me, Eric. I am a nosy bitch and I love hearing all the tidbits of gossip.”

Godric decided to put his two cents in. He loved ribbing his childe, something Eric had gotten from him.

“You are indeed incurably nosy. Though I cannot imagine where on earth you picked that up from.”

Eric rolled his eyes and grumbled.

“Alright, enough joking at my expense. What have you heard, Pamela?”

“Well I was in the Palace two nights ago when Rasul and Talbot were having the most interesting conversation. It seems Rasul and Sookie have become good friends and he was rather concerned about her. He actually managed to get her to somehow tell him her secrets. Which is shocking, considering how she usually keeps her problems to herself. She must’ve been really confused to tell him anything.

“But anyway, that’s not the important part. Rasul told Talbot that Sookie is troubled in matters of the heart. It seems our little fairy princess is all tied in knots about the whole thing. From what I heard, she seems to share equal affection for two men and simply can’t decide on which one to ignore.”

Eric immediately stiffened up. He grit his teeth as he spoke, nearly hissing out his words.

“And did you find out the identity of the other man by any chance? I must know so that I may kill him.”

Pam scoffed.

“Oh, relax, would you. This is why Sookie hasn’t spoken a word to you about it, Eric. She knew you’d react this way. And trust me when I say you won’t be killing the other man who has managed to gain her affection.”

“And why is that?”

Pam rolled her eyes. Men. Thank god she only slept with Females.

“Because the other man is Godric, you testosterone driven gorilla.”

Eric snapped his head to his maker, who was just as shocked by the news as he was.

“She is in love with Godric as well? Are you sure that is what you heard?”

Sarcasm dripped from her lips as she spoke.

“No, of course I am lying. I just want to see the funny faces you can make is all. I mean, it’s not like I have superior hearing like every other vampire, you fucking ass-hat.”

Godric, ever the one for calm reasoning, looked at his son with a piercing stare.

“I know we have had our times in the past, Minn Sonr. But you cannot blame Sookie for not saying anything. You are a jealous man, as you have just proven not seconds ago. It would answer so many things you have worried about lately. You’ve spoken many a night at how she shies away from you and the fact you know she is hiding something. It is easy to forget how young she is because she
takes the queen-ship with a wisdom and grace beyond her years.

“But she is still very young, and holds tight to her humanity. Given what we know of her, we can only assume she thinks her affection terribly wrong. She is still learning what it means to be a vampire and a fairy. She can’t yet understand the connection between Maker and Childe fully, let alone know how close we are. And it would explain why she refuses to look at me during our talks lately. But I suppose the biggest question is can you share?”

Eric considered it for all of a second before he answered.

“I have shared with you in the past, Godric, and there is nothing I would deny you. Even if that meant giving up Sookie entirely, though it would hurt me. But I could share her with you. The only true trouble with this is trying to make Sookie understand and accept a relationship. Anyone have any clue on how to do that?”

The three vampires in the room all stared at each other clueless.

Dear Readers,

Since you are so incredibly awesome, I have decided to leave this most interesting task to you….how should Sookie be convinced that Being with Godric and Eric is okay and more then acceptable.

This is readers choice my fans. Should Lafayette talk to her, should Pam….what wacky way should Sookie be told and convinced that her love for two men is fine. There are a couple rules though.

1. Sookie should not be commanded to listen. She doesn’t take that well.
2. Sookie has to accept both, so the way she is convinced must include that.
3. None of that depressive crap where one man steps aside and ignores his emotions.
4. And if it’s funny, it’s all the better. Anything that trips up the Viking and his maker wins extra bonus points.
5. Sookie being a bitch about it is not allowed. There was enough of that in the show.

So now my readers it is up to you. Cast your ideas into the comments section and let’s see where it goes. (Walks away whistling with a mischievous and somewhat evil grin.)
Fortune Favors Fate. Fate favors a fortunate few

Chapter Summary

Sookie gets schooled in the cost of ignoring love and what can happen if you don't listen to your heart.

Chapter Notes

I am sorry for the massive wait. I must have written, erased, and re-written this chapter at least fiddy times. Plus in the beginning of December I am moving from New York to North Carolina, so writing has to come second to R.L. Unfortunately. I will try to keep the pace as steady as I can. I read all the ideas that were sent and this is the best I could come up with. Please comment and tell me you like it. A Fat muse is a happy muse, and your comments are their chocolate cake and cookies.

It took two and a half weeks of careful planning before anything was settled on. Between Pam, Rasul, Talbot, Lafayette and Tara, a host of ideas were jotted down, worked out in fine detail, and subsequently thrown out completely before one plan could actually be agreed upon by all of them. Surprisingly, it had been Tara, one of the least romantic of the group, who had pinned down exactly which way would work best for her ‘sistah’ to get comfortable with the notion of being with two men.

“What you gotta do with Sook is put it right up in her face without shovin’ it down her throat. Her morals are tighter then a corset on a fat person at an all you can eat buffet. The biggest problem with this is selling her on the idea that havin’ two men instead of just one is alright in vamp land. You gotta ease her into the pool, bitches. Just throwin’ her in ain’t gonna get you nowhere fast. She’s gotta be made to see that her feelin’s about Godric and Eric are acceptable and welcome. She is a great friend and a sweet girl, vampire or not. But the truth is, you sort of have to hit her over the head in just the right spot in order to make her understand.”

After that startling bit of information, everyone worked out exactly what way was best. And with a few calls to two of the four triads Talbot knew in the states, a careful ‘meeting’ was set up with Rasul’s friends who were very interested in the prospect of treating Supernatural addicts in the clinic.

As Sookie landed carefully behind a building in the shadows, she straightened her dress and cloak. The cloak was a gift from Naill, a veil to protect her from too adoring eyes. She had to admit it was a bit medieval. But so far it worked, so she wouldn’t complain.

Naill and her fairy cousins were dropping off a crate of their new synthetic blood product tomorrow at her office, and she couldn’t wait. From what she heard from them, it was going to be something special. Between the four of them putting together the ideas, formulating what they wanted out of it and the scientists she helped pay to work on it, she hoped it was a success. The profit of such a venture was astronomical. Even if they sold it for three dollars a bottle, if vampires loved it as they thought, it would replace true blood and become the sole property of Sookie herself. Not that the
money mattered much to Sookie, but since she was going to live forever, well, it would be good not to have to scrape by.

Shaking her head of the thoughts, she walked into the side entrance of the upscale club by simply showing a pin on her shirt to the bouncer. Since the V.R.A. had passed, several businesses had vampire friendly hours and clubs now had a section for regular vampires and a private section for elite vampires such as herself or those of her blood line. They knew who was important, and the bouncer nodded without a fuss. He was paid for his silence and knew his job well.

As she stepped in, she was surprised by the almost silence of this section. It had obviously been built with vampires in mind. The music in the human section was far too loud to vampires’ sensitive ears. They must have outfitted the walls with sound proofing. Eyeing the softly speaking patrons, she saw Pam and Rasul in the way back section with three other unknown patrons. They were seated in large booth and a sign above the table glowed dimly, letting everyone know that such an area was actually spelled to be private. Given the fact that most of the people in here could hear a mouse fart within a thirty mile radius, spells were needed to keep that which was secret from all other ears.

As she got closer to the table, she was surprised by a face she almost recognized but couldn’t quite recall sitting in the corner next to Rasul. She knew him from somewhere, but couldn’t quite remember where she’d seen him. After passing the radius of the spell and feeling the magic wash over her, she finally undid the cloak and smiled at everyone.

Pam spook first.

“You are late, your majesty. Tsk, such a naughty Queen, being late to one of her functions.”

Sookie snorted as she sat down at the end of the booth in a comfortable chair they’d procured just for her.

“Well excuse me for having too much to do. I have those Asian delegates coming in two days, and now I have the Council breathing down my neck about opening up fairy/vampire relations. I swear, sometimes I get so many calls in one minute, I wind up having to pick up three phones at once. It’s crazy. Thankfully Godric took over the kingdom for me tonight. Otherwise we would have had to meet at the office.”

She looked around the table.

“So I know Rasul, and the man sitting next to him looks familiar, but who all is here? I would introduce myself, but at this point it seems stupid. Everyone already knows who I am.”

Talbot, ever the hostess of the party, spoke up.

“I am Talbot, first regent of your maker, King Northman. We saw each other at the trails briefly. I am the bonded mate of this sweet boy. He is extremely jealous of me though, so I hardly leave home. Not that I blame him, for I am quite a catch. Not as beautiful as your Viking, though. That man is…”

The sound that came out of Talbot’s mouth was so sexual, Sookie actually almost blushed. The fact that everyone at the table nodded with him only made it funnier.

“I-it’s nice to meet you, Regent Talbot. Eric always has good things to say about you.”

She looked over at the three strangers. Two were male vampires, but the other was a Supe Woman Sookie couldn’t understand the smell of. Definitely some sort of hybrid were.

“And who are these fine people?”
Talbot once again opened his mouth. After all, he had been the one to bring them here.

“These are my very good friends from Florida. The man closest to the wall is King Mika. The man sitting closest to you is Logan James, Sheriff of Area Three of Florida. And between them is Gabriella, their twice bonded mate.”

Sookie said hello to each in quick succession before she blinked in confusion.

“Wait did you say their mate? I must have heard you wrong.”

Logan smiled. Many people had that reaction. Vampires by nature were extremely possessive to begin with and the thought of sharing a mate was usually unheard of. So he wasn’t surprised by Sookie’s reaction.

“Your ears aren’t impaired in anyway, m’lady. He did indeed say that we are mated together. Mika and I had been long time lovers, bonded since the fifteen hundreds. We happened upon Gabriella by some miraculously misfortune. But that is her story to tell.”

Gabriella smiled as she looked at the young queen. After hearing Sookie’s story, she saw a kind of likeness between them.

“In a way, Miss Sookie, my story is not so different from your own. Though, to be fair, mine happened almost one hundred years ago. I noticed that when you saw me, you knew I was a Hybrid but you couldn’t guess the mix of Other in my blood. Before I was turned, I was a werelion. Princess of my pride, born of King Julius. I lived the first twenty-five years of my life in the jungles of the West Indies. I was happy this way.

“But the vampire who attacked me did not care who I was. He found me after a bad fall off of a cliff and took me. He only cared for his hunger, though he did complain loudly about tasting pu…cat in my blood. Normally, like the fae, we Were creatures do not accept the change. But I somehow survived. Mika found me in a bad way. I was starving and alone. My pride loved me, but I was too afraid to return to let my father see what happened to me. Better that they think I was dead then to see me as I was. Mika and Logan adopted me a week after they found me. I have been with them ever since.”

Sookie swallowed and smiled politely, trying to be the least nosy person and not ask questions. It wasn’t her business how these three had fallen in love. And since no one knew her secret, she…

Wait…someone knew her secret alright. She snapped her head to Rasul and narrowed her eyes. Now she knew what this was.

“You swore that you wouldn’t say anything, you double-crosser. That was private, and you knew it. You told me you would keep silent. I’ve been made to feel like many things in my life, Rasul. But a naïve fool isn’t one of them. Thanks so much for making me feel so for trusting anyone to keep my private matters private.”

She stood up and growled low in her throat, ready to tie her cloak on. A gentle hand stopped her dead though. Immediately she looked at Gabriella, who pleaded with her silently to wait.

“But Miss, it may be none of my business, but I do know what you are feeling. I felt it too once. When I say we are not so different, I meant it. My family may have been Werecats, but we were also very devoted Christians. My father never let us miss a mass. My siblings and I learned at Catholic schools most of my life. To be turned and torn from all I knew was horrible enough. But to have my heart love two men was unspeakable. So please, won’t you listen to me carefully before you decide to
leave?"

Sookie hesitated for only a moment before she slowly sat down. Something of this gentle woman spoke to her. She would listen, if only because it was rare to hear anyone plead with her about anything.

Gabriella smiled briefly in thanks before she took a deep breath and began.

“I have seen the look you wear before. It was on my own face once when I looked in a mirror. When I realized that I loved both Mika and Logan, I kept it to myself. I could not choose just one. I could not deny love for the other. It was as impossible to ignore as my constant thirst in those beginning days. For years I kept it a secret, known only to me and my maid. She was my confidant. I trusted her. She would watch me night after night pray to God that I would not be punished for the sins of my inner self. I was pure before my turning…and as long as I prayed and kept myself pure, I thought my soul would be safe.

“But my soul was not safe. It bled. Living forever meant that I could not simply die with my secret intact. I carried it around like a lead weight that dragged me down. I felt chained, caged by a desire to have what I knew I should never touch. For we who are supernatural, urges are always hard to control. But to be vampire meant to hang on to your human notions while walking a knife’s edge. Always the Creature is calling. Begging to be free, to love, to live as it was meant to. And the war to battle that is constant, until nothing else exists outside it.”

Gabriella held onto Sookie’s hand, seeing the red wetness that rimmed her tired eyes.

“I see your pain. You are loyal to your maker and you gave him that first. You love him deeply, this I can tell. But your heart aches because it loves another equally. You are so young. You’ve only been turned for but three months and already you do so much. But the battle inside you weakens you. I can see it. You are pale, your eyes are bloodshot, and you are drawn. I can see the thick make-up you wear to hide your pallor and the shadows in your eyes. And though you think you hide it well, all here can see your pain.”

Sookie looked around silently, trying to keep her face straight no matter how her eyes wept. She was losing the battle badly.

“Yes, Rasul told your secret. Now let me tell you why he did it.”

Sookie turned her attention back to the woman who she could see already she would become good friends with.

“You think you see a lot of vampires around the world. You know humans outnumber us, but you know our number is strong. Here is what you don’t know. For every vampire you see over ten years undead, there are hundreds of newborns that did not make it. Many do not have the fortitude to live forever. Others do not wish to be trapped in darkness. There are many who would meet the sun just for the fact that they have to drink blood. For every vampire that survives, Miss, there are many who do not last their first year.

“I barely made it three before I felt I could no longer handle my depression. I barely slept, I almost never left my room, and I drank just enough to keep myself from being bones. I covered myself in layers of clothing and what could pass for make-up to try and hide my declining health. I would shun both these men as much as I could to keep them from seeing me. I did this for almost a year before I could no longer do it. I almost died for my ignorance and self-deprecation. I was ready to walk in the sun.”
Gabriella swallowed hard as she remembered that most painful time.

“It was once again Mika who found me mere moments before the sun rose. I laid myself out naked in the back yard of our home in Scotland then, and when he saw me, truly saw me, the wail of agony in his voice ripped me apart. He burned his arms and head protecting me until he drew me inside. And when we woke the next night, he and Logan held me close for a very long time, begging me to tell them why I tried to meet the true death. It was my ever faithful maid, Aria, who finally told them the truth.”

She shook her head before meeting Sookie’s eyes.

“These people who brought you here do not wish you to walk the path that nearly killed me. They do not wish to see you suffer that pain. In your short time as a vampire, they’ve seen you do things and accomplish tasks that seemed all but impossible. Your voice reaches around the world to ears that were deaf for too long. You’ve brought humans and vampires together that before your daring moves would have killed each other on sight. You’re clinic is so revolutionary, millions of vampires, humans, and others now know that they can be saved despite the world who would have written them off.

You come from humble beginnings, Miss Sookie, but you are an extraordinary person. And when I say this, I want to make it clear to you. Many people believe the Holy Grail was resplendent. They think that it was made of gold and covered in Jewels. But this could not be true. Like you, Jesus was a man of humble beginnings. The cup he drank from in truth was wooden and plain, for his father was a carpenter. He had no need for finery and riches. Yet he did great things by simply speaking his truth. Even if he sacrificed his life for that truth.”

Gabriella leaned close, wanting to drive her point home.

“You were a simple girl in a small town. Yet you too speak simple truth. You do what you feel you must for both human and vampire, even with every reason to hate both for what they have done to you. One shunned you for your gifts, and the other killed you and forced you into a life you never asked for. But still you persevere. You may not think you are much, but I can assure you, there are those who would give patronage to you for what you have done for them. And those around you see this and wish it to continue. That is why you were brought here. You’re life has meaning, Miss Sookie, and you deserve to live it to its fullest forever without pain. That is why Rasul spoke your secret. Because he knows the cost of what depression can reap. He has seen it. And he does not wish you to suffer that price.”

Sookie sat in silence for a few minutes, swallowing that down like a bitter pill. But then she shook her head.

“But you don’t know Eric. He is … it would never work.”

Pam snorted.

“No, we know Eric just fine. It’s you who doesn’t know him, Cupcake. He and Godric were quite the lovers before they parted ways. And whether you want to think of it or not, they likely still are. There is nothing Eric wouldn’t share with his maker. His love and devotion for Godric surpasses even my own for him, and that is saying something. It didn’t happen too often in the past, but I know they’ve shared lovers between them before, both men and women.

“And here is something that will just pink your cheeks right up, cupcake. Unlike lovers in the past, you are Eric’s blood. His teeth are itching twenty-four seven to bite and bond with you. And as cool and calm as Godric is, the fact that he battles his own desires is not a hidden fact. You’re ears aren’t
as good as mine, being as young as you are, but I can promise you I’ve heard them taking out their
desire for you on each other more than once just this week alone.”

Sookie’s cheeks did turn tomato red at the statement, just as Pam predicted. It was Mika who asked
the question that only one of them knew the answer to.

“Vampires don’t blush. How is she still capable of this?”

Sookie shrugged and answered him without thinking. Most people knew of her fairy heritage by
now anyway.

“My Great-Grandfather says it is due to the fairy traits in me. But with Naill, you never get a straight
answer anyway. I wonder if all fairies speak in riddles. I think he gets some sort of kick out of it
though. You should see the look on his face sometimes; it’s like he see the confusion on your face
and he laughs at you in his head.”

Logan, who was the eldest at the table, blinked and nearly choked on the sip of true blood he was
drinking.

“You are of the blood of Brigant?!”

Sookie nodded.

“Yeah. I thought everyone knew that by now.”

Logan blinked at her several times.

“Well that explains it then. It’s no wonder you are feeling poorly.”

“What explains what now?”

Logan sighed as he pulled back his hair and showed off his own pointed ears.

“I do not tell many people, Princess, but I was much like you once. I fought in a great fairy battle
against vampires very long ago. Unlike you though, I was not able to keep my spark. I was a fire fae,
and nearly eighteen hundred earth year by the time I was turned. Considering the fact I was nearly
pure fae, it’s a miracle that I survived the turning at all. But I had bitten many a vampire with my
silver coated teeth before one finally caught me and drained me. I barely have any fae left in my
blood anymore. But that is not what I meant when I said that it explains it.

He shook his head.

“Naill is too full of his own hubris sometimes. He often acts like he is the leader of all fae rather than
just his select group. But when you say he speaks in riddles, you are not wrong. He keeps things
close to his chest, and never gives away too much. He is more content to sit back and let the madness
work itself out until it directly affects him. Still I am surprised he did not tell you the key factors of
any fae that we should all know.

“You see, Fae do have one or more mates. This is about more than chance of fate though. Mates are
chosen ofentimes in direct relation to the strength of one’s spark. A mate to any fae, male or female,
is there to help ground and channel the one who chooses them. Your sister has told us the attraction
between you was nearly immediate and that was no accident. Even if you had met him as a human,
the attraction would have been the same. But it would have caused immense difficulty. For the
vampire are natural enemies of the fae, and to mate with one is nearly unheard of. You would have
battled your attraction until it drove you both to madness.”
Logan paused, reaching back into his memory to recollect all he was taught by his family before he was turned. It was almost six hundred years ago by now, so he had to reach back quite a bit to grab the right knowledge.

“I have met both Godric and Eric a few times in my existence, and I knew they were different almost immediately. They too have a kind of bond. It looks almost elvish in nature, and it is incredibly strong to one who knows how to see it. I do not know how the blood of the elf was infused into the Viking, but it is almost easy to see. The royal mark he wears is absolute and dark. Many fae wouldn’t understand that mark. My father was a great scholar though. A patron of our god of knowledge, and he taught me much.”

Pam looked up startled.

“Eric is a what now? Did you feed on a hippie before you came here?”

Logan snorted, grinning at her.

“Only once in the sixties, and after that never again. Erikir of the Red King is nearly a legend, even to the fae. He and his family fought unlike most humans could ever dream of. Their skills on the battle field were unmatched. But their skill with a sword came from a trace amount of the Elvish blood they have. Elves are nearly born holding a bow and a sword. By the age of three they can hit a target dead center blindfolded and facing away from it. And by the age of ten, most elf children can take on a fully grown human sword master with ease. Eric’s family, particularly his father’s side, had this same uncanny gift.

“Godric on the other hand...he is special in a way I barely understand. Like we secret few, he is a hybrid. He had human in his blood once. But given the fact that I am far older then he, I knew his otherness the moment I met him. He has this gift of calming anyone, save for his own child. But there are few who could calm Eric in a rage. Humans may be weaker then supernaturals, but a few small select groups of them had gifts of their own. The Mongols had the ability of swarming. Today they would call it the Locust affect. The Celts, Godric’s forebears, were gifted with a distinction of being unnaturally gifted in their endurance over extreme distance. But the Vikings had a gift of their own. It was called Úlfhéðnar. Today they would call it berserker. And when a Viking got into that wild state, it was said to be nearly impossible to stop them until their conquest of destruction was complete.”

Pam stopped him right there. They were getting way off track.

“The history lesson is just wonderful, Fire Dick, but we are getting far off topic. Remember why we are here.”

Sookie immediately growled at Pam, something in her sparked and ready. Like a ghostly sense of leadership that she had inside her that she couldn’t quite grab yet fully. But it woke up in that moment as she stared down her ‘older sister’, her eyes burning with determined seriousness.

“Pam, we are practically family. And I love you dearly as a sister I never had. But one thing I won’t tolerate is rudeness. You are a Class A bitch. Great. And at Fangtastia or home, that attitude works fine. But these are visiting dignitaries from another state. As a Queen, young or not, I must set an example. I know Eric wouldn’t dare let you get away with it. You know it too. So as your Queen, I will ask that you curb that sharp tongue of yours and speak with grace. Or leave. Your choice.”

For a moment, Pam almost opened her mouth to protest. Who did this baby vampire think she was? But looking over at the table way in the corner across the way, she saw ocean blue eyes pierce her. Sookie was right. Eric would never let her get away with insulting the consort of another king.
Closing her eyes, she relented. She was a part of a family of royals, even if she was only going on the fairy and human parts of her small nest. Acting childish was out of the question when in public.

“Forgive me for my crash words. You’re right of course. I’m still getting used to be part of royalty. Eric would punish me in public if he ever caught me saying something like that. I’m sorry Logan.”

Logan smiled gently.

“It’s alright. I remember when I first joined Mika he cursed in many languages. He said the word ‘fuck’ in so many languages sometimes I would think he literally made a whole sentence out of them. But you are right, I did get off topic.”

Logan looked at Sookie then, trying to make himself as clear as possible.

“It is not uncommon for some fae to have more than one mate. And although it is long forgotten, Vampires can still have what was once known as ‘blood mates’. But your hybrid status along with that of your maker and his before him means your situation is unheard of. I can still see the spark of a fae, though I cannot use my own anymore. And yours is very large. It’s almost too large for one person. The mixing of so many rare blood lines unite in you beautifully. If you hadn’t been turned, your spark wouldn’t be a third of the size it is. You need strong mates. And that’s where Godric and Eric come in.

“Their longevity speaks for itself. There is but a handful of vampires in the world that can boast such an age. The fact that they can trace their vampire lineage back to the Ancient One is just a small part of a much larger picture. You need them to ground you, Princess. But it is more than that. For such bonds to develop isn’t just a matter of chance, but also a matter of choice. You’ve chosen them as your own, whether you were aware of that choice or not. And denying it is making you sick.”

Sookie shook her head. She didn’t like how he said that.

“So what…I either have to accept and join with them or continue to get sick? What, is it going to kill me? I don’t like this bond one bit. I feel like it’s no choice at all.”

Logan sighed in near frustration. Her humanity might make her an excellent queen, but her human stubbornness and fear were getting in the way.

“I didn’t say you have to immediately go and consummate the union tonight or even this week. What’s making you sick has nothing to do with sex. You are fighting the truth. Everyone can see it. It’s why you’re here. Your denial of both to protect the oath you made to one is draining you. Fae bonds are tricky like that. Once your choice is known, your spark works to bring you together. If you fight that, you are fighting yourself.”

Sookie growled and stood up.

“If this is what I have to deal with being a fairy, then maybe I don’t want to be one at all.”

Just before she turned to leave, Gabriella took her hand.

“Wait, Miss. I wish to speak to you alone. Please?”

Sookie nodded and donned her cloak, walking with Gabriella outside the club and standing in the dark of the back parking lot. Turning to face the other woman, she sighed.

“Everything is too fast. Accepting Eric was hard enough. I can barely handle everything vampire without all this fairy crap on top of it. I don’t mind that I want Godric too but…”
Gabriella put her hand on Sookie’s shoulder.

“Something more troubles you, Sookie. While I do agree that being Queen at your young age as a vampire is hard, it isn’t what troubles your heart. I can tell someone in your human life hurt you horribly, but it isn’t just that either. Nor is it about loving two men. It is something else. Something deeper you fear.”

Sookie shook against the non-existent cold.

“They have a bond already. I knew that before Logan mentioned it. I could tell almost as soon as I saw them together for the first time. I’ve barely gotten use to being in love with Eric. And now I have to be with both? How can I be enough? All this with being Queen and A fairy princess is too much. I was just a waitress from a small town. This…it’s too big for me.”

The older woman looked at her in sympathy.

“I felt the same too. Everything was too big for me. And though I had no fae bond, I knew my heart. And the path I took was dangerous. It nearly cost me my life. I learned that day that to live for love is better and far greater than dying for it. Miss Sookie, you have a wonderful opportunity to grow and flourish with your two mates by your side. But you must first let go of what troubles your heart. You keep yourself locked away in darkness and denial, which is no way to exist in the eternity you now have gifted to you. Fae or vampire, it makes no difference. Your heart is calling you to them, and it is a call not to be ignored. Unburden your heart. Tell me what troubles you, so that you may let it go.”

Sookie sighed and turned, facing the dark shadows of the parking lot.

“I don’t know how to do this. Except for my Gran and a few of my friends, I’ve been an outsider. I’ve been labeled a telepathic freak by everyone around me. Even my own mother was afraid of me. I barely understand romantic love. My gift meant that dating was out of the question. How can you be close with anyone when their thoughts are in your head all the time?

“But this with Eric and Godric is so much more than I ever expected for a first love. I have so much to do that I hardly have time to see them. I barely know anything about them to begin with, let alone how deeply they feel for me. I have to juggle all these balls in the air and I feel like I have no room to breathe, despite the fact that I really don’t need too. It’s just too much.”

Gabriella thought for a few moments before she came up with an answer.

“Perhaps what you need is to combine the two states under one banner. That way Godric and Eric can help you run this state and you can spread your influence together. You hire trusted allies to help you govern and take care of the political day to day activities while you focus on the bigger situations, like the meeting with the Asians that are coming. As far as your clinic is concerned, you’ve done the hard part. You’ve gotten it off the ground. Hire good staff from the people you know can handle it and deal with just the reports and the funding. That will free up more of your time.

“I agree with you, Sookie. For a vampire of only a few months, you are doing too much. And though your accomplishments are vast, no one said you had to do them all by yourself. You are a smart and caring woman with ways of thinking that are starting to spread like a brushfire across even the most unbending nations. But you are just one woman and you deserve time to learn and cope with these changes in your own time.”

Gabriella looked up at the starlit sky and smiled wistfully.
“You would think that as vampires, time passing would mean so little to us. But in truth it teaches us that each day is precious. Things can shift and change so quickly for those who stand still and drift with the sands of the aging earth. All we can do is make the best of the now and let the past teach us the best it can. Because the future is so uncertain.”

She looked at Sookie one last time.

“I will give your excuses to your friends and make sure to leave them with information on how best to keep touch with us. But think on what I said Miss. Think hard and make your decision when you have considered all the possibilities. But remember this…”

Gabriella stared at her hard, trying to make her message stick.

“Forever is a long time to live alone. Fate is giving you the chance not to do this. After all the loneliness you’ve suffered, you deserve with fate has gifted you with. Do not ignore her gifts, for she is a cruel mistress to those who snub her. Do not let the fears of the past dominate your chance of a bright future.”

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As Sookie laid down to rest that morning, she had come to the only conclusion she knew was right. She loved them both, and trying to push either aside was like trying to separate two halves of her heart. She couldn’t do that. She didn’t have it in her. To refuse either was a lie, and if her Gran had taught her anything it was that ignoring true love always had a price.

Adele had probably been Fintan’s mate. Sookie noticed the echo of pain in her Grandmother’s face when she talked about the affair she had with the Fairy son of Naill. It wasn’t just that she felt she was dishonored the bonds of matrimony she had with Grandfather Earl, but that she’d loved Fintan too. And being unable to love one man for the sake of the other probably hurt her Gran’s heart worst of all. She wouldn’t want her Granddaughter suffering the same, no matter what the bible said about monogamy.

There was just one big problem with this entire situation.

How in the ever lovin’ heck was she going to tell Godric and Eric?!
People Like Us, We gotta stick together

Chapter Summary

Sookie shares her very last and very deepest secret, and Lafeyette, Jesus, and Eric teach her why true family will never care about what makes you different.

Chapter Notes

Okay, after reading this chapter, a lot of you will probably sit there and stare blankly at the screen. There will be what the f***ks and misunderstandings. So before the masses look at me with hatred or confusion, hear me out.

The condition that will be mentioned in this chapter is actually a real one. I know it is...why....because at birth I suffered from a rather extreme form of it....before ugly mean people took my choice away and decided to "Fix" something that wasn't broken to begin with. I haven't felt quite whole since. Lets just leave that there.

So when I sat down to write this chapter... I did it as a sort of dedication to myself and to others like me who might have believed themselves "Deformed" at one time too. We may be different in body or mind...but we are not freaks....and so I wrote this chapter to bring that truth home. I just hope you like it.

We come into this world unknown
But know that we are not alone
They try and knock us down
But change is coming, it's our time now

Sookie agonized for almost two weeks as she thought of several ways to tell Godric and Eric how she felt. She spent very little time with them, but not by design. Between the Asian Delegates staying for three days and working on the marketing for the new blood product (which was a complete success), she simply had no time. Finally in an odd moment of calm in the whirlwind storm of her new life, she had some time to herself. That meant she would go to the guru of wild love. The one who would never judge her for her dual heart-songs. It was time to see the master of funk and fashion.

It was time to visit Lafayette.

Leaving the office to Rasul on this quiet evening, she called her best male friend to make sure he wasn’t busy. New things were happening in his life too at the moment. After Godric found two teachers to help both Lafayette and his mother Ruby-Jean with their gifts, Lafayette had had to go and fall head over heels in love with his. It was some strange sort of irony that his guide happened to be one of his mother’s nurses; a Spanish male witch with Jesus for a name. Now that’s what you called Devine intervention.
After Lafayette told her that his partner was there but that she could come on over, Sookie headed out without her car, which was still in Eric’s garage. She left it there after a long talk with Eric. She didn’t mind living near the Clinic proper, but these people were addicts. Top of the line safety measures or not, neither of them trusted these people with such an expensive piece of machinery waved in their faces.

It took a little less than forty-five minutes to land in Lafayette’s back yard. Looking around to make sure no one else would see her she crept around silently to the front of the house and knocked on the door.

However it wasn’t Lafayette who answered. A handsome, tanned man with a peaceful face and no shirt smiled at her as the door swung open.

“Hello, you must be Sookie. It’s a pleasure to meet you. I am Jesus.”

For some reason Sookie couldn’t help but laugh.

“Oh god, I’m sorry. It’s just, when you’ve spent most of your life in a god fearing town, it’s just too funny to welcomed into anywhere by someone with the same name as the patron savior who you’ve prayed to all your life.”

Jesus just laughed.

“Tell me about it. Now try to see if you can imagine being the only son in your family to be named after the son of god when nearly the entire family around you is pagan. Please come in. Lafayette is in the shower and you are so troubled I don’t even have to look at your energy to see your terrible confusion.”

Sookie walked in, snorting at that statement.

“Oh trust me, you have no idea.”

Jesus just chuckled.

“I might. After all, I am a gay Spanish brujo with the holiest of Christian names. If that isn’t confusion I don’t know what is.”

Lafayette decided to show up in that moment, wrapping his arms around his man.

“You may be confusin’, but you is one damn fine specimen, yes you is.”

“Lafayette, I love you in any state of dress. But mi abuela was very strict for most of my life. And when there is a lady present, you don’t come out in a towel you are barely holding up.”

Sookie smirked.

“Oh, trust me when I say that I’ve seen the black man Full Monty more than once already. When you’ve known him since kindergarten, you get used to it after a while. But still, for heaven sakes, Lafayette, put on some gosh dang pants.”

Said man turned to walk towards his room, deliberately dropping the towel to show off his assets.

“But it’s such a sin to cover up this fine-lookin’ bod-dah of mine.”

Sookie just shook her head. He would never change.
After they settled on the couch, Sookie literally poured out her story. Her stress was clear as more than once she gripped her hair, nearly ripping it out. After she was done, she bit her lip and looked down at her lap, her face almost purple as she waited for the judgment she knew wouldn’t come, but couldn’t help fearing anyway.

Surprisingly it was Jesus who spoke first.

“Let me tell you a story my uncle told me once. It might help you to better understand what to do.”

Jesus closed his eyes as if to grasp the memory of his teenage years. They seemed so far away now.

“Luca was a powerful Brujo. He learned from my grandmother all the mastery of our family legacy. She didn’t want him to turn out like my papi. He took magic to a very dark place. A place that no one should walk. So Tio Luca learned the right way. He told me once that he had a man come to him in very terrible desperation. It was another brujo who was suffering a great deal in his heart. Luca said that this man looked like he was wasting away. Like there was a hole in him that nothing could fill. My uncle was so frightened he immediately rushed to get his mother.

“When my grandmother saw this man, she knew right away that he was greatly troubled. It wasn’t just physical either. His heart was torn in thirds. Mi Abeula told Luca that this man had fallen in love with three identical sisters. It was a set of triplets and he could not love just one. These women shared more than blood. They shared a spirit between them. So after spending some time mending him, Luca told him to go and come back with the sisters and he would help him fix this unusual problem.”

Jesus opened his eyes with a smile and continued after taking a sip of white wine.

“When the man returned, My grandmother sat down with the three sisters and explained everything. She explained that if they could not share the man between them, this man would surely die. One sister refused this. Not because she could not love him, but for the sheer logic of it. She said that if a man only has two arms to hold them, two legs walk with them, two ears to listen to them, and two balls to make babies with them, then how would he be able to handle three women. She deliberately committed suicide and left all she owned to her sisters.

“The remaining sisters could not live with only two thirds of their soul. They both died shortly thereafter, along with the man. Luca later told me that mi abuela locked herself in her room for days, convinced somehow it was her fault they all died. She mourned and prayed and fasted for nearly two weeks before she came out of her house. People would come for miles around to seek her to help them. But never before had she lost anyone before. Luca finally told her that sometimes the only place that such a man could love his heart’s desire was to be in the next world where he could be blessed with the ability to share himself with three women.”

Sookie gulped and shook her head.

“Exactly how is that story supposed to help me figure out anything. I mean, no offense, but it only made me feel worse.”

Jesus took up her hand and nearly pierced her soul with his intense gaze.

“I asked the same question. How could such a story help me learn anything? Tio Luca said that sometimes fate works her own magic. Those who can’t see it often die for their own stupidity. The sister who killed herself didn’t think with her heart but with her head, and her snap decision cost them all dearly. And now I am going to tell you what he told me.
“Love isn’t logical. It isn’t bound by the rules of nature or science. Like magic, it works in its own way. And when you are granted such a gift as to find your soul’s mate or mates, love doesn’t always put a number on how many or what form it will take to make your heart feel whole. But the harsh cruelty of this is that man can often be too frightened to see. He blinds himself with too much reasoning and in the end; he just can’t see the truth until it’s too late. So if you should ever fall in love with anyone, no matter how strange it may seem to the world, you thank the gods that you received such a miracle. Hold him, her, or them close and forget about society’s rules and propriety. Just love and live and be whole.”

Jesus smiled at her.

“You have been gifted Sookie. So instead of thinking of what way is best to tell them, you should just forget the logic and do what your heart is telling you to. Love them without strings attached and without worrying about the morality of it. Religion is all well and good, but in a way, love is its own religion. And just like any other, miña, it should be worshipped with the same devotion. You’ve done the hard part. You know who you love and you know that they will share this with you. The rest is the easy part. For what could be easier then to love that which you know is already yours.”

Sookie bit her lip again, squirming in her seat. The next part of this equation was the hardest to explain. It was a secret she only ever knew herself. The true reason she remained a virgin all these years. Though molestation and telepathy had only added to the need to keep her body pure, they weren’t the only reasons. The last and biggest reason was what caused her to hesitate in all of this. But how could she tell anyone? How would they understand her true oddity?

Swallowing, she fought down years of insecure secrecy and tried to force the truth from her lips.

“I would tell them both in a minute. I’ve already accepted that I love them both and ignoring either is out of the question. But…oh how to say this…I was born with a bit of a deformity…”

Lafayette sighed.

“Sook, your mind readin isn’t a deformity. How many times we got to go over dis?”

Sookie shook her head.

“No, Lafayette, that’s not what I mean. I’m a vampire fairy and royal in both ways. Telepathy is the least of my problems at the moment, believe me. No, this is something I was born with. It’s an actual medical condition with a name and everything. You have to remember from how often Jason has said it that I wasn’t born in a hospital. I was born on the dining room table. My parents probably thought that as I grew, the condition would seem less…pronounce. But by the time I hit puberty, it only got more…aggressive. I never told anyone cause frankly, it ain’t something you just go discussing in public.”

Jesus’ medical training sparked up as he looked at her.

“Do you know the proper term for your condition?”

Sookie nodded. She was a frequent flyer at the library. And when it’s one your body, you learn everything you can about it.

“Yeah, I read up on it when I was old enough to understand the medical books in the local library. It’s called…Clitoromegaly.”

Lafayette piped up.
“Clito-what now? Is something wrong wit yo’ sexy parts?”

Jesus shook his head and looked at Sookie.

“Can I explain it to him?”

Sookie nodded mutely, looking into her lap, her face near purple with embarrassment.

Jesus called up the information he knew about the condition.

“Her condition is a rare one that doesn’t happen often. It only occurs in the instance where the female fetus is introduced to extra male hormones in the womb. Doctors are still trying to understand the condition fully, but they theorize that sometimes an unfinished Y chromosome attaches itself to the X chromosome when the egg is fertilized. Whatever the reason, Clitoromegaly is a condition that causes a larger clitoris to form. It usually isn’t all that noticeable at birth because the sexual organs are still undeveloped.

“When puberty hits though, the sexual hormones flood the body, causing the enlargement to become more pronounced. But usually the clitoris of the woman with the condition becomes only as big in length as half the thumb. With Sookie’s strange make-up though, the energy that she glows with could possibly aggravate the condition, causing it to become worse. Most women who are shamed by it have surgery to fix the problem, but the complications are vast. Messing with that many nerves can cause the clitoris to become useless, so most doctors would advise against such an operation.”

Lafayette blinked. Then, looking at Sookie, he tilted his head.

“Well, that be no reason to be upset. The way those fang boys look at you, they won’t be caring much for the little extra down below.”

Sookie closed her eyes painfully. If only it were a ‘little’ extra.

Jesus saw the look of shameful pain take over her face and spoke like a man who knew how to calm even the most psychotic of minds.

“How drastic is the enlargement? It must be extreme by the way you’ve hid it all these years.”

Sookie cringed and shuttered.

“When I’m calm, you would hardly notice the deformity. But when I get…excited, the…it…I measured it once. It was nearly six inches.”

Unable to deal with the extreme embarrassment she felt, Sookie did the only thing she could think of. She flashed into the bathroom and slammed the door.

What she hadn’t planned on was the bond alerting a certain Viking to her distress. Or that he was now speeding through the sky at breakneck speed towards Bon Tempts right now, ready to do battle with whatever ill-mannered person who upset her.

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It was a half hour later that it went all to hell. Lafayette was trying desperately to get Sookie to come out of the bathroom when his front door blew open and Eric Northman stood crouched like a fanged lion ready to attack.

“WHERE IS SHE?! WHO HURT HER?!”
It was Jesus who faced the tall vampire. He had to try to defuse the situation.

“You must be her maker. I am Jesus, Lafayette’s boyfriend. Sookie isn’t hurt, I swear. She is suffering more from stress and shame then physical pain. She revealed a secret to us today, one that caused her a great deal of emotional discomfort. She locked herself in the bathroom after. That’s likely what you felt.”

Eric growled and stood up, looking at the calm man standing without fear before him. Taking a deep sniff, he accessed the situation around him. Along with the steady heartbeat of the Spanish man, the scents of embarrassment, worry and shame from his progeny told him there was no lie spoken. Calming himself with a little shutter, he retracted his fangs and stood up fully, straightening his hair.

“I believe you. What caused her stress, though? She is usually rather calm and controlled of her emotions.”

Lafayette snorted.

“Sorry, Tall and Fanged, but dats sort of funny. Youse don’t know Sookie dat well if you think she all calm and shit. I know that girl from da sandbox, and let me tell you she ain’t calm in no way. You never seen her pissed before, has you? Tsk shit. That little sweetheart in there can get all kinds of mean when she has a bone ta pick. She like a angry twister on the desert.”

Eric shook his head at the lingo the black medium used.

“How it is that he is Spanish and he speaks English better then you do? I can barely understand what comes out of your mouth. And you didn’t answer my question.”

Jesus took over. Not everyone could handle his Amante’s special brand of language.

“That’s because it isn’t our secret to tell. It’s Sookie’s secret, lechón sangre. That’s the way it is.”

Sookie finally opened the door a crack and her trembling voice spoke out.

“He’ll find out anyway. You have permission to tell him. It’s the only way he’ll understand why I can’t...just tell him.”

All three men could hear the resignation in her voice. It was as if she thought that once Eric knew the truth, he would be disgusted and want nothing to do with her. They heard the door close and lock again before Eric looked at Jesus with the eyes of a man who loved his woman and hated seeing her in pain.

Jesus looked at the vampire, feeling the massive weight of immense age and power from him. This one was old and powerful. Lafayette had said that Sookie’s maker was a Viking. That meant that this man was at least nine hundred years old or more. Clearing his throat, he spoke.

“I take it you know Spanish.”

Eric nodded with a roll of his eyes.

“Yes, I’ve been to many countries in my life time. I’ve seen Brazil, Mexico, Madrid, and Central America. When you have to blend in, the first lesson you learn as a vampire is to understand the humans around you. I probably know all the different subgroups of the Latin Language and can speak Spanish better then you do.”

Jesus nodded with a little smile and began rapidly speaking in his native tongue, only using English
words when it came to medical terms his language didn’t have words for.

As Eric listened, his eyes opened wide and understanding dawned on him finally. Jesus explained to him more than Sookie’s condition. The Spanish brujo also explained the depth of Sookie’s feelings and fears more clearly then Pamela had after their meeting in the club a couple weeks ago. After everything was explained, Eric took a deep look of the man standing before him and shook his head.

“Leave it to Godric to find a teacher for a medium as strange as the man himself. If I heard you correctly, you said that you were a gay male nurse who is also an empathic witch. Did I understand you correctly?”

Jesus nodded.

“Yeah, you heard right. Mi Abeula did say the spirits made me special when they created me.”

Eric chuckled.

“And then your parents named you after the most powerful man of Christiandom. Did they do that to taunt you or something?”

Jesus laughed outright.

“I often asked my Tio Luca the same thing when he was alive. He told me that my mother said Jesus Christ so much during my birth that the name must have stuck somehow. Especially since my whole family is pagans.”

After the moment passed, Eric walked to the bathroom door, allowing Lafayette to step back before he spoke.

“Sookie, come out of there. I really don’t want to have to pay Lafayette for another door when I have to break this one to come in and get you. You are a grown woman and hiding in the bathroom is childish. I strongly doubt the toilet can give you any sort of solace. Especially considering the fact that as a vampire, you don’t have to use it anymore.”

It took a few minutes but the door finally opened and Sookie came out with her head down, as if waiting for Eric’s judgment to strike her.

Eric sighed and wrapped her in his arms.

“You know, Sookie, I don’t normally forget things. As a vampire, we obtain the skill of seeing the smallest detail to remember later with perfect clarity. But seeing how well you’ve taken to being a vampire and a Queen, I find it hard to remember how very young you still are, even by human standards. For all you’re nearly impossible wisdom, you have seen so little of the world. It’s easy to think yourself an abomination when you haven’t seen what I have seen. But take it from someone who has lived too many life times to count; you are more normal then you think.

“While your…oddity…may seem freakish to you, it isn’t really all that drastic. You are after all both a vampire queen and a fairy princess. You have pointed ears, the prettiest set of fangs I’ve laid eyes on, and sometimes you glow so brightly you almost appear radioactive. With all of these differences, it would be hard to understand how your differently structured female anatomy is really all that traumatic for you. But you don’t get to be my age by not understanding how the strange can affect a person.”

He looked down at her, brushing some strands of hair back.
“You are not a freak. You aren’t deformed. I’ve seen deformed individuals many times. You look nothing like any of them. You have two eyes, two legs, two ears, two arms, and all the other normal features that make up every other bipedal human on the planet. Your features may be shaped a little stranger than the average human, but that’s a product of your birth, not something you are responsible for. I look at you and I see what every person who truly loves you sees. A beautiful girl with some amazing gifts.

“So much has changed for you in such a short amount of time. Yet you handle it with very little complaint and a regal grace that most other vampire rulers couldn’t match. I admire that in you. This gift you have of seeing old things in a new way. This ability you have to shift and think of revolutionary ideas that no one bothered to consider before. You are a remarkable woman, and that isn’t just a bias opinion either. You are, however, still a woman of humble simplicity and you take your achievements with very little fanfare. Which only makes those who love you see you as just that much greater of a woman.”

He looked at her lovingly and allowed a small, nearly boyish smile grace his face. Then his face sobered.

“Now the picture puzzle of Sookie Stackhouse is finally complete.”

The other three occupants looked up at him curiously and waited to hear what he had to say.

“You started your infancy as a human. Everyone who you loved called you one. As you grew, everything special about you became a curse. With each new added gift, a little more of your humanity was stripped away. It started first with your telepathy. A gift neither you nor your family understood. You were shunned by both adults and peers. Then your uncle came along and stripped away just a little bit more. The very few true friends you had were also never completely human. Tara and Lafayette both have their oddities. Though I suspect with Tara it was snubbed out by anger and an extremely uncaring mother. And your boss being a shifter only added to everything, though you did not know it at the beginning.

“Everything around you made you feel like an outcast to the species and race you thought you were. It’s no wonder you are still filled with a sense of absolute shame and a feeling of being filled with deformities. Becoming a vampire and finding out you were a fairy didn’t help matters. With each new attribute to who you were, you can’t help feeling removed from your humanity. It’s little wonder you see it all as some kind of curse.”

He looked down at her and caressed her cheek gently.

“But this adversity has given you a strength it takes most vampires ages to even contemplate, let alone learn. Where others would shrink from the storm that is life, you stand tall and face that storm. Where others would hide from the lightening, you stand unafraid. You know it may strike you down, but you will get up and forge forward. Your Christian sensibilities may have been what kept your faith strong, but I believe something different. Freya is standing with you. You walk like one of her Valkyrie. Where others would run from dragons, you would ride them.

“You are a strong woman, Susanna “Sookie” Stackhouse-Brigant. Never doubt this for a moment. It may take my own life time to teach you your worth, but those who are your family, old and new, will never stop trying to make you see it. You are extraordinary and you humbleness only brings it more so to the fore. Your heart may be wounded, but it is far from broken. And if you give Godric and I a chance, I promise you this. We will mend that wound and let you see truly how loved you are and how cherished you should be. That is my oath, and I don’t break them.

“All you have to do is open yourself fully and let us in. We will wait until you are ready. And you
will be, make no mistake about that.

Hugging her to him with determination, Eric looked up. He gave a silent prayer to Freya to aid his Sookie. She needed her strength now more than ever if she was to learn to accept herself as most in her life never could.
Chapter Summary

Pam gives Sookie a really long, really pushy, Really honest 'Come to Jesus' speech for her foolish attitude. It is time to put the hammer down.

Chapter Notes

To My readers,

Thank you so much for your endless patience, sincere well-wishes, and caring words. I am still a little rusty, and writing isn't coming as easy as it once did with all the medication switching that was done in the last four months on top of everything else. Tell me if I've still got it...or if I've lost my touch.

Oh, and since the vote was even I combined the two choices. It isn't perfectly smooth, but it still fits.

Sookie sat in her office alone this night. After constant weeks of negotiations, paperwork and meetings, she had another quiet evening to herself. Her Fairy Adviser, Morella, trained her every single hour she had free from her queen duties. She was glad that she didn’t need to breathe because she hadn’t had any time to lately.

But breathing was the last thing on her mind right now.

Sookie felt like a burning inferno had crawled up her lady parts and would not leave. It was bad enough when everything about her obvious affections were all secretive. It was so much easier then to live in that infamous river in Egypt with plans to never leave.

It was no longer an option anymore, and the duel love-songs of her heart took that truth with a vengeance she never expected.

It was like her mates were with her everywhere she went. Though they were just as busy as she was, their ghostly images flooded her brain. It didn’t matter where she was or who she might be with. She could be in the world’s most boring meeting and they were there inside her head, smirking behind her eyeballs while seductively drowning her in temptation.

With that truth came the drawbacks; some that Sookie never witnessed in herself. She wasn’t used to the sensation of lust denied. Sure she’d been turned on a time or two in her life, but with her shameful condition, she’d soon become morose and completely forget about it. It was easier when she was a teenager. Between Uncle Bartlett and the constant voices calling her a freak mentally, it was so simple to ignore that all too human ache. Being a vampire, and a young one at that, certainly came with its pros and cons. But this new fire inside her as far as she could see was definitely a con.
right now.

The demon of lust was like a gorilla on her back. She snapped at people at the oddest of times. She had a much shorter temper than she was used too. Not only that, but to her utter mortification, she found she now had to carry two extra sets of panties with her to make sure she was always fresh smelling. It must have seemed incredibly odd to her staff that for a woman who no longer needed to use the toilet, she was in and out of the bathroom at least four times a night recently.

She almost felt feverish in her desperation to ignore the ever growing monster inside her. While she had been constantly going, she hadn’t had time to really focus on how much her body craved anything other than a little sip of blood from Eric, Godric, or Morella. Work had kept her mind focused away from a driving hunger of any sort. Now she was going to pay for her ignorance tenfold.

If she thought this quiet night was going to give her any peace, she was going to be sorely disappointed.

The first thing she felt was her fangs. They throbbed in her mouth like white beacons. It was as if two tiny hearts had taken up residence inside them that wouldn’t give up slamming as hard as possible. Trying to retract them was completely useless. They were down and that’s all there was to it.

The next unpleasant symptom was a thin coating of pinkish, blood tinged sweat that soaked her from head to toe. It was very unusual for vampires to sweat. Losing blood in any way wasn't something most vampires could afford to do. With a super efficient chemistry, vampires usually had to be overworking themselves heavily to even come close to sweating. But being the hybrid she was, she had to be the special one out of the bunch. It was just her luck.

Running her hand through her hair, she growled and felt the ache pull at her insides again. NO! She wouldn’t be dominated. Not by man, not by beast, and certainly not by her own body. Standing up, she grit her teeth and swallowed harshly as she walked with determined steps towards the secret room behind her bookcase that was installed as a panic room by security. And this was definitely a time to lock herself away from the world to keep herself and everyone around her safe.

But she only got just passed the door before her skin lit up with a reddish glowing light and her insides twisted in tormented denial. She had been keeping the bonds closed tightly to her maker for a while now; she’d learned early on that she was exceptionally good at it. Having been forced to produce mental shields at a very young age had taught her well. What Eric felt in the bond was a calming presence and nothing more. And as the locks in the door engaged behind her, that was the way she would keep the bonds. Sending a text to Rasul to take over for her for a bit, she curled up into a fetal position on the couch and wrapped her hands around her stomach.

But no amount of hiding was going to save her from either agony or truth this time around. Ignorance came at a demanding price, and fools suffer greatly for it. For the first time since she had been turned, Sookie actually felt like a fool for forgetting the cardinal rule of her life.

As her gran once told her: Just because you think you can doesn't always mean you should.

Rasul knew something was amiss with his friend and monarch. The odd smell of sweat, fear and pain-laced fairy scent in her office told him something was drastically wrong. But only her bloodline alone could enter the secret chambers of the Queen, so he couldn't go check on her to see if her state was just a bad bag of blood, or something truly critical. Calling another monarch to a state not his own was kept only for the most important of manners.
The choice was taken out his hands though when he heard something that terrified him. Through the nearly soundproof walls he heard a muted, high-pitched scream. Jumping into action, he swiftly made his way to the door and spoke commandingly to the security stationed inside and outside the Queen's main office.

"Shut this place down! We have a code four one five; Queen in extreme distress. No one in or out unless it is the royal bloodline. Do it NOW!"

The guard next to the office door pressed a purple button beside him and a quiet but still audible alarm sounded off. It shut down the entire office building save for an underground passage way that only Eric, Pam and Godric knew about.

In the main greeting office, Amelia saw a purple light blink from beside her and immediately sprang up from her seat. First she sent out a pre-written message to the Queen's bloodline before throwing open the door behind her and looking into a group of Security people.

"Gentleman, we have a code four one five. We need to alert the front gate to redirect all intakes to the building in Baton Rouge. No one in or out. Lock down the addict building and secure the vampire in recovery unit until further notice. No missed steps people. Our Queen needs us to work swiftly. Raise the purple flag."

The people sitting behind a multitude of computers worked their fingers furiously as purple lights flashed all over the large compound and in every office with a guard standing station. Like a well-oiled machine they set up a safety net and hunkered down to wait until the all-clear was given.

But to those who knew their queen and loved her well, a deep worry shook them to their core. Silent prayer went out in hopes that Queen Sookie would be alright.

Unsurprisingly, it was Pam who first arrived, given the fact that she was closer than either Eric or Godric. Swiftly going through the security check at the secret entrance in the woods, she quickly opened the hatch and leapt down into the wide tunnel. Racing through it with all her speed, she huffed as she waited through another security check. Popping the carpeted hatch, she came through behind the the wall of a walk in closet.

Making sure that the private chambers were secure, she walked through the hidden door and straight to the kitchenette area to get to the fridge. This was the second time she'd had to do this in as many weeks, and she knew the steps to take. There would be no talking to Sookie until she had the special blood mixture in her system. And damn it, Pam had a lot to say this time.

After shoving the bottle fully down Sookie's throat, she waited until she was sure that her stubborn friend was sitting up. Wetting down a wash clothe, she threw it on Sookie's lap, sniffing in irritation.

"Wipe off your face, Cupcake. Then you and I are going to have ourselves a little girl chat. Because now you're pissing me off."

Sookie wiped the sweat and blood off her face and sighed.

"Pam, do we really have to do this tonight? I just want to call off the alert and rest."

Pam growled viciously and leaned close to the still flushed face in front of her.

"I already called off the alert, and Rasul is going to take over for you tonight. I busted my fingers and nearly broke my phone making sure Eric and Godric stayed put until I was done with you. So you're goddamned right we are going to talk, fairy princess, because I am tired of your stubborn ass getting
itself in pain for no fucking reason other than moral pride and some deep insecurities you never got
over."

Sookie went to say something and closed her mouth. She'd never seen a look like that on Pam
before, but she knew when to listen to her elders. Stepping carefully, she gestured to the room and
spoke quiet and calm.

"The floor is yours."

Pam snorted.

"You better believe it is, my Queen. Now clean out your ears and listen up, cause I am not going to
repeat myself again."

Pacing back and forth a few seconds, Pam finally stopped and stared at the woman before her hard.

"Now look, I get it. I really do. I am a self-respected lesbian for good reason. Sure I have the
occasional male's blood, but for the most part, I know what I like and keep no secrets about it. I am a
self-proclaimed bitch on heels and I make sure everyone knows that from the second they meet me.
So I get what it means to be true to who and what you are.

"But this bullshit you're pulling, is just that. It's bullshit. Now don't get me wrong here. You had a
fucked up childhood and have every right to fear sex. I'll never claim otherwise. But if this was just
about that, than we wouldn't be here right now. We both know that what's holding you to this course
of fucking denial has very little to do with that. If that was all it was, we would find you a shrink to
talk about your problems.

"But this is about control more than anything else. You weren't in control of your childhood, you
weren't in control of choosing to be turned, and now you feel that you are losing control of your own
body. Believe me, sister, I understand. Being a new vampire fucking sucks no matter what time
you're living in. True Blood tastes like chalk coated in burning peroxide and rusty shit. It is just about
as fun as that too. Being a new vampire isn't any easier for you then it was for the rest of us. It sucks,
but it's a fact of your never-ending life."

Pausing for a minute to take a sip of said rusty shit, Pam made a disgusted face and continued.

"But you've got this idea in your head that some magical goblin called FATE decided you were
going to be Godric and Eric's mate. You think your fairy is like your new shiny vampire fangs. You
think it just comes out when it wants and tells you what to do. Thats not the way this works,
Cupcake. The sooner you accept that, the sooner you'll let go of the illusion and get on with your
life.

"Fate didn't make you a fairy princess. Your grandmother did when she chose Fintan. Fate didn't
make your uncle a sick fuck; his own choices did. Fate didn't give you a pair of fangs and a long life
span. Bill Compton did because he was a fucking prick with no control. And Fate didn't make you a
Queen. You did when you burnt up Sophie-Anne with your little microwave fingers. Fate hasn't
done anything for you. So Fate has nothing to do with this.

Pam shook her head and glared hard at Sookie.

"It's free will and choice that carves our paths through this fucked-up world, Cupcake. Right or
wrong, our choices define everything we do and everything people do for us. So knowing this isn't
about a loss of control, lets get to the core of the matter.

"You grew up mostly human. A proper, catholic, strong and capable southern woman. And there's
"You can't escape what you are Sookie. You know it. I can't escape the fact that I was being raised to be a duchess any more then I can escape that I became a high-end prostitute. We take the good with that bad and get on with our lives. There is no time to pussy-foot around and boo-hoo in the corner. Now it sounds cold and cruel, but that's how it is.

"As far as your childhood, I am sorry, but you survived. You lived and became so much more than what he tried to make you. You were terribly hurt, but that shed blood soaked you in iron and steel. It has given you more than you will ever see. So yes it was disgusting and horrible and he should burn in the deepest pits of Satan's fiery asshole, but you came out a warrior for his crime. And there is no greater victory than that."

Pam put her hands on her hip and raised a brow.

"Eternity is gonna be a long and tedious bag of sweaty man balls if you spend all of it wallowing and hiding. Between your fairy heritage and your vampire bloodline, you're going to be around for a long-assed time. It's up to you how good that time goes. But you aren't a coward Sookie. It's in your very nature to be obstinate, stubborn, and go against the grain. You're too strong a woman to sit here in your office forever and hide from the truth. Swallow it down quick like this shitty true blood and get on with your life. That's the way it is.

She leaned close enough to nearly kiss Sookie on the mouth.

"Because the next time a call like this comes through my phone I will turn you over my knee and tan your creamy, well-shaped ass with a silver switch in honor of Adele for act like a coward and a fool. Are we clear, Cupcake?"

All Sookie could do was nod as she sat there, too afraid to disagree.

After that they started talking about the marketing success of Rose Thorn, the new synthetic blood. Half way through the chat though, Sookie smelt the barest hint of her lust. God in Heaven, She thought, not again. She cleared her throat as politely as she could and stood up.

"Would you excuse me Pam? I need to go to the powder room for a moment."

Just as she made it to the door Pam's frank honest words stopped her in her tracks.

"Sookie, what you’re about to do doesn’t work. You do know that right?"

Sookie feigned ignorance.

"What are you talking about Pam?"

Pam snorted and looked at her.

"There are only four reasons for a vampire woman to go into the bathroom. The first is to groom. Make-up and clothes sometimes get messy or have scents clinging to them that bother our sensitive noses. Since your make-up and clothes are perfect, we can strike out that reason. The second is to feed and fuck in privacy. I don't personally do it myself, but some vampires, especially the young ones, need a quick pick-me-up. We both know that will never be you. The third reason is to wash off
blood after a crying or torturing session. Again, you don’t have that problem. So we’ve discounted
the first three.

“Which leaves the last. This is called scent removal. It means that there is a scent on you somewhere
that you don’t want other vampires to smell. So you try to scrub it away. I once fed on a woman
covered in cheap smelly hairspray and it took three trips to the bathroom and some skin removal
before I was successful in removing the scent. I was almost forced to use a pumas stone. Cheap three
dollar chemical glue was more the word for that shit.”

Pam paused for a moment to get back on track.

“Anyway, vampires use the bathroom for only these four reasons. You are using it for the last
reason. But it isn’t doing what you want. You can’t erase that scent Sookie. When a vampire is
aroused, any other vampire can smell it. That’s because unlike humans, it doesn’t just come from our
crotches. It comes from our blood and coats our skin in pheromones we can’t erase even if we
scrubbed a million times. You would have to go through an entire vat of perfume before you can
hope to just barely bury the scent. With the level of you sexual frustration, you could spend a whole
night scrubbing in the bathroom and never hope to get rid of that scent.

“You are also a Fairy. And that means you have twice as much work to cover up. Right now, you
smell like a vampire fucked a fairy several times and then took a bath in her vagina. I hate to tell you
this, but you won’t be escaping the scent of it. You are near to smelling like you are in fae heat.
Luckily for you, most here know who your maker is and they also know who his maker is. They
would never disrespect you by mentioning it. And they would never dare to touch you. But if you
walked into Fangtastia right now you would likely start an orgy just by standing there and doing
nothing.”

Sookie made a face and hid her slightly blushing expression in her ever growing hair. It still grew for
some reason, though she thought that might have been because of her fairy blood. It had straightened
out as well, most of the curls all but vanished.

“I don’t know how to do anything. I mean, the basic mechanics are obvious and all, but we’re not
talking about boys out of high school. They have three thousand years of collective knowledge
between them to work with. I know they know I’m a virgin, but still, I don’t just want to dive in with
nothing. It feels like I’m on a cliff about to fly and no one’s taught me how to use my wings.”

Pam’s mouth turned up in a grin.

“Well then, you are in luck. I may like women now, but I knew how to please men long before I was
turned. When you are a madam in a bordello you earn that title well. In the old days, people didn’t
have toys and such, so I taught some of my girls with fruit. You just give me until tomorrow and I
will be back to help you sort out just what you can do. Trust me, by the time I am done with you,
they won’t know what hit them.”

And so the lessons began. And boy was it going to be a bumpy ride. Sookie hadn’t even heard
anything yet, but she could already tell her face was going to be permanently red for the rest of her
long life.
Lesson Number One

Chapter Summary

Godric begins what he knows is going to be a slow path to get Sookie to give in to what she craves most: free love.

Chapter Notes

Alright, some of you are going to be disappointed that there isn't sex in this chapter. So hear me out.

Sookie grew up a Catholic woman. Add that to what her uncle did, and as Lafayette would say, 'That ain't some shit yous just get over.' I am not going to rush sex to appease the masses, so you are going to have to be patient with me. Like Godric is being patient with Sookie. Plus writing a sex scene might sound easy, but it is a lot harder than one might think. They will get to the mating soon enough.

Plus I am getting ready to go back to school in the fall, and I am going to be busy in between chapters while I get all the paperwork filled out. So please know the chapters will come...but they will have to come at my pace. I don't have six arms, sadly, so I can't do everything at once. I know: It's horrible isn't it.

All that being said please enjoy. And yes, I took the title of the chapter from Mulan 2. Go ahead and laugh, I don't care. The truth that I am a disney fangirl is no secret to anyone. The little girl inside me still want to be Ariel. So Neeaaahhhhh!

The next night Sookie rose slowly, still not quite right after the incident the night before. She immediately went to take a shower, trying to rinse the weakness away from her body. The warm water had an almost meditative effect on her mind, giving her time to clear her thoughts.

Pam's talk the night before plagued her mind. Not the talk after, the one about sex that was so detailed it made her face blush. She wanted to pretend that talk didn't happen for a while. No, it was the first talk. The truth of her denial rolled around in her head and almost made her wish she could vomit. Pam had been one hundred percent right. She wanted to blame her past and fate for her fears to make the fact that she was causing her own self destruction easier to bare. But that would only last so long and she knew it too.

It was more than the lust that was eating at her. As frustrating as it was to feel desire all the time, it was only a small part of a much bigger problem. She was beginning to feel the ache of separation from her mates. A hollow loneliness she wished she could ignore. But what seemed at first like a well-laid plan was no longer simply easy to accept or swallow. Her childhood and teen years had isolated her for so long thanks to her cursed gift of telepathy. Now she had a chance to gain more than just simple friendship. The mere fact that she was denying herself that was beginning to feel not
only stupid, but detrimental to her well-being.

Sighing out a deep breath, she turned off the water and got out to dry and dress. The water could only be a solace for so long. She wouldn't accomplish anything by hiding in the shower. Getting dressed and brushing her hair out with a comb, she opened the door. She started to walk to the kitchenette to get herself something to drink. But a voice stopped her in her tracks.

"You know something, I just realized how disgusting it was to chug blood from a bottle. While it is true that we vampires drink from someone's neck, that method at least affords us a certain amount of decorum. Drinking it from the bottle almost makes me feel like a ruffian at a bar drinking what the humans say passes for beer in this modern time. Of course, Eric's people drank mead from big mugs that often caused them to spill it all over themselves. So I suppose I really can't complain. But still, humans make such fine crystal flutes. One could say it is silly for a vampire to drink blood from a glass, considering our food source in the first place. But still, it seems so much more dignified to do so. Wouldn't you agree?"

Sookie turned slowly, turning her attention to Godric. He was seated on the couch, rolling what looked to be a wine goblet daintily between two fingers as he examined it's contents. He appeared as calm and light as he always seemed to be, but Sookie wasn't fooled by his passive demeanor. A lot of people were mislead by Godric's seemingly constant passivity. But she wasn't one of them. Between age and knowledge, for all his neutral facade, Godric commanded immense respect and loyalty. She had only seen once what happened to those dumb enough to push him. It wasn't something she ever wanted to see again.

Clearing her throat carefully, she answered his question, even if she wasn't entirely sure where the conversation was going yet. Something told her that she wouldn't like it though.

"I wouldn't know, honestly. I've never drunk anything out of crystal glasses before. I drank beer out of a tea cup once but it made me gag and I never drank any kind of liquor after. Besides, with my gift, addling my brain wasn't something I wanted to find out about."

Godric continued to roll the glass between his fingers in contemplation. He always chose his words carefully, so his point was as clear and concise as possible.

"You should be extremely glad I am here right now instead of Eric. He was furious when he finally realized just how well you were blocking the Maker-Childe bond between the two of you. It took the better part of last night and almost until noon today to convince him that it was better for me to come alone instead of us both coming together. As you well know, he isn't exactly known to have my endless patience. He likely would have dragged you out of bed and screamed at you to get his point across. It would have been useless, yes, but he still would have done it. Than again, he has conveniently forgotten how often he used to do the same thing to me in the past. He was much older than you are, and not nearly as good at it as you seem to be at controlling that particular bond. But he still did it often when he was trying to hide his perchance of violence from me."

Godric put down his glass before he stood up and walked towards her.

"Now you could ask me why I am here, but as you already know, it would be a pointless question. I could berate and punish you for your absolute lack of self-preservation and the detriment you have on your well-being. To be quite honest though, I very much doubt it would change your attitude, so I shall save my lack of breath. But, I do have something I think would speak far louder then anything I could say."

He walked towards the door and wheeled in what looked to be a very old man. But rather than the man in the wheel chair looking grey and wrinkled, he looked rather like a starving victim from
Africa. Only one lone fang peaking from his lips and the bag of blood feeding him through a feeding tube stitched in just below his nose gave away the fact that he was a vampire.

"Sookie, meet Dominic. He was once a beautiful and strong vampire, as you are. But about a year ago Dominic had an unfortunate accident. He went into blood-lust after Religious zealots hurt him with silver bullets. He killed three humans that night. One of them just so happened to be his thirteen year old niece who was born just before he was turned. Absolutely overcome in his grief, he would accept no help. Like you he denied himself his loving mate and his human family so much, that his mate winded up meeting the sun because his depression drove her to the breaking point. They found him a month ago in his coffin, all but nearly bones. Slowly he is recovering with his family and friends at his side. But it will be a long time before he is even well enough to drink on his own, let alone become what he was before his misfortune."

He looked up at her, his face stern, and filled with disappointment.

"This is the fate you are choosing for yourself. This is what you will become as you try desperately to run from truth. Is this what you truly want? To become a ghost, a shadow who lives in the dark to escape the life granted to you? Tell me this is what you will choose. Do that, and I will end your life right now. I would rather see you die whole and in one piece than to watch you turn into what he has become. Look at him and tell me this is the road you want and I will do the only thing I know to save you from such a horrible existence."

Sookie's fae nature rose up as diamond like tears fell from her eyes at the sight before her. The truth before her was too harsh, too big for her to understand.

"But Godric..."

His face was a mask of stone as he spoke out between nearly gritted teeth. He had to see this through, no matter how much it would hurt them both.

"No. There will be no more excuses. No more 'But Godric'. Do you want this fate for yourself? Yes or NO!"

Sookie swallowed harshly as she stared through blurred eyes at the starved vampire before her. Finally she gave the only answer she knew she would.

"No."

Godric nodded.

"That is what I thought."

He slowly wheeled Dominic out to the main entrance room beyond the office, handing him off to one of the were nurses to take to the intensive care unit building before he returned. Locking the door behind him with a code he approached Sookie, whose head was bowed and swallowed down his own pain. Being a maker had taught him well. As stubborn and young as Sookie was, Erikir had been far harder to teach and more difficult to actually bow to the truth than she was.

"Look at me, Susanna."

Her head came up, her eyes still wet with tears.

"You have chosen life over true death. That means that you are also choosing everything that goes with it. There is no way to walk a line between life and death, because eventually death will always grow strong enough to drag you down. Accept this truth and move on from it."
She nodded, understanding his words for what they were.

"This also means you do not deny yourself what you need to live fully. You are a hybrid, just as Eric and myself are. But where as we can feed on humans and not be weakened, it is not so for you. Your fairy blood dictates that you need to feed from your mates to grow strong and be whole. And I am not talking about that odd mixture that Naill made for you. I am talking about from the source. New vampires require at least three pints of blood a night to be healthy. You are barely subsisting on two mouthfuls a night. And that, my Susanna, will not do."

He sighed as he looked at her. He had dealt with two very stubborn progenies before her, but never with her per chance of starvation.

"You want control of your own body. For a new born vampire, this is difficult if not nearly impossible the first year. Something I am sure Pamela told you yesterday. You have probably heard it many times by now. But you are trying to gain control through abstinence. This method will never work. Let me tell you why."

Sookie went to raise her voice but Godric rose his hand.

"No, do not speak for now. You have much to learn, and so it is better that you listen. In his pride for all you've achieved, Eric has forgotten that a maker is suppose to be strict the first few years of a young vampire's life. The way he raised Pamela like a spoiled, entitled child speaks of his leniency in the way he trains. I was never so lenient with him during the first few years of his life. Of course he was a viking, so it is not difficult to guess how bull-headed he was. He did not make it easy, but I was firm and he learned the value of my lessons. And so shall you."

Sookie muttered to herself, almost forgetting how acute vampire hearing was.

"You mean to tell me he is less bull-headed now. Cheese and Rice."

Despite the situation, Godric chuckled.

"You do have a point. He has a way of making sure everyone knows what he wants and that they must give it to him or die for denying him. I will have to teach him again the value of humble understanding. I have to do so every couple centuries just to bring him down from the heavens. As you can quite tell by now, Eric thinks himself a Thor among lesser men. So I occasionally have to remind him that he is not. I find it highly amusing when he pouts because I don't give him his own way. But I digress."

He swallowed some of the new blood substitute in his glass before he continued.

"The first lesson you will learn is surprisingly about control. You can not have control through starvation. For a vampire this is not only unhealthy, it is also impossible. The more you deny yourself what you need, the less control you have. In this way you have become your own worst enemy. To learn control, one must first take what they need and than they learn how much is too much. But too little is just as bad as feeding without care for the life you are ending by taking too much. So we will address that first in the most fundamental way possible."

Swallowing the rest of what was in his glass, he broke it with his thumb and index finger. Picking up the best sharp piece of glass, he licked it clean before he used it to deeply gouge his neck. He would have had her bite him instead, but that was not a fight he wanted to have right now. Stepping up to her, he took the back of her head in his hand and stared her down.

"There is no more room for denial. Your way doesn't work. So now we do it my way. You will feed
even if I must keep wasting my precious blood through repeated slices to get you to do so."

Shoving her head roughly into his neck, he made sure her mouth and nose was where it needed to be.

"You are stubborn. I am more so. This is a battle you will lose if you fight me. You know that as well as I. So do not try. Just take what you need and do not hesitate. We are vampires. We can never escape from the thirst. Accept that and move on."

Sookie struggled with herself for a few moments before she opened her mouth and locked tightly onto the open wound. She used instinct to keep the wound open as she took what she needed. The beast in her purred in victory. Finally she was taking what she needed. She heard Godric groan in what she knew as pleasure as she took slow but deep sucks of his neck. Vampire blood was thicker and slower than human blood was so it took a little longer to extract.

"Good girl. My blood will make you well again."

After a good dose of his ancient blood, Sookie finally pulled away and licked the wound to close it faster. But as her body burned with the vengeance of love denied, she tried to pull away quickly. Godric's hands stopped her. His strength was far more superior than hers, fae ability or not.

"You can't run. There is no where you can go to hide yourself from your own body, Susanna. There is only the truth. Humans too feel the lust of the bite, even when they are usually the ones being bitten. I've lived for two thousand plus years and even I still feel it during both taking blood and giving it. It is part of what it means to be vampire. For you it is slightly more so, because fairies often have a healthy sexual appetite. So even if you run until you can run no longer, you can not outrun this perfectly natural set of urges that seem to trouble you so."

He looked her over with concerned but kind eyes filled with the determination to help her understand.

"You must learn to first tell the difference between the lust begotten by the blood and that which belongs to your own body. I know you have the ability to do this rather easily if you tried. I can see it in you. You have already been able to push the blood desire away. So now you are dealing with just your own desire. And that is when you run. You wilt under something that is not only natural but also beautiful. Will you let me teach you how to see it as I do? can you trust me enough to do that?"

Sookie swallowed hard several times before she gave the barest of nods.

"Yes. I trust you Godric. Even with this."

Godric turned her around and sat her down on the couch.

"Eric has told me of your body shame and the reason for it. But he doesn't know the fae as I do, so he believes as you believe. That it is simple human mutation. But for you, this is not so. I have fought alongside fairies in my long existence. I did so proudly when your great grandfather called me to his side to aid him against the purists of the water fae tribe. After the battle I stayed for a week. In that time I was able to learn much about fairy characteristics. Your 'deformity' as you call it is in fact quite common in Fearie. Some females are born with it and some are not. It is an indication of how fertile you are. The larger the extension of your clitoris, the easier it is for you to bare young. Which is why you must never mention it to any of your fae relations."

Sookie gave him a confused look and shrugged.

"Not that I would ever speak about it to them. But why can't I talk about it to my cousins."
"Because if Naill had any idea just how fertile you really were he would stop at nothing to try and mate you to a fae male. The largest clitoral extension in fae ever recorded is three inches. It was the mate of Naill himself who had this. Yours is longer than that by your own measurement. So in reality you are the most fertile female in the history of fae since before the first war, seven thousand years before I was born."

Sookie snorted and than huffed.

"Well that's just great. Couldn't be some other female on their plane that has the best fertility. Nope. Once again it just had to be me.

Eventually, after a long talk about fairy politics and the possibility of what would happen if Naill found about, Godric got back on topic.

"I know what it is like to live in fear, child. I was not so different from you once. Pamela's story I have heard before, but she was able to bounce back far faster than either of us. So it is harder for her to understand just what it feels like to have fear poison every corner of your life."

Taking a deep breath, Godric dipped back into a past he never wanted to visit. But to help Sookie overcome her fears, he would do anything.

"After the Romans murdered most of the men of my clan, including my Chief father, Vercingetorix, most of us who were too young were forced into slavery. It was very common for most of us to be sold into brothels or into high society houses as servants or sex workers. But for me, there was a very special fate waiting. My maker, Appius, took me in at the age of fifteen. Something about me he found absolutely irresistible. To this day, I can not say what it was, but he wanted me as animals want each other in spring. I was worth more to him than most slaves earn in twenty years, and he paid a good price for me. I thought he wanted me as a house boy. I could not guess at the time how wrong I was.

"We were taught at a young age back then of what would become of us if we were ever captured by the Roman legion. But nothing could have prepared me for what it meant to be the progeny of Appius. He raped me for a straight week before he turned me. And continued his cruelty right after I dug my way out of the ground. His brutality knew no limits. I was kept half starved to make sure I would never have the strength to fight back. Eventually I became what he wanted me to be. A fearless, uncaring, unfeeling killer of innocents. I would do what he told me because I grew tired of his viciousness. I knew that obeying him would give me peace from night to night. But my heart festered and died as his requests became more and more disgusting. He would send me to steal children, mostly young boys, for him to rape and kill. For eight hundred years I was his general. Until the night I forced myself to stay awake long enough to wait until he was dead for the day. I staked him to his coffin with his bed posts. A final act to cement my hatred of him."

He paused again, swallowing hard as he shook off the remnants of the past to look at her.

"But in many ways I was still a cold and heartless man child. Until I found Erikir. He was beautiful to me on that battle field. A warrior I used to dream of being but never would be under my makers cold touch. When I saw him on that funeral pyre, I knew that to let him die would be wasteful and I wouldn't accept his death. So I turned him. You know, he even called me a bag of swine when I murdered his trusty guardsmen to get to him. Even inches from death, he fought me.

"Though I was his elder, we never thought about our age. He was my brother, and I was his. But where I was the father to his soul, he was the father to my mind. Being turned so young by a master
like Appius stunted my growth into manhood, and he knew it too. Though my experience as a vampire far outmatched him, his wisdom of being a man was something I wasn't given a chance to have. It was he who taught me to feel again, to allow myself to touch in kindness what I was beaten for at the feet of my maker."

He looked at her as he made his final point. With a small chuckle he spoke as he shook his head

"In truth, the first thing he made me do was take a long overdue bath. I was wild then. Very much like an animal. As such I hadn't felt the need to bathe in quite some time. But Vikings were a clean people. They knew the sickness that came to those who were like the English and only bathed once a month. After he bathed me, he taught me the true ways of carnal desire. He taught me pleasure was an art form, like music, and needed to be savored as such. And now it is my turn to teach you the same. Though you will no doubt need less information then I did. I didn't even know I could ejaculate until he showed me how. Under Appius I was commands to stay soft and ignore any sort of pleasure."

He looked at her as she flushed with nervousness and spoke as gently as possible. She looked very much like a spooked horse about to gallop off at the slightest loud noise. He knew right now that everything had to be done slowly.

"The very first step for you is to accept nakedness. It is perhaps one of the hardest and easiest of the steps one must take. The difficulty with you is more cultural than emotional. You were raised in a religion based on shame. I am not saying that your form of faith is a bad one, but it teaches you strict rules and a code of conduct I do not agree with. You are taught that to bare flesh is a crime of some sort. A rule that to break it is completely unacceptable outside the marriage bed. It is something I do not understand. We are born into this word free of clothes. As infants, we are free of the bindings of modern society. It is because most peoples see nudity as something dirty and overly sexual. Supernaturals, however, learn from a very early age that there is no shame in being naked."

As he spoke he began to undress, taking his time. First shoes and socks. Then his shirt. As he was wearing no underwear, he stopped at his pants.

"In my time, most children ran around nude in the village. Children were not shunned from the naked body. We bathed together, slept together, and hunted together with little to no clothes on from spring to fall. Clothes were worn either to keep us warm in winter, but often times in the warm seasons, we wore just enough to keep dirt from going into places we did not want it to go. Children slept with parents until they were of age. And it was quite common that sexual congress was shared with or without children in the hut. There was no shame. It was a simple time. Erikiir's people lived in the cold, icy north. During winters in Norway, it often got so cold they had to use a bucket to go to the bathroom in. Men and women alike feared going outdoors to urinate because it was so frigid their parts would turn blue.

"My point is, there is no shame in nudity. Fat, skinny, tall, short; it makes no difference. While man may have created the faith that you partake in, they are not god. And in the eyes of your creator, who made you in his image according to the story, your body holds no sin. It is his creation and so it is a thing of beauty. You will learn this, Sookie, I promise you. I will show you the way."

Finally, he unbuttoned his pants and dropped them to the ground before stepping out of them. Immediately she closed her eyes and turned away.

"No, don't hide your eyes. There is no reason to turn your head away. You will not be scorned for looking at your mate. Please Sookie, trust me to help you overcome this fear. There is no shame here. No priest who stands ready to scorn you for your curious nature. It is only you and me. Now please, look at me and see that there is nothing to be afraid of."
So he stood, waiting patiently for her to turn around and look at him. He would live forever, so what was a few more minutes. He would give her all the time she needed to be comfortable. After all, it was a lesson he was determined to teach her. Even if he had so stand here every night for next century to get her to learn it. He just prayed it would take that long.
Love, If your wings are broken, We can brave through those Emotions too.

Chapter Summary

Sookie bares all in more ways than one.

Chapter Notes

This chapter, while to my liking, is not as long as I would have liked it. That is because once again life has slammed me with two things at once.

First I come with the sad and horrible news that as much as my girlfriend and I love each other, she can't afford to have me in the house anymore. It's too expensive and with no car, it is literally impossible to get a job in the area. The country is no place to live when there is no public transportation of any kind.

Second, my sister in New York was just diagnosed with Cancer and her liver doesn't look good. Everything is uncertain.

So to be honest I am surprised I was able to finish this chapter at all. But I will write when I can as much as I can. I love this story too much to stop. And to be honest, you all seem to love this story too much for me to give it up. But life waits for no one and fate is a cruel mistress.

Finally Sookie swallowed down her nervous embarrassment and turned to look at the naked man before her. At first she kept her eyes to his face, studying his soft expression and hazel gaze with the determination of a priest at Sunday mass. She knew she was handling this childishly. She had taken sex-ed classes just like everyone else at high school and knew the anatomy of a man. Hell, she'd seen Lafayette and Jason naked a number of times when they swam down on the lake near her Gran's house. So she really shouldn't be shy about seeing Godric naked whatsoever.

But it was more than simple nakedness now. How could she explain the feelings of desire she feared to have? Would he really understand that is was her absolute lack of control she was worried about more than anything? She sighed silently and gathered up her frayed nerves before she began looking at the rest of him.

Godric was the picture of youth with all the wisdom of immense age. He carried himself like a man who had seen the whole world and he probably had at this point. Confident, humble, calm, and wizened. But there was also the child-like appearance of a boy who hadn't completely reached the status of any full grown man. A slightly rounded face that hadn't quite lost all it's baby fat and a height that said he'd never had the chance to finish growing attested to the fifteen year old human he once was. The fact that he was a slave for a few years before his turning had given him tight, wiry muscles and a sturdy build to his form. For all his two thousand plus years, there was a lightness to him that was captured in time.
Other details now made their appearance as well. The blue tattoos of his people marked more than his neck and upper arms. Zig zag patterns and several oddly shaped bands took up most of his legs from ankle to hip. Circling around him to chase one particular set of etched patterns, she was surprised to find even his buttocks was delicately covered in the light blue ink.

"Your people must've loved to tattoo their children Godric. You have so many for being only fifteen when you were turned."

Godric chuckled.

"Few boys were marked so much as I was. I was the son of the chief. Born under the month of the God of the river, called Abnoba. The fact that my mother had me in a river only cemented my people's belief that I would one day rise to be a great leader as my father was before me. My markings are of water and prosperity. In fact the red marking on my back are of the water dragon. It was the way of my people and I am glad to carry them, even after so long."

Sookie smiled, though he couldn't see it.

"Well they look pretty on you."

She continued her study of him, her fear and shyness giving way to the child-like curiosity inside. She'd never studied anyone so clearly before. With her telepathy taking over her life when she was a kid, she was glad to stay away from most people. Some of their thoughts were so cruel, so mean and nasty, that she wanted to bury her head in the dirt just to get away from it all.

She walked around to the front of him again and gulped a little harder than she should before she turned her eyes downward to look at the one place she'd been trying to avoid. Without thinking, she blurted out the first thing to pop into her mind.

"Wow. You're bigger than I thought. What did they feed you back in your time?"

Realizing what she said, she slapped her hand over her mouth in shock of herself.

"Oh my god. Forget I said that."

Godric chuckled at the situation and shook his head.

"I promise I am not laughing at you. It is funny to me because Eric said something quite similar after the first bath we had together. He was quite impressed that a fifteen year old would be so 'blessed by Thor' I think were his words. Then again, next to him, any man would feel small. Comparatively, I am nine inches at my fully aroused state where as Eric is a healthy twelve and a half all told. Though he will often say he is thirteen."

Fear returned to Sookie's eyes.

"Twelve...nine...how can anything that big...it's not possible."

Godric rushed to soothe her.

"Do not fear pain, Sookie. Yes, we are larger than the average man. But so too are we more experienced in how to prepare a woman for our size as well. Many would have you believe sex is mainly about intercourse itself. But a true gentleman knows that foreplay must be extensive and well thought out before he enters a woman, especially during her first time. Some vampires would not care. But I taught Eric as a maker should. He wanted to sleep with human women, and I knew his size and strength would be daunting for any human. I taught him control. How to temper his strength
and take his time. Of course, it meant many nights of practicing on each other, so he was quite eager for the lessons."

She nodded and took a deep cleansing breath. He had done his great reveal to her to help her be comfortable with nakedness. Now it was her turn. And she had more to strip than just her clothing.

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After a few more minutes of taking in Godric, Sookie knew she couldn't stall her reveal anymore. Looking at Godric, she gathered up her courage again and held it tight to her heart. She would need it for what she was about to do.

"You've shown me all of you. Now it's my turn to do the same. But it's more than my clothes I have to show you Godric. Training with Morella this last month or so has brought out more changes than simple magic. The more I practiced being fairy, the more I started looking like one. Morella thought it best to hide them from the outside world, to keep away unwanted attention, so I just kept the cloaking spell up. But I was going to show you and Eric eventually so I might as well do it now.

Godric nodded and stepped back.

"Show only what you are comfortable showing. Take all the time you need. I know how difficult it is for you to be bare before anyone."

Sookie nodded back and turned her back to him before she began slowly dropping her dress. As she did a dim glow began to pulse along her body, revealing what she'd kept hidden for weeks now. After her dress came her bra. Shivering behind a much longer curtain of hair that was now down to her knees, she closed her eyes and stripped her underwear from her body. She kept them closed as she turned around, fighting to keep her hands down at her sides. Her body shook as she stood and waited for him to look his fill.

Godric nearly gasped as he took in what could only be a representation of the Norse Goddess Sunna captured on earth.

A cascade of sun-touched silk surrounded the beauty he beheld before him. Though her face appeared to have very little change to it, what features there were were enhanced. Delicate shoulders gave way to slender arms and small hands. Her breasts were slightly more than a handful, but they were perfect for her body shape. Her waist was just right as it melted into flaring hips that held the promise of future child-bearing, if such was ever possible without a miracle. Light, downy fluff covered the front of her vagina, but it was neatly trimmed to some degree so it wouldn't be all over the place as he had seen on some women in his time. Still, he was glad that she'd kept some hair. The clean shaven privates of a woman bothered him, and that was a bit distasteful to him for obvious reasons. Long, graceful sun-kissed legs ended the portrait of his beautiful mate. Godric had only felt so gifted once before when he had first seen Eric dancing swords on the battle field. Not since then did he feel blessed by fate. Their Sookie surpassed that by leaps and bounds. If he didn't know any better, he would have taken a knee in supplication of her. It was a sight to behold.

"You are stunning, Susanna. A gift of the gods, truly. And no, these are not pretty words to placate you. I mean them from the core of the soul you once said I had."

She was about to protest against what he said. But as her eyes slid open and she saw the deep, determined honesty in his eyes, she couldn't say anything. Godric wasn't one for flowery words of praise. If he said something he meant it. Arguing with him felt too much like calling him a liar and that was something she would never do.
He circled her slowly, taking in every detail and nuance of her person. His mind building a map of her body he would never forget. He understood why she needed to cloak this form of herself. Vampires may look enhanced and somewhat supernatural, but they still looked human until their fangs showed. The woman in front of him was otherworldly and almost too alien. It was a thing of beauty that humans would never understand. It would bring into question everything they thought they knew about their world. Zealots would use any excuse to tear down every supernatural they could get their hands on. And while Sookie had shut down the Fellowship of the Sun and its counter parts in America, zealots would always exist. They would always come out of the wood work seeking to destroy anything outside their definition of normal.

For this reason, Godric was glad Morella had the foresight to see the dangers in Sookie revealing her fae attributes. In fact, some of the older vampires would target her. It was safer for them all if she remained hidden from all but Eric and himself. It would likely save her life, no matter how hard she was to kill. After all, one swift slice of a sword was all that was needed to take her from them. It was too dangerous and so, he supported her decision. Which is why he was mapping her so closely now. Sights of her true form, would be few and far between and he wanted to remember this side of her clearly in his mind. It would be the sight he would see in the future whenever she looked his way.

When it appear the looking was over, Sookie stood awkwardly rubbing her arm. She still fought not to cover herself up. As she turned towards the couch, Godric's voice stopped her again.

"Sookie, do you have a scar or something on your back? I don't remember any marks being there when I first met you."

Sookie touched her shoulder and shook her head.

"It's not a scar. It is a very special marking Morella helped me get for both you and Eric. Well more for Eric to be honest. I wouldn't feel right showing it to just you, so could we forget about it for tonight."

Godric nodded in acceptance and sat down on the couch.

"Come and join me."

"What, just like this? Aren't we getting dressed again now that we've seen each other?"

Godric looked up at her.

"Why? What is the point of putting our clothes back on now that we have revealed ourselves to one another? I told you that you have to learn to be comfortable with your nakedness, didn't I? You can hardly do that if you are going to just hide yourself in clothes again."

Sookie grit her teeth.

"I really think it would be best to get dressed again, Godric. Please...just put your clothes back on."

He paused to study her for a moment, looking at her steely stance and tense face. Her jaw was so tight, he feared her teeth would break. Her hands were fisted at her side, her arms were like tree trunks in the ground and blood scented the air from her forceful grip. But it was her legs that held the most stress. Her legs were held together so tightly, he had no idea how one could stand in such a way. This was far beyond shame. This was something else entirely and he was determined to get to the bottom of it.

"No. I will not, and neither will you. If this was fear, I would do it in a human heart beat. If it were simple shame, I would be willing to compromise. But this is neither of those. This is denial at it's
highest level, and one would wonder what could cause such an extreme amount of it. Now will you tell me, or will I simply have to drag it out of you?"

Sookie shook her head frantically.

"I don't want to tell you. Please Godric, don't make me do this."

Godric stood up.

"I have to. Even if I hate the tears I see welling up in your eyes as we speak. I may not have turned you Sookie, but you are part of my bloodline and my heart. You are my daughter, mother, wife, mate. I can't let you do this to yourself anymore and you know it. Hiding will only hurt you more, and that is not something I can accept."

Sookie finally brook. She couldn't do this anymore. She stared at him fiercely, humiliation warring with desperation in her eyes.

"Fine, you want to know so badly? I'll tell you."

She growled as she took a step towards him. Her words were harsh, vulgar, unholy. And for once she didn't care anymore.

"You think it's so fucking easy to simply give in, don't you? You, Eric, and Pam...you say it's natural and I should just accept it as part of my nature. You know nothing about my nature. My Nature want to FUCK YOU like a wild animal! I want to tear into your flesh with my teeth and bathe in your blood. My hands want to tear at your skin just so I can bury myself inside you a little deeper. I want to live inside you just as I want you inside me. I don't want to simply let you love me. I want you to pound into me like a Jackhammer does into concrete. As I tear into you I want you to do the same."

Red tears stream down her face like a river and this time she didn't stop them.

"I am like a starving beast snarling inside a cage. I don't know this part of me. I don't want it. All I think about is blood and violence and sex. I feel it like a screaming wail inside me and it never stops. It's all I see, all I hear and it is slowly breaking me. I don't want to be this way, Godric. Even as I drank your blood I never wanted to stop. I want to consume everything and I don't understand any of it. I don't know who or what I am anymore. And everyday it gets worst. I ache with it and it cripples me to the point of damned madness. And all I want it to make it go away. Please...make it go away."

By now she was on the floor, clutching her knees to her chest as she rocked back and forth.

"I don't want this anymore, Godric. Being a vampire is one thing. Even being a fairy on top of it I can take. But this...this is too big for me."

Godric sighed as he bent down and began to wipe down her face with his discarded shirt.

"I can't make it go away. No vampire, fairy, werewolf, or demon can. It is the primal nature of being Other. The animal spirit which even humans came from. We can not escape it anymore than one can escape their species. The reason it hurts you so is because you deny it. You still think you are human and you can simply shut it off as they can. But you can not. You can not simply wish it away and that is what scares you more than your childhood or your need for blood. It is the darkness inside all of us, and it is the unfortunate core of who and what you are.

"But it doesn't have to be so all-consuming. It would not have hurt you so if you had sought the help of your maker and myself far before now. We can teach you to face this as we had to learn to face it once upon a time. Most supernaturals do during their life time and they learn to balance civility with
the primordial inside them. It is a self-battle many before you have had to face, and many after you will go through. I can help you to learn this and survive it. But I can not...do not have the power to make it vanish. I can do many things as an elder vampire, but this is not one of them, Susanna. I am sorry.”

He took her in his arms and let her cry it out. Just like she had done for him not so long ago. It was the first steps to her acceptance of her own self. As hard as it had been, there was a kind of hope he could see in this breaking down of her emotions. It meant she was ready to learn without her walls.

So he held her through the night and helped her slowly into bed. Tomorrow was another night to tackle the truth. She deserved her rest tonight. She'd done enough.
Dear Readers

I am sorry it is taking so long for me to get back to writing. Let me explain. I have had a "stellar" year this year.

My readers may know some of this, but I guarantee you don't know all of it.

In order now. 2016 went a little like this. First the move from New York to North Carolina three months earlier then I planned. Then My mother died. Then I suffered a 2 month long bout with Broncitis so bad it fractured two ribs. Got over that only for my doctor to take me off of the ritalin I've been on for two years cold turkey. 6 drugs later, they found the one drug that works half way decent for my bi-polar disorder, which for years was diagnosed A.D.H.D. My girlfriend loses her mind and a few months later, her Shrink decides to convince her I am a burden to her mental and physical wellbieng and she should cut me out of her life. Her excuse for this was that she believed I was not independent enough and if she kicked me out, I would learn fast. I ended up in a homeless shelter that was a Christian Mission. They caught me trying to write a chapter for Sookie of a Different breed and threatened to write me up. Three write-ups would be an immediate removal of all my stuff and my person. I was lucky in that they allowed me on the internet for a half hour everyday. Of course that was only between 1 pm and 5 pm....for me and 23 other ladies living there. Then I was forced to quit smoking way before I was ready. Being poor will kill a habit faster then any drug.

Finally after a three month stint in that Joint, I moved in with my long time friend and her son. I worked for her husband up in N.Y. for 12 years and she is a double amputee. A nice woman....who was diagnosed with kidney cancer and has no idea how to take care of herself anymore without losing her shit. I help her four times a day with Dyalisis ( Yes I know that's not how you spell it.). Each treatment takes an hour. She is also a diabetic who LOVES sweets. Remember Tara's line in the first season of true blood. "You can't give V to Jason Stackhouse. That's like givin' Ho-Ho's to a diabetic. You know he can't control himself." Yeah, well, That's Linda. She eats what she wants and expects the insulin pump attached to her body to fix everything. It really doesn't. It's like chasing after a toddler determined to stick their whole body in the fire place because it feels warm.

After that mess..My keyboard died 2 months ago and I just got it back as a Christmas gift. Of course, the minute I have it back, all the ideas I had when I didn't have it just f**king disappear. *sigh*

So in between all this shit I have to figure out how to write. I have sharted 7 chapters between two of my stories. Every time I think I have it, I can't get anywhere with it and it falls short. Also music helps a great deal to inspire 75 percent of what I write, and lately the pickings are kind of slim. I don't have writers block. I have real life block. I need fresh ideas , fresh music and a rejuvenation for my muses...

So once more my readers I call to you. If I'm to continue writing again, I need your help. Where would you like to see my stories go. What is your input. And if anyone says "SEX" Lafayette will come out of my head to bitch slap you so hard your 4xgreat Grandchildren will feel it.

I am humble before you my readers. Humble ...and frightened that I will never get back my spark. Help me to remember why I love to write for you. A writer seldom prostrates herself before her fans...But if I'm to give you more story to read, well, Pride go-eth before the fall. I am not too proud to admit I need help.

Thank you.
Chapter 24

Chapter Summary

A truth is accepted, a choice is made, a bond is started, and an oath is taken.

Chapter Notes

Oh my god I never thought I could get this chapter out of me. It was like trying to give birth only to be stopped half way and told you had to go home and come back another day. I am so sorry for the long long wait. I hope you enjoy this new chapter.

Two weeks passed in intense and strict training as Godric worked to bring Sookie back to health. He allowed no leeway whatsoever as he strived to teach her what it actually meant to truly be a vampire. From how to feed on animals in times of extreme and dangerous starvation to how to feed on humans. Sookie called it Vampire Boot Camp. Like a Drill Instructor, Godric allowed her not one ounce of self pity or self rejection as he showed her how to live with her new nature.

During that time, however, Sookie and Eric weren't allowed any interaction. Godric never told her why, and she knew better then to ask him. After the first couple of days into her training, she understood the meaning of respecting your elders, vampire or human. If Godric said it was important, she had to trust that he knew exactly what he was doing. After all, he certainly hadn't gotten to be slightly over two thousand years by being stupid.

Finally on day sixteen, Sookie woke to hear a new voice in her little underground safe room. Eric had finally been allowed to come visit her. Smiling in excitement as she heard him talking about how Mississippi was doing so far, she rushed through her usual rise ritual. But just before she rushed out like a complete and utter fool, she took a deep breath and gained her center. It was one of the first few lessons Godric taught. The proper meaning of self control. To vampires, correct self control was so important in the first 10 years of their lives. An unruly new born led to an unstable vampire later down the road. And unstable was one thing Sookie Stackhouse planned never to be.

Finally calm enough to walk out, she slowly made her way to Godric and waited silently for him to acknowledge her presence.

Eric was about to hug the fuck out of his mate when Godric's hand rose to stop him. By the look on his Maker's face, he knew what was about to come out of Godric's mouth was not going to be pleasant.

"Erikir, my favored son, it is time for you to understand the severity of your actions toward your progeny. I need both of you to hear this before we move forward tonight. Sadly, none of us will enjoy this conversation."

After ushering both of them to sit down in different chairs, he fixed his hard, determined eyes on his first childe and all but growled out his words.
"Erikir of the Northlands, you have drastically failed in your duties as a Maker. And while your first progeny had turned into a formidable vampire, you weren't entirely successful with training either one of them."

Eric had the urge to argue. Pamela may be lazy and mouthy, but she was loyal to a fault and followed his orders when asked.

Before he could open his mouth to say just that, Godric stopped him with a simple gesture.

"Pamela is fiercely protective of you and herself. This much is true. But she is also incredibly spoiled, overindulgent, ill-tempered and lazy. She does nothing she isn't directly asked to do and she cares more about your credit card than she should. Were it not for her other more loyal actions to our blood line, I might have taken both of your progenies away from you for one hundred years, just to teach you a lesson.

"While having a slave is a horrible way to train any vampire, little to no rules at all is just as bad. In your need to be more of a protective, generous maker, you've forgotten what a danger it is to not take your maker responsibilities seriously. This can't be allowed to continue."

Godric sighed as he rubbed the bridge of his nose and tried to focus his own chaotic mind. Than he pointed at Sookie, ready to drive his point home.

"This child queen, your progeny, was starving. When I found her she had nearly starved to death. Now given both of your dual rulerships, I can understand nights spent away from each other. But this was not just nights. This began the month before Sookie even became queen. You had the privilege of calling her your progeny. You even had the right to choose her. This is nearly unheard of. For a vampire sired by one to be chosen and re-blooded by another? It is a rare gift. You are her father, son, mate and brother. And yet you have the audacity to treat that sacred title like something to be looked at from a distance and ignored otherwise.

"She didn't know how to hunt. She didn't know how to glamour. She wasn't even taught that she could have a vampire gift. She had to learn to fly herself. It is amazing she has survived so long with so little guidance. Erikir, I don't know how you did it, but...."

He glared at his first progeny angrily, letting his eyes and fangs speak for him rather than to yell.

"...you've succeeded in teaching her almost nothing at all! Then you would ask why she won't touch you or accept the very nature of what it means to be vampire. Her own nature shakes her to her core. The creature that she is frightens her. And why? Because you never showed her not to be frightened in the first place. How can you profess to love her and then fail her so?

"It's no wonder she is terrified of her sexual urges. No one was there to explain to her the absolute fundementals of becoming Vampire in the first place. We've all been so busy telling her to give in. But I never thought the reason she didn't was because the man who calls himself her Maker never explain the animal nature now rooted inside her blood. You've failed her, my son. You failed her so deeply, I wonder if I should force you to release her to me instead. It should be your penalty and punishment for what you've done to her."

Godric sighed in resignation.

"Fortunately for you, this option is an impossibility. It would likely hurt her more than it would hurt you. So it left me with a dilemma. You can't be allowed to continue in this way with her. The damage you are doing by being too lenient almost caused her complete starvation. She may be a leader of her state, but she is also a newborn and in total confusion. So I've decided on a different
"I am going to take you back under my wings, Erikir. You will be my progeny fully once more. I never thought you would need me again in this way, but it is clear you've forgotten too much of your lessons. You've forgotten the most basic teachings of what it means to be a maker. This is a failing on both our parts. It's been too long since I've brought you down from your pedestal. In so doing, I too have become lenient and that simply won't do. So this is my judgement and you will abide by it. The only question I must ask is can you trust me with this most monumental task of helping you both? Can you trust me as you once did so long ago?"

Eric's face was solemn as he looked at Godric.

"I've always trusted you, Godric. I just...I don't understand how I've misjudged this situation so badly. Except for the feeding problem, she seemed to flourish and thrive without my maker commands."

Sookie looked between the two silent men and shook her head.

"Can I say something?"

Godric nodded. He might have been too severe in his training of obeying elders. He would have to correct that oversight soon.

Sookie cleared her voice and spoke.

"Eric, I know you love my independence. But you're wrong. I wasn't flourishing. Being Queen isn't any different than serving rednecks in a bar. No matter what you do, you're servin' someone. I've been doing that for years now. It's easy. But this whole vampire thing is not the same thing. I don't understand anything going on inside this new body of mine. I don't get half of the new needs I have now. Morella trained me in the fairy stuff and I'm finally getting somewhere with that. But this...I just don't...I can't..."

Godric put a hand to her shoulder.

"Easy child. Explain it to him the best you can. No matter how harsh it may be. Be honest with him. He will understand."

Sookie gulped, her blue green eyes almost violet as the vampire in her came to the surface more.

"I want to rip the whole world apart just to watch it bleed. I feel violent and merciless. I'm so dang angry sometimes I punch holes in my office walls just to feel better. If I'm not angry I'm horny. And this isn't just...I feel like if I don't have s...relations I'm just gonna shrivel up and die. I want to bite and drink and fuck until the world ends and the sun dies.

"My body no longer belong to me anymore. I ache all the time. My mind speeds and my skin burns and my heart is trapped in blazing ice. I feel like I am being pulled apart and put back together again."

She looked at him with a desperate plea in her eyes.

"I've always been able to take care of myself. But I don't know anything about this and it feels like it's killing me slowly. It screams at me all the time. I can't stop it. I need your help with this Eric. I tried it on my own and nearly starved to death. I don't want to be a servant or a slave and I'll never call you master. But if you commanding me as a maker is supposed to is the only way to learn how to cope with this...beast inside me, then I will humble myself and get over it. Pride doesn't feed the
hungry and it won't help me with this. Be the maker you promised me you were when you first saw me. Please...help me."

Eric sighed before meeting her eyes.

"Alright, but neither one of us is going to like the things I will have to make you do. First lesson..."

He cut his wrist deeply, and willed it to stay open. At his age it took very little focus anymore.

"...Blood is key to our survival. You know this. You've been told the price you have to pay for not drinking it. But you're unlike any vampire I've met before. You back up in fear of blood. Even Godric has told me of how you feed from him like a minnow trying to feed from the teeth of a shark. What I do not understand is the why."

Like his words stated, she backed up in absolute fear.

But where Eric would give in to the look on her face, Godric would have none of it. Taking her arm with a stern gentleness, he forced her to stand still and face her demons.

Eric for his part remained silent. His maker was a teacher at heart. Even when it was a lesson you never wanted to learn. Best to let Godric handle this in his own way. Eric knew he himself was far too lustful and hot-headed to teach his progeny anything at the moment. So instead he listened carefully. This may be important down the road.

"Look at him. Why do you fear? He is just one man. Yes, he is your Maker, this is true. If he wanted he could make you heel. But we all know he wouldn't risk your hatred of him just to prove a point. So why do you fear him? What does he represent that you can not accept in yourself?"

Sookie blinked away blood tears in her eyes as she spoke.

"I never want to lose control. To become something wild and cruel. A part of me wants to kill him. Drink him down until there's nothing left. It's a darkness in me. Everything in me aches to crawl inside him and never come out."

Both men began to notice differences in her while she spoke. Rather than snapping down, her fangs slid down slowly and became slightly longer then the norm for fangs. There was an almost violet glow surrounding her person as the fae in her blood rose higher. But it was her eyes. The normally startling blue-grey pupils in her eyes turned blood red.

Godric held her firm.

"You are his mate. The violence you feel is because you've waited too long to complete even the first part of a true bond with him."

Sookie shuttered and shook her head.

"Please Godric....no more of this. I feel like a crack addict going through withdrawals. Don't do this."

Godric closed his eyes at the pain in her voice. But regardless of the father in him that understood that agony, he had to be Teacher now. And that meant keeping to his course. He ushered Eric closer.

"Don't you understand, Sookie. You must be saved from yourself. I have no choice now. If this is the only way to guarantee your survival, than so be it."
By now Sookie was panting as Eric's scent invaded her senses after nearly a month of not being near him. She tried to back up with every step he took forward, but Godric's grip held her firm. She couldn't escape it. There was no longer a place to run. As she lost all sense of thought, her normally air tight control on her fae magic slipped and her true form showed. Eric paused in utter shock at the Goddess that stood before him.

A very beautiful, very ethereal, very hungry Goddess who now spoke to him in lustful, painful whispers.

"Eric...please just..."

Finally he spoke, tired of being silent.

"Please just what, beloved? Please just touch you? Please just bite you? Or perhaps it's 'please just' leave you here to die all for your precious, stubborn fear and control? I have given you anything you asked for. I've given you your independence, unheard of for a vampire under a year old. I've given you time to adjust. I've given you the assurance to help run your kingdom when you can not. I've sought out family, yours and mine, to help you cope with your dual nature and your insecurity."

He walked the last foot to her and held her head next to his own as he whispered in her ear with a smooth harshness.

"I would bend the laws of nature and bring down the moon, if you asked it of me. I never wanted to be just your Maker. I never wanted to have to force my will on you as almost every other Maker must do on their progeny. I knew how fierce you are about handling things on your own. And you appeared to be doing well. In all areas except one. Your own survival. So what is it, Sookie? What can I please just give you that I haven't already?"

A red tear escaped down his face; a very rare show of emotion.

"What else is there to make you understand how precious you are to me. What more can I do that won't cost me every ounce of your love? Tell me what I'm suppose to do to make you want to live again. Because I can't bare the thought of losing you. I just found you. So I will fight you, force you, command you, if I must."

He pulled back a little to stare at her still-red eyes.

"I have a request. 'Please just' don't make that the way between us. Please do what you need to do and stop fighting with the world and with yourself. Accept your nature and be at peace. Let me be the one to worry about your control. That's what a Maker does. I will take the burden until you can learn. But no more of this starvation Sookie. No more."

His face became hard and determined.

"Do what you have to...or I will make you. Once again, 'please just' make the right choice."

He tilted his head to give her access and waited on baited breath for Sookie's decision.

Sookie shook as she stared into his eyes. Then the fight went out of her. She couldn't stand the pain on his face. However this night ended, it wouldn't be with words. The time for lectures was over. So she wouldn't bother to waste breath she didn't need. Only one thing needed to be said now. She spoke the words Godric had had her practice many times over the last two weeks.

"On this most sacred night I, Susanna Rose Stackhouse of the house Brigant, give my pledge. I am no longer belonging to myself alone. For after this moment, I become one part of a whole. As we are
one in spirit, so now we will be one in blood. Will you, King Erikir of the Northern Lands, accept my promise and my oath?"

Eric bowed his head once.

"I, King Erikir of the Northern lands, progeny of Gallus 'Godric' Vetorix, Chieftain of the Gauls, accept your pledge. On this day, may the Clans of Unun and Brigant be united in our blood oath. Step forward now and seal this most holy of bonds."

Sookie gulped one last time. Her big reveal would come later. She was hungry and the night was still young. Swallowing down the last of her pride, she let the beast free and leapt at her mate. Biting gently and deeply, she let go and took what she needed.

Her Gran once said you should get busy living before you get busy dying. Even in eternal life there were few second chances. Sookie was far too busy with life to die.
Chapter 25

Dear Readers,

I know how annoying Author Notes can be, so I am going to make this as brief as possible. That being said it'll be a long note no matter which way I write it.

First, it's with a heavy heart that I'll admit I'm a bit stuck. I have all the ideas for many of my stories, but they're like a jumbled mass of puzzle pieces from 5 different puzzles. What I need most right now is a beta (or betas to be exact). Not just to help with spelling, grammar and sentence structure, but also to bounce ideas off of. Someone (or someones) that have in depth knowledge of the genres I've chosen so that I can make some sense of the massive puzzle mess I find myself in. I need a person (or people) who can help me order my thoughts out. I have some brilliant ideas, and I know where I want to take my stories, but sadly right now I can't get those ideas in any order. I'm simply too close to the trees to see the whole forest. I need someone whose eyes and head aren't clouded by the six or seven fandoms I've chosen to write about. Let me put it this way.

1: Tears of a Tattered hero: This story was a labor of love, but it needs a severe and major overhaul. The spelling and grammar is a nightmare in some chapters and plot points were often rushed. I need someone well versed in Harry Potter to work out where I should go and to help me clean up that mess.

2: Sookie of a Different Breed: I have snippets of ideas but sadly no clear order to put them in. I need someone who can help me work out how to put those snippets into some sort of order that makes a smooth plot. If it all got written now, it would look like writer's soup.

3: A Divine Reaction: This story had such a promising beginning, but I got terrible writers block when I began writing it. I need a solid person who knows their teen wolf lore well enough to give me a bit of direction. I have many little plots worked out, but put together they make no sense.

4: Walk a Lifetime in my shoes: I am geared for a sequel, but with a war coming, I stuck myself in a hole. Writing sex scenes between two/three men is hard enough. Writing a battle scene this complicated takes an educated brain...I am not versed in warfare too well. I need help.

5: Redemption of The Lost Savior: I have half a new chapter written, but again I got a bit stuck. I just need someone to talk to so I can work out how to proceed, as I have some heavy stuff about to come up and some character development I want to get through.

Quite separately from my need for one or more betas I need a sort of music consultant. See, music is almost 75% of the process in helping to inspire me to write. When the music dies, I stop writing. And right now the music I like has become a bit overused and isn't working anymore. I have a bit of an eclectic taste when it comes to music and I just need someone to throw ideas off of and work out some new song stock.

Please, my readers, spread the word. This is not an easy think I ask. I need some desperate help. If you are interested, EMAIL ME!! I put that in caps because I really don't want something this personal in the comment section. My e-mail Address is Areanna_Whitewolf@yahoo.com. I await your words and hope there are some kind people out there willing to help me.

Sincerely Areanna Whitewolf (OR Ann B.)
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!