



About the Author

DAIMON PRICE currently resides in Lehigh County, and proclaims himself a "proud Pennsylvanian". Embrace of the Sun: In Shadows is the first in a series of nine novels, a vision that began in 1995 after his acceptance of Christianity. When not writing and recording, Daimon works as a special education teacher and counselor for individuals with disabilities. He describes himself a "blessed family man" when referring to his dearest wife Deana, and two children, Destiny and Jareth. Daimon is the stepson of Florida novelist Frances Price, with whom he shares her name to honor the bond they've shared throughout his life.

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Daimon Price

Embrace of the Sun In Shadows

Embrace of the Sun: In Shadows



Daimon Price



A UNIQUE CHRISTIAN PERSPECTIVE
ON THE POPULAR MYTHOLOGY OF
VAMPIRISM

Deanna, an orphan from the deadly plagues, is now under the care of her Uncle in the great Township of Manning, England. Only days after the death of Savarus Tate, the region's finest hunter and warrior, a horde of foreign invaders disrupts the peaceful existence in Manning. Deanna is captured in their wake, but secretly rescued by a mysterious dark being and his forest companions. In her quest to discover his true identity, she learns of Manning's tragic past, and of the looming darkness that may once again overpower the church and its congregation.



Embrace of the Sun: In Shadows

by

Daimon Price

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Table of Contents

Acknowledgements.....	5
ACT I.....	9
Chapter One Death of the Hunter	11
Chapter Two Origin of the Hunter	25
Chapter Three Enter Evil.....	35
Chapter Four A New Beginning	59
ACT II	71
Chapter Five The Post Hunter Period.....	73
Chapter Six End of the Calm	89
Chapter Seven First Encounter	109
Chapter Eight The Day After	115
Chapter Nine Night Falls	125
Chapter Ten Summoned.....	141
Chapter Eleven A Tale of Rescue.....	153
Chapter Twelve The First Miracle	167
Chapter Thirteen Arden's New Renewal	177
ACT III.....	193
Chapter Fourteen Mystery of the Dreams	195
Chapter Fifteen Fears of Discovery	205
Chapter Sixteen A History Unfolds	213
Chapter Seventeen Confrontation	231
Chapter Eighteen Coming Together	241
Chapter Nineteen Inquiries.....	251
Chapter Twenty A New Lesson.....	265

Embrace of the Sun: In Shadows

ACT IV	273
Chapter Twenty-one Tensions	275
Chapter Twenty-two Innocence Intervenes	287
Chapter Twenty-three Revelation.....	297
Chapter Twenty-four Midnight Quest	309
Chapter Twenty-five Chamber of Truth	321
Chapter Twenty-six A Human in Power	337
Chapter Twenty-seven Warning.....	353
About the Author.....	363

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*For my gothic princess and dearest wife,
Deana...*

I am eternally grateful to God for allowing our paths to cross in this Earthly realm of life. May this story serve as my gift to you, reflecting the love, passion, and magic you inspire within my spirit each and every day of our lives together.



Chapter Ten

Summoned

“**M**usic... So beautiful!” Deanna uttered from her tired lips. It had been several hours since she had fallen asleep, but the sounds of tonal bliss aroused her. With her shoulder still aching, she slowly began to rise. In doing so, she noticed her heart rate pick up significantly. At first, she assumed it was the movement of her shoulder that caused the sensation. However, once she managed to sit up completely, she realized her heart still would not calm.

Slowly, she looked around the room. In the corner was a soft chair, which had become a resting place for the woman that had treated her earlier. Carefully, Deanna focused on the sleeping mother, noticing her blond hair. She placed her hand over the bandage that protected her shoulder and smiled. “So kind you are, like a true Madonna.”

Suddenly, she could hear and feel the music again. Its soothing, yet sad, melodies nearly froze her in bed. Her heart began beating even harder as she allowed her spirit to absorb the sound and vibration. Its ethereal beauty began to pull at her very soul, drawing her in the direction of its source. The pull guided her off the

bed and onto her feet. Though she felt a stinging at first, her aches vanished with each step. The music led her out of the room and through the narrow corridor.

Moving through the dark halls, she noticed the blue moonlight glimmering through the tiny openings along the stone walls. The sight had stimulated a memory, which seemingly appeared before her eyes. She remembered the way the same moonlight had passed through the body of her savior as he carefully descended from Heaven. With the angelic sonata underscoring the vision, she began to breathe harder. Her body began to tremble as her heart raced even faster. *"He is near,"* She thought. *"I can feel him drawing me closer."*

Louder the music became when she found herself at the bottom of the long stairwell. With her breaths quick and short, she closed her eyes and began to relax her body. Slowly her breaths became longer as she inhaled deep gulps of air. As her eyes opened, the blue light began streaming into the stairwell. Just then, Deanna began doubting her own existence. *"Am I really alive, or has my soul separated from my dying body?"* Looking up at the endless stairs, she pondered an unusual thought. *"Is this the pathway into Heaven, where my angel awaits me?"*

While climbing each step, she thought of her many years living in doubt and of her reluctance in accepting Christ as the Son of God, and of religion itself. And yet over the last 20 hours she had found herself believing with no hesitations. Her mind and soul were opening

together, feeling more glorious than frightened. Louder and louder the sonata became, inducing her heart to pound once again. "God," she prayed, "please welcome me into this kingdom."

To Deanna, the long journey to the top of the tower happened in a flash. Without memory of the slow climb, she found herself standing before a large wooden door, the sonata still playing. Each note now pulsed throughout her body, unifying her with both the instrument and its player. The scents of jasmine and herbs began overwhelming her senses. "*Are these the gates of Heaven?*" she thought.

With a deep breath, she placed her hand on the door and lightly pushed it open. As the door broke its seal, the sonata quickly began to fade. Deanna stopped, afraid that opening the door any further would possibly end the experience. She became fearful that this was God's way of punishing her for all of the doubt she had cast upon Him.

She had often read about how non-accepting sinners would receive a few short moments in Paradise, only to be thrown into the abyss. It would be the ultimate suffering, as one's actions in mortal life were accounted for in an eternity of darkness.

Her fear eased upon seeing glimmering candlelight passing through the crack in the door. The scents became stronger, and her body began to feel a tingling sensation. The same feeling she had felt the moment he first touched her in the forest. "*If Heaven is not through these doors, my heart tells me that he is.*"

With her mind still in conflict, trying to determine whether she was alive in spirit or in the flesh, she gathered her courage and placed her other hand on the second half of the large door. "From this moment on, I am following destiny."

With that, she pushed both halves of the door apart and entered the chamber. The moment her body crossed the threshold, the sonata abruptly ended. Though its sudden conclusion seemed eerie, there was a strange comfort in the silence that followed. For a few seconds, Deanna stood motionless, trying to comprehend her unexpected surroundings. Carefully, she began to explore the realm that she now realized was not Heaven.

She looked to her shoulder, still warm wrapped in its bandage. After running her fingers through her fine brown hair, she wrapped her arms around her torso. Inhaling the beautiful scents in the air, Deanna began to feel almost weightless. While slowly moving towards the center of the room, she found herself squinting at the bright candelabras on each side of the chamber. With all of her senses active, she made the difficult realization of still being within her mortal flesh. But the etheric aura encompassing the chamber also convinced her that this was certainly no Hell of any kind.

The candlelight was utterly breathtaking, the various little flames flickering at many different heights and intensities. Patterns of light decorated the stone walls and oak ceiling with mesmerizing beauty.

Embrace of the Sun: In Shadows

They illuminated several paintings of angels and knights, all serving in the role of protector.

To her left hung a large silken tapestry depicting what appeared to be the story of Christ. Scenes of his birth, healings, and teachings were woven in amazing detail. Strangely, the stunning work of art seemed incomplete, as a portion near the right side was covered behind a long banner that hung just above. Though the images captured her attention, she forced herself to break free from their allure to continue her scan of the chamber.

As she looked about the room, she noticed a flute, lying calmly upon the base of a massive stone window. Cautiously, she approached the glorious instrument, hoping that somehow its player would magically appear. She had seen flutes before, but never one so immaculately designed. It was eloquently carved from what appeared to be pale tinted oak, with intricate patterns of gold flowing throughout its body. Running her fingers across the smooth holes, her body began to tingle once more. Though she did not know much of music, her body's reaction convinced her that this was the flute that had played the sonata.

As she stood before the massive window, a cold breeze brushed past her soft skin, causing her hair to blow slightly into her face. The candles began to flutter aggressively at the virtually unseen movement. Her heart suddenly began to beat out of control as she caught her breath. She quickly moved into the center of the room, where the dim light was at its brightest.

As she stood there, a cold chill ran up her back. It stole her breath for a sudden moment, nearly stopping her heart. Before she had the chance to regain her composure, the blue eyes appeared.

Instantly, Deanna found herself locked into their gaze. Unable to move, she became almost powerless to react. *"Those stunning blue eyes!"* she thought. *"I could never forget such eyes... It is him."* With her body nearly numb, the tingling sensation overwhelming her, she tried to step back. But all she could do was stare into the eyes. Having lost nearly all of her control, she became timid in the presence of this mystical creature.

Without warning, a pale hand reached out from the shroud of velvet black. Its cold skin passed along her cheek, following down the graceful curve outlining her face. She trembled as she sensed the trail its finger left behind, similar to the way ice water felt after it dripped from one point on her skin to another. At first, the sensation of being touched sent a shock through Deanna's body. However, to her surprise, everything began to slow down. Her lungs were releasing more air, and her heart finally relaxed until its rhythm was barely noticeable.

She had felt as if the events over the past many hours had never happened. All she could see or feel was her savior, now clearly visible in front of her. A joy rushed through her soul as she looked upon his glowing white face. Though she now remembered the nearly translucent paleness of his skin, her memory could do his features no justice. What she was now

experiencing became so much more than a mere glimpse through tearful eyes.

His face was similar to the many youthful statues she so admired back in the museums of London; so flawless and pristine. Unlike her encounter in the forest, the being was no longer wearing his thick black velvet cloak. On this night he wore an elegant vest of black suede, very dark in its depth. Underneath was a soft velvet tunic with flowing ruffles ending each sleeve.

He was of average height for a man, and he appeared to be in his middle teen years. Without his cloak, she could clearly see his long brown hair. Its slightly waved length lay below his shoulders, with bangs dripping over his blue eyes until they ended just past his chin. She found herself smiling when the candlelight revealed light reddish orange tints throughout his thin strands, much like hers.

Some seconds of silence had passed before Deanna managed to speak.

"I...know now that I ...survived, that I am alive in my body," she announced. "Now, as I look upon you, my soul is longing to know... if you live within your body".

The being lowered his head and broke the visual lock he held to her eyes. Deanna sensed a sudden flow of sadness pass through her. It was as if she began to feel what he himself was feeling. Unable to diffuse the logical nature of her soul, Deanna reluctantly

rephrased the question. Though she hoped it would not sadden him further, she had to know.

“Have you been sent from Heaven to protect me?” she asked.

The being slowly lifted his head, acknowledging her angelic theory of his existence. He turned and walked towards the window, grasping his flute as he arrived. Strangely, he could still sense the resonating energy Deanna had left upon the very holes she had caressed just moments earlier. The sensation alarmed him, as it also did Deanna, who appeared to notice his expression of bewilderment.

The awkward moment ended as a night breeze made its way through the large window, causing the candles to flicker erratically once again. Distracted, the being turned from his flute and peered through the window. Deanna became slightly frustrated. Though she felt as if her spirituality was renewed on this night, she still could not deny her desire for facts. Her logical mind was at war with her poetic soul, and this glorious creature was all that stood between them.

As the being stared out into the dark forest, Deanna slowly approached him. Though she felt unease, there was no fear. Sensing her approach, he turned to face her. Once more she became fixated on his blue eyes. Unknown to her, the being became entranced at the amber shade of her own eyes, and how the candles reflected within them.

His heart felt calmer than it had ever been, despite his nervous apprehensions. He knew Dimitri would

be furious to discover that he had summoned her to his chamber, no less speak with her. Yet he could not help but wonder how this magical connection occurred, and why it had somehow bonded him to her.

Realizing that this may be his only chance to communicate with her face to face, the being took a deep breath and finally spoke.

"I have dreamt of angels," he quietly confessed. "The glow of their majestic bodies, so pure and heavenly. Then I ask myself... how could someone mistake me for such a divine entity?" A tear developed below his left eye as he continued. "I am no angel."

Deanna was unsure how to react. Though she had almost convinced herself that her rescuer was angelic, she did not feel disappointment. Instead, she felt utter confusion. Reality had struck her with a swift blow as she attempted to comprehend the logic in all that was happening. She knew she was alive, thanks to this mysterious stranger. And despite his confession, she knew there was something magical about him, that he was no ordinary man.

"Perhaps you are not an angel," she replied, "but no one has ever made me feel the way I do right now. The energy that resounds within your touch, and the passion that lives within your eyes. It is all like some kind of fantasy... but isn't. You are not some illusion like she said. You are real!"

The being, feeling a warmth he was unfamiliar with, slowly backed away. It was not common for him

to feel heat of any kind, except from the candles burning near his skin. His world was cold inside and out, a fact to which he'd become accustomed. Nervously, he retreated to the center of the room, his flute still in hand. So careful he had to be, cautiously choosing every word.

"I am sometimes unaware of what is real and what is... fantasy," he confessed.

Noticing his tone and distance, Deanna was cautious to approach him again. She remained by the massive window and quietly responded, "What is real is that you saved my life. But you didn't do it alone... There were these magnificent wolves that destroyed them. At first I was so afraid those wolves would eventually kill me, but at that same moment I realized... they were not out to kill me... they were protecting me."

With her body uneasy at the sudden memory of her ordeal, she peered out through the window into the black forest. "I thought God had sent them, that they were angels in the form of beasts. But... it was you that sent them."

The being sat on his bench, lightly pressing his cold fingertips onto the intricately-carved holes. Deanna turned from the window as the music began to play. This melody was not a sonata, but more of a holy hymn. The notes were slow and distant, sounding nearly human as they cried. Closer and closer she moved to him, her body feeling anew the many

Embrace of the Sun: In Shadows

sensations it had experienced while following the sonata.

As she allowed the music to absorb into her spirit, she began hearing a faint voice. She looked to the being, trying to understand how she could hear a voice despite his lips sealed to the flute.

As every note became more dramatic the voice became clearer. She started understanding as words formed to become sentences. He was speaking directly to her soul through the tones of the hymn. Deanna closed her eyes and began breathing deeply, hoping it would assist her concentration. Her pulse rapidly elevated upon hearing the voice as clear as if it had come from his very lips.

"What is happening between us is a mystery... but know, it excites and pleases me... My life is loneliness... and seclusion... a destiny forever cast in stone... Those who love and care for me will not allow us to know one another... but as long as we continue to believe... no one can break our hearts' communion... Listen for my music... If we find ourselves unable to speak... the melodies will carry our thoughts farther than any word..."

As the hymn continued, the being observed her smile, which deeply touched his heart. He realized that she had heard his thoughts and was thankful to God. Deanna concentrated as hard as she could in hopes of returning his communion. Her mind was always strong, which she hoped would increase her chances of telepathy.

"Your words have reached me... though I am uncertain you are hearing me now... I pray you grant

me a wish... to place a name to your voice..."

Suddenly, the stairwell echoed with the sounds of footsteps. The sonic intrusion forced the being to cease his playing; an abrupt ending that jarred Deanna off her feet. Her head began spinning while she fell to the ground in a state of dizziness. While trying to shake her head free of the trance state, her heart felt saddened, knowing that the being probably didn't hear her message.

Trying to get to her feet, she looked towards the bench and saw no one. The energy she had used to hear his voice had drained her strength. Feeling a great sense of despair, she fell back onto the floor once more. Lying still, she thought she saw a shadow casting itself above her.

Just then the doors opened and the mother, along with a familiar gentleman, ran into the room. The shadow quickly vanished, leaving a trace of icy cold air that stunned her body.


"How did you ever get up here?" The mother questioned, with a slight annoyance in her voice.

"That is not important now. We must get her back to her room," the man responded.

He reached underneath and lofted her off the floor. With the mother close behind, he began to carry her down the long stairwell. As they neared the bottom, Deanna heard faint notes coming from the flute. Along with those notes, a single word appeared in her mind.

"Sebastian."

About the Author

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