

# BROKEN

SEQUEL TO *SARA*

(BOOK 2)

BY

SANDRA PUCKETT

PUBLISHED BY REVELADE PUBLISHING

[www.revelade.com](http://www.revelade.com)

Copyright © 2014 by Sandra Puckett

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form or by any other means, without written permission of the author.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, organizations, places, events, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

ISBN 978-0-9886064-0-1

I dedicate this book  
to the fans of *Sara*  
who encouraged me  
to write this sequel.

## Chapter One

All hell was about to break loose, and there she was, standing on the lawn in her underwear wondering how the hell she had gotten there.

“Sara,” his calm voice came from behind her.

She turned.

David grabbed her by the throat.

“No,” she barely managed, trying to pry his fingers from her neck. She stepped back, stumbled, and fell to the ground with David still attached, his weight pinning her down. She placed both hands firmly against his shoulders and pushed with all of her strength. He flew back several feet and crashed to the ground.

Sara sat bolt upright, her heart racing, her eyes searching the darkness of her bedroom.

“Already?” Michael climbed out of bed and walked over to the dresser. “You’re having these dreams almost every night now.” He pulled the top drawer open and fished out a joint.

“I know,” Sara sighed. She scooted to the edge of the bed, her back to him.

“You’re having them earlier and earlier every year.” He lit the joint. “We still have two weeks before October.” He took a couple drags then extinguished the fire.

“I know,” she answered, feeling as frustrated as he was.

“Is he coming back?” Michael asked.

“I don’t know,” she answered, staring down at the floor.

“Why don’t you know?” he snapped. “You seem to know everything else.”

Sara rose from the bed and faced him. “Don’t you think this is hard for me, too?”

“No, Sara,” he tossed the joint onto the dresser, “I don’t think this is hard for you. Nothing’s hard for you.” He walked out of the room.

“What the hell do you mean by that?” she asked, following him.

He stopped at their daughter’s doorway and gazed at his sleeping beauty. “Every day for the last five years, I feared that he’d return.” Michael closed the door halfway and turned to Sara. “At least she hasn’t shown any signs of having your abilities.”

Sara remained silent, staring at him. Even after five years, he still looked the same. Shaved head, muscular body.

He sighed and put his arms around her. He squeezed her tight. “I love you.”

She hugged him back, knowing what he was about to do. “I love you, too.” A tear rolled down her cheek.

“She’s a target,” he said, still holding Sara.

“I can protect her,” Sara replied.

“I just think, maybe,” he paused, “maybe I should take her – ”

“No,” Sara shook her head, “no, I won’t let you take her away.”

The doorbell rang.

Michael released Sara and glanced at his watch. “It’s three in the morning. Who is it?”

Sara shrugged and shook her head. She didn’t know this time, but she could feel the presence. Someone with abilities. She started for the door.

“Wait.” Michael grabbed her arm.

“It’s not him,” she said. “The presence is too weak.”

“I’ll get it. Just let me put a shirt on.” He went into the bedroom and returned wearing the shirt that matched his pajama pants. He slowly opened the door. A blond girl stood on their porch. She couldn’t have been any more than seven or eight years old.

“Is the lady here?” she asked before Michael could even open his mouth to speak.

Michael stepped aside as Sara squeezed past him.

“Sara?” she asked the young girl.

“Yes,” the girl replied, confused. “Who are you?”

“Come in.” Sara took the girl’s arm and gently urged her inside.

They went into the kitchen and sat down at the table. Sara focused on the girl to get a sense of her intentions – after all, Sara *had* killed her father – but all she felt was confusion. The girl didn’t know who Sara was or what had happened. Rebecca had told her nothing. “Does Rebecca know you’re here?”

“You’re like me,” young Sara replied.

*How do you mean?* Sara asked silently to see if she had developed her telepathy, yet.

“Do you know what I mean?” the girl asked when Sara didn’t reply.

She had not developed it, yet. Sara glanced across the table at Michael who sat quietly watching them, then back to young Sara who sat at the head of the table. “No. What do you mean?”

Young Sara smiled. She enjoyed showing off her abilities. She pointed to a cabinet door. It opened.

Sara nodded, smiled. "That's very good. Does Rebecca know you're here?"

"Your turn. You do it."

"No," Sara said, firmly. She could sense that young Sara was used to getting her way, and that being because of her power. Was Rebecca afraid of her? Sara hadn't thought about that. Maybe *she* should've been the one to raise the child.

"Who are you?" she asked again.

Sara knew young Sara could sense her power. And the young girl knew that Sara was very powerful. "You don't know who I am?"

"No."

"Then why did you come here?"

"My father sent me."

Michael rose from his seat.

Sara's eyes darted to Michael. He froze. She shook her head. He slowly sat back down. "You're father?" Sara asked.

"Yes." The young girl's voice became cold. Her expression hardened. "You know him, don't you?"

"How do *you* know him?"

"He's my father. Why wouldn't I know him?" She sounded mature beyond her years.

*We need to leave before he comes*, Michael forced the thought into Sara's mind.

Sara glanced at Michael. His stare was intense. He knew if he concentrated hard enough, she'd get the thought. He had done it before.

Sara shook her head slightly, hoping the girl wouldn't notice. She knew Michael wasn't able to receive a silent reply. He was not like them.

"He's outside waiting for you," the girl added.

Michael rose from his chair once again.

Sara put her hand up at him, and he sat back down. "Where?" she asked.

"Out back. In the dark. He said to tell you... Don't turn on the light."

Sara rose this time.

"Sara." Michael stood up.

"It'll be okay," Sara assured him.

Little Sara sat back in her chair. "He said for me to wait here until he's done."

"Done with what?" Michael asked.

She shrugged. "I don't know. He just said to wait inside until he's done."

Michael rounded the table and grabbed his wife's arm. "You're not going out there," he commanded. He tightened his grip and pulled her out of the kitchen. "You are *not* going out there."

"I have to."

"Why do you have to?"

"I just do."

"This is bullshit. Just because you have power –"

Sara jerked her arm from him. "Don't you dare go there. I know you're not happy that I took the power from you. But I had to. I couldn't leave you and Belinda with that kind of power. And how many times have you seen me use my power after that night? I try to live a normal life. For all of our sakes."

"I know. I'm sorry. I just can't stand the thought of losing you."

"Then you're gonna have to let me handle this. When it comes to this, you have to trust me and let me handle it my way."

"Ok," he reluctantly gave in.

Sara started for the back door. She glanced down at her pajamas; a short set made of very thin pajama material. She decided not to change and continued out the door. It was dark. She couldn't see a thing. She waited for her eyes to adjust. And even then she couldn't see much. She slowly walked out into the backyard. The yard was big with several trees, and butted up against a wooded area. She concentrated, trying to tune in to her power. She was a little rusty after suppressing it for so long. She searched the trees for his outline. And there he was, leaning against a big oak tree. But it didn't look like...

"Well, it's about time," he said, straightening up. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming."

"David?" She couldn't believe her eyes.

"Yes," he replied.

"Oh my God!" She ran to him and threw her arms around his neck. "She said her father was here. I thought she meant her father. But I didn't feel his presence."

Her older brother wrapped his arms around her waist and picked her up. "I'm the only father she knows." He squeezed Sara tight then put her down. "I go by Hunter now."

"Why?"

"I took on the name a long time ago... Plus, it's better that I don't have the same name as Sara's biological father."

She nodded, staring at him. "I can't believe you're really here."

He kissed her forehead. "Well, I am. But not for long."

“Why didn’t you just come to the door with Sara?”

“Because I knew you’d have this reaction and I didn’t want her to see that. That’s why I told her to wait inside until I was done. She would’ve been confused if you called me David, and she doesn’t know that you’re my sister. She doesn’t know a lot... yet. I know everything’s going to come out eventually. I was just hoping it would be a lot later, but it doesn’t look like it’s gonna be.”

“Why? What’s going on? And how did you become her father?”

“Rebecca and I are together now. I promised Brad that I would look out for her and the baby. And we ended up getting together.”

Sara’s heart sank at the mention of Brad’s name. She nodded as tears came to her eyes. “I...” she started then stopped as a knot formed in her throat.

“It’s okay. There wasn’t anything you could do.” He pulled her against his chest. “Rebecca and I thought it would be better for Sara to think that I was her father. We were living a normal family life until this year. Sara started dreaming about David about a month ago. And with what she’s dreaming, we think he’s really communicating with her through her dreams.”

Sara stepped back from her brother and looked up into his pale blue eyes. They were just like hers. “What’s she dreaming about?”

“Are you dreaming about him, too?” he asked.

“Yes, but I do every year around October. I figured it was psychological.”

“I don’t think it is. I think it’s really him.”

“Why? What is she dreaming?”

“She says she has another father. And that he told her that she has a sister. Is David your daughter’s father?”

Sara glanced behind her at the house then looked down at the ground and took a deep breath.

“Sara,” he gently took her chin in his hand and lifted her face. “Is he your daughter’s father?”

Sara turned away and walked toward the woods.

“Sara.” His voice was firm.

She stopped and faced him. She nodded.

“Michael doesn’t know, does he?”

She shook her head.

“Oh, Sara. Did you think he’d never find out?”

“He didn’t want to know. He convinced himself that she was his. I tried to tell him, but he insisted that she was his.”

“Does she dream of David, too?”

“Not that I know of.”

“And her power?” he asked. “I’m assuming she’s like Sara?”

“She is, but I bound her power when she was born.”

“Oh?” He sounded surprised. “You can do that?”

She nodded. “What about Sara? How are you and Rebecca managing her power?”

“We’re managing. I have a little power myself. It’s been enough so far to keep her under control. I don’t have to use it much. She’s a pretty good kid.”

“Do you want me to help with that?” Sara offered.

“And how would you help?”

“I can bind her power or give you more power. I know she gets her way a lot because of her power. I don’t think that’s good.”

“I think we’ve done pretty well so far the way things are. And I can’t let you bind her power. She needs to be able to protect herself. As a matter of fact, I would suggest you unbind your daughter’s power and teach her how to use it.”

Sara shook her head. “I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“No one’s come for you, yet? I find it hard to believe that no one’s come in five years.”

“No one that I couldn’t handle.”

“They’ll come for your child, too. And you can’t be there all the time.”

“We’re trying to live as normal as we can. If I let her have her power... she’s too young. She just needs to be a kid. She doesn’t need all the bullshit that goes with this power.”

*Sara!* Michael’s silent voice rang in Sara’s head.

She spun around and ran as fast as she could to the house. Hunter followed. She darted through the back door and into the kitchen. Michael was standing; young Sara still sitting. “What’s wrong?” Sara asked.

Michael stared over Sara’s shoulder at the man who followed her in. He was six-foot tall with short black hair and pale blue eyes. He wore a black long-sleeve tee, jeans, and work boots. “Who’s that?”

“Hunter. Sara’s father. I’ll explain later. What’s wrong?”

He turned back to little Sara. “Go ahead,” he softly encouraged. “Tell her what you told me.”

The child gazed at her father standing in the doorway behind Sara. He nodded for her to tell Sara what she had told Michael.

“My other father told me that I have a sister. Can I see her?”

“Sara.” Hunter walked over to the girl. “He’s just a dream. It’s not real.”

The young child looked up at her father. “But it is real. I can feel her here. Why can’t I meet her?”

Michael turned to his wife. He didn’t say a word.

*I think you should tell her that I’m your sister.* Sara silently said to Hunter.

*I don’t know.*

*We can explain that my daughter is her cousin and that’s why she feels her. It will make sense to her and she will be more willing to give up the sister idea.*

*Okay.* Hunter stooped down to get eye level with his adopted daughter. “Sara is my sister. Sara and Michael are your aunt and uncle. Their daughter is your cousin, not your sister.”

They all watched young Sara. She thought a moment then said, “Well, can I meet her?”

“She’s asleep right now,” he replied.

She looked at the floor, a sad expression on her face.

“If you’re very quiet, you can see her,” Sara offered.

The girl looked up with a smile on her face. “I’ll be very quiet. As quiet as a mouse. I promise.” She hopped off the chair.

Sara took her hand and walked her to the bedroom door. She slowly, quietly opened the partially closed door.

Little Sara looked up at Sara with a huge smile on her face. “She’s like me,” she whispered very quietly.

Sara glanced back at Michael who, along with Hunter, had followed them to the room.

“Can we go in?” she whispered.

Sara nodded and led her to the bed where her daughter slept.

Young Sara clamped a hand over her mouth, her excitement threatening to bubble out of her. Seconds later, she took her hand away from her mouth and reached out to the helpless child. She gently touched her golden hair, careful not to wake her.

“Okay,” Sara whispered then walked young Sara out of the room and into the kitchen with Michael and Hunter leading the way.

“Oh, Daddy, she’s just like me. She even looks like me.” Young Sara struggled to contain her excitement. “Can we come back tomorrow when she’s awake? We can play and do tricks. We’ll have so much fun.”

Hunter glanced at his sister then settled his gaze on his daughter. “I don’t know. She’s only four years old. I don’t think she can do what you do.”

“Oh yes, yes she can. I feel it,” the child countered.

Sara looked to Michael. She could sense his anxiety. She knew they’d be having an intense conversation when their company left.

“I think it’s time for us to go.” Hunter walked over to Sara and gave her a hug. He shook Michael’s hand.

“Good-bye Aunt Sara and Uncle Michael.” The girl smiled at them.

“Good-bye, Sara,” Sara replied and walked them to the front door.

Michael stood silent as Sara sent their company off into the night.

## Chapter Two

“Well?” Michael asked as Sara walked up to him.

“Hunter is my older brother. He goes by Hunter instead of David to keep from confusing Sara. She’s dreaming of David, too. She just started dreaming of him about a month ago. Dav - I mean Hunter - thinks David is contacting her through her dreams.”

“I thought David was dead.”

“Well, where do you think Satan’s son went when he died?”

“To Hell, I hope.”

“Yeah. And I’m guessing that he can’t come back to life, but he’s Satan’s son. Why couldn’t he come back in spirit or dreams? I’m just really not sure.”

“Is it really him in your dreams?” Michael asked.

“I didn’t think so, but now I’m not sure.”

Michael nodded, contemplating what he would ask next. Did he really want to know? “What did she mean about Trinity being able to do what she does? Does Trinity have power?”

Sara glanced at the floor then looked back to Michael. “She has power but I bound it to keep her from being able to use it.”

“Why did you let me think she had no power?” he asked, angrily.

“Because it’s what you wanted.”

He walked over to the kitchen table but didn’t sit down. “What else haven’t you told me about her?”

Sara knew what he was asking. “I told you, but you didn’t want to believe it.”

“But the hospital tests...”

“Were wrong,” Sara said.

He drew in a deep breath and nodded. “Then I’m not her father.”

“Biologically, no. But in every other way, you are.”

He stormed out of the kitchen and into their bedroom.

Sara followed him. She watched as he changed his clothes. Was he really that mad? He had never walked out on her before. “Where are you going?” she asked.

“I don’t know.” He grabbed his keys off the dresser and left the room.

Sara stepped out into the hallway. “Michael!”

He continued to the front door, ignoring her.

She felt a stirring deep within the pit of her stomach. The stirring that happened when she got angry. She had gotten really good at suppressing that fireball of anger but she hadn't had Michael walking out on her either. She reached out at the door. She could keep him from leaving if she wanted to... She put her hand down. "Michael!"

He turned to her. "Go to bed, Sara. You're going to wake your daughter."

"Why are you leaving? You have no right to be mad at me. I told you. *You* chose not to believe it. I'm doing everything I can to keep our lives as normal as possible. What more do you want from me?" The house quietly grumbled as the burning began to flow through her. She took a deep breath. He had no idea what it was like living with the power she possessed. Trying to keep it pushed deep down inside while only tapping what was needed to keep them safe.

"And is this normal?" He motioned around the room at the grumbling house.

"Mommy?" the small voice came from behind Sara.

Sara turned. Her daughter was standing in the hallway just outside her bedroom. Sara walked over and picked her up. "It's okay," she said as Trinity laid her head on Sara's shoulder. Sara sighed and turned... just in time to see the front door shut quietly as Michael walked out.

## Chapter Three

Sara pulled the covers back and climbed into her bed with Trinity still in her arms. She had locked up the house with her power so no one, not even Michael, could get in while she was asleep. She wasn't about to leave the house 'unlocked' and allow someone to break in and surprise her while she slept. She closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

"It's about time," a voice came from the bedroom doorway.

Sara opened her eyes expecting to see Michael standing there, but it wasn't Michael. It was David standing in the doorway, dressed all in black as he had always dressed. Sara jumped out of bed. "What are you doing here?" She glanced down to make sure Trinity was still asleep then turned her attention back to David.

"Relax. I'm not here to hurt you or our daughter."

"She's *my* daughter, David."

He smiled. "That's not what you told Michael. Now is it?" She opened her mouth to reply but David quickly cut her off. "The only problem we have is her name. Did you choose it to piss me off? You named *my* child after the Holy Trinity? Really?"

"I chose it hoping to give her a fighting chance against my bloodline."

"*Our* bloodline," David corrected. "Why can't you admit to me that she's *our* daughter?" He walked over to Sara. He gazed down at the child still asleep. He reached over and took Sara's hand in his. "Michael abandoned you."

She pulled her hand from his and left the room, hoping he would follow. And he did. He wasn't there for Trinity. He was there for her. "Are you really here?" she asked as he joined her in the kitchen.

"As real as I can be."

"Was it really you in all of my dreams?"

"No. Not all of them."

"Which ones?"

"You know which ones. Why would I want to kill you? That's you wanting to kill yourself. You thinking you should die. But you won't die. Not really. You'll be like me. Trapped in Hell."

"Don't you feel at home there?" Sara asked. "You *are* Satan's son."

"Of course I feel at home. It is *our* home. You're Satan's child as well. But to be trapped in Hell... well... I'd say it's rather boring. You don't know the gift you have, Sara. The power and the playground that are at

your fingertips. And Michael. Oh dear Michael. What do you think he'd do if it were he who had the power?"

"He wouldn't do what you did."

"Really? You've felt that power. That evil that dwells inside us. Do you think he'd really be able to suppress it as well as you have all these years? The power would corrupt him in an instant. That's why you took it back from him."

"That's not why I took it back."

"Oh? Then why did you?"

"Not because of that." She turned her back to him. "Michael's a good man. He loves me and Trinity. Deep down he knew she wasn't his, but he still loved her as his own."

David walked over to Sara. Even though he didn't touch her, she could feel his life force enveloping her, holding her, caressing her. She closed her eyes, telling herself to stop feeling. She thought of the brick wall that she had built between them once before. But it wasn't working. She finally felt complete again after five long years. And it felt great. She felt that aching emptiness fade away as she became whole once again. What the hell was she thinking! She couldn't give in to her brother. She couldn't let him back on Earth.

"Really?" David's voice jolted her out of thought. "Then why did he walk out on you? He left you, Sara. He's done. He only needed to hear the truth. A reason to feel guiltless as he turned his back on you and our child."

"Stop, David, please." Her head dropped. She put a hand over her eyes as tears began to trickle down her cheeks. "Why do you do this? Why can't you have the compassion for me that you had for Jessica? Do you not love me as you did her?"

He stepped forward, his chest pressed against her back, and wrapped his arms around her. "I'm sorry, Sara. But you need to come to reality. Michael is not there for you. He can't protect you and our child."

"And you can?"

"Yes."

"No you can't!" She broke free of his embrace and turned to face him. "You can't because I killed you! I killed you!" She pushed him back a step and cried even harder as she dropped to the floor. "I killed you. I fucking killed you. I killed my own brother," she sobbed.

David knelt down and picked her up from the floor. She wrapped her arms around his neck and held on tight as he carried her into the bedroom and laid her in the middle of her empty bed.

“Where’s Trinity?” Sara asked in a panic.

“Safe and sound in her own bed,” David replied.

“But how—” she stopped abruptly in mid-question. She didn’t need to ask how. She knew how. One, he was Satan’s son. And two, she was dreaming.

David lay down beside her and pulled her into his arms. He didn’t say another word. He just held her. And she let him. She let him hold her through the night as she slept soundly in his arms.

\*\*\*

Sara opened her eyes. It was morning. The sun was peeking through the curtains to gently nudge her awake. She felt calm and refreshed, something she had never felt before. And it felt good. Too good, with David still beside her. Her head on his chest and her body wrapped up in his arms. She didn’t want to move, to wake him. Even though she knew it had to end, she wanted it just a little longer. And since it *was* only a dream, why couldn’t she have him just a little longer?

“Good morning,” he said softly, making no move to let her go.

“Good morning,” she replied. “I didn’t realize you were awake.”

“I don’t sleep.”

She rose up on elbow and gazed down at him. “You don’t sleep?”

He smiled. “No.” He slid his hand up her back and into her hair then gently pulled her down to him. He didn’t have to use much force as she willingly followed his lead and lowered her lips to his.

Electric surged through her body as their lips met and he gently kissed her. Dream or not, she knew she shouldn’t be doing this. But she wanted it; she needed it. It was what calmed her and made her whole. His energy entwined with hers was all she wanted. She didn’t have to think about the real world and all the problems she had to face. She could be at peace.

He rose up, shifting her back onto the pillows. Now he was on elbow towering over her. He gently ran a finger along her jaw line. “This doesn’t have to end, Sara. We could be together forever. Just imagine the rest of your life at peace. No more feeling empty. No more feeling alone.”

“This is wrong,” she answered, but didn’t make any effort to set it right. “You and I are wrong, David. I’m just... I don’t know.”

“Broken,” he said.

“What?”

“You’re broken, Sara. Without me, you’re broken.”

“Broken? No... No. That’s not true. That can’t be true.” She closed her eyes. “I need to wake up.”

“Why?” his whisper faded away.

Sara opened her eyes. He was gone. She put both hands over her face and wept. Was she broken? Who the hell knew? She was something, and she was tired of feeling that way. It wasn’t fair. Why couldn’t she be normal? Why couldn’t she be happy? Why couldn’t she have David? “Oh my God,” she said aloud. “Michael is my husband. I should want *him*, not my brother. I’m not broken. I’m just fucked up.”

“You’re not fucked up.”

Sara’s hands flew off her face. She sat up. David was standing in the doorway.

“You’re not fucked up, Sara.” He walked over to the bed and sat down beside her. He brushed her hair back from her face and wiped away the tears running down her cheeks. He kissed her forehead; pulled her to him. “I love you,” he whispered.

“I love you too,” she whispered back as tears filled her eyes again.

“Stop doing this to yourself. Just forget about the real world for a little while. Do what you want to do, not what’s expected of you.” He stood up and put his hand out to her. “Come on.”

She slipped her hand in his. “Should I change?” she asked, looking down at her pajamas.

“No,” he replied. “Who cares what anyone thinks? You’re dreaming, Sara. Why should you care?” He led her to the front door.

“But, Trinity. We can’t leave her by herself.”

“She’s not by herself. Look.”

Sara turned. A grandmotherly woman stood in the hallway smiling. “You two kids go have some fun. Your daughter will be fine.”

“Who’s that?” Sara asked.

David shrugged. “It’s *your* dream.” He pulled the door open and they entered a new world. Bright and cheery. Wonderful.

Sara smiled as the sun warmed her skin. They started walking down the street. “Where are we going?”

“Wherever you want to go.”

“Then come on!” She ran to the park at the end of their road. It had a small field where the kids would play ball. The grass was soft and cool on her bare feet. She glanced back at David. He was right behind her. He grabbed her around the waist and they fell to the soft ground. It felt like a bed of clouds beneath her.

David gave her a playful peck on the lips and smiled down at her. “Now there’s the girl I’ve been wanting to see.” He rose from the ground and pulled her up. “Wanna swing?”

“Okay.” She ran over to the swings and plopped down on one. She gave herself a good push.

David laughed. “Just like being a kid again, huh?”

She laughed as the swing went higher and higher. It *was* like being a kid again. And she was having so much fun.

“Jump!” David yelled and held out his arms.

She shook her head. “No!”

“Jump! I’ll catch you, I promise!”

Sara took a deep breath and launched herself out of the swing.

David caught her and swung her around. “I would never let you fall.” He jogged over to the slide with her still in his arms and climbed the steps to the top. He sat down on the platform, Sara’s arms and legs wrapped around him. “Ready?”

She nodded.

He scooted off the edge of the platform. They slid down the slide and came to a stop at the bottom.

“That was so much fun,” she said, gazing into his eyes.

He smiled and took her face in his hands. He gently kissed her. “I’ve missed you, too.”

“Sara!” Michael yelled.

Sara looked toward the street. Michael stood on the sidewalk staring in disbelief at his wife and her brother embraced like two lovers. “Oh shit.” She put a hand to David’s chest to break the embrace, but he held her tight.

“Still a dream,” David said.

“He’s my husband. You’re my brother. This is wrong.” She got off his lap and turned to Michael.

“What the fuck, Sara?” Michael asked angrily, walking toward them.

“It’s a dream!” she replied, not knowing what else to say.

“Is that what you tell yourself when you’re fucking your brother?” He was almost upon them. “It’s a dream and that makes it okay?”

“Stop, Michael.” Sara raised her hand.

He stopped. “You’re using your power on me? Really, Sara?” He reached out in front of him. “A force field? I’m surprised you didn’t just freeze me.”

“You walked out on me, Michael.”

“I just needed time to think.”

“You left me!” she yelled. Tears began to fill her eyes. “You walked out on us, Michael!” The sky turned red. “When I needed you the most, you walked out!”

David stepped up beside Sara. “Still just a dream, Sara. You’re not having this conversation with Michael. He’s still gone. Make him go away. He’s not real.”

“Sara, don’t listen to him. I’m real. You know I’m real.”

“No,” she replied, staring into Michael’s eyes. “You’re not real. You’re just a dream.” She pushed her palm at him and he was gone. She turned to David. “You and I are wrong. He was my subconscious telling me this is wrong.”

“It’s not wrong. In our world, it’s not wrong for brother and sister to join as one. It’s the way our world works. Even if we were raised together, we would find our feelings to be the same. We’re born of Satan. That’s how it works. We’re soul mates more than twins. Don’t fight it. Don’t let their beliefs keep us apart. I’m just as empty without you as you are without me.”

A doorbell sounded all around them. Over and over.

Sara looked around. “Do you hear that?”

“Hear what?” David asked.

But before she could answer, terror claimed her face. She felt a tightening in the core of her body like a giant hand squeezing her. “What’s happening, David?” She reached out to him with one hand as the other held her stomach.

“I don’t know.” He barely got hold of her hand when an unseen force ripped her away from him.

## Chapter Four

Sara sat up in bed, gasping for air. Her doorbell was sounding over and over and over. It had to be Michael returning home, trying to wake her so he could get in. She silenced the chime with her power. She didn't want the precious little lump under the covers beside her to stir. The last thing she needed was her daughter waking up, especially when she wasn't sure how things would go with Michael once she let him in.

She slowly climbed out of bed and made her way to the front door. She peered through the peep hole to make sure it was Michael, and found it was not only Michael but Hunter, too. Why was Hunter with Michael? Something must've happened. They were facing each other in serious conversation. She didn't get a good feeling from it.

Sara opened the door. "What's going on?" she asked.

Hunter was the first to turn to her. His right hand flew up from his side, hitting her square in the chest. She fell back and to the floor. Stunned and chest aching, she slowly looked down at herself. The dagger's handle was sticking out of her chest. She looked up at Michael and Hunter as they stepped into the house and shut the door. "What are you doing?"

Hunter knelt down beside her and pulled the dagger from her chest, then plunged it in again and again until she drifted into darkness.

## Chapter Five

Sara opened her eyes. She was lying in bed under heavy covers. The room was dark except for a small fire burning in the fireplace to her left. She had seen this room before. She sat up. She was in David's castle. In his bed. "David?" she called. But the only answer she received came from the crackling fire.

She pushed the covers back and climbed out of the medieval bed. She ran over to the fireplace and stood on the rug in front of it. The room and its stone floor were freezing. She couldn't search the cold castle in her thin pajamas. "David?" she called out again, hoping he would hear her this time. But there was still no reply from him.

She looked around the room not moving from the warm fire. There had to be something she could put on or wrap around her to keep her warm while she searched for David.

And there was. Shockingly, there was a blood-red medieval gown with black trim and black sash draped over a chair only a few steps away. She lifted the dress from the chair. It was heavy, very heavy. It would definitely keep her warm. The only question was could she get it on by herself? She slipped it over her head and wiggled into it. She reached back at the ties and managed to get them loosely tied.

As she started for the door, her feet met cold stone once again. She didn't have shoes on and the dress didn't keep her feet warm from the floor. She went back over to the chair. Surely there had to be shoes to wear. But there were none. She went back to the rug to escape the cold floor. She couldn't walk around barefooted...And she didn't have to. What was she thinking? She had the power to do whatever she wanted. With a wave of her hand she was dressed in jeans, long-sleeve tee, and tennis shoes. Now, she looked like herself. But she wasn't in her world. These clothes wouldn't work. And they surely wouldn't keep her warm. Within seconds she was dressed back in the blood-red medieval gown with black boots to keep her feet warm. And this time it was tied up tight. Just the way it was meant to be.

She ventured out onto the balcony. The wind blew her hair across her face. She pushed it back behind her ears only to have the wind send it sprawling across her face again. "Okay," she said to the wind, "make my crown." The wind lifted her long blond hair straight up in the air and

twisted it atop her head like a golden crown. She smiled. Now she looked like she belonged there.

“What are you doing here?” David’s voice came from behind her.

She turned. David was just stepping out of the bedroom and onto the balcony. “I don’t know,” she replied. “I just woke up in your bed.”

“What happened before you woke up in my bed?”

She thought for a moment. “I don’t remember. I guess this is just another dream.”

“This isn’t just another dream. This is worse.”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you remember dreaming about the park by your house?”

She thought about it then replied, “Yes.”

“Do you remember being jerked away from me?”

She thought again. “I don’t want to think about it.” She went back into the bedroom by the fireplace.

David followed her inside. “Sara, what happened?”

She turned to him. “Nothing happened!” She ran to the door and left the room. She hurried down the long hallway. She didn’t know where she was going, but she was going.

David followed her out of the bedroom. “Sara, stop!”

“No!” she yelled.

He created a force field in front of her. “Tell me what happened.”

She turned to him. “I don’t remember.”

He walked toward her. “What happened?”

“What!” she yelled at him. “What happened, David! Are you going to make me remember like you did before! Like you did at the pavilion! Like you made me remember that my childhood friends were murdered by our father!”

“You shouldn’t be here, Sara. This is not good. That’s why you need to remember. You need to go back.”

“No!” She spun around. She was outside in front of the castle. She smiled. He thought he could trap her. She turned away from the castle and started walking down the dirt road. Although the castle was located where the White House should be, the area was more heavily wooded in this world than the one she had just come from.

“Sara!” David’s voice came from behind her. “You don’t know where you are!”

She could hear his fast footsteps coming toward her. *A horse*, she thought. And there it was. A beautiful white horse waiting for her. She pulled her gown up, put a foot in the stirrup, grabbed hold of the saddle

and raised herself up. Throwing her leg over the horse's back proved to be a challenge with that dress on, but she did it and took hold of the reins. She leaned forward and nudged the horse with her heels. It took off in a jog. She nudged it again, and it began to run. This was even more fun than the park.

"Sara!"

She glanced back. David, too, was on horseback.

"Sara, please stop!"

"No!" she yelled.

His horse picked up speed and he came up beside her.

She looked over. He was on a black horse. She laughed. Her horse was white; his was black. How funny she thought that was.

"Sara, you're not dreaming. You're in my world. Do you know what that means?"

"No. And I don't care."

"Please, stop. Let's go back to the castle until morning."

"I don't want to remember."

"Okay. Fine. I won't make you remember. Just come back to the castle with me."

She pulled on the reins, and the horse came to a stop. David's horse stopped, too. She looked into his eyes. A tear slid down her cheek. "I don't want to remember."

"Okay," he said softly.

"It's really bad, isn't it?"

He nodded with a grim expression on his face. "Yes, but we don't have to talk about it right now." He took hold of her reins and pulled her horse close. He placed a hand on the back of her neck and kissed her forehead. "Let's go home."

She nodded, and they nudged their horses to walk back toward the castle. They both remained silent all the way there.

David jumped down off his horse and walked over to Sara. He reached up and helped her down.

She gazed into his eyes, his hands still on her waist. "Am I dead?"

"I don't know. Are you?" he asked.

She looked down and turned away from him, teleporting herself to his bedroom.

He returned to his room right behind her.

"I want to sleep," she said.

"Okay." He untied the dress, slid it down her body, and let it drop to the floor. He scooped her up in his arms and took her to bed.



## Chapter Six

David held Sara in his arms under the warm covers in his over-sized bed. She was lying on her left side, her head on his shoulder, her hand resting on his chest, and her leg draped over his. She closed her eyes and blanked out her mind. She really didn't want to remember what had happened. She knew it was bad.

But unable to fall asleep, she opened her eyes and watched the dancing shadows created by the fire. "What is this place?" she asked. "I know your castle is where the White House should be. Are we in an alternate reality?"

"No."

And when he said no more, she asked, "Then, where are we?"

"I thought you wanted to sleep," he replied.

"I'm not tired. And I don't want to think. So tell me, what is this place?"

"I don't think you really want to know. Close your eyes and try to sleep."

She closed her eyes. She knew that if he said she didn't want to know, then she probably didn't want to know. She blanked out her mind and tried to drift off to a happy dream.

"Sara?" David said softly.

"What?" she asked, her eyes still closed.

"Open your eyes."

She didn't like the sound of his voice. He almost sounded afraid. She slowly opened her eyes. They were standing in the corner of her living room watching her look out the peep hole.

Sara grabbed David's arm. "What the fuck is going on?"

"I don't know," he replied. "Is this what happened to you?"

"Stop! Don't open the door!" she yelled as she watched herself unlock the door.

But her other self couldn't hear her. And she opened the door to her husband and brother.

Sara watched in horror as Hunter plunged the dagger deep into her chest. As she fell to the floor. And as Hunter knelt down, pulled the dagger from her body, and stabbed her over and over again. "Nooooo!" she screamed.

She sat up in David's bed, heart racing, trying to catch her breath. Was it a dream or a vision? Had David really been there with her? She looked over her shoulder at him.

He was staring up at her. "Is that what happened to you?"

She stared at him. Her breaths rapid. Her heart pounding inside her chest. She couldn't speak.

He sat up. "Sara? Are you okay?"

She continued to stare into his eyes. Really? Did he just ask her if she was okay after seeing what Hunter did to her?

The burning started in the pit of her stomach and quickly spread throughout her body. The castle shook and grumbled.

David grabbed her. "Sara, stop! Calm down!"

"Calm down?" She breathed deep and slow. "Calm down? Really, David? You want me to calm down?" She disappeared off the bed and reappeared standing in the middle of the room, dressed in the red gown. "I can't calm down! I just watched my brother kill me!"

"Sara..."

She put a hand up at David. The castle calmed. The fire cooled down inside her. "My brother killed me." She paused. "Oh my God. My brother killed me." She turned toward the balcony, glanced over her shoulder at David, and ran out as fast as she could, jumping over the balcony wall and falling into the night.

She closed her eyes as she heard David's voice yell her name, and waited for the ground to catch her. But it wasn't the ground that caught her. It was David.

"Let me go!" she yelled.

"What are you doing? Are you trying to hurt yourself?"

"I'm trying to feel. I'm just trying to feel. The pain is all that keeps me from falling over the edge. The pain has always kept me from falling."

"You need to feel pain?"

"Yes. It comforts me. It calms me. It makes me feel real."

He dropped her legs to the ground, but continued holding her against his chest. "You'll feel no pain here."

"Because I'm dead?"

"Not because you're dead. Because you're home."

"Is this..." she couldn't say it.

He nodded. "Hell."

"No... No. I can't be in Hell. How am I in Hell? I did what God wanted me to do. I..." she stopped, because what she did was... she killed David. She killed her brother. Just like her brother killed her. "I'm sorry."

I'm so sorry I killed you. I just... I felt I had no choice... am I damned for killing you... or for being Satan's child?"

"You're Satan's child, Sara. This is our home."

"No." She pushed free of him and ran into the woods. Her head was spinning trying to come to terms with everything that had happened. She felt the branches grabbing at her face and tearing at the gown, but she felt no pain.

"Sara!" David ran after her.

"I don't want this! I didn't choose to be his child! I shouldn't have to pay for what he is!" She came out of the woods and into a small clearing. She stopped and raised her face up to the sky. "Why do you damn me!" she yelled. "I did what you wanted! As hard as it was, I killed my brother for you! I killed my twin brother for you! And still you damn me to Hell!"

David came up to her. "And still you pray to Him."

She slapped him across the face. "He is God. I will always pray to Him. I will never worship Satan."

David laughed. "Our father. He's our father. Say it." He grabbed her by the shoulders. "Say it!"

"No!" she screamed.

A fire came to life at the other side of the clearing where the woods began again. It spread from side to side. They could feel the heat from the flames as it grew.

David released Sara. They both turned and stared.

Out of the fire, walked a man. Six foot two. Jet black hair that fell to his shoulders. Piercing blue eyes. Face and body of a sculpted god. He wore no shirt, only jeans and combat boots. He was medium build, perfectly toned. He stared directly into Sara's eyes and headed straight for her.

Sara slipped her trembling hand into David's as she moved closer to his side. This man was powerful, very powerful. "David," she whispered.

David tightened his grip on Sara's hand.

The man's power pulsed from him. Sara felt it stronger and stronger as he got closer to them.

"David." Her heart was racing. The man was coming for her. She wanted to run. He wasn't human. He was a demon. The evil squeezed her. She could barely breathe.

The man walked right up to them. He glanced down at their hands clasped together then raised his gaze to Sara. His face showed no emotion. He reached up to Sara's face. She gasped as his fingers touched her jaw.

David squeezed her hand even tighter. *Relax*, he said silently.

The man ran his fingers along the side of her face bringing every cell alive.

She closed her eyes as his energy entered her body.

His hand continued down her neck and across her chest as he moved around her. "You're beautiful," he said, running his hand down her arm as he stood at her back. He forced her fingers apart and took hold of her hand. He slipped his other arm around her waist and jerked her back against him.

His sudden, forceful grip made her gasp once again. She held David's hand tighter hoping the demon wouldn't rip her away from her brother. *David?*

*It's okay,* David tried to calm her.

The man pressed his cheek against the side of Sara's head and whispered, "Release her."

David pulled his hand from Sara.

She wanted to grab his hand back but she couldn't move. This man, this demon had a hold on her. She was helpless.

"So," he whispered to Sara, "you want to be normal? To be like everyone else?" He reached into her stomach. Deep into her core.

She winced.

"Father," David said, "Please. Don't."

*Father?* Sara thought. He was their father? He was Satan!

"I can strip you of your power," he whispered into her ear and began to slowly pull his hand out of her body.

Sara felt her energy draining. "No," she whispered breathlessly.

He continued pulling the ball of energy from her.

"Father, please." She leaned back against him for support. "Please don't."

He stopped. "You're like your mother, Sara. Why should I leave you with my power?"

She took a deep breath and answered, "Because it's mine."

He laughed briefly in triumph and removed his empty hand from her stomach as he continued to hold her. "Look at your brother."

She looked over at David.

"You killed him in life. But you hold on to him in death. What is it that you want? Do you want what's expected or do you want what you want?"

How did she answer such a question? What did he want her to say? Was he ready to destroy his son if that's what she chose? Would he really destroy his obedient son for his God-worshipping daughter? There was only one way to answer his question. "I want what I want."

Satan smiled, pleased with her answer. He nodded at David. David stepped up to Sara and put his arms around her waist. Sara grabbed on to him and buried her face into his shoulder. "It's okay," David whispered. "He's gone."

Tears filled her eyes. It was not okay. Not for her. Satan had offered her normalcy. He offered to remove the part of him that dwelled inside her. And she begged him not to take it. She had always wished to be normal. But now she knew she could never be free. Satan's evil lived inside her, and without it she would be empty.

She chose evil over emptiness... She did deserve to be in Hell.

## Chapter Seven

Sara sat in the chair by the fireplace, staring into the fire.

David stood behind her, his hands resting on the back of the chair. “How long are you going to sit here? The sun’s gone down for the third time since you’ve gotten here.”

“What does it matter, David? We don’t eat. We don’t sleep. We’re in Hell.”

“We *can* eat. We *can* sleep. We’re not here to be punished. This is our home.”

“Just leave me be, David.”

“Fine. I have something I need to take care of anyway. I won’t be gone long. And when I return, we’re going out.” And with that said, he disappeared.

Sara rested her head back against the chair. She closed her eyes. Three days. Had it really been three days? She wondered how things were going back in life. Not that she really cared. She had to feel to care... and she couldn’t feel. She was numb. She was falling off the edge of sanity, and losing herself in the fall.

“Sara,” Satan’s voice came from behind her.

She opened her eyes and slowly rose from the chair.

He was dressed in a white satin shirt, jeans, and combat boots. “Not enjoying your home?” he asked.

“And do you really care how I feel?”

“Of course.”

“Well, then let me tell you how I feel. I feel numb. I feel nothing. I *can’t* feel.”

“Do you want to feel?... I can make you feel... I can give you pain... That’s what you want, isn’t it? Pain to make you feel real?”

She stared at him. Pain. Yes, that’s what she wanted. It was what she needed.

“All you have to do is ask.”

She continued to stare at him. She wanted the pain. It was the *only* thing that would keep her from losing herself. But to ask Satan for pain. Somehow it seemed wrong. Asking Satan to give her something she wanted, something she needed. Would she find herself in a deal with the devil? Would it be a betrayal to God?

He approached her. “Do you want the pain?”

“Yes,” she whispered.

“Then ask.”

She took a slow steady breath. “Will you make me feel?”

He smiled, and in one quick motion, he grabbed her, threw her face down on the bed and ripped open the back of her gown. “Finally,” he whispered as he slowly drew a sharp fingernail across her back, “a child that wants pain.”

She winced, gritting her teeth together as he sliced her back with his razor-sharp nail. She felt blood begin to trickle from the wound. And felt herself become alive.

He drew another slow line of pain.

She grasped the blanket in her fists and prayed he wouldn't stop. She was finding her way back.

He drew two more lines of pain slowly across her bloodied back and then was gone. Leaving her alone and wanting more.

Tears came to her eyes. She was really dead. She was really in Hell. How did this happen? She played the memory of her death over and over in her mind. Why would Hunter and Michael want to kill her? She hadn't been like David. What had happened to make Hunter kill her? She didn't understand. And that was what upset her the most.

“Sara!” David appeared beside the bed. “Sara, what happened? Who did this to you?”

“Your father,” she replied.

“Why?”

“Because I asked him to.”

“Come on.” He pulled her off the bed and took her into the bathroom. He turned on the shower.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“The other twins are coming to meet you. Let's not disappoint them.”

“The other twins?”

“Our brothers and sisters,” he replied, turning her away from him.

“I'm not in the mood to meet them.”

“They're coming anyway. I tried to talk them into waiting, but they insisted on coming.” He pushed the gown off her shoulders, and it fell to the floor. “You should feel better now that you've had your dose of pain. So let's show them the infamous Sara.”

“Infamous? What is that supposed to mean?”

“You're the only one of us who prays to God. The only one who killed her twin.”

She turned to face him. “Why don't you hate me for killing you?”

“Do you hate Hunter?”

“No.”

“Okay. Now get in the shower. They’ll be here soon. They can’t see you falling apart. You’ve got to show them who you really are. Strong in your convictions. And strong in power. Show no weakness.”

“Will you stay with me while I shower?”

“I’ll be right here.”

Sara stepped into the shower. The water stung her wounded back as it washed away the blood. It helped bring her back even more. It helped her feel. She thought of the other twins. They would all be evil, she just knew. And they all wanted a piece of her, she knew this too. But *she* was the strongest. She smiled. They wanted to see her fall. They wanted to take her down themselves. Well, she wasn’t about to let that happen. Not on Earth, and not in Hell. “Tell me about our brothers and sisters.”

“There are five other sets of twins. We make the sixth set; the youngest. There were more of us, but when we’re destroyed in Hell, we return to Earth as newborns; stripped of our birthright and our power. Other than you, there’s not one of us that would want that.”

“And how does that happen?” she asked, trying to hide the fact that she didn’t want that either. She wouldn’t mind losing the birthright, but not the power. She wasn’t herself without her power. Satan had taught her that in the short time she’d been in Hell – which was exactly what he had intended to do. He wanted to show her that she was his; that when given a choice, she would choose him. And that’s what she did when she begged him not to take the power from her.

“Only our siblings or father can destroy us.” David’s voice pulled her out of thought. “Not any other soul here can.”

“They’ve turned on each other before?”

“No. The ones who are gone were destroyed by our father. But that doesn’t mean our siblings won’t. And you’re different. You don’t embrace Satan as we do. So don’t turn your back on them. And don’t trust any of them.”

Sara climbed out of the shower.

David wrapped a towel around her and escorted her to the fireplace. “I think a backless gown would be best. A black and red one.”

Sara looked down at herself. A black, long-sleeve, low-cut, backless gown with red trim graced her body. She raised the gown and stuck out a foot. The black boots she had worn before were back on her feet. Her hair still crowned her head. She stepped over to the mirror.

“Beautiful,” David said.

She looked pale in the black gown, but she liked it. It fit the mood.

“Come on,” David grabbed her hand and led her from the room. They walked down the long hallway to the staircase.

As they descended the stairs, she could hear them. They were already there. She could hear whispers. Some she could make out; others she couldn't.

*She killed her own twin. Who would do that?*

*She worships God. Why hasn't Father destroyed her for betraying him? It just doesn't make sense.*

*Look at her. She's got blond hair. She doesn't even look like us.*

Sara saw it was true. They all had coal black hair.

*At least she's taken David's side.*

*What else can she do now that she's in Hell? I bet if she were back on Earth, she'd kill him all over again.*

“Why are they dressed differently?” Sara asked quietly. Each set of twins was dressed like their twin but different from the others.

“We each choose what we want as a couple. I like the castle and medieval setting. Don't you?” he whispered back.

She stopped and turned to him. “Do I have a choice?”

*What are they doing?* Sara heard someone say.

*She's probably afraid.*

“Yes,” David replied. “We can make any change you'd like.”

She smiled and kissed him. “I wouldn't change a thing.”

They turned back toward their siblings and continued down the stairs to the foyer. It was a little unnerving feeling their power as she came to the bottom of the staircase. But none of them felt stronger than her, individually. However, as a group, it was a different story. If they decided to gang up on her, she'd be in trouble.

David placed his hand at the small of her back as he began to introduce her to the other twins. He introduced them from youngest to oldest.

Brian and Stephanie were dressed in tees, jeans, and tennis shoes.

Caleb and Michelle were all dressed up. She was in a fancy black dress and three inch heels. He was in black slacks, a black dress shirt with the top two buttons open, and black dress shoes.

Timothy and Heather were dressed to go clubbing. She was in a tight red blouse, a black mini skirt and high heels. He was in a red button-up shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows, dark jeans and tennis shoes.

Alexander and Alexandra were dressed in Victorian clothes. She was in a blue dress. He was in a blue shirt and black pants.

Damien and Katrina were dressed in horse-riding attire. She was in a tight white polo, tan stretch pants and black riding boots. He was in a white polo, tan pants and black riding boots.

Each set of twins had nodded upon introduction. Sara followed suit and nodded back. None had said a word.

After giving Sara the once over, Katrina turned her attention to David. "So... does she still pray to God?"

"That's none of your business," Sara replied before David had a chance to answer.

Katrina shifted her gaze to Sara. "I didn't ask you. Don't speak unless you're spoken to."

Sara took a step toward Katrina. "I will speak as I like."

Katrina glared at Sara. The other sisters gasped.

David stepped between them. "Enough, Katrina."

"Really, David? You take her side after everything she's done? I know she's your twin, but come on. She killed you. She worships God. She's not like us. And she never will be."

"You're right, Katrina. She's not like us." David grabbed hold of Sara and turned her back to them.

"What are you doing?" Sara asked, struggling with David. "I don't want them to see."

"No!" Katrina yelled. "You lie!"

Sara broke free of David and turned to face her siblings. They were all stunned at the sight of the cuts across her back.

Katrina pulled a hand back and pushed it out at David. An invisible force shoved him against the wall away from Sara.

Sara threw both hands out at her siblings. They all stumbled back, spreading out from one another across the foyer.

Katrina pulled her hand back again.

"Enough!" Satan's voice came from behind the group of twins. They all turned to their father.

"Father," they murmured in surprise.

"I see you all came to greet your newest sister," Satan said as he sauntered through the twins toward Sara. "Playing a little rough, aren't we, Katrina?" he asked upon passing her.

"No," Katrina answered, glaring at Sara.

Sara glared back at her.

Satan smiled at Sara and rounded her. He reached out with a sharp finger and drew a new line on her back as he came around her. "Relax," he whispered to her.

Sara straightened as Satan's finger left a trail of blood across her back. She barely winced at the pain.

The others watched in silence as Satan smiled at his blond child... as his eyes lit up when he gazed at her. They had never seen him enchanted by a child before.

"She worships God," Katrina said.

"Yes," Satan replied, still gazing at Sara.

"She killed her twin... your obedient son. She rejects you, Father. How can you let her exist?"

Satan turned his attention to his children. "She's *my* child. She belongs to me."

Katrina reached out at Sara.

Sara's head jerked to the side. Blood trickled down her face from a scratch along her cheekbone.

David started toward Sara to join her in a stand against Katrina, but Satan glanced his way and shook his head. David stopped.

"She didn't even try to block my strike. She probably couldn't sense it coming."

"I did anticipate your strike, Katrina," Sara said, sharply. "I also anticipated your weakness."

Katrina raised her hand and created another cut just below the first one. "Look. She doesn't even defend herself."

Sara smiled at Katrina. "Pain is my pleasure... whether I'm giving or receiving. How about you, sister?" Sara reached up at her other cheek and drew a finger along her skin. Blood slowly trickled down her face.

Katrina screamed and reached up to her own face. A line of blood appeared on her cheek in the same spot as Sara's.

"Now you see why," Satan said. He took Sara's hand in his and led her to the staircase. "Go home children," he said, taking Sara up the stairs to the bedroom she shared with David.

"I'm sorry," Sara whispered as they entered the bedchamber. She didn't know what had come over her. She shouldn't have enjoyed inflicting pain on Katrina as much as she had.

Satan remained silent. He led her over to the bed.

Sara's heart began to race. Butterflies played within her stomach. They were alone, and he was holding her hand tenderly. She stared down at the floor. She could feel his presence radiating from his body. She didn't want to look up into his beautiful face, into his brilliant blue eyes.

He gently placed his hand on her waist and slowly pulled her to him.

She rested one hand on his arm that was wrapped around her waist, and the other hand at his shoulder. She still couldn't look up at him. Touching him woke every cell in her body. What was she doing? She was embracing Satan... the Prince of Darkness. She was enjoying his touch. And she wanted more. No wonder God had abandoned her. Deep down inside, she was Satan's child. She would always be Satan's child.

He lifted her chin, wiped the scratches from her face, and pressed his lips against hers. He pulled her tighter against his body and picked her up off the floor. He gently laid her on the bed, and pushing her gown up her thighs, he climbed in between her legs.