**Aumelan**

**Blessed of the Gods**

Media kit



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**Tag line:** The unbelievable just hit Sun City. His name is Chad.

**Blurb:**

Chad Aumelan is in love, but his world isn't right. Not when he's forbidden to have Dae just because she's his slave.

When Salana Goffin meets Chad, she's faced with the unbelievable: A man who must take energy from a host to survive. He wants to find a cure to free the woman he loves. How can Salana turn away such a noble cause?

Together, they search for answers, but fate has another plan.

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**What they’re saying:**

“Aumelan is much more than a love story. Ms. Wilson has crafted a masterpiece in which she closely examines the human condition: How far will we go as a society to survive? How far will we go as individuals for compassion? The literary genius is covertly wrapped in a delicious genre romance where readers are submerged in the lives of her characters and the fantastic sci-fi backdrop of their imperfect world. Make no mistake, Aumelan may easily become a classic to transcend time. A definite recommended read!” – *J.D. Brown, author of Dark Heirloom series*.

**Excerpts include the first chapters of Blessed of the Gods.**

**Excerpt #1**

Black clouds morphed across the sky, and Salana pressed her forehead against the third-floor sunroom window. Her hair framed the sides of her face, blocking the view of her indoor garden.

*Another storm.*

She blinked at the distant trees. Silhouetted by the glow of the city, branches swung as if throwing punches at the wind in a wild frenzy.

*And another reason for Mother and Father not to show.*

Her breath misted the glass as her whisper fell from her lips. “Then again, when do they ever show?” *Flight delays, meetings, vacations… One thing I* can *count on is their absence.*

A thick bolt of lightning pierced the heavens and cut the black sky in half. She blinked several times to disperse the bright image and looked three stories below to the dark grounds. Rain pounded the backyard terrace like silver streams as they reflected the light from the glass sliding doors of the morning room. She could hardly make out the ivory lounges and tables that pocked the area.

Thunder clashed, and the arboretum quaked around her. Placing her finger at the center of the misted glass, she traced a straight line downward until her hand fell to her side. With a sigh, she turned her back on the scene and scanned her garden nook.

Black iron trellises stretched around her favorite trio of garden chairs and hourglass stands. The cozy loveseat seemed to invite her to curl up in its overstuffed lap to pout.

She strolled to the flowers and stroked a yellow bud. “But you’ve always been here, haven’t you?” Plucking the perfect bloom, she sighed and then tucked it behind her ear.

Tip-taps sounded from beyond the nook, and her nanny’s blue quarter-moon eyes peeked around the trellis. Her singsong voice danced off the tip of her tongue. “There you are, Ducky.”

Despite Salana’s gloom, the sweet words warmed her heart. An involuntary twitch tugged the corner of her mouth into a lopsided grin. *No matter they never show. Nina’s always here. Always.* “There I am.”

 “I knew I’d find you among the flowers.” Nina’s hair brushed the shoulder of her paisley-print blouse as she dipped her head to the side. “You know you shouldn’t be up here in such a storm. The news circuits say it’s taking down trees all along the coast. Sun City’s going to get a good pounding.”

Her melodic tone played alongside the heavy rhythm of rain on the solarium roof. “The weather this summer has been so odd. I must say, I don’t think I’ve ever seen so many storms since the flood when you were a little girl.” She sighed. “Needless to say, your mother and father’s flight was canceled. They decided to just stay in North Arba and leave for Crescent Steeple from there. Those caves make for good protection against weather like this. Always wondered what people saw in living beneath the rock, but there you have it. One good reason, anyway.”

“From what I understand, there are a lot more down there than those who live in that bordering city.”

“An odd lot, those deep dwellers, even more odd than the Arbans. But the Arbans did negotiate a treaty of sorts with the Terracians, so...” Nina blinked and upped her fair brows as her voice trailed from the topic. “Well, at any count, you’ll have to stand in for them at the embassy’s quatercentenary celebration this weekend.”

Salana nodded. *Nothing new.*

“I’ll lay out a nice ceremonial outfit. I assume you won’t be wearing the Terracian medallion for this one. Senator Kelborn and all the opposition leaders will be there, you know.” She glanced to the side. “Your father had doubts they’d show, considering all the territories were invited. Good thing the Terracians turned down the invite after all. But, you won’t want to stir things up…”

Salana held up her hand to get a word in—a gesture she’d found the most effective when talking with Nina. “I’m wearing the medallion. I’ve worn it to every official gathering I’ve ever attended.”

“Oh, but, Ducky. In this case, you could be shunned for taking that kind of stand. You’re not a child. You’ll be nineteen, come winter, and that’s well into accountability age. It won’t be overlooked.”

Folding her arms, Salana cocked her hip to the side, allowing her long hair to brush her backside. “If Mother were to be there, she’d be the one taking the stand simply by being who she is. She’d be shunned, but would stand tall.”

“It would be a simple shunning. Not that any shunning is seen as simple, really, but she has no choice of who she is.”

Salana filled her lungs with the floral-scented air to control her response. “Nina, I’m Terracian, too.”

She paused as the fact sent warmth to her cheeks. When had she taken that as truth? It had been a shock when her parents shared that bit of information after her ninth birthday. Her heart swelled and she fingered the neckline of her sweater where the three interconnected circles of her medallion would rest. Such a special moment it had been when her mother adorned her with the medallion of womanhood in pure Terrace Well tradition.

*That’s when I took it as truth.*

“You were born Sun Nation. Just like your father. You have a choice in what you decide to represent.”

With a deliberate blink, Salana allowed her tone to make it clear the conversation ended. “I’m wearing my medallion.”

Nina’s thin lips bent into a sweet smile. Her slow tip-taps crossed the sitting area, and she lifted her hand, combing the strands from Salana’s face. “Of course you are. I’ll weave your hair early that morning so it won’t appear too tight by the celebration. The gold clips to hold your Daughter of the Nation brow band in place?”

“Sure.”

Lightning streaked above the glass ceiling, and a web of strobes flashed across the sky. Thunder clashed, shaking palms and ivory around them. Familiar loneliness woke in Salana’s heart with a start.

 *They won’t be showing…again.*

“Then let’s get you down to your room. You need to get a good night’s sleep, and my heart needs to know you won’t stay up here in all of this.”

With a nod, Salana followed her through the aisles of blooms. Twangs of isolation accompanied her, but the small hope of another visitor kept them at bay.

As Nina reached to turn off the light, she glanced over her shoulder. “Oh, and Thomey called just before I came up. He won’t be making it tonight. All that work at the lab, you know.”

Salana lowered her gaze with a silent sigh, hope crushed.

*Of course he won’t.*

**Excerpt #2**

The tunnel incline steepened, and Chad adjusted his pack to accommodate the climb. Narrow tracks scarred the smooth rock in the floor from centuries of trade wagon commute, this being the direct route to the outlying farming caverns. He veered from the byway to avoid the chance of a stumble and then glanced at the band of crystalline in the trail’s high arch. Their faint glow confirmed the lighting services of the capital city were coming to an end.

Illumination from his crystal-lit torch brightened as he lowered the lever on the handle and the large quartz rose from the braided rod to fill the cap. White beams poured over the sediment, bleaching it the color of bones, and shadows hugging the furrows in the walls thinned, leaving the appearance of sloppy patchwork.

He looked behind him, past Dae, to see the catacomb. The main passage served his people since they settled below the planet’s crust and stretched farther than he could see. How many times had he and Dae walked this road?

*Too many to count.*

Dae blocked his view as she sidestepped.

Bypassing a crevice in the ground, he turned to see her better. Her knees tapped at her skirt, causing the hem to brush her shins as she walked. He cocked a grin as he recalled his decision concerning her attire. While he had allowed the brown smock-like dress as long as she wore the thick leggings, he had insisted she wear the hiking boots—no matter how much it set the other Keepers at odds with him. The servants’ thin slippers, while justifiable within the walls of their cavern homes, would never serve well on their excursions. Scrunches and clumping accompanied each step of her heavy footwear. The hefty boots broke her simplistic style, being the only clothing she hadn’t handmade.

He lifted his brow. Somehow, the montage looked charming on her. Long brown hair brushed at her arms as she bowed her head and watched her steps along the trail. Her mouth moved with silent words, her lower lip dipped into a natural pout. Shadow overtook half her heart-shaped face, and her hand twitched at the same time she raised her brows.

*Reciting instructions again, Dae?* He grinned, knowing her habit. Since their youth, she’d recited, memorized every command given to her, even the rules to the games they played as children. He had tried hard to lose, just to see the excitement in her eyes when she won. If only he’d known his father called for her penitence when she bested him—he would never have lost.

But she wasn’t the same girl.

Slowing his pace, he allowed her the chance to walk beside him. She shuffled to a stop, and her brown eyes peered at him with a hint of question. He gazed into them, hoping she would ignore the rules of their placement and hold his gaze. She flushed and looked away.

He pressed his lips into an understanding smile. It wasn’t a fair act on his part, he knew, but the nerves danced in his stomach. It would only take a word, or with his telepathic ability, a directed thought, and she’d be as close as he wanted.

*But would it be what she wants too, or a response to my command?*

If only her eyes glimmered with the iridescent sheen his did. If only pride held her posture erect with sureness in each step. If only she held the blood of his people.

With a tempered sigh, he scrubbed at the back of his neck and stepped into a turn. His short hair stood on end and itched at his scalp as they gradually broke from the sweaty hold. He swiped at it again, plastering it to his head, and then wiped his hand down his gray vest. Traces of mud clung to the pockets. *Black muck and blond hair. Nice, Chad*.

He wrinkled his nose with a grimace and peeked over his shoulder to see if Dae had noticed. Evidently not. Her gaze followed the ground. Relief eased his worry, but why bother? A master shouldn’t seek his servant’s approval anyway, right?

Twin columns stood at the center of the forked byway, in stark contrast to the rouged environment, and marked the end of the capital city’s services. Chad veered left before they reached the pillars. Dipping into a narrow tunnel, he dimmed his torch to accommodate the smaller space.

*Are her people really so different than mine?* The answer came with a resounding yes. *Okay,* he reasoned, *mine can’t produce sustaining vitality and hers can. But beyond that…*

Hefting himself up a boulder, he sat on top and swung his long legs over. He jumped down, gravel crunching beneath his feet as he landed. Dae followed suit.

*We were separate nations above. My ancestors survived on the surface fine before they came below, didn’t they? How is it the Chamber people kept the gift of vitality without the sun but the Tsosey didn’t?*

He swayed into a half turn to look at Dae but caught only a glimpse as his pack hit the sidewall. Leveling his load, he continued his stride. *Maybe we’re not true children of the sun, but the Chambers are…like those above are now. Why else would the sun grant them energy to sustain their lives…and ours?* Warmth spread within his chest. *Dae, a Child of the Sun.*

He shook his thoughts into logic. *That just can’t be.* *What* did *happen to the Tsosey?* No explanation came to mind as he filtered through the memory of his studies.

A giggle chimed from behind him, and he faced Dae. She quickly cupped her hand over her midriff and then slowly closed it into a fist. Holding it out, she unfurled her fingers. A cave cricket sprung into the air, and Chad ducked to keep it from landing in his hair. He barely suppressed the smile tugging at his lips.

She shared his love of excursions through the Hollow Hand—of that, he was sure. Hiding his grin, he resumed his walk and repeated the reasons in his mind he would never know if she cared for him as he did for her.

*Difference. Placement. Laws.*

*Keeper and server.* *It will have to be enough.* His thoughts paused as he attempted to put the subject out of his mind.

Light reached deep into the pass and highlighted the jutted walls like vertical horizons. Water trickled, its faint echo playing alongside their scuffled steps. The mundane view and monotonous pace left too much room for his mind to wander.

His thumb thumped his thigh as agitation bubbled in his gut. *But…hearts are the same. Desires are the same.*

With each footfall, his heart beat out possibilities. Would she want him if it were allowed? If the only thing separating them was the empty space between them? Images of holding her warmed his blood, and he took a breath to relish the sensation further. His palm tingled.

No worry of a master’s rebuke would exist; no walls of status would stand in the way. She’d meet his gaze without hesitation—and hold it. Her cheek would lean into his palm as he brushed back her dark hair. Those pouty lips would welcome his in a soft kiss. Her body would melt into his, arms around him, and…

Sparks flashed in Chad’s head as it rammed into solid rock. He rolled back on his heel and then landed a firm foot behind him to brace his stand. Scrubbing at his brow, he opened his eyes to the jagged ledge he’d blindly walked into.

Reality rushed back to him, and he looked at his servant in time to see her gaze dart downward.

Despite his embarrassment, the corners of his lips curled. He tilted his head to peer at her. She couldn’t hide the sparkle in her eyes behind those wispy lashes no matter how much she might try. His voice held a touch of mirth. “You may say it.”

Wide chocolate eyes looked at him. Her head jerked to the side as if she caught her show of refusal mid-shake.

He upped his scratched brow. “Dae, speak truthfully to me.”

She bit into a timid comment. “I can walk through there easily, but I am five feet five inches tall. You are six feet three inches tall. That is too tall to fit through there without bending over.”

He tempered a chuckle and it blew past his nostrils. “Yes.” Running his hand along the amber-and-toffee-colored formations, he mumbled to dispel the lingering humiliation, “I forgot this passage jutted down like this.”

Pulling his map from his vest pocket, he cleared his throat and smoothed the paper against the wall. Light from Dae’s crystal joined his to pour over the drawings as she held it closer. He jotted a note. *Low cave bacon*. Stashing the map, he dipped into the short pass. “I really can’t help myself. My mind was elsewhere.”

A thick halo surrounded the light from his crystal torch as a fine mist enveloped them. Water gurgled from the side of the narrow trail and seeped into the cracks at their feet. Chad inhaled the mineral-scented air and flexed his fingers. He peered down the tunnel and listened carefully. Either the slight swirl of the mist played with his mind, or a low howl sounded in the distance. *This wasn’t here the last time, was it?*

“Do you recall falls along this path, Dae?”

Her words came out slow as her gaze traveled the haze. “We have traveled it only once. But, no. I do not recall this.”

*Confident and steady, be the anchor for your keep.* The lesson he learned as a child flashed in his mind, and every instinct lined him up to do just that. But, if his years with Dae had taught him anything, it was she who anchored him when it came to placement. He nodded and continued the trek as if the abnormalities didn’t worry him.

“Styne has wanted to accompany me to the World of the Sun for years,” he said, careful to keep his tone light. “His parents couldn’t have given him a better coronation gift. Uncle Tyro will be sorry he missed it.”

“You described it to them perfectly. It does have endless horizons and the scents of a billion creations.”

“How else could I describe it? That cave above the sea is my greatest discovery yet.” He threw a cheery gaze over his shoulder. “How many of our people get the opportunity to witness such things? They’re going to remember this outing for the rest of their lives.”

**Excerpt #3**

Styne’s thrill of adventure diminished as a howl reached into the narrow vein of the cave. He lifted his crystal-lit torch as if it would hush the mourning sound, but the light seemed to pulse with each beat of his heart. Gathering his nerve, he inched down the steep trail. Pebbles rolled beneath his feet, and he grasped at the granite wall to secure his balance.

A clash echoed through the catacomb, and he angled the beam down, squinting his eyes to see the bottom of the tunnel better. Water rose and then ebbed at the threshold, a tall stalagmite breaking the flow. His stomach knotted. *No wonder the Chambers haven’t come to serve us yet.* *They must be scared to death.*

Trotting down the pitch, he rode the gravel giving way to his quick pace. As he entered the hollow’s belly, waves crashed against the bluff. Bolts of light flashed beyond thick sheets of water like strobes. The fallout pounded onto the landing. Waves swept along the cave’s tongue and filled the gullies in a rush. Mats and crystals swirled with loose rock as the flow carried away the remnants from their earlier gathering.

He inched into the wide dome, gaze glued on the panoramic view. Awe locked logical thought as he scanned the vast World Above. Confusion passed his lips in a low mumble. “Chad said there would be stars, a moon…” *It’s the real reason I agreed to come back down here and get the Chambers!*

His steps slipped on the slick rock as he approached the open stage. He reached for the wet boulder at his side and braced his stand, digging his boot into the crevice at its base. Lifting his torch beyond the ledge of the ceiling, he drew it across the upper scope. The illumination from the crystal did nothing to penetrate the ominous cover. “What…what is this?”

Light shot across the horizon, and then a web of silent flares netted the expanse, highlighting the battle among the crests of the black sea. The sky turned musty gray as thick vapors morphed into engorged billows. Shock quaked his stomach as he tried to make sense of it all.

The heavens clashed, shaking the world around him. His heart jumped to his throat, and his arms flew over his head. A salty scent assaulted his nasal cavity as water clashed against the mountain. Thick sheets sprayed skyward and pelted him with heavy falls. He threw his hands out at his sides to keep balanced and then swiped his palm down his face.

The sky flashed white. Blinded, Styne shot his gaze toward the back of the cave, to the safety of the World Beneath the Rock. Fear held him rooted.

From the far left corner, a small light bobbed within the blob of white branded in his retinas. He scrubbed his eyes with the heels of his thumbs to clear his vision and then squinted in the same direction. Stafford waded through the waist-high current, his torch casting light across his pale face. The servant’s voice reached Styne in spasms. “Master Styne! They…taken! I tried… Great waters!”

Styne stepped toward him, an urgent command to halt on his tongue. His footing slipped. “Stafford, don’t… ”

Reaching the open cave, and free of the water, Stafford’s feet hit gravel. His long legs launched into a sprint. “Master Styne! They are gone!”

“Wait! It’s… ” Styne threw his hands out for balance and struggled to gain composure. “Don’t… ” Desperate to warn Stafford of the slick surface, his demand roared from deep in his chest. “*Stop*!”

Stafford jarred to a halt, his last stride slapping against the landing. His feet flew from under him, and his crystal torch clattered on the ground. The light flashed in his frantic eyes as he skidded past Styne, his master, his Keeper…the one entrusted to guide and keep him safe. Clawing at the wet surface, he disappeared over the ledge of the cliff.

The sky rumbled.

Styne’s mind reeled. A gasp punched from his lungs. Words wouldn’t form. “St… ”

He blinked and scrubbed his eyes with his palms. Another wave clashed into the bluff, and as it rose before the cave, a hungry howl moaned throughout the hollow.

Scrambling back into the depths, Styne swung himself past the stalagmite to the steep tunnel. Wild shadows danced around him as his torch revealed every frantic lunge up the rocky pitch. Flashes of the wild World Above swirled in his mind.

He fell against a boulder and squeezed his lids shut, heart pounding. Choppy breaths punched from his cheeks. His arms and legs shook, and he bunched his shirt with his fist to control the quakes in his stomach.

How could such a change take place in the short time they’d been in the upper chamber of the cave? The evening had been pure beauty, pink and orange ribbons trying to trap the sun as it descended beyond the horizon. Soft waves had lulled them as they sat around the crystal fire.

Shaking his head, Styne willed himself to master his actions. He filled his lungs with the familiar scent of sediment and focused on the safety around him. *Fortification. Security. Control.*

He opened his eyes to the reliable environment of the World Below. Silence rested on him. Soft light flowed from the crystal torch, illuminating the climb to his family camp. Lifting his chin, he set his resolve to maintain a dignified demeanor and reached to heave himself up the rocks. A cluster of crickets sprang from the ledge.

Shock rushed his edged nerves, and he threw his hand to the side. Stafford’s panicked face crossed his inner eye. Tremors returned. Sliding down the rough wall to the ground, he allowed the juts to graze his shoulder.

How could he not show strength during chaos for his server’s sake? *He was frightened and I couldn’t warn him*. *What Keeper shows such weakness?* He pressed his fists to his head and knotted his fingers in his hair. Irritation boiled in his gut as shame riddled his heart. *Temper this! You’re not a child.*

Clutching a fistful of gravel, he cast it at the wall to expel the guilt of his failure. What would his family think? *They can’t see me like this. Not now. I’m to be a Father of the Nation.* He shoved himself to a stand and then strode into the pass. *I’ve got to gain control before I stand before Father.*

**Excerpt #4**

A deep groan filled the cavern, followed by a series of loud cracks. Chad climbed onto the wide ledge and then swiveled to look down at Dae on the edge of a thick slab jutting out over the ravine at an angle. His backpack toppled to the side as he set his torch down and angled it to shine over the twelve-foot drop. The climb wouldn’t be so bad if the stream they had crossed a month ago hadn’t grown into a manic river.

The rapids raced along the gorge in angry fluxes, shadows collapsing, reforming. Spray flew upward as the tides rammed into boulders. The dank scent coated his airways with an iron tang.

*Where did all the water* come *from?*

Chad tossed the rope to Dae. She reached to grab it, but her boots slipped on the slick rock and the line fell. It tripped and tugged along the wild current. His breath hitched as her arms flew wide, and she buckled to regain her balance.

He quickly reeled the rope in to try again. “Don’t lean so far over. I’ll throw it harder.”

She nodded and swiped the wet hair from her face.

Thick splashes hammered into the channel to Chad’s right, and he glanced at the wall at the head of the ravine. The light from his torch highlighted the falls as they surged from the fissure near the low ceiling. A series of deafening pops echoed through the canyon, and as if the mouth of the stream was made of crusty dirt, it crumbled. A large fracture traveled up the length of the partition.

*Fates!*

He flung the rope to Dae again, and she snatched it from the air. “Don’t try to climb! Tie it around your waist. I’ll pull you up.”

Her hands fumbled the rope into a knot and then she gripped the line. “Okay, I am ready.”

As he wedged his boots for a firm hold, water spewed from the fissure and blasted rock through the canyon. Dae’s scream rode the roar of water as it swept her from the thick slab. The rope snapped tight, and air punched from Chad’s lungs as he clung on with everything he had. He threw a glance at the hooks wedged between two stalagmites and hoped by all that was good they’d hold. He cursed himself for not securing the line more fully before he’d tossed it to Dae. But something had told him to act fast and get her up there.

He tugged on Dae’s rope and quickly wound it around his arm, inching her closer. “Dae?”

No answer rose from the din.

He pulled harder, leaning into sidesteps for more leverage. “*Dae*!”

Her hand rose from the currents, and she rolled, coughing.

“Unclip your pack!”

She craned her neck and bit at the clip on her shoulder strap. The large canvas bag whisked away, and the weight on the line lessened. He quickly tugged again, and Dae reached up the tether. Three more hauls and then Chad dropped to his knees to reach for her.

She clung to the leash, shoulders above the water’s crest, as her gasps parted the sheet of hair over her face.

“Dae, give me your hand.”

She looked up, her lips pinched together as she peered at his hand through drenched locks. “I cannot touch you. You are my Keeper.”

*She’s worried about* that *right now?* He tempered a growl at the idiotic placement decrees imposed on their peoples. “I’m well aware of the appropriate actions of a server. Will you disobey a direct command? Dae, give me your hand!”

She inched up the rope. He dropped to his belly, grasped her wrist, and then dragged her along the rough ravine wall and out of the water. As soon as she came within better reach, he hooked his finger through the shoulder weaves on her tunic. Hefting her over the ledge, he thanked the Fates she’d made her clothes with such care to durability.

Containers attached to her belt clanked against the rock ledge as Dae rolled onto her back. Chad joined her, draping a forearm over his brow. His ribcage jumped with each hard thump of his heart. Had it been hammering like that the whole time? He heaved a breath and then rolled his head to look at her.

Shadows hid most of her heart-shaped face, but the torch cast a slight glow along her profile. He traced it with his gaze. Her chin trembled, and her chest rose and fell in a jittery rhythm. But she was safe—safe and lying three feet from him.

He blew a long stream of air through his pursed lips.

*Fates, what if I had lost her?*

Quivers spider-walked along his arms, and he dragged his hands down his face to regain composure. The last thing Dae needed right now was to have her Keeper show weakness.

She brushed her long hair back and then let her arms drop. Her mouth moved with silent words. Rolling to the side, she pushed herself onto her knees. Small tremors shook her hands as she placed them on the ground and bowed her head low. “I questioned your command,” she whispered with a croaky voice. “I will serve penitence.”

Chad sat up and rested his arm on his knee. “No penitence is necessary, Dae. But…” She’d been born to their keep when he was two years old, and he couldn’t keep his eyes off her since. Now, at nineteen, how could he bear to live without her? “Don’t you understand I can’t lose you?”

She lifted her gaze. “I am sorry. Do you require service now?”

He sighed. Of course he would require vitality again at some point, but that wasn’t what he meant by the comment. A glower tempted to erase the proper response he should give as master.

*It’s always about the service. Always.* He allowed a low rumble in his throat to dispel the urge to spit the fact from him. *Placement.* *Never forget your placement.* Picking up the torch, he leaned into a stand. “No, Dae, I don’t require service.”

**AUTHOR INFORMATION:**

**Charlene A. Wilson** is an author of tales that take you to other dimensions. She weaves magic, lasting love, and intrigue to immerse you into the lives of her characters.

She began writing in her early teens when her vivid dreams stayed with her long after she had them. The characters and worlds were so amazing she brought them to life through her books.

Charlene resides in a small community in Arkansas, USA, with her two beautiful daughters, husband, a cuddly Pekingese, and a very chatty cockatiel named Todder.

**Author Links**

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