



PRANKS OF DARK SPIRITS (LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE)

PROJECT PREVIEW

PUBLISHED BY BAM! PUBLISHING

DRAFT

Pranks of dark spirits (lead a double life)

First Edition

Copyright © 2018

Sale of this book without a front cover may be unauthorized. If the book is coverless, it may have been reported to the publisher as "unsold or destroyed" and neither the author nor the publisher may have received payment for it.

Printed in the United States of America



DRAFT

“Beyond the crumbling gates, lonely serpentine alleys make it way through the entangled greenery, leading to the dark castle. The wind flings up leaves which, so it seems, covers all around slowly... it fly into the castle and gently fall down on the windowsills or settle on the cold floor slabs of the long cloistered gallery. The upper part of the castle, in which a small gazebo is supporting an old cast iron bell is situated. The approaching sound of female heels violates the sense of abandonment of this structure ... no, she isn't walking ... she is running. The clicking of heels clearly chops on the stone floor. A tiny figure in a dark burgundy coat emerges into the wind. Blond flowing curls escape from a huge hood that covers her face. She carries a dark wax candle in her aristocratic fingers. The incredible white skin

of her hands contrasts with beautiful dark red nails, long and carefully sharpened.

She crosses the corridor and stops suddenly in front of the gazebo before slipping inside it. It was dark, thick with white-blue fog. She headed resolutely to the darkest corner, where he was waiting for her. Her white hands dug into the magnificent naked male chest, on which gold ornaments in the form of magical pendants hung. The gold emitted heat. "I was waiting for you," he said. Instead of answering she raised her pretty little face, and their lips met hungrily.

Sixteen years earlier: The Castle of Count Baumer

Early in the morning, an hour before sunrise.

The dark sky with burgundy glimpses of the rising sun is barely noticeable... A giant, black-bird, its wings flapping gracefully, approached ever closer to the side of the manor. It had an odd shape for a bird ... a mounded, muscular body is resembling a human form. Not a bird, but a ravenous, flying creature of the dark forces that seek to maim and kills. It slowly circled above the manor, gripping something

resembling as a basket... it quickly descended, and, without touching the slabs of the yard, it left the basket just outside the entrance to the castle, the home of Count Baumer. It returned, like lightning to the sky and disappeared into the predawn twilight ... retreating.

Henry's room

Twilight shrouded the large bedroom, except the desk, on which a candle was burning, in the corner of the room, a bit further from the huge, dark wooden bed. The wallpaper of the bedroom, golden in color, lent a feeling of warmth and comfort, and the edge of the crimson quilts dropped onto the beige floor covering, lying next to the bed on the stone slabs. Henry slept peacefully ... he dreamed about a field bathed in sunshine, breaths in the scent of wildflowers, saw a clear blue sky ... but then the picture began to change ... in the field, he saw a black figure approaching him. The closer the man in black approaches the more unpleasant the feeling of fear that overpowered him became. Simultaneously, with the approach of the man, he notices how the changing sky acquired gray tones and was getting

darker and darker. The clouds were gathering at a high speed. Now he was close!!! His black clothing reminded Henry of a priest's attire... Oh, the horror! His face was old and ugly, shrouded in deep wrinkles... time seemed to have stopped, all that was happening stuck... frozen... the person in black froze up... instantly! They were face to face. "You are responsible for her life!" He snarled furiously. Oh! Henry, white with terror and in a cold sweat, awoke, half-sitting in bed, while his senses gradually came back to him. He remembered that terrible day when his father's mauled body was found. Green vegetation was abundantly spattered with blood. Bloody body parts seemed to be everywhere. Where his memories interrupted by a baby's cries... a child? Where is this crying coming from? ...

Henry hastily climbed out of bed, throwing a sheepskin cloak over himself. Peering through the dusty glass of a window, he tried to determine the source of the crying. He was sure that the crying was coming from the courtyard below, so Henry run's down the stairs and threw open the heavy front doors. Stepping over the

threshold, Henry sees a small basket, from which the uninterrupted sound of a baby's crying was coming. Bending over the basket, he heard his brothers, Stefan and John, approaching; they also were in disarray. Stefan's face was anxious and sullen. Henry looked at the basket, or rather at the miserable clump inside, the baby was burst into tears. While Henry and John were leaning over the child, Stefan suspiciously looked around the yard and exclaimed, "I do not like any of this!" Henry and John, meanwhile, brought the basket and baby into the castle and gently placed it on a table. All three were astonished that the child stopped crying and observed its new acquaintances. The baby had unusual eyes, they were purple. Henry had never seen such an extraordinary eye color. Stefan broke the silence: "I think we need to carry this baby to the nearest village. Surely there will be some good family or a woman who would take care of her." "But what do we do with her right now?" responded Henry. "She must be hungry... I do not even know how we will be able to feed her," Henry continued in confusion, looking for support

from his brothers. "I'll go and find some milk," Stefan muttered, dissatisfied, and he departed. "We should take it out of the basket," suggested John, while anxiously looking at Henry. "No... I can't, really" Henry said hesitantly and even discreetly tried to take a step back from the basket. Sighing heavily, John approached the tiny baby, but his hands quivered as soon as he got close to it. "I can't either," said John. Resigned, Henry gently took the little body in his hands and carried the child to his bedroom. The child was a girl with light, fuzzy hair. "Let's call her Anna, after our mother," suggested Henry. John did not say anything and just shrugged his shoulders.

With the noise of flapping wings, the gargoyle landed on the floor of the already decimated chapel. Opening its powerful hand, it looked thoughtfully at a gold pendant of extraordinary beauty, set with dazzling, bloody color garnets. The time will come, and again, the magical amulet will come back to life, yes ... as soon as it is returned ... With the strength of the amulet clutched in its palm, the gargoyle froze, and its body gradually turned to stone.

Sixteen years have passed. A thunderstorm raged without ceasing for three days, and the once blue sky was dragged under a dark, gray cover. . Suddenly, a knock came on the door ... Henry hastily donned his sheepskin cloak and opened the door to Thomas the teacher, who had been hired to tutor Anna. Staggering over the threshold, wheezing, the teacher tried to get rid of his heavy cloak, soaked with rain. "Well, the weather has taken a turn for the worse. I was starting to think I might not make it ... Have you heard ... all of these ... hmmm ... concoctions of the village bystanders? They say that they heard strange screams coming from the woods at midnight! Oh, and by the way, a few women who went for herbs are missing in the forest. And a shepherd described how, at midnight, he saw indecent maidens at the lake ... nude! The shepherd... wanted to get closer ... to stare at the wonder, but at his approach, the maidens billowed into the sky like birds! Incidentally, Mr. Henry, how are things going with your brother, John?" said Mr. Thomas. "Same old, same old, Mr. Thomas! Nothing's changed ...," Henry uttered deject-

edly. John had claimed to have seen a bird of enormous proportions periodically during the evenings, circling over the roof of the castle for the past 16 years. John described it at the window of Anna's room, clinging with its claws to the stone walls of the castle. And John thought it was trying to get in! He, with bated breath, watched it lurking around the corner of the stables ... he was impressed by what he saw! But suddenly ... this bird turned its head sharply toward John ... Oh, the horror! He felt dizzy with fear! Dreadful! The ugly face with fiery red eyes! It was not a bird! Never before had John seen such a figure! At that moment, the winged being flung itself upwards and was enveloped by the night.

John lost his peace of mind ... was having nightmares ... waking up in a cold sweat, he made plans to track down this vile creature. Every day in the early morning before dawn, once again, waking up from nightmares, he would leave the castle, wandering around and peering into the night sky of twilight. Stefan, the middle brother, has long since moved to a neighboring village and rarely visits them, he

has started a family of his own with children. Upon visiting his brother at the time, Stefan proposed to Henry that they should invite a priest to take a look at John, whose behavior alarmed them very much. As the priest visited, John became enraged: "All this time ... you pretended to believe me!", John roared. "Yes! You think I'm a madman!", bursting into loud hysterical laughter, with his face in a distorted grimace of such bitter regret ... the frustration that Henry placed no confidence in him. Henry sensed both fear and pity towards his brother and endless despair that nothing could bring back the old John, whom he had known before. For a second, a memory from the past presented itself in his eyes: they are in childhood, all three with their father at the pond ... their father is knee-deep in the water ... trying to catch a fish with his hands ... Henry and Stefan were flooded with laughter, watching how older brother John, who always assumed an air of seriousness, even with certain moodiness, imitating his father awkwardly. In reality, Henry returned to reality from the rumblings of his brother's laughter, leaving to his room, ac-

accompanied by Stephen, who cautiously tried to hold his brother's arm. "Yeeeeeah", said the priest thoughtfully. "Demonic possession!", long time thinks he concludes, while his face expressed fear, his eyebrows raised, and it seemed as if Henry's face acquired a shade of great concern. Henry awoke from his memories, which seemed to last an eternity. Teacher Thomas had said something and spoke.... with horror, Henry realized that he had not been listening to Mr. Thomas for quite a long time. "Demonic possession!", the voice of the priest was all in the head. "Mr. Thomas!", he said at last: "I'll take you to the reading room where you can get acquainted and present your teachings to our Anna!", "With pleasure!", teacher Thomas said. Climbing up the staircase, they found themselves at the crossing of two corridors - to the right, they passed the brothers' bedrooms and a peculiar reading room, where their late father, Earl Baumer, enjoyed spending some time, the master bedroom of the father was situated in the left wing of the castle, which now belonged to Anna. Faced with the oak door of the reading room,

Henry seemed as though he had frozen for a second, turning and looking at Mr. Thomas, he raised his hand, ready to knock on the door.

Anna. Anna pensively looked at the trickle of rainwater, slipping down on the other side of the glass like a snake. The rain gradually faded, the dark sky took on shades of lighter tones. Autumn is the rainy season ... She softly touches her fingertips to the windowpane, as if she was playing with the falling raindrops on the glass, wanting to follow them quicker than the drops will stream down. Interrupting her uncomplicated game, she turned her gaze away ... out of the window. The windows of the reading room, overlooking the rear courtyard of the castle, gave view to the stables, an old well, a huge old oak tree and slightly to the left, a small slope leading down to the pond on the other side could be seen from which the forest began. Oh! Now it resembled a mix of colors ... gray trunks ... green ... yellow ... crimson leaves seemed to merge into one. A small haze of mist gently hung above the waters of the pond. But of greater interest to Anna was the old black castle, which was very far away,

there in the distance. She could only see part of it protruding over the forest. This castle, seemed to beckon her, call her, sometimes she even dreamed about visiting it ... At this point, there was a knock on the door. Turning, Anna saw Henry and an overweight, aging man with a puffy and unpleasant face, so it seemed to Anna, face. "Perhaps this is the teacher ... yes, it seems that it is ..." thought Anna. "Oh my God!", Mr. Thomas was just amazed at the beauty of this young lady. The gentle oval face, such white skin, plump mouth, small rounded pretty nose. Oh! and her eyes ... violet in color, unusual purple eyes, all this framed by the magnificent blond hair, gently streaming down her shoulders, down Anna's petite figure. Anna was in a beautiful dark dress, she was very fond of beautiful things ... very. She herself directed the styles of dresses to her dressmaker, dictated to exactly how Anna would wish for. "Anna! I would like to introduce you to Mr. Thomas, he will now be your teacher!", said Henry, "Mr. Thomas is a good friend of Stefan's, who has kindly agreed to visit us". "Good evening", Anna uttered. Her voice somewhat surprised Mr.

Thomas, it was not exactly childlike ... velvety ... stringy, like honey - flashed through Mr. Thomas' head. In the meantime, Henry, approaching the big oak writing desk, motioned to Anna and Mr. Thomas to sit down. Anna graciously walked across the room and sat down smoothly with the same grace. Mr. Thomas, in turn, approached the table and collapsed into the chair heavily and, with a glance at Anna and then to Henry, he began to pull out books and written sheets of paper from his bag with some haste.... "Well ... I think I'll leave you to it" uttered Henry, hurrying off.

The evening darkens...the powerful gargoyle sat on one of the oak tree's branches. It did not take her fiery eyes from the reading room window, observing how Anna and the teacher are getting to know one and other, its snout expressing some uneasiness. Yet again opening its powerful palm, it once again frowned wistfully, looking at the pendant. Sharply holding it in her claw, she flung it up like a flash into the night sky and by first making a circle around the castle, it darted off into the woods. The Black Castle, oh what a legend there was!

The young Countess Gabrielle was the holder of the castle a very long time ago and had quite a close friendship with all the old witches and the evil spirits of such dark intentions. She loved to entertain herself on the rich celebrations of dark forces, often by arranging such things in her castle. A rumor went around, that at exactly the stroke of midnight, dark swarms of huge winged creatures circled above the castle of the Countess in the night sky, touched by the light of the moon, flying through the highest tower of the castle one after the other. Terrible cries laugh, shouts and groans would then be heard coming from the castle. All of this very much frightened the local villagers, that is to say, as soon as the sun started to set, not a single soul would dare to come out onto the village streets. People just vanished... The rumor was that the witches and vampires just picked whatever villagers came in their path while on their way to their orgies, and simply carried them to the castle under terrible uncertainty. Countess Gabrielle was noted for being a real beauty; magic light just radiated out of her natural blond curls. She had

such a beautiful face, plump mouth, unusual purple eyes, magnificent body, a big bustling bosom. She was the embodiment of beauty and sexuality. It was often said that those who even managed to see her in passing, were enchanted by her alluring beauty. The legend goes that she had a close connection with a Dark Prince - Aratron. The prince possessed a magnetic appearance, his dark hair was cut short, his skin had a touch of olive, his black eyes were passionate, he had a taut nose, sensual lips, which he would so often love to shift into an impudent grin. His powerful muscular body was simply extraordinary. He had a frenzied force, fiery temperament, flash-like judgment and was remorseless; he would play the most fearsome games with the souls of men. Nevertheless! He had just one passion and a burning love for only one being in his wicked herd - Gabrielle. This woman was driving him crazy.

The thought that she is not part of the legion of Dark creatures, who do not know of death, forced him into the decision to reincarnate her and make her one of them, to give her eternal life using black matter, in which the strongest

legion of darkness gathers, but there was still something, that only Araton and the magician Tamerlan were aware of. Meanwhile... he left one of the reliable and most dedicated of his servants with her - the gargoyle Bethor. With the noise of its flapping wings.... the gargoyle landed on the window sill of a large, open window. located on the highest tower of the Black Castle. The wind gave forth to a howling sound, it was stronger than usual at such a height. After jumping down from the window sill inside, the gargoyle broke the silence of the tranquil castle with its noise while moving around, the sound of its claws on the marble slabs tapped away. Having crossed the small room, it approached the open door leading to the stairs, which meant it could go down them... to the heart of the castle. After making a couple of hops down, it was faced with double doors leading to the throne hall in which, long ago, the darker celebrations and all the various gatherings of the Legion of Darkness took place. A bedroom designed for guests of the castle could be found to the left down the corridor, as well as the bedroom of the land-

lady of the castle herself. Pushing the double doors, gargoyle entered the throne hall. Black marble lined the floor of the huge hall, sparkling clean in its day... and now, fragments of mangled artwork, broken furniture, gold and silver cups, shards of mirror, everything was covered with a thick layer of dust like a gray veil. The hall was dead ... The golden walls of the hall, on which magical symbols were applied, were smeared with dark patches of red blood, together with black blood which belonged only to the Dark servants. The deep scratches on these walls were clawed markings of gargoyles and markings from swords. The gargoyle slowly moved around the hall deep in thought, taking it all in. Approaching the point of elevation, where three luxurious thrones once rose, it stopped... two seats were completely broken and one was whole, it lay a little more turned. These three luxurious seats of the thrones were decorated with gold and opal stones, once belonging to Aratron, Gabrielle, and Tamerlan, the black magician. The gargoyle's eyes were drawn to a small piece of broken mirror covered with dust

among the fragments of glass, by taking it into its clutches, the gargoyle attempted to examine its reflection, when suddenly... all the dust found on the mirror gradually began to slide to the center of the mirror, gathering in a small pile... in an instant... a small trickle started to spiral counter-clockwise forming what could only be described as a funnel cloud...

Anna

. After Henry left the reading room, Anna left alone with teacher Thomas. "Ahem, Ahem", teacher Thomas exclaimed, clearing his throat, his eyebrows moving to flicker a serious glance. "Soooo" he extended, "Where would you like to start Miss Anna?"... "Maybe with arithmetic, or calligraphy, and maybe you are interested in history?" he continued. "Let us start, Mr. Thomas, with history..." Anna uttered pensively. As he had promised, Mr. Thomas spent three days a week in the castle of Count Baumer. Anna was an excellent student, she took to science with ease, Mr. Thomas was taking so much pleasure out of discovering Anna's ever-expanding talents... yet there was one... the teachings of the faith of religion, the

gospels and Holy Scriptures... Anna simply did not seem interested in anything to do with it at all, Mr. Thomas took this with great horror – himself being an overzealous Catholic irritated her. Anna's very strange behavior made Mr. Thomas uneasy and frankly speaking, even scared. Nevertheless, seen as that Mr. Thomas was getting paid quite generously, he preferred to keep quiet. On one occasion, Mr. Thomas suggested Anna listen to St. Ambrosius...

while reading a few lines, Anna's face suddenly adopted several strange looks, her wonderful purple eyes darkened so much that they virtually changed to black, having noticed such a change, after stopping reading, he asked Anna if she felt alright, yet Anna responded that she felt tired and wanted to retire to her room. After some time, Mr. Thomas decided to once again return to religion and touched upon the Roman Catholic movement, but this time Anna retreated all of a sudden, saying that she had a terrible headache, but as she was leaving, Mr. Thomas felt as if she gave him a look full of irritation and some hostility. As soon as An-

na left the reading room, slamming the heavy door at the same time, Mr. Thomas felt genuine fear. "Well, that is that.... I have to secretly visit Lugdunumsky (The Council of Lyon), to arrive there and tell the abbot about all this - just to take such a decision, toiled Mr. Thomas. Returning to her room, with anger, Anna tore off her velvet choker adorned on her graceful neck and threw it on her bed. Motionless for a moment in the midst of the room, she felt like just retreating into herself..., returning to reality, she took a step to the mirror and stared at her reflection, she liked to ponder over herself. Through her own eyes, she saw a different Anna standing opposite her in the mirror. She remained pleased with herself. All the unpleasant memories from Mr. Thomas' teachings began to evaporate, when suddenly... her slender body gained the shape of a more mature woman, she had a noticeable rounder shape. Anna's reflection in the mirror was Anna, but, at the same time, not herself! This blonde beauty in the mirror struck some huge similarity. Anna stared at her with a sinking heart. Those beautiful purple eyes stared at Anna

with defiance. In an instant... everything vanished... No, she's not afraid... Anna came across very calm in her appearance. She had already met this blonde beauty, but only in her dreams. Anna thought about her dreams... they seemed so familiar as if she had seen it all before... but where? The allure led the black castle ... and this woman so similar to herself.

A couple of years had passed. Henry was finishing his trip on one of his horses, along with the paths of the forest, basking in nature. Many years had already passed since that moment Anna had joined their family. He frequently thought about her, having mysteriously appeared, she, who he had practically nursed, he spent an innumerable amount of sleepless nights above the baby's bedspread, he had replaced both her mother and father... she nevertheless remained a riddle to him. An inexplicable interest in that... for which one would be sent to the gallows, she was interested in terrible legends, which told of witches, sorcerers, evil spirits, she both did not hide her sympathy for these black servants of the Dark, but was also filled with admiration for their

talents and capabilities. All this greatly frightened Henry, but he did not dare share his fears or speculations with a single soul. He greatly loved her.... as a loving father... he tried to safeguard her at any cost, fearing to lose his Anna, who had become one of his own and dears to him. He recalled that winter day when he and seven-year Anna went for a walk on the still pond. She collected pieces of ice, lying on the frozen pond ... "How beautiful they are... if you look really close, you can see the extraordinary patterns"; said Anna, holding them in her palms, pink from the cold. "Yes, the patterns of nature", replied Henry. "Can I take them home?" asked Anna. "Of course you can take them, but they will melt into water." answered Henry. "And if they don't, I will save them and we will remember this frosty day and our walk. What a surprise it was, when Henry walked in to tell her a story before bed, and saw the pieces of ice completely whole, peacefully lying on a piece of velvet next to the crib. Noticing Henry's surprise, Anna playfully said, "And so they did, I told them not to turn into the water and they listened to me!" Having laid An-

na to sleep, Henry long considered this, having taken one of the shards in his hands in confusion, turning it in his hands, he warmed it with warm palms ... but it did not that. He also remembered Anna's first trip to the nearest big city... Henry took the then 13-year-old Anna with him, they were to visit the huge market, buy some groceries, buy velvet for the next of Anna's new dresses from the store, and it was time to show her life outside the castle. A team of horse-drawn carriages carried them along the village roads, they drove to a nearby village. The locals were surprised to see the small open carriage. Many recognized the family crest of the counts of Baumer from the coat of arms that adorned it, the. In one of the villages on the road, local people had gathered in a crowd, beating an older woman, she was a local wise woman-healer, who lived at the edge of the village. This woman had a gift wherein she could heal with herbs, exorcise livestock disease, prepare different potions, many, in the strictest confidence from her neighbors and relatives, still used her services regardless... but now, an angry mob was close to killing this

woman. "Witch!" "Damned servant of Satan!" people were shouting. "Beat her!" The team of horses with Henry's carriage stopped. "What's going on over there?" shouted Henry to the coachmen. "We cannot to move any further, Sir!" shouted the coachmen. "People have blocked the road!" "There's something happening over there!" "And now ... clear the way!!!" roared the coachmen and for persuasiveness, he flicked a long whip a couple of times. "Drag her to the side of the road!" yelled someone in the crowd. "Let the landlord through!" Grasping for clotted hair, they pulled her out of the road. The woman howled in pain. Having cleared the road, they continued to beat and insult the wise woman. Driving by, Anna tried to see what was happening there. When finally the carriage drew level with his coach... something happened with the horses ... They stopped, coachmen whipped, yelled, but they seemed to have frozen. Anna, having sat up in her carriage, calmly watched the bloody woman ... the woman, despite her departing spirit, it seemed to Anna as she stopped moving, that her eyes widened significantly, she

tried to pronounce something indistinct ... People did not pay any attention to what was happening. They kept screaming: "Put her on a stake!" "On a bonfire with her!" In an instant... close to houses, flames blazed... "Fire!" Stupefied, the mob scattered, as people rushed to save their so simple dwellings, forgetting all about the witch. The bloody woman could not avert her eyes from Anna. It seemed as though their meeting continued for minutes - eye-to-eye. "Leave," said Anna slowly. " You know ... where to go." Anna finished. The woman nodded, and when the coach took off, she shouted in a weak hoarse voice at the departing carriage, "I recognized you!" "You came back!" The blood-soaked lips tried to display something like a weak smile. Henry could not recollect himself after seeing that ... The coachmen, cautiously looking around, had a very fearful look, he had long served the counts of Baumer and was marked as a devoted and not a talkative servant. Almost all the way to the town, Henry could not bring himself to say a word. And Anna spent the journey into town in a sort of reverie. All the way, Anna could not remem-

ber where she could have seen this woman before. Henry's memories were interrupted by the cry of a bird, that had flown close.

Gargoyle silently watched a little circle, which seemed to be gaining more and more force.

At that moment... There was a repeating sound, reminiscent of a clap, and a smattering of dust was spread and disappeared. In the reflection of a mirror, there were deep wrinkles slashed across the face of the mage Tamerlan. "Bethor!!!" thundered the powerful voice of the magician. Slowly lowering her head, the gargoyle nodded as if expressing her respect, and after raising her head, she looked at magician in the eyes. "The time approaches, Bethor!" "Aratron has been away for 16 years, and he will return again! His barrier of entry into this dimension will soon lose power!" with these words the image of the mage disappeared... and the gargoyle now saw her own reflection in the mirror. "Aratron!" The gargoyle dipped into her recollections of her previous owner.... Claps of thunder tore up the sky,... the luster of lightning... the black viscous clouds of enor-

mous sizes pulling in even more and more until there was no peaceful sky. The legion of Aratron approached ever nearer to the black castle, and inside the castle, the following happened... A black marble floor, in which the guests of the castle sat in honor, was set with black candles. The combination of black marble and black candles created the invisibility of the latter, and it seemed the flames were floating independently in the air. In each corner of the hall, there were black crows. The guests of the castle; rare talents, the strongest magicians, sorceresses, and witches; were prepared for the great rite of dedication of the young mistress of the castle, in whom would awaken supernatural abilities, will bestow eternal youth and immortality, she will become one of them... such is the will of Aratron! Along the hallway, a whisper of many voices wandered ... the intoxicating smell of potion, which the witches prepared,

was traveled everywhere... there was one local young sorceress Teresa here, that had attended with the students of one strong witch, who attended this area only in the Autumn...

At the end of the hall, there was a slight elevation, on which stood three high thrones. In one of the thrones sat in the glory the black mage Tamerlan, vested in long black clothing resembling the robes of a priest. To some degree, in fact, he was a priest... but only of His Black World! His face was old and ugly, slashed by deep wrinkles. Next sat in glory the blond beauty mistress of the castle, the magnificent Gabrielle, a smile wandered across her perfect lips... she thought now only of Him! Oh!!! how she loved him, ... a feeling of passion overfilled her soul... Hot, reckless, passionate love - intoxicated... it simply drove her crazy! "He is already near!" thundered the voice of the mage Tamerlan. "I feel him! Drink! Eat! Celebrate! Since he is already near!" shouted the mage. An incredible noise and chaos engulfed the room. Guests enjoyed themselves to the utmost extent... The clinking of crystal goblets, filled with wine and blood, resounded everywhere. Behind the semicircle, where the main guests of the castle sat in honor, were also sitting in a second: gargoyles, wolves, different lesser demons and students of the main guests; they

also enjoyed themselves in this black celebration. The mage Tamerlan observed all proceedings at the celebration. However, Gabrielle uninterruptedly looked into the opposite corner of the hall, as though from there at any minute Aratron would appear... and so he did! ... Oh! Madly did the heartbeat in Gabrielle's breast...

her breathing as though it had stopped... He... Aratron haughtily visited with his retinue. Stopping in order to listen to the respects of the guests, he answered something to each of them, but his eyes... they uninterruptedly looked at her... at Gabrielle. How he was magnificent, his beautiful sinewy body, which was decorated with a multitude of gold magic pendants. Aratron did not wear a tunic, his golden torso was always exposed, velvety black eyes, a cheeky smirk on those sensual lips never seemed to leave them. Gabrielle, not being able to bear it, arose, and slowly moving through the crowd, went to meet him. When they did meet ... Aratron tenderly touched her chin, having thus raised her small face, steadily lowering his head in order to kiss her, looked

her in the eyes, and in her eyes he saw everything..., tenderly touching his lips to her lips, as though he would tease her, he knew what she now felt, he knew how passionately she wanted his kiss. Gabrielle, not being able to endure it, literally stuck herself to his lips with force. Having left the paved floor, they were as though suspended in the air... The black crows, that had sat peacefully on the corners of the hall, flapped up and, holding in their beaks an enormous black cover, embroidered with different magical signs in golden thread, they accurately placed it in the center of the semicircle, consisting of the main guests of the castle. Through the room swept waves of heat and cold ... Aratron and Gabrielle - congealed in a passionate kiss, they floated gently through the air, in the centre of a semicircle.... hovering around the magical bedcover, Aratron, broke away from the kiss, unclenched his strong powerful palm, and extended a gold pendant of extraordinary beauty to Gabrielle, all studded with incredible garnet. After putting on the elegant white neck pendant, Gabrielle raised her beautiful little face and their eyes met passion-

ately. Slowly, dropping to the magical black and gold bedcover, Aratron defiantly ripped the dress from Gabrielle ... exposing her magnificent body, and took her, in front of all the guests. All gathered, they continued their feast, they now waited for the full moon to pursue an increasingly important part of the ritual. All this rushed through the head of the gargoyle. Bethor within a few minutes. Who is she? A loyal surviving servant in this terrible ruthless battle?.... waiting for the masters.

The night was falling...

Anna... Henry, teacher Thomas, and Anna gathered at a large table, they eat peacefully. Teacher Thomas convened with Henry after dinner to visit the Abbey, located 100 miles away, to pay a visit to John, with whom a priest had already gone there with several years ago at the request of Stefan, to find whatever was causing John's mad behavior. Demonic possession! In due course, he singled out and took John to the walls of the monastery. "Well... its time," said Henry, "We'll set off and be there in the morning". The horses were already, shifting from feet to feet, snorting away, they were

all set. "Anna!", said Henry softly, "The first time that you are left alone in the castle... I don't even know how to calm the anxiety... I fully understand... you are not a little one... you are already, thanks to God's will, old enough, and the cook-woman will certainly be in the castle". "Henry... don't worry yourself...everything's going to be fine! Just go and don't give me a second thought... OK? Give all my respects to John" - said Anna softly. "Mr. Henry! Everything's ready!", said Mr. Thomas. "Well... OK then", Henry, throwing on a dark cloak, nodded and departed, accompanied by Mr. Thomas. Anna heard the hoof beats of Henry's retreating carriage and the gnashing wheels. Having risen to her room, Anna perched on the edge of the bed and observed the candle flame, how it burned peacefully on the table laden with her ornaments and gold jewelry. Anna loved her jewelry, she liked to sort through them and look at them again and again. Suddenly she remembered her dream ... a dream in which she saw the extraordinary beauty of the gold pendant decorated with darkish, red stones. She also remembered the huge unexplainable

strange creature with wings, so often did she dream that she wasn't even put off by the frightful appearance of this creature. What kind of creation is it? Why even, does she feel some kind of sympathy towards it? "It seems to me that I have seen it in one of the pictures... in some book," thought Anna... "I think it was one of John's books... yes... I need to go down to his old room...". Taking the candle, she was about to leave the room when suddenly ... she heard a knock at the front door which was situated downstairs. "Could this be Henry back?" thought Anna. There goes the knock again. "Yes, but where on earth is the old cook-woman? Why hasn't she opened it?" such thoughts passed through Anna's head. Going down the stairs, she watches the front door open ... the cook-woman standing near the door, she was taking a back. "Miss Anna! I... didn't open it... it did it itself... just flung open!" She quivered. An old man was standing there, he was dressed in a long black cloak with a hood from under which an ugly old face threaded with deep wrinkles glanced at Anna. Meanwhile, the stranger began to approach

Anna, his deep eyes never took their gaze away. For some reason, Anna felt no fear, the closer he got, the more Anna tried to look at his face, the more she tried to understand how there was something vaguely familiar with such a face? Anna just couldn't remember this person, but she was convinced of the fact that she had seen or even met him before. Just like a dream, Anna heard her own voice - "Leave us, Catherine!", "Sure, Miss Anna", the cook-woman murmured, hurrying off. Having come face to face with Anna, the old man in the black paused, his glance looked towards Anna's frozen face and he continued on his way to a small room. He silently sat in a chair beside the fireplace... the extinguished fireplace blazed into a bright flame again in an instant! Anna's body seemed to appear like she had no control over it, much to her surprise... as if she was in a dream, she followed the strange old man... she approached the old man who was seated and sank to her knees. "Gabrielle!", the authoritative voice of the old man thundered. She wanted to say that her name was Anna, but the old man went on - "Do you know who I am?..."

Yes, you know me.... you are plagued by those questions that you don't have the answers to... I'll help you find them... and remember everything, Gabrielle! Your dreams, Gabrielle - it is your past that is making itself felt... the time has come that you must know who you actually are! At this point, he handed Anna black agate beads with a large inverted cross. "Kiss it!" thundered his commanding voice... so she kissed it. Her body flushed hot and cold... her visible dreams merged into one, pictures passed before her eyes at a furious pace, a voice, whispering everything in her head like a whirlwind. Glancing her purple eyes towards the old man, she faintly uttered "Mag Tamerlan...". "Gabrielle! We have been waiting a long time for this moment where you have come of age, being able to understand and accept who you are, we must revive your strength and finish what they could not finish. I knew your mother... she was a good witch, she brought many benefits to our world, but her strength was not so great. They burned her at the stake! We didn't manage to save her! I owe it to her, I promised to take care of her child. I took

you to the black castle of Kain, and I was like a father to you... your love with Aratron, was to bring you eternal life. But we were able to revive you and most importantly, Gabrielle! - Aratron!", not Anna, rather Gabrielle pronounced thoughtfully. "He'll return soon! - "Such an expression of strength demands itself!" Tamerlan said, at this point standing silently turning to leave. Anna - Gabrielle remained, however, sitting on her knees beside the fireplace. In deep thought she looked at the flames, raging in the fireplace. She saw everything in this fireplace - the life, love, death of Gabrielle and her revival, Anna pondered.

Henry's carriage raced along the roads of the local villages. It was getting dark ... and occasionally they could meet local settlers with torches.. Mr. Thomas was peacefully snoring. When the wheels of the carriage bumped into the next stone or a bump he woke up and fell back to sleep again, Henry, on the contrary, could never relax and fall asleep. Passing through one of the villages, he looked out of the carriage stumbling across a woman with a

torch in her hands, her face seemed vaguely familiar to him. "Where could I have seen her?" Henry thought, trying to remember, but he just couldn't. The carriage sped on, and the landscape was changing, one piece of scenery after the next. Teresa, the wise woman, stared after the retreating carriage. The string of villages ended and the track went into the forest. A vague sense of anxiety did not leave Henry for a minute and he firmly decided not to linger in the monastery for long and to immediately go the next day after paying his brother a visit. So with that in mind he without realizing just drifted off to sleep... Henry was asleep and in his dreams he saw Anna, she was looking at him through her purple eyes and Henry just wanted to give a touch to her, when between them, the tall figure of a familiar dreadful old man in black grew between them. "Get away" - the dark old man yelled straight in Henry's face. Henry took a step back, horrified... The old man disappeared... But Anna! She looked at Henry sadly, slowly turning back, gradually moving away. "Anna! Anna!", Henry called to her, but she did not even turn around,

moving into the distance. Henry returned from his sleep to reality and the voice of Mr. Thomas. "Mr. Henry!, Mr. Henry!! We're here!", Mr. Thomas tried to revive Mr. Henry. Over-sleeping at that point when the carriage rolled to the walls of the monastery, Henry got his mind together. Finally, they stopped. Getting out of the carriage, they tried to stretch their bodies that were stiff after sitting for so long. John met them. "John", Henry exclaimed joyfully.... "Brother, I'm so happy to see you!", he himself was filling up with the joy of it all. "Henry, I am also very glad to see you" declared John with a sad smile. "John! This is Anna's teacher... Mr. Thomas, I am very grateful to him that he expressed his wishes to accompany me on this trip to see you. John's face was noticeably aggravated at the mention of Anna's name. "It is precisely about her that I wanted to talk to you Henry", John said grimly. "Well, do not just stand there guys, let's have breakfast and we can take a stroll around the surroundings of the monastery!", continued John, during breakfast they talked about everything, except for Anna. Finally, they finished their meal

and left for fresh air. Slowly, unhurriedly headed along a florid alley. John and Henry walked ahead, and Mr. Thomas kept a little distance as if lagging behind, allowing the brothers to talk, but at the same time trying not to miss a single word that the brothers were uttering, as this topic was of particular interest to him, they talked about Anna. "Henry", John began with a sigh. "I've been wanted to tell you! My suspicions were confirmed, I have been thinking a lot... I realized this only here within the walls of the monastery! Anna is unique! Everything is not that simple, hear me out! I saw the portrait of Countess Gabrielle! The very same! With the black castle! Henry! This is the very image of Anna! Anna is a creature of darkness Henry!" Henry began to lose composure. "That's what you think! It just isn't possible! After all, that's just a legend! Perhaps there was no such thing as Gabrielle!", Henry was simply not himself. "You know yourself that there is something to all of this!", John was starting to get annoyed. "And this winged beast! Yes! I will not stop arguing that I 'v saw it myself! I found a book in father's library! This beast is a gar-

goyle! Flying creatures of the kingdom of darkness! They reach a victim in a matter of seconds and break them into pieces! Before Anna appeared, I had never seen such a creature! All the more outside of our castle!" John concluded. Henry fell silent. "And her strange behavior! Henry! Don't pretend that you haven't noticed it!" - John wasn't letting up. "Gathering stones! Herbs! Her passion for expensive jewelry! And not just simple pieces! Gold! Precious stones! Where did she get her knowledge of precious metals and stones? Let me tell you more, my dear Henry", John uttered even bleaker. "In that picture ... Gabrielle is shown accompanied by the same beast - the gargoy!" Mr. Thomas eagerly soaked up every word that the brothers were saying. "In this case", he thought. "Anna and Gabrielle the witch - they are one of the same! This should be told to everyone necessary! Let them grasp it! And if she is indeed a witch... let them burn her! Nothing can be bred from such evil spirits! Hey, which religious material can she not bear? Oh, how it hurts the head! It horrifies! Just the mention of the All Mighty! The news has to be spread!

I would be so grateful, it would be such a respect!", How Mr. Thomas getting to the bottom of it. "Henry!", exclaimed John. "I want to let you know that I'll be carrying on with father's affairs! I not only want to be a priest but also a good exorcist. The time has come for you to realize what I only found out not so long ago! Our father, Count Baumer, kept the community in such secrecy, the purpose of which was directed at destroying the diabolism and the evil spirits! They burned a lot of witches and wizards in due course! The local villages were cleared of every sort of witch doctor, sorceress, that were impure minions! Father Sebastian, abbot of the monastery, was a friend of our father, and he told me about our father! This is a legend that is not fiction as our father was there! When five high-ranking exorcists dispersed all that evil! Aratron, the prince of darkness, was banished away by a spell of the cross and other mighty relics; he was not permitted to appear in this world for many years! A wooden stake was driven into Gabrielle too! The time has come to continue the work! Aratron's spell is expiring and he will be able to

come back soon! The faith of Society's Purifiers is reviving again!" John's eyes gave off a sense of radiance, a sense of triumphant victory celebrations! The news about his father, that he was part of a secret society of Purifiers among the community, simply stunned Henry. But nothing could console Henry, he just could not believe that Anna, his Anna, is one of the same with this shady Countess Gabrielle character! Oh, all of this! There were some peculiarities to Anna's ways, yes, but Henry had always told himself that this was to do with nature, and even the work of the Almighty! No! Henry will not ever be able to hurt and betray his dear Anna, whatever she would turn out to be, or not - all of this was whirling around in his head, Henry was tired of such discussions. The ringing of a bell brought Henry back to reality. "John!", uttered Henry. "I've found out too many things from you here today. I am proud of you my brother! To continue father's ways is a very bold decision to take! You have always tried to be like father, John! Me and our brother Stefan are more peaceful creations! Good luck my brother!", moving away from such a

theme, they started on Stephen and his new family.

Anna -Gabrielle.

.... Rising from her knees, Anna-Gabrielle decisively made her way to her room, taking a candle with her on the way. Rising upwards of stairs which lead to the upper part of the castle, her gaze fell on the family portraits of the counts of Baugmer, hanging on the walls. O!!! Her heart beat with such force, that her soul became numb! The old count of Baugmer! She remembered him! It was him on that bloody night! It was he who thrust an aspen stake into her heart! It was he who took away her life and separated her from.... HIM!!!! Not remembering herself during these minutes, Anna-Gabrielle let out a terrible, howling cry!!!! Composing herself, she found that she was standing near the wide open window of her room. A cool wind swept through her bright curls. She stood as if she were frozen, her gaze directed far into the distance... towards of the black castle of Kayn. "Bethor!" - She yelled. ... The Gargoyle Bethor, sitting solemnly on the roof of the black castle of Kayn, whirled up

with lightning speed into the twilight...she flew faster than the wind... towards to her... Her mistress. As before, Anna stood at the window, looking intently into the night sky and at the dark figure hovering in the sky, which was approaching ever nearer. On her lips, wore a faint smirk. There was a noise of wings and Bethor smoothly landed to the stone windowsill of the window. Jumping onto the slabs of the floor, she respectfully inclined her head in front of her mistress. "Bethor!!!" commanded Anna-Gabrielle with authority: "How I have missed you all this time! We are together again, Bethor!" In turn, Bethor raised her terrible head and faithfully looked into the eyes to her mistress. Walking up to the gargoyle, Anna placed her elegant palm upon the head of Bethor. Unclenching its powerful claw, Bethor offered Anna-Gabrielle that which she had saved for all these years of time - a gold pendent with garnet blood stones. Anna-Gabrielle carefully took the precious pendent, her hands shook a little from nervousness.... this pendent was an engagement gift from Aratron, which was the sign of the fact that Anna-Gabrielle

belongs now to him alone and is under the patronage of the one and only prince of the dark. The gold pendent emitted heat, the stones of garnet, as though scattered, thickening drops of blood, poisonously sparkled on blazing gold. All this revived memories connected to Aratron, intolerable pain pierced her heart, bringing feelings of love, loss and melancholy wildly and painfully merged into one. "Carry me into the castle!" - uttered Anna-Gabrielle bitterly, transparent droplets of tears slowly slipping down her cheek. Stooping and offer her powerful back, the gargoyle set off into the night sky with her mistress, and carried her to that place that had beckoned Anna for a period of long years.

Henri.

Having talked quite enough with his brother, Henri ordered the coachman to prepare horses for the journey. Mister Thomas was also in a hurry to leave the walls of the monastery. O! He saw himself as a hero, who exposed the strange family of Baugmer, vanity filled his petty soul. Here they stood in the carriage... Henri inspected the character of John, who

had noticeably grown old, with sadness. "How similar he is now to his father!" - thought Henri. "Well..." - uttered John sullenly, "Good-bye, Henri... I was heartily glad of your visit! Do not forget, brother, visit, if you get the chance!" "Good-bye, John!" said Henri sadly. The two brothers embraced... Henry leapt onto the step of the carriage, and the carriage set off, gathering speed. Mister Thomas, usually with much to say, kept silent, in a way that seems somehow mysterious to Henri. They had only driven 5 miles from the monastery, as it began to drizzle. Henri thought about Anna, about his brother, about his father, about the association of the purifiers of the faith, about the mysterious dark legend of the countess Gabrielle, who gave away her heart and soul to the devil prince. All of this made his head spin. "But what if he knows everything?" thought Mister Thomas... Little was his surprise, when John declared Anna and Gabriel to be one person! "All of this is very strange!" - summed up Mister Thomas. The hooves of horses peacefully tapped. The old coachman, who in all likelihood had not entirely had a good sleep himself,

continuously tended to fall asleep, his relaxed body slightly tossed from the unevenness of the road, with a clear view he could see far. After several miles still has passed, the coachman noted the approaching cortege coming toward them, and suddenly for no comprehensible reason, the devil knows what began to occur with the horses, they stopped, snorting and shifting from foot to foot... - Come on now! - shouted the coachman, attempting to frighten them with a stroke of his whip. But the more he shouted and beat them with the whip, the more they thrashed about and tried to raise the racks. "What's happening out there?" - shouted Henri. "I cannot understand, Mr. Henri!" The devil knows what's happening!" - shouted the coachman in answer. Henri, with uneasiness, jumped out from the coach in order to see with his own eyes, however, what was occurring. It seemed the horses had lost their senses! They thrashed about and were into a terrible panic, were neighing, attempting to raise the racks, and were foaming from the mouth. The coachman continued to scream out profanities in the direction of the

poor animals... And suddenly.... In all the confusion, Henri noticed a strange cortege was approaching them - the horses were struck with their force of beauty, six sleek black horses, whose sinewy bodies seemed cast. Harnesses of pure silver contrasted brightly against their black bodies. In that instant it even seemed to Henri that their eyes would periodically change into rubies, but what more greatly astonished Henri about their presence was that there was no coachman at all! From the window of carriage the profile of man was visible, whose head was covered with a black hood... something strangely familiar was in this profile... wait a second!!! The man turned his face to meet the gaze of Henri!!! Henri was astounded That terrible person, who destroyed his sleep and rest, who turned Henri's life into a nightly nightmare, forcing him awake in cold sweat and to be tortured with guessing. For what and why does he come in his dreams, torment him, and frighten him? As if observing in his sleep, the carriage slowly moved with the man in the black hood, whose face struck him with disgrace and horror. After

drawing alongside Henri's carriage, the strange cortege paused for an instant... and suddenly... it was torn away from the place, leaving behind pieces of ashes steaming in the air. Henri watched, following the departing cortege, which seemed to have been taken away by the unknown force. The particles of ashes continued to swirl and to smoothly settle to the ground, Henri held out his palm and several ashes smoothly settled on his fingers. "Mr. Henri!" - The voice of the coachman returned Henri to the reality of events. Take a look on his own horses, Henri noted that they were perfectly in order. The coachman, chuckling, was completely surprised, however, what the hell has happened to the horses? "Oh! I cannot understand, Mr. Henri, what "inflow" upon them? And now here, they calmly stand, wait already!" - the coachman continued to mutter. Henri in an uneasy reverie hurried to return to the carriage. Mister Thomas, who has been in the coach all this time, has as it seemed to Henri, a completely pitiful frightened look, having been forced into the divan at the back of the carriage, he was very pale. The

carriage set off from the place. Henri silently examined the mysterious of Mister Thomas with surprise, who in turn looked fearfully at Henri and also kept silent. After a certain time, Mister Thomas first broke the silence "Horses..." - uttered Mister Thomas hardly audibly. "What did you say?" - ask Henri, being torn away from his own uneasy thoughts. "I said... horses..." - said Mister Thomas, a little more loudly. "You, surely, saw... those horses... the winnows coming out from them, with inexplicable horror, those black demons!" - said Mister Thomas. Henri with unconcealed curiosity looked at the still pale and frightened Mister Thomas. "Don't you tell me, Mr. Henri, that you didn't feel it too?" - continued Mister Thomas. Henri, having stayed silent for a minute, replied: "I felt where it came from, and even more than that, I saw the very owner of this procession, a man from my nightmares, who has tormented me for a period of long years... exactly just enough, since that mysterious baby appeared in our family! - I do not know, who is he, this strange person!" And Henri described to Mister Thomas his nightmarish

dreams and about the presence of that terrible person in black in his dreams. However that day everything changed! He saw him again, but no longer in his dreams, but in reality!

Anna.

The gripping feeling of freedom, incomparable to anything, Anna felt highly under the arches of the night sky, her luxurious curls of gold strands fluttered in the twilight of the night. She kept her eyes on the black castle Kayn, approaching closer and closer . The nearer they approached, the greater the feeling of the anticipation of the encounter with her past filled her heart. The black castle of Kayn been wrapped in a tender blue fog, partly illuminated by the full moon, had a bewitching mysterious form. Now they were flying to the highest tower of the castle of Kayn. After making a circle above the castle, the gargoyle Bethor smoothly flew into the open window of the tower. After landing on the marble floor of the castle, the gargoyle has stopped , allowing her mistress to climb down from her powerful back. Heart frantically pounding in Anna's breast, she stepped out with a certain

dread on the marble floor of the castle, all was familiar and native. Memories so flooded her soul that Anna's head began to spin. Slowly, as if in a dream, Anna approached the open door leading to the stairs, making it possible to descend down into the very heart of the castle.. Having descended the pair of staircases leading downwards, she turned back her head, having glanced at Bethor, as if searching for some certain support; their eyes met, and nodding, Bethor followed behind her mistress. After climbing downward, they appeared to be before an enormous double door, leading into the throne room; to the left went a dark corridor with numerous rooms, including the bedroom of Gabrielle. After stopping opposite the half-open door of throne room , Anna turned to the left, and slowly, step by step, moved to the side of her bedroom. Bethor persistently followed her. Approaching the closed door of her bedroom, Anna-Gabrielle extended for second and pushed it, stepping over the threshold of the bedroom. Like a puff of wind, all candles that stood on the perimeter of room simultaneously lit up with bright fire,

and room was flooded by the soft light of golden candles. The red marble floor was flooded with sparkling reflections. In the center of the room stood a huge mighty crystal bed, covered with snowy luxurious linen and a bright red velvet canopy, which hung down above the bed, gave bright contrast to the snowy bed linen. The bed has remained unused since the moment of that fateful night, a thin layer of dust covered the snowy linen. Anna-Gabrielle approached the bed and with a slightly shaking passed her hand the crumpled sheets, remembering the time, when she and Aratron spent passionate nights here. This memories caused the ache in her soul . Rustling skirts of her dresses, she slowly fell and sat down on the marble slabs of the floor, pulling to herself the edge of the sheets. Anna brought them to her face for a minute, then sharply buried her face in the linen and quietly and sourly began to cry. At that moment the enormous window, draped with golden curtains, was thrown open with a noise, a whirlwind driving into the room... Bethor the gargoye, completing an enormous leap and appear in the centre of the

room in front of the window, froze, bared her teeth with burning fiery red eyes. A haze of thick fog gradually filled the room. Before Bethor appeared the old witch Annabelle, the same one, who on the fateful night of Gabrielle's dedication, was present with her sorceress student Teresa.

"I am here at the request of Tamerlane!" - She said in her quiet, old aged, shaking voice.

"Stop it, Bethor! I will not cause harm to Gabrielle!" - continued the witch.

Still Bethor, without changing her stance, did not remove her fiery eyes from the old witch.

The noise of the window that had been thrown open brought Anna back from the recollections of the past, carefully rise up, Anna observed surprisingly the scene of Bethor and the witch Annabel.

Bethor, turning her head towards Anna-Gabrielle and receiving an approving nod from her, slowly moved away into the corner, scratching her claws along the marble slabs. Anna-Gabrielle, having taken a couple of steps towards the witch, stopped... the old woman

Annabel did not take her colorless eyes away , examining Anna. The white, almost wax-like, face of the old woman was covered with a cobweb of small wrinkles; her long grey hair was disheveled and flowed along her long black dress.

Extending to Anna-Gabrielle her bony, shak- ing hand, it seemingly invited her to approach closer, in her other hand the old woman held a long wood magical staff.

"Do not fear, Gabrielle! You must remember me! I will help you to remember everyone and everything! And so restore your former, unri- valled, magical abilities!

Slowly, but confidently, Anna-Gabrielle ap- proached the old woman, holding out her ele- gant snowy hand, she touched the palm of the old woman, so incredibly cold that it caused Anna-Gabrielle to shudder. The witch Annabel was the oldest and one of the most powerful witches of this world, she controlled super- natural abilities - she could gather the souls of the deceased and could become implanted in the body of the dead, she could see the past, present and future, concoct rare poisons

and potions and she could assume the form of whomever she wished to be.

“We must put your castle in order! At the same time, let us talk, my girl!” the witch Annabel told her in her quiet shaking voice.

They left Anna's bedroom and went in the direction of the throne room of the castle. As soon as they stepped over the threshold of throne room, the witch Annabel brought down and hit by her wood staff against the marble slabs of the room... suddenly from under the hem of her dress flew up six black ravens, in a second they became six young black-haired girls, who immediately got to work. Thus far Anna-Gabrielle had been examining the proceedings with amazement; the old woman sat in one of the armchairs and wound a large ravel of dull-gray yarn. With a gesture inviting Anna-Gabrielle to sit down, she said the following: “I see, I see, about what your heart grieves! But about that afterwards! You must be filled with your former power! Restore your powers, Gabrielle! Restore them! I will help you!”

From somewhere inexplicable, a large mirror appeared in an instant and in the old shaking hands of the old woman, from which slowly a light-gray smoke was being drawn, which in thin layers slowly slid over the surface of mirror, attempting to envelop it entirely.

"Take it in your hands, Gabrielle! Touch it and it will sense you! - said the old woman and slowly held out the mirror to Anna. Anna with great care took in her hands the mirror wrapped in smoke, and the thin streams of smoke glided along her hands.

"Stare into it... and throw it at the marble slabs of the castle!" - continued the witch, all the while her dead colorless eyes seemingly revived. Intently she scanned the face of Anna-Gabrielle.

"Throw it!"

Gabriel glanced into the mirror and immediately the thin streams of smoke glided away, opening up the entire depths of the looking-glass. Anna saw her own reflection, but then everything seemed to fade away and she saw familiar moments from life in the castle of the counts of Baugmer, then saw her encounter

with the mage Tamerlane, the moment when she remembered about Aratron, but now pictures began to appear, forcing their way through, that were not entirely familiar to her. Yes! Here she saw herself on the day of her initiation into the legion of the dark: many guests, she saw herself sat solemnly next to the mage Tamerlane, the passionate embrace of Aratron. But now she saw Henri... Fire!!! Screams!!! The evil grin of gargoyles!!!! Everything began to turn, merging into one whole!!!

"Throw it to the floor!!!" - the voice of the witch Annabel wheezed imperiously, and Anna, unclenching her fingers, dropped the mirror to the slabs of the marble floor, and when it fell to the marble floor, the mirror instantly shattered into pieces of different sizes. There was silence. Anna-Gabrielle, her spirit trapped, in a reverie looked at the pieces of the broken mirror, which were everywhere, sparkling on the black marble. The witch Annabel slowly approached Anna-Gabrielle and stood behind her back, speaking a certain magic incantation, she held out her emaciated hand, in which were ruby gemstones, to the back of the head

of Anna-Gabrielle and pressed the stones with all her strength, through her old fingers blood began to run, which stained the Anna-Gabrielle's white shoulders. After lowering the blood-stained hand, the witch began to breathe heavily, inclined her head and seemed to freeze, and after having been silent for a while, she said "I have returned to you that part of your power, which was there within you before, Gabrielle! Now, when you gather these pieces of mirror into one again, you will remember absolutely everything! And you will become the Gabrielle you once were. It will soon be dawn! You still have a little time! I will leave you now! We shall meet here in 6 days and nights! - said the old witch with the remainder of her strength, and knocking by her wood staff, she changed into a black raven, flew up from the throne hall, and behind her followed six black ravens.

As soon as the seven ravens had left castle Kayn, Anna-Gabrielle, slowly get down on the hall floor and started slowly, piece by piece put the mirror back together. Three and a half hours before dawn and mirror was almost

ready, down to the last piece. It slowly began to merge together. As soon as a mirror stood in front of her in its entire form, in the reflection of mirror appeared... Appeared the face of Aratron! He looked at Anna, directly in her eyes!!! On his face there was everything! Surprise! Amazement!!! It seemed as though he did not believe his eyes! His eyebrows slowly rose! His eyes seemed to catch fire with obsession!

"Gabrielle! Gabrielle!" - He said loudly and imperiously.

Anna-Gabrielle's head span with emotion. "Aratron! My love! I was revived to be yours!"

But the reflection of Aratron disappeared as quickly as it had appeared. In an instant the light grey smoke wrapped the surface of mirror again. Anna frantically tried to brush away with her tender hands the creeping streams of smoke, desperately attempting to peer into the mirror and again to be able to see her beloved. The light grey smoke crawled along her hands, ran along her arms and finally wrapped her completely, and slowly settled on the slabs of the floor. Her beautiful eyelids get closed and

she fell asleep. The gargoyle Bethor approached to Anna-Gabrielle and sat at her feet, where her cast body gradually turned to stone.

Henri.

The carriage drove up to the castle of the Baugmers. Mister Thomas rubbed his reddened eyes, for he has not succeeded in taking a nap. They had spoken about Henri's dreams, about the man in the black, about the strange, mysterious cortege. Mister Thomas in turn told Henri about the local rumors and the legends, about the dark forces, whom witches and sorcerers worshipped, who in return obtained the ability to transform into wolves, ravens, cats or any other animal. He explained that in this area there were also rumors of an old witch Anabel, which was closely related to - the sorceress Teresa, they said that old witch has not been around for a long time - but Teresa knew how to avoid human violence and hid in the forests. They said! - continued the mysterious Mister Thomas, that an old witch had been to impart on Teresa some of her knowledge, she could explain people's dreams, see everything, that which awaits us in the future,

happiness, birth, and death, which we must discover. Henri, listening to Mister Thomas' story about the sorceress Teresa, it seemed, was absorbed in every word, and when it was finished, Henri, in a reverie, uttered the words of Mister Thomas - "...Death, which we must discover..." They both became silent for a minute. Henri was the first to break the silence - "But tell me, my good man, would it be possible for someone to find this sorceress? I really would like to find some answers to my questions, maybe, my dreams will unlock secrets! Having grasped the noticeable interest of Henri, Mister Thomas looked at him already with a certain fright, his small eyes, it seemed, increased in size with each second. "Mr. Henri! I do hope you do not intend to be turned to the services of the devil!?? What I'm trying to say is...., that you do not really plan to rush off in search of this witch?!!

And perhaps this is only a local rumor and there may be no Teresa at all!! Forget it!! By God!"

The coachman shouted, seeing the cook Catherine, who was running towards them.

“Something must have happened to Anna!” panicked Henri, and after jumping from the steps of carriage, he hastened towards the cook Catherine, who with tattered hair was already short of breath herself.

“Woe! Mr. Henry! Such woe!” - wailed the cook.

“Miss Anna has disappeared! She's not in the castle! I have looked everywhere! It's all him! The strange old man in black! He arrived yesterday, it was already getting late, and he wanted to speak to our Anna! Just as Miss Anna saw him, she sent me away, and she said “leave us, Catherine!” Well, so I went! But as I awoke at the crack of dawn to go and take Miss Anna's sheets for cleaning, she wasn't there! The windows were wide open, and she wasn't there! I ran around the entire court, calling out to her, but of course she didn't answer!”

Henri's head span from what he has heard.

“Oh! God! Why on earth did I leave her alone?!! Why?!” - Henri began to bawl.

“Turn the carriage around! Let us go into the village! Where do we find this old man?!” shouted Henri to the coachman. Mister

Thomas hurriedly, emerging from the coach, uneasily said:

“Let's go, Mr. Henri, and I think that I will prove useful here! I think, we need to continue the search in the outskirts of the castle!” And after taking the weakened cook by the hands, hurriedly he headed towards the castle. Jumping into the coach, Henri ordered the coachman to drive the horses as fast as they would go.

“The old man in black! It couldn't be the same old man, who kept appearing in my dreams?! But now he wasn't a dream! He was real!” Henri thought frantically. His thoughts rushed around in his head like a swarm of bees. The Sorceress Teresa! Could she be found!?? “No! I must find Anna!”

After entering the village of Bruton, the coachman stopped the carriage. Glancing through the window, Henri saw a pair of rural peasants, meeting near the nearby tavern. “What should I ask them? What am I searching for? The old man in black or the young Miss?!” thought Henri frantically. Without having found the answers to his questions, Henri nev-

ertheless found in himself the strength to emerge from the coach and take a few determined steps towards the rural peasants. Seeing the master approach, the men fell silent and bowed to Henri.

“A young lady has disappeared from the county of Baugmer!” Henri said, approaching them. The peasants looked at Henri with bewilderment, neither saying a word.

“It is possible, that she was in the company of a certain old man in black!” continued Henri. In response the peasants just shook their heads, and said that they had not seen anything. Lowering his head, Henri was saddened and went back towards the coach, then suddenly one of the peasants standing at some distance away ran after Henri, and said:

“Good Sir! Whenever someone who is not local appears in our village, we immediately know about it, and the news flies like crows, but we have not heard anything, you'll surely forgive us, we do not know!”

And there suddenly, without expecting it from himself, Henri asked the peasant:

“And have you heard anything, by any chance, about the sorceress Teresa?”

The peasant scratched his beard and said:

“Yes, there is such a sorceress! She just stares into the icy-cold water, and in the name of the Mother, she tells the truth! She lives in the woods in the swamps, only it's not worth it to go into those swamps alone, Sir! You will lose your way! Look there and you will disappear! There are all sorts of different rumors about going into that forest! - But for a gold coin, good Sir, I can do that and lead you to the dark lake, there you must wait for the onset of dusk and, they say, there you will find a log canoe!” Henri immediately accepted the proposal of the peasant.

As soon as Anna-Gabrielle assembled the last piece of the broken mirror, Aratron felt the powerful blow to the heart.... his breath caught in a split second. He felt what he had not felt for a very long time. He felt her! She was revived! Regardless of the fact that his black-bloody heart was beating in a furious rhythm, the most audacious grin appeared on his beautiful face. If earlier he had been younger and

more mettled , both moderation and abstinence had not been an obstacle to him, now he had become more confident in himself. For years spent without the Gabrielle's existence, Aratron did not deny himself carnal pleasure with the most beautiful women of both worlds, be they mortal, or immortal, audacious beauties, vampires, or demons. Gabrielle was destined for him alone. The time had come! For years he could not appear in the human world, sealed up by the spells of the strongest exorcists! But the time had come, the period has elapsed, in exactly six days he would enter into the human world and appear before Gabrielle! He knew that she would be revived, and they needed to finish the prenuptial ritual with an all-powerful incantation, which the mage Tamerlane had prepared over a period of several hundred years. The ritual would bring enormous power to Aratron, power above his peers. Prior to the conclusion of a marriage contract between Aratron and Gabrielle there was concluded another contract between the Aratron and the old magician, in which Aratron would acquire such power that would be equal

to the original demon, the many-faced Lucifer! And in return Aratron promised to side with the most ancient magicians, who live in the mortal world and not to interfere in their affairs, which with the aid of their rituals called forth demons and forced them to serve them, holding them on the leash of their incantations. Aratron stood frozen in pensiveness. The entire black legion, which followed him, stopped. The face of Aratron was motionless, not one muscle on his handsome audacious face trembled... he was far away in his memories, when suddenly, Aratron heard a drawn-out wolf howl, which brought him out of his daze, which had stopped his black legion. Squinting his black-hazel eyes, Aratron looked intently into the distance, observing, as clouds of dust took off into the sky, and it seemed as though they rushed towards him. At that moment a black crow landed on Aratron's shoulder and said quietly in a squeaking senile voice: "Werewolves!"

Not answering anything to the crow, Aratron slightly wrinkled his face, and as if sniffing around, the same time doesn't look away from

the approaching clouds of dust. The powerful backs and enormous jaws of wolves were already visible, and noticing the legion of Aratron, they stopped. Separating for the pack ahead, a wolf of enormous size carefully approach to Aratron with his a wolf gait, stopping in front of Aratron, he lowered his head, as though in a bow, and after waiting a little, he lifted his snout and said in a low bass voice:

“I greet you, dark prince!” - His eyes looked at Aratron, in which a playful flame shone.

The familiar audacious smile appeared on Aratron's face, and he said:

“If we remember, it was you! In fact the same wolf, which tail, I very nearly tore off, at last century!”

“Yes! That was the case!” -sneered the wolf, as if smiling.

“Now, seemingly, have not yet appeared twilight! And you, my friend, already in the skin of a wolf!” said Aratron with surprise.

The wolf, with the same smile, said:

“And, how I see! You my friend, have not been in these parts for a long time! In no time it will be getting dark, as soon as night dew

freezes, as soon as hoarfrost covers the powerful fir tree, the reign of the old man of Holod will begin! Under the powerful fir tree the procession of Holod will appear. They will come out of nowhere! As if they were woven from the hoarfrost that covers the fir tree! Each touch of Holod will convert everything into ice and burning cold! And everything a live and dead will be presented in horror before the old man of Holod! And they will be frozen if not bowing low to him!”

“So it is here, the passageway to other worlds!” thought Aratron with a smile, “That means I am on the right path.” But aloud he said: “Everyone will bowing low to him! But not I!”

“You are certainly strong, Aratron! But the old man has been in this world a long time! His magic is strong!” uttered the wolf, and taking his leave, he slowly returned to his flock.

A second later the wolves has already sped far away, raising clouds of dust.

Aratron, having sharply whipped his horse, tore away from that place and dashed towards the forest.

A mighty forest appeared before the Aratron's army, and small snowflakes, falling, span in a dance. As soon as the army of Aratron galloped into the forest, the horses in the same moment turned to dust. Aratron and his army turned into huge gargoyles. In the forest, the snow had already covered every trail, snag and stump. Not losing time, the groups of gargoyles sped on, sweeping away everything in their paths. Streaks of frozen earth, mixed with snow, flew from the powerful paws of the gargoyles, the deep tracks of their claws cut the trunks of the old oaks and fir trees nearby into strips. Steam belched out of their enormous mouths, the hot breath of the gargoyles melting the falling snow, which ever further covered the forest. Rushing forward, towards the snowy wind, the group of gargoyles flew straight up to the small frozen lake.

Aratron, who all this time had been at the head of the group, in the form of an enormous dark brown gargoyle, got to stop. The entire group that had been following him came to a standstill. Breathing out hot steam from his mouth, he slowly approach to the coast of the

lake, which was surrounded by reeds. He tore apart the reeds with a stroke of his powerful paw, and stepped onto the ice of the frozen lake. The ice seemed to groan at the power of the enormous beast. Suddenly along the edge of coast crawled a thin wispy haze of fog. Aratron - the gargoyle, after wrinkling his snout, slowly bending down, looked intently into the thickening ice, noting that the snow that was lying on the lake, was disappearing grain by grain, and the ice became more and more transparent. And he distinctly saw through the ice, among different water grasses, was excellent half-naked virgins, shining with indescribable beauty, who span around in a circle dance; raising their beautiful heads and turning in the circle dance, they looked directly at Aratron, shamelessly demonstrating their magnificent bodies. Aratron stood confused for a second, his eyebrows moving unhappily, however raising his gargoyle snout and sneering a little, he seemed to smile. And after turning around and glancing at his army, he sharply jerked away from that place and dashed forward. The group of gargoyles followed their master. They

sped along like a whirlwind, crossing the frozen lake, leaving behind them a trace of cut ice.

The castle of the mage Tamerlane.

In the fireplace logs crackled. On the enormous oak table a small pot was steaming, which had only just been taken from the fire, and whose fragrances, it seemed, enveloped the entire castle. At the table sat the Tamerlane the mage and the witch Anabel. Scooping the brew with a large wooden spoon, the old woman slowly and carefully brought it to her thin lips, cut into strips by a multitude of wrinkles.

“Good! Strong honey! Aye, how nice it is!” Anabel repeated in a hoarse voice.

“Yes! A beverage which grants wisdom! Intoxicating honey!” replied Tamerlane in turn. Having quietened a little, delighting in the taste of the mead, the old woman said:

“Years have passed. Any day now, Aratron will enter into this world!”

Squinting his eyes, Tamerlane attentively glanced at the old woman and said:

“What worries you more, Anabel? The ritual, which will bring Aratron's power above his equals? Or ,the immortality and marriage of Gabrielle with the prince of the dark?” - staying silent for a moment, he added, “And With a more powerful, prince of the dark!!!”

“I lost my only sister.” said Anabel. “As you know, I wasn't able to transfer to her sufficient magical power, and I could not obtain her immortality by it; she was always opposed to the gift, which had been imparted to us though the inheritance of our kind! She wanted to live among people, but they saw in her a witch, and they never accepted her. How often she attempted to do good, but they destroyed her! I could not save her, but I saved her child! Gabrielle! And already once we almost lost her, but they were able to revive her! Only Aratron can offer her immortality! She will gain power above her equals! I will obtain eternal life for the daughter of my sister! My kind will continue! It will not perish and will gather strength!”

After listening to the old witch, Tamerlan finally said: - - Did you will tell her about her mother? And that she was is your one blood

sister??? Anabel scooping up some more inebriant mead, sipping, said: - The time will come, and I will tell! But like I said, it's time, and it has not come yet!- - having said that, the old witch held out her bony hand to the wood magical stick. - At your place is good, but at my house is better, Tamerlane! - with these words, she slowly rose from the oak chair, walked over to the still-smoldering fire. Slightly bent his gray head, the old woman smiled slightly, and at the same moment was gone, leaving a pair of raven feathers.

Mage Tamerlan watching lace feathers, and thought that the old witch had something and, its what-some her own profit. Not much she once cared about her sister - weak witch! Well, okay, the time will come, just like you said old witch!. Rising from the table, Tamerlane looked at the still-smoldering almost logs in the fireplace, and the moment.. he was there, holding his huge palms to the fire, he suddenly plunged force about the heat, with his eyes closed, he whispered words with more fervor similar on certain spells.

Henry

Moss, and stumps and snags finally stop to be on his way. Here it is - the long time awaited lake! Henry's legs began to sink in wet mosses. At the sight of the lake tired Henry put together all of his forces trying to reach the shore. Scoop up water by hands in order to make sure that it does exist, and one is not a mirage. His legs bent from fatigue, and there was a step toward the water as he caught in another snag, Henry fell face down in the fragrant moss. Opening his eyes, he saw starry night sky, heard the soft splash of water. The silents was broken by a loud cry of the owl who sat on one of the branches of the old dead tree, which seemed to be moving slowly. Only now Henry realized that he moves, or rather floating in the canoe? How did i get inside the canoe? He tried to lift his weary body, but do not have the strength to move. -Well! -Thought Henry -Come what may! And closing the eyes went to sleep.

Through sleep Henry heard beautiful voices, sweet singing , he tried to open his eyes. Blinked rapidly...blinding light ...Raising his head Henry realized that he was in a very lit hut by many candles, that Henry had not seen

even in the monastery of St. John! It were of different sizes and were everywhere : on the floor, tables, windowsills. Henry still lying on dry bundles of different herbs and flowers from which came a pleasant, sweet smell. The charming voice continued to sing somewhere very close. Propping himself Henry looked around and slowly rose up. Trying not to shatter the floor candles, he tried to get to the oak door, from where was rained out a marvelous singing. Took a step, and suddenly the peaceful candle light swayed slightly, took another step and heard the crackle of candles, one more step and candle flames crackled noisy and puffed with black smoke! Looking around, Henry strode to the door and forcefully pushed toward and opened it. That appeared before the eyes of Henry made him stop. Huge room with incredibly long wood tables covered with variety of herbs and flowers and marvelous women sat at tables, dressed in white linen dresses, their heads were covered with the same white handkerchiefs tied back to the nodes. They continued to sing and knit herbs in bunches, but all their eyes were on Henry.

Henry was also surprised how gently and soft they was looked at him, this kind of look reminded him his mom look. Finally ,one of the women stood up and headed towards Henry. It was a beautiful woman getting on in years, nice smile, good dark brown eyes looked on him affectionately .

- Come ,come,son- she says gently,gesturing Henry back to the room with lots of candles.Pushing the door she came out and notice his confusion ,gesture beckoned him to follow. Surprisingly Henry at every his step candles itself slithered to the side as if freeing his way. Approaching the small window she motioned Henry to come closer.

- What is your name, son? - she asked softly. Henry looked at her kind eyes and replied

-My name is Henry, Henry Baumer!

She raised her hand to his temple,and seems to be slightly touches his face, at the same time drew near,her face has become a shade of worry.

What brings you to these dense edges?

"I keep my way, in order to see a healer Teresa "said Henry, and

notice that candle crackle more than ever.
Henry in horror also

noticed that bright face a nice lady acquired
other forms. Her

whole face was enmeshed in a web of blue-
crimson veins. Net hut

reincarnated into an old dark hut, the walls
of which were

thickly covered with cobwebs and a thick
layer of dust. Candles

passionately continued to pop. Horrified
Henry rushed to the oak

door, opened her, he saw the same room, but
mired in a web, at

long tables was nobody, and in herbs crawl-
ing snakes and toads

Crackling by candles filled the whole house.
Henry ran between

the tables and finally, not noticing as appear
it outside of the

hut. Running up to the lake, he was relieved
to find that the

canoe did not disappear. Hurriedly jumped
into the canoe, Henry

hands, repelled by the mossy waterside. Finally, when the canoe floated, Henry calmed down a bit. Never before, he could not even imagine that it's possible. Suddenly Henry remembered why he got here, did not warn him about the fear and horror? Unless he does not want to know where is Anna? About the terrible old man who violates his peace? Henry decisively turned the canoe back and decided, despite the intense fear to return. As if spellbound in horror, Henry approaching the shore near hut of Teresa. However, buried in the wetland, the canoe stopped. For a while, Henry could not find the strength to make a Step on these terrible magical lands. Finally, he decided. Coming ashore, Henry walked to a sinister hut, his feet been like frozen, so hard he was

given every step because of fear. Before the oak door, he

stopped, and closed his eyes, pushed the door, entered, not

daring to open his eyes. He froze up in anticipation of horror. Was complete silence, finally sounded the familiar to him female

voice

-Come in too! Once back! Finding the strength to open his eyes,

Henry saw the following: for one of the long tables sat a nice

young woman, perhaps a little younger than Henry, something very

similar to the good old lady, with whom he met earlier to all

that nightmare, but she was in a black dress, of which casually

drop out strand of black hair, her face had a nice shape, but

unlike that other, old woman before, her eyes were tired and apathetic.

I don't want to help people anymore! "- Slowly and clearly she

said, her hands deftly chosen of grass and then knit them into

bundles. Henry finally found the strength to come closer to the

table and sat down firmly on the bench in front of Teresa said:

- Madam,I have... Without giving further opportunities to say

Teresa answered the question did not even hear him -Yes! I am

Teresa and the old woman you met before that I am, too! !

Henry, puzzled, could not utter a word, he was an awkward

silence. After a pause for a while, Teresa first broke the

silence .

-” Once upon a time I also lived in the village, but did not

come to the liking of the people, they went to me for help, none

of them got a refusal from me. Envy to my gift was stronger praise; they decided to expel me on the edge of the village.I

left and lived without leaving outside when the sun up, and only came out when the moonlight appear. But they wanted more.. destroyed my house, beat me, and wanted to burn. Saved my life by Countess Of Castle Kayne, she sent me into the woods to the old witch Annabel.

All this time I have serve Anabel the old Witch, but now I 'm

free. Henry listened to Teresa like a spell-bound, and could not

believe that terrible old woman and this woman the one person.

Finally, using the fact that Teresa has stopped, he decided to

tell her about his own trouble, but as soon as Henry was going to

tell her about his dreams, Teresa pronounces -"Stay away from the dark entourage!! Do not look for her! Because is she belongs to them! You did the trick, you gave the fetus to be ripe! And now forget it! "

- " What does this mean?"- Henry said in confusion -" What are we

talking? Forget Anna? ” Henry's outrage knew no bounds, he could

resent by hours, but then Teresa with farce slapped her hand over the table. Henry paused, he could not utter a word, and then to his surprise, Teresa said quietly:

–”I am very sorry for you! You blazed with fatherly love! TO the one, Who is older than you for

hundreds of years! Her soul has seen a lot! She will never forget the fact that you did for her! But her time has expired to live someone else's life! Everything goes as it should go!

Henry did not understand anything of what Theresa says and

decided do not waste a time, search for Anna by himself. Teresa

saw Henry through; she knew that this nice man will not give up

looking for Gabriel. Reading his soul, she felt sympathy for

him. Henry thought darted like a bird in the sky, he thought

about Anna, and at the same time, he caught himself on the fact,

that Teresa disturbs him and beckons. Getting up from the table,

he thanks the sorceress and decides to go back to the village.

Their eyes met, and Henry uncomfortable with downcast eyes said " Thank you, ma'am, for all!! I must go back! ! "

In this case, a brand new feeling came over Henry, previously unknown to him. He thought, that he may never see Teresa no more, and it even bothers him, but it should be like this, he will not return here anymore, so why is he worry about?? Teresa stood up from the table, and followed Henry to the door, than she suddenly touched his hand and raising her face up, looking into his eyes, said: " You must find the castle Kayn! There you will find her! ! "

Henry, on the proximity of her face, felt a growing excitement,

not knowing what was happening; he abruptly pressed his lips to

hers, coming to his senses he instantly left the hut. He walks,

almost ran, and only when he find himself on the shore of the

lake, allow himself to look back, away, he saw
the dark hut and
through the fog, standing in the distance
Teresa. Rapidly
climb into the wooden canoe, and pushed off
from the shore and
slowly moved away. The fog blanketed the
surface of the water,
more and more dissolving outlines hut. Hen-
ry s heartbeat
great force, he felt a searing kiss with There-
sa again, her
dark - brown eyes, those pale pink wet lips,
such pleasantly
soft.
-What is wrong with me? - all thought Hen-
ry. Will I forget
her?!!
Teresa was still standing on the porch of the
hut, surging
feelings pleasant warmed her heart. She did
not know love,
attention from men, for all she was an ordi-
nary witch.

” Ah, how sweet it is an instant kiss!- all thought Teresa returned to the hut.

She sharply looked at one of the log walls, and at the same

moment, on that wall reveals itself a huge piece of mirror, walk

up to him the woman instantly threw a black scarf away and a luxurious mane of black hair flowed over her shoulders. Just now, peered at her reflection Teresa realized that she is a good, good-looking enough to turn the heads of a man!!

I will see him again! Certainly will see him! I know it!

man, she said to herself. Suddenly there was a guffaw, made her come to the reality. On one of the long benches sat old witch Anabel, shaking with raucous laughter. - Oh, yes, yes! Indescribable beauty! !” would not stop with sarcasm the old witch. Her laugh suddenly broke off, gray eyebrows shifted irritably, second... and she appeared in front of Teresa, face to face.

- Why the hell, did you tell him about castle Kayn???- hissed

angrily old woman.

- "You are not afraid of my punishment? You know who I am! And you know my power! To you, I just gave a very

little of my magical power! But!! I am always can take it back!

Whom do you serve? I know!! You want to meet with Count! But,how

much you know about him?? What kind Of Count is he? So know the

truth! The infant we had to throw to Castle Baumer! This throw

was not accidental! The enemy will not look for the enemy in his

own possessions! And this family -is clan of exorcists, those who pierced Gabriel by aspen stake! ! And imprisoned Aratron ,

with the power of subset Signs! But their strength took only twenty six years! They have gone! And he will be back! Forget forever Count! His on the other side!

Teresa listened in silence the Old woman, her heart with every

word the old woman shrank stronger and stronger, and it was about to turn into a dry

tuft of grass. Lastly, Anabel angrily brought down her wooden staff on the floor and disappeared. left alone, Teresa slowly walked to the mirror, over her face tears flowing as a creek, she looked at her reflection in the mirror, and the tears continued to run and run washing over her pale face. Suddenly over the mirror start to run multiple lozenges cracks, and at this moment in front of her again in the mirror appeared Anabel.

-I forgot what I came! - with the hoarse voice, she said from

the mirror reflections -Get ready! And by morning be in the castle Kayn! I need you!!!- in the same second mirror snapped into small pieces .

Henry

Finally, marvelous canoe brought Henry to the other side of the

lake. Getting out from the canoe, Henry strode into the woods, he was going very fast, ignoring the branches of fir trees,

constantly gets him in the face, at stumps and snags which who constantly he had to stumble. - Castle Kayn!- thought Henry.

This is already something! I know where to keep my way!

Oh, how he was tired of that road, so bad he wanted to be in his

carriage, the first thing to get a good sleep, the weary body asked

rest. From the thicket, he came out at dawn. The morning sun,

which is always been making happy Henry before, at this morning brought a headache and burning his inflamed eyes from fatigue. Tired, he tried to find his carriage, which was supposed to wait for him here, on the edge of the forest.

Sat down on a big gray stone, which was lonely lying near the

road, Henry buried his face in his hands and went to deep sleep.

He woke up from the loud snorting of horses.

Sir Henry! - at the same moment, he heard his coachman. Says

nothing to the coachman, tired Henry went into the carriage,

DRAFT

the soft seats make him fell into a deep sleep. Coachman whipped the horses and carriage rushed on a dusty road, leaving behind a cloud of dust.

Woke up from the neighing of horses, Henry sleepily looked out

the window of a carriage; and notice to drove into the castle of

Baumer. On the steps leading to the castle, stood cook lady

Catherine and Mr. Thomas. Finally, the carriage stopped, jumping

from the steps Of the carriage Henry rushly went to the castle.

Cook Catherine lifting up the hem of her dress, descended from

the steps toward to Henry. -

Mr. Henry! Did you know at least something about Anna?- she asked him anxiously.

I know where to find her!

- said Henry, and without stopping, almost running went: to the house, he would like quickly get to

his bedchamber, to be alone and think things through.

-Sir Henry!- shouted Mr. Thomas, barely keep up following Henry

steps, which who quickly going up over the stone steps .

Turning to Mr. Thomas, Henry shouted back:

- My respects Mr .

Thomas! Meet me at the library with a cup of mint tea! And I

be sure to tell you all!!

Anna - Gabrielle.

Every day she remembers more and more about her past, or to be

exact to tell - her memory was going back to her.

Day after day, she becomes to be real Gabrielle. Unaware herself, she did everything and even felt as real Gabrielle. She had not forgotten the life of Anna, did not forget the castle Baumer, and of a cause, she will always remember Henry. "I will need to talk to him" But to her huge surprise, she felt herself more Gabrielle then to be Anna. She felt how magic got into her blood.Yes! about a blood!!! Some-

times she would very much like to have a at least a little cup of fresh blood!but she could still control herself!

The huge oak barrel was filled with hot water, various herbs

were smelling and dissolved therein. Closed her eyes with

pleasure, Gabrielle enjoyed the hot water and the scent of herbs.

Marble floors were covered with a huge piece of a bears fur.

Through the open window just fluttered two crows, barely touched the floor of the castle they turned in two witches. Comes nearer to oak barrel, they were smiling obligingly, in the hands of each

were bunches of dried herbs. Hearing the approaching witches,Gabrielle rose up demonstrating her gorgeous body, and witches in the same second began to rub her body with tufts of dry herbs, dipping the herbs into hot water. Left the oak barrel, Gabrielle did not cover her body, went to her bedchamber.

Passing by huge mirrors she has stopped, rather glance at herself and wondered - Would

be able Anna to walk over the castle totally naked? No! She could not!- the answer was obvious. Enter the room, she walks straight to a hot, bright fireplace, and sat down on the luxurious sable fur, been watching

the playful flames. Suddenly thought about Aratron..

she wants him to enter her room right now and asks her to flop

down on a bed near him. She wants his admiring look at her

luxurious body. She miss he gently touches over her lovely neck,

gentle fingers along the silky skin, roughly squeezing her neck, passionately bites her lips which been half-opened in sweet suffocation.

From these memories her head gets spin. What is a blessing-beauty, and a flame of love outgoing from the most powerful man in this world! She thought about him and curled up in the skins of sables, fell asleep.

Her dreams were about castle Baumer, and Henry, here he

stands at the window and smiles to her.

Meanwhile, slowly opens a door of Gabrielle's bedroom, got in old witch Anabel, looks around, her colorless eyes have stopped at peaceful sleeping Gabrielle. She went to her slowly, tapping her walking stick by marble floors. Came up close to sleeping Gabrielle, old witch sneered and begin to use magic, leak into Gabrielle's dream. Anna - Gabrielle in her dream has smile to Henry, who was trying to tell her something, but here, behind Henry's back, appeared old woman Anabel, standing behind his back she has slowly began to open her mouth, and her pale tongue like a snake began to crawl out forward Henry, and wrap up around the Henry's neck. , In a real-time standing above sleeping Gabrielle, old witch Anabel intensity doesn't turn away her colorless eyes from

Gabrielle, and her grey eyebrows unhappily move .

At this moment, witch Anabel hears a growl and smells the

gargoyle Bethor, somewhere behind her back.

Irritated Anabel getting tired of Bethor who always appears at the most inopportune moments for Anabel, whirled around she slides her magical walking stick into a body of a gargoyle. Magically strong staff pierced a powerful body but a gargoyle from the last forces

has jerked herself on this staff, pierced herself to the end,

thereby having approached close to Anabel. Gargoyle had enough

time to stick her teeth into the flabby hand of old witch. Having

tasted the blood of the Strongest witch, gargoyle Bethor had healed herself.

Beast! hissed spitefully old witch, sharply taking out her

staff out of the body a gargoyle.

- Hateful bitch drank my blood! Thereby making herself even stronger than ever!-as if she splashing venom hissed furious

Anabel .

Woke up from the noise, Gabrielle been looked the scene between the old woman and a gargoyle Bethor.

- You know Anabel how precious to me Bethor! - said calmly, Gabrielle.

This is a gift from Aratron!! and loyal and devoted than her I

have no one! - continued Gabrielle.

- The Beast got more close to you that aunt by blood!- angrily hissed Anabel. Cooled down a bit, the old witch turned to Gabrielle and said - You revived Gabrielle! But deep inside of you still lives and Anna! I do not like it! I was in your dream and saw your fear of the Count death! Pity is not inherent to Gabrielle!

- I know who I am! But Count saved my life, taking under his roof innocent child!

DRAFT

Without to become to be Anna, I was not be revived by Gabrielle! No One will hurt him An-abel! ! - a slowly but firmly said, Gabrielle.

-”Well good! Would be how you tell! Let him live in peace! But

does not come across my path!- saying this old witch slowly

walked to the door wherein angrily drilling by colorless eyes the

gargoyle Bethor which in turn demonstrated to witch grin Of her

fangs.

Aratron.

Under a huge spruce, lonely stood some figure in the black. The

north wind was getting stronger and stronger, frost and ice

shrouded all the vegetation of the forest sparing neither of

which. Here too the first snowflakes swirled in their dance.

Between the dark gray clouds revealed the full moon, illuminating

a dark forest with cold, unclear light. At the same minute,

under a huge tree silently and quietly comes
out big army Of

old man Jerald led himself. Very tall, full of
power Old man in a

long coat made of sheepskin, through which
streaming down long

gray hair, in one hand he held a powerful
staff, In another

throwing over his shoulder holding an ax.
Touching of his walking

stick, transformed everything into ice .

Behind him followed his warriors all were
as one no longer young, but forceful, wearing
in animal skins, grey headed, harsh as self-old
man Jerald.

Notice a lonely figure in black, slightly nar-
rowed his

black eyes Jerald with the force brought
down his staff on the

ground towards the dark figure and immedi-
ately, out of his staff

start overflowing like a water black liquid,
ran the ice a

covering everything in its path. Throws off
his hood, Tamerlan

opens his face and steps forward to running black ice. Tamerlan

bowed low to Old man Jerald and said - Greetings You, Duke of

cold and frost, brutal glacial old man!

Flowing ice almost reached Tamerlan' s feet. Smile to the old man

Jerald Tamerlan dropped down under feet glow of smoldering

fires, flash.. and he was ringed by fire.He continued - IAmanted, only to express to you my respect! And Iam waiting for

Aratron!!! Prince of Darkness!

- I accept your respect Mage Tamerlan! loud with a deep voice

said old man Jerald.

Suddenly there was a noise in the distance which despite the

howling wind still grew and grew. Old man Jerald momentarily stop

to move and rose up his hand with staff call all too silent, narrowing his eyes was listen up-coming noise.

-Aratron !- Cocky Duke!thought Jerald,no one is allowed to violate my peace.

-My magic!! The magic elements!! Ancient magic! I will teach those dark!! At least I will get amused!- and with the power having brought down his magical staff on frozen icy ground , in a moment turns his warriors in large gray wolves. And they have rushed to meet the noise. Tamerlan, turns away was very unhappy. Lucifer himself sent us the damned old man Jerald !!! Only precious time to lose! ! and covered by dark hood got dissolved. Gargoyles raced so fast even forest trembled. Led the pack of gargoyles Aratron abruptly stop forming a snow swirl. Despite the chilling wind, he sensed the approach of strangers. The whole flock stopped. Gargoyle-Aratron stood in fighting position, his muscular body got stiff, eyes focused

in dense forest. Between the pines appears huge gray wolves,

they also stopped by the smell of gargoyles. Gargoyle - Aratron made a warning growl and wrinkles his muzzle, from his fangs was dripping saliva. One of the huge wolves got shrill howl and bared his teeth.

Gargoyle-Aratron rushed forward. They have clashed in a

bloody battle, growl and screech, and chilling crunch of bones

Gargoyle-Aratron got overtaken by wolf grabbed him by the

throat: clenching of the jaw and tore chunks of flesh. Snow lying under paws got covered with black blood. Not far from the

battle under the old snowy oak tree, wrapped in his dark cloak

stood mage Tamerlan looked pensively on this terrible battle.

-Stop this moment!- sudden there was a powerful low bass and

time has stopped. Hunged in the air frozen in jumping pose

gargoyles and gray wolves. The wind and snow got stopped, there

was a silence. Sternly knitting his brows on-to the battlefield

old man Jerald look to the motionless figures shouted --Mage

Tamerlan! Do you want to join and contemplate these things!

Behind him, at the same moment has appear a magician Tamerlan.

-Why did you, Jerald, has stopped the battle? Or you don't: want

to contemplate the victory of Aratron? ! - said calmly Tamerlane

-”Are you doubting my fighters? In my wolves? - angry, said

Jerald.

-Give a Fight happen! - quietly, likely indifferently said

Tamerlan walking around Jerald, then rapidly

stopped and facing him. At this moment, one of the frozen in the air Gargoyle slowly turned her muzzle to the old man Jerald and very

DRAFT

slow emphasizing each word said -"How could you Jerald thought that your magic will hold my magic power?"

Second flash and talking gargoyle was face to face with old man

Jerald.

- Seems to me you're just got mistaken ! - moving his

muzzle close to old man Jerald, gargoyle continued -" I am

Aratron! Great prince of darkness!

Choking with anger Jerald ominously raised his staff in order to

crash it down on the bloody ice, but Aratron forestalled him,

opening his mouth of which went black steam which leaked into

Jeralds nose, eyes, and ears. Old man Jerald got in stand

position, with a raised stick in his hand. Moving away from the old man, Gargoyle- Ara-

tron look over on to frozen gargoyles and

got acquired the human species. Drawing in the air a magician

pentacle he revived his Gargoyles army to alive.

Finally, turning to the Tamerlan, Aratron smirks and says -"Greetings, mage Tamerlane! Long time no see!- and without giving any opportunity to Tamerlan to respond, hurriedly said -"How is my Gabrielle? I yearn to meet her!

-We almost ready, Aratron! All creatures waiting for your

occurrence in the world of mere mortals! - respectable says

Tamerlan.

- Six nights left before to enter in a world of mortals ! - with

an arrogant smirk says Aratron, suddenly his eyes noticeably got

warmer color - You did not say anything about Gabrielle!?

-She is ot love to you as before! - now, in his turn, smiled

Tameran , and after a moment, he added - "Her soul is yours

Beautiful and desirable! How many years does you passion last???

-Forever - some flash run quickly in Aratron's eyes.

How would you like to see your feast, the greatest prince?-

continued Tamerlan.

I am not a boy to waiting celebrations! But what I really want is

Gabrielle! - answered Aratron, then, thinking more he added

-You better worry about our ritual!!!!

- Yes! Everything is ready, the Dark prince !
- said Tamerlan, at

the same time he bowed to Aratron again.

Pretty grinned, Aratron glanced at his army and again became a

huge gargoyle. One after another, his escorting warriors became

too powerful gargoyles. At last take a look at Tamerlan, a flock

of gargoyles, yanks from the place and race into the snow covered

forest, leaving behind the broken branches of fir trees. Tamerlan

was surrounded by frozen wolves, old man Jerald with a raised up

stick, near was a torn dead body of wolves
and gargoyles

killed in the battle. Therefore, as circled
small snowflakes

start to move in the air Tamerlan felt that
the magic has returns everything to normal.

Tamerlan turning round in a dark cloak, and
disappeared.

Getting Out of snow-covered forests, a flock
of Gargoyles came by

too huge, gray stones. In the distance, there
was the fuming

Belias Mountain, known in the world of mag-
ic as a portal to Other

worlds, namely the world of mortals. On the
top of the mountain

hot wind blew, and gray ash fell like a snow.

Near the huge, red, hot flaming hole, from
which yellow-red

burning liquid nonstop was erupted, gath-
ered spirits and demons,

all waiting in anticipation, hoping that they
would be called to

other worlds. The flock of Gargoyles contin-
ued to make their way

up to the top of the Belias Mountain. As more, they ventured

forth, than more they felt solid stones under powerful paws. A

few stones had huge cracks which were filling with the gray ash

drifted down from above. The closer the Gargoyles approached the

mountain, the more cracks they observe in the rocky ground. From

these cracks steady streams of acrid smoke purges. The Gargoyles

paid the smoke no heed and by huge leaps, they moved up overcoming distances of deep chasms in small bounds .

Finally, having arrived at the base of the huge rocky mountains,

they stopped, and lifts up their shrunken snouts. They looked up

to the top of endless fuming rocks. Aratron-gargoyle

turns up to his army and growls loudly. In response to his

snarling, the pack made a low sound that mimicked something

between a growl and hiss. After their noisy reprise, they shook themselves like dogs and huge wings erupted from their backs.

They spread those powerful wings, flapping them vigorously to

take a flight. The flock of Gargoyles raised up into the air,

overcoming the acrid black smoke and piles of ash. They easily

avoided falling rocks and huge splashes of lava from the erupting

volcano at the top of the mountain. Finally, they reached the

top, finding it thickly covered with ashes .

Dropped their huge paws onto the bleak surface they saw near the fiery hole a gathering of various demons. Some of these creatures sats around and talked quietly, while others were waiting silently, wandering around.

The appearance of Aratron's flock , caused them all to

turn around and stop conversations .

While walking toward to the demons and various spirits of

the dark world, Aratron-gargoyle shifted into his previous form,

finding a strong muscular human body. A demon with a muscled

torso and a bull's head that held up huge, twisted horns

approaches to Aratron and spoke, "You, Aratron! r 've heard about

you, you 're a strong warrior wielding enormous cunning and

resourcefulness! The only one who have feelings as a mortal

and here you are, wearing a human form!" The bull demon steppes

toward to Aratron, placing his powerful, hairy paws in

Aratron's way.

"Flattered," Aratron replied, "And you, it seems to me, are the

mighty demon of malice, evil and revenge."

"Yeah! You're right! I'm going back to hell!

I will serve Baalu! I will become a guardian of hell!" the bull demon says

proudly. "And I am going to the mortal world!

- replied Aratron .

Aratron look if the demon would move out of his way. He

stared at his black, deep eyes , but bull head demon as before still stands in Aratrons way.

Breathing out from

the huge nostrils released clouds of smoke, but.. in some moment he step aside, giving to Aratron and his flock the ability to come closer to the fire hole.

"We will wait here until it's time!" Shouted Aratron, addressing

to his flock. He sat down on a red hot stone slab near the fiery

hole and look at how lava flew out onto the rocks. The flock of

gargoyles follow their prince and sat around him, forming kind of semi-circle.

Henry.

It was getting dark .

In a cozy reading-room was Henry and

Mr. Thomas they both had flavored tea.

Henry thoughtfully stirred the sugar cubes in his cup. Barely controlling his curiosity, Mr

Thomas couldnt take out his inquiring eyes from Henry's face. For

a while, they sit in the room and talk about anything,

but no word about Henry's journey. Using a long pause, Mr. Thomas

coughes into his fist and raised up the question that consumed

Henry! Well, did you finally meet her? The witch who lives

in the woods?" The hot tea roiling down into his complete body

caused him to break into a sweat.

Henry back out of his thoughts and returns to the conversation.

"Mr. Thomas, I been there in the woods, and I..

met her! I want you to tell everything from the beginning."

Henry began his story with an introduction to the village man. He

told to Mr. Thomas about his grueling journey through forest

thickets and swamps,about his ride in the mystical canoe, and his

meeting with Teresa. Mr. Thomas from time to time dabbed at his

brow a white handkerchief, and his little eyes on puffy face

showed every increasing amazement and fear. When Henry told him

about Teresa's shocking transformation into an old woman and the

deafening crash of candles, and unbelievable wooden tables on

which sat a lot of toads. Mr. Thomas dropped down his cup of tea. His hands were visibly shaking. Imidiatly jumped up, apologizing, and start to clean the sleeves and pants with a handkerchief. "Mr. Henry!

Please don't Stop ! I'd like to hear the whole story! He

pleaded. Henry told Mr. Thomas all the details Of his journey,

but he omitted the sudden feeling that connects him to the

sorceress Teresa and been quiet about a kiss, whitch still caused exciting in his

heart.

It was after midnight when Henry finally reached the end of his

tale. He and Mr. Thomas sat silently and watch the logs blazing

in the fireplace. Mr. Thomas excitedly re-played everything in his

head that Henry have told. "That's what it means! Castle Kain!

That's where the evil gathers! Big possibility that Anna in the

castle and Henry's brother John tried to convey the truth to him,"- thought all about, also remember a meeting of two brothers in the monastery.

He heard them every word to each other. When conversation turnes about Anna, John had tried to convince Henry to

the involvement Anna and the dark Countess Gabrielle. She

copulated with the demon and made all evil welcome to her castle.

Castel Kain!

Mr. Thomas had an epiphany. "That's it! John is struggling with

the darkness. He dream destroying evil. And the obedient

parishioner, Thomas Results, (mr . Thomas) an admirer of the Holy Scriptures, must report where the evil was lurking!" With this realization, Mr. Thomas' face lit up.

Henry was surprised to see such a sudden change Of expression on

a Mr. Thomas face. "Mr. Thomas? Are you doing fine?"

Breaking down from his reverie, Mr. Thomas coughs and wipe out

perspiration from his forehead. "Yes, Sir Henry. I am just

impressed by your fantastic trip. But surely you cannot be

planning to search Castle Kain!

"Mr. Thomas - replied Henry, I simply must get into the castle, and find Anna!" "The real witch," - thought Mr. Thomas, listening to Henry

"He see only her! Since she appeared in the castle of

Baumer!! .

In fact! She is only a foundling of unknown origin! But

he kept those thoughts secretly to himself, and only said, "It might not be safe, Mr. Henry!

Without saying back, Henry rose up from a chair and slowly

walks toward to open window and tiredly said -"Thank you for listening to my story. As for your concern, believe it or not, nothing bad will happen. I will search for this castle, and even if I do not find it, I'm going to keep looking for Anna. And now!! Mr. Thomas, you need to go to your room. I am very tired." Henry turns away and keep

staring into the nighly sky.

After an awkward silence, Mr. Thomas struggles to rise up from

his soft cozy chair and finally got to his feet.

"Mr. Henry, I

wish you a pleasant dreams. With your permission, I will take my

Leave."

Fanning himself and wiping his perspiring forehead, he

hastily exited the room, carefully closing the door .

Left alone, Henry stop look at a window and walks toward

the door. Just before open it, he glanced back at the dying

fire in the fireplace. Suddenly, as if remember something, he

emphatically opens the door and strode to his room. Fatigue

wraps his whole body. He undress quickly, freeing his body

from the burden of heavy coats and pants. Hung his things

neatly and collapsed, completely exhausted lays on his bed. Wrapps over blankets, he instantly fell into a deep sleep.

Teresa

Standing at front of window, Teresa looked at the lake shrouded in the morning mist. She packed a small bundle of her belongings, feeling that she would not be back soon. That night she spent in thought, remembering her past and trying to understand the present. Time does not spare anyone except the im-

mortals. She wanted happiness namely- love, and be loved. Her meeting with Count Henry awake in her a sense previously unknown, and now she cherished the memory of the fleeting kiss. Glancing around her hut, she hastily threw on a scarf and, sharply push the oak door, resolutely left the hut. The refreshing smell of the forest and green moss cleared her mind, freeing her from disturbing thoughts. Going to the lake shore, she turns back and hastily look at the house before climbing into the canoe, which started to glide forward.

Teresa saw precipitous visions about preparations for a great event relates to the dark world: the return of dark prince and his wedding (its wasnt their first wedding,once in 100 years they must marry) with the beautiful Gabrielle. “Count Henry is trying to meet Gabrielle before its happen!!! He do not understand!!! But, he cant change anything! Looking for Gabrielle, he will find me!!” Teresa thought. Her vision of a next meeting with the Count had been fragmented; she had pieced together flashes, from which she understood that the meeting would take a place. The canoe carried

Teresa smoothly across a lake while she thought about Henry. Wielding the power of spellcasting, she could have appeared as a seductive girl of rare of beauty, could have wrapped his mind with the charms of love. Instead, he kissed her for what she was, without lush dresses or hair ornaments, and his feelings toward her were not clouded by deception or charms. Memorize the old witch Anabel, Teresa was wrenched out of her sweet dreams, and her face became sad.

Finally, the canoe halted. Climbs out of it, Teresa picked up hem of her dress and step into the woods. She could turns into a swift-winged bird and rise up in seconds to the sky ,overcome the forest thicket, but she wanted time for sweet dreams of Count Henry. None of this would be possible in Castle Kain, especially in the presence of the old witch Anabel, who easily enters into the souls, dreams, and minds, like a snake crawl into a crack. Walks on wet ferns, Teresa abandoned herself to her dreams of Henry: a tall, strong, handsome man in the dawn of the forces, light brown hair a little touched by the noble gray, and those kind

radiant gray eyes, eyes that caused trembling in Theresa's heart. "Oh great forces, I bow before you! Thank you for this priceless feeling! There is one who has kindled the flame of love in my heart, which has not known the desire of a man!" She saw herself beside him; he gently and tenderly looked into her eyes, and then, gently touching her face, draws her to his lips for a long, passionate kiss.

Teresa made her way to the edge of the forest. Pulls her black shawl over her head, so as to be less conspicuous, she continued her way along the dusty road. She had to cross the village to enter the Black Forest. Passing a group of peasants, Teresa heard a drunken little man talking about a wealthy gentleman who asked him to take him into the forest because he wanted to meet a witch. "For that," he said, "I have been very well paid, and now I can drink as much as my heart desires!" Without turning her head towards the crowd of people, Teresa listens intently to the loud-voiced men. "He talked about him! About Henry!!" she thought. Continued through the village fair, where traders displayed their products. Peasants

wandered from one trade to another. A couple of young girls consider the needlework, laughing and pushing each other. From all sides came noise, various conversations, the shouts of merchants praising their goods. Teresa, picking her way through the fair, suddenly felt someone's stare. Turns back, her eyes met with those of two other witches, who also were serving Anabel. They stared at Teresa for a second, before they disappeared into the crowd of people. Teresa grinned and continued on her way.

Just as it was getting dark, Teresa step finally into the Black Forest area, dense with fir trees. The forest smells of mushrooms and spruce. The more she moves into the forest, the more a strange feeling of anxiety slowly crawls into her soul. She slowed down and closed her eyes. Using a spirit spell, Teresa shrank inside of herself and freed her soul out. Two dark figures cloaked in black carrying a torches appeared. They stood in silence as if wait for something or someone. Teresa recoiled from these two strangers. "They do not belong to fear of darkness," Teresa realized. Cloaks were

sodden with holy water and something even more powerful. “What do they do in places full of dark forces?” thought Teresa. Her soul was rushing, not daring to approach more close, but one of the strangers raised up his fiery torch higher, exposing his wrist on which glittered silver prayer beads of amazing craftsmanship. In a moment her soul quickly rushed back into Teresa’s body.

After a while, she open her eyes and continued on her way. “Very soon, I will see Castle Kain!” Teresa thought when her attention was attracted by a small dark figure ahead. Like Teresa, it was headed toward Castle Kain. Teresa instantly shot up into the sky, turns herself into a black little bird, carrying in its beak a little bundle. Sinking lower, in order to see the stranger in the dark clothing, she suddenly felt a sharp magic jolt that weakened her strength. The figure in black threw back her head and fixed her gaze on Teresa. Teresa recognized the red-haired witch whom she had once seen in Castle Kain. Teresa flew in through one of the windows of the castle and returns to her human form, breathing heavily.

Sensing somebody else presence , Teresa turns around sharply to find the old witch Anabel, who did not utter a single word. Interrogated Theresa with her dim eyes. Finally comes out from Teresa's mind, she said, "Get some rest. I'll let you know when I need you," and hobbled off, leaning on her stick. Standing behind the door, the old witch stopped. Narrowing her dim eyes, she became thoughtful as she scrolled through her head everything what she had seen in Teresa's mind. Raising a bony finger with a long, yellow fingernail, she slowly stuck it into her gray hair and pulled out a couple of lice. She threw them in front of herself and muttered some spell, and they skittered away. Watch them run, she mumbled, "Be my eyes! Be my ears!" before heading toward the Throne Room.

Left alone, Teresa look around the room: gray marble floors, gray walls with a myriad of recesses in which candles flickers, and, close to the window, a large, carved oak bed painted in the same gray-silver tone. Teresa carefully put her bundle down and sat down on the bed. She wonder, "Where is Count Henry? What

is he doing? A great sense of desire to meet with Henry seized the heart of Teresa. "I must see him now!!" Teresa went to the window and threw it open, her heart pounding in anticipation of a meeting with the Count. Turns into the black little bird, she flung herself into the night sky.

Anna-Gabrielle

Anne-Gabrielle stood naked near a huge floor mirror in a gold frame, as around her bustled female attendants. Some of them rubs her body with aromatic oils, others curls her golden hair, while still others selects her dress and jewelry. For several nights in a row, a piece of Anna that still remained worried about her explanation of disappearance to Henry. "I will never forget what he did for me, my dear Henry! He took under his protection and nurtured me as if I had been his own child. If he only knew that I am a creation of dark forces!"

She notice that she was already completely dressed, and her helpers had already left her room. She open the window wide and whispered a summons. Feels the approaching of gargoyle, Gabrielle moved away from the win-

dow. There came sound of powerful claws sharply clinging to the huge marble window sill, and finally, Bethor appeared. She jumped down onto the marble floor. Bethor rose up her huge snout, uttering something like a snore, breathing loudly through her huge nostrils. Approaching the gargoyle, Gabrielle hug her snout with small delicate hands and softly said, "Bethor, I really want to visit Castle Baumer! In secret!!" The gargoyle looks into the Gabrielle's eyes and clumsily, wheezing, offer to her powerful back. Gabrielle felt a heady feeling of freedom as the huge, powerful wings of Bethor gently flapped. "A huge, powerful bird you are, my Bethor!" thought Gabrielle. A bright yellow moon took its place in the dark gloom of the sky.

A black crow flew to Castle Baumer, where she circled as if searching for the right place to land. Finally, she perched on an old tree, where once the gargoyle Bethor had sat, watching the baby-Gabrielle.

At the same time, Henry, sinking into a deep sleep, saw himself inside a monastery, during a visit of his brother John. They both laugh, re-

member themselves as a boys, and then suddenly a tall, powerful man approached them. Henry recognized him. "Father!" yells Henry, but the apparition walk past without turns to his voice. Henry woke up, and raise himself from the pillow, tears streaming down his cheeks. Wiping his face with a sleeve, Henry got out of bed, lit a candle, and went to the window wide open it as if inviting the cool night to freshen up the room and ease his heavy mind.

The dark bird sat on a branch of the huge tree roused herself at the sight of a lit candle in one of the windows. Her little head with shiny, bead-like eyes stretches toward to window in which there was a delicate light. Suddenly, a huge gargoyle swooped in, snatching the crow in a powerful paw. After landing near the castle stables, Bethor squatted, allowing Gabrielle to alight. The bird that Bethor clutched turns into a good-looking woman. Teresa tried to escape from the gargoyle, but her hair was clenched in a powerful paw. Gabrielle went to Teresa and furiously said through clenched teeth, "Did Anabel send you after me? Does she want the

death of the Count? Are you here to destroy him?" When Teresa was silent, she motioned to Bethor, who used her paw to press poor Teresa into the ground. "Anabel does not know I'm here!" gasped Teresa.

Nodding to the gargoyle, Gabrielle indicate that she should let the servant of Anabel stand up.

"Why are you here?" demanded Gabrielle, looking into her eyes. "You want to fool me! I feel it!"

"I am here because I love him! love Count Henry!" Saying this, Teresa lowered her eyes.

Gabrielle was at a complete loss, but she could feel that this woman was telling the truth.

"Gabrielle! I know how much you worry about Henry. He replaced your father and mother! But I love him like a woman! And I know that he loves me! You are young and beautiful for hundreds years and waiting for your next immortally!, but I" Teresa wilted. In a barely audible voice, she continued. "I'm not young like you! My days are moments to you. And I so want to love and be loved by Henry!!"

Gabrielle held out her delicate hand, helping her to rise up from the ground. She smiled softly. "I can see that you love Henry! It will be our secret. But promise me that you will never cause him trouble. Do not break his lovely heart!!"

"I promise and I swear!!" said Teresa.

Keeping her violet eyes on Theresa's face, Gabrielle said, "I need a little time to talk to Henry, and then he is yours!" Turning to the gargoyle, Gabrielle gave her a sign, and Bethor soared to a tall tree to wait for her mistress, who continued on foot to the castle.

Left alone, Teresa tried to put herself in order. It all was very unpleasant to her. "Well, at least I've explained myself to Gabrielle," she thought. "Who knows, perhaps it's good to have an ally." Looking at the bright yellow moon, she thought that maybe it wasn't necessary to meet with the Count just then. She was feel crumpled, exhausted after the events of the evening.

Gabrielle sneaks into Castle Baumer, quietly heading to the rooms of Henry. Passing by the room where Mr. Thomas slept, she paused.

From the room came the sounds of prolonged snoring. She chuckled, memorize the ever-perspiring face of Mr. Thomas. Passing through a long dark corridor, she approaches to the Henry's room. He breath the cool night freshness, trying to bring his thoughts in order. He was tired of tell himself that everything would be fine, that he would find Anna, and that everything would be the same or even better as before. Without Anna, he had no idea what to do . At this time, all of a sudden he heard a light rustling behind him. The sound reminded him of Anna's skirts.

“No, it isn't true. I just really want her to be here!” Henry thought dejectedly. But then he heard familiar voice.

“Forgive me! I'm sorry I scars you by disappearing,” said Anna softly.

Hearing the voice of Anna, Henry seemed petrified, afraid to move for fear of losing the dream. “Anna, I'd like to believe that I hear you! Maybe you're an angel that is visiting me in a dream, or maybe your soul has come to say goodbye!”

“No, Henry! It's really me! I am alive!” Stepping up to Henry, she gently place her hand on his shoulder. Feeling the touch, Henry raised his hand slowly and put his hand on top of Anna's hand, feeling her warmth. “Anna! I can't believe it's you!! But you're ... unlike yourself!” he said a bit dejectedly. “Your dark hair now burns with shades of gold, and you look like....” Henry was looking for words; he was impressed by her golden curls. Anna was an exact copy of Countess Gabrielle, whose portrait he had seen in the monastery in his brother John's room.

“the Dark Countess Gabrielle! Mistress of Castle Kain!” Anna-Gabrielle finished his sentence. Stepping back, she looks with regret into Henry's eyes.

“Henry! You disappoint me! Yes, that legend is very true! I am very grateful to you for everything. Now you know who I am! You have the right to ask me to leave now. I understand everything!!”

Henry was silent. Anna-Gabriel wait for his answer, but after a while, she turn her head

away slowly, as if to leave. But when she reached the door, she heard a soft voice.

“Wait! Do not leave! I made my choice back then, when I found you! I saw something special in you and am sorry to lose you! You are the meaning of my life!” Henry’s entire life ran before his eyes, and he understood that now most of his life would be spent in sadness and loneliness.

Anna-Gabrielle threw herself into his open arms, and could not hold back her tears. Henry put his arm around Anna, and stroked her golden head and kissed her in a fatherly gesture.

“I will see you, Henry! I will never forget you!”

For a long time, they stood with their arms around each other. Finally, Anna-Gabrielle said, “My dear Henry, I have to go! But I’ll be back to see you! And very soon!”

Dejectedly sighing, Henry said, “I hope! I will wait for you! Be it day or night, summer or winter, I’ll wait for you forever!”

Finally gently freed from the embrace of Henry, Anna-Gabrielle remember Teresa.

“Henry! There is somebody who is waiting to see you!”

“Who waits for me, now that I am lonely?”

Smiling, Anna-Gabrielle took Henry's hand and pull him away from his room.

Teresa was about to turn back to a black crow when suddenly she saw Count Henry in company with Anna-Gabrielle approach toward to her. Theresa's heart began to pound when the Count came close. She was confused and hurriedly tried to turn back to the bird and fly away quickly.

“Wait, Teresa!” shouted Anna-Gabrielle. Look back, Teresa saw Henry. The Count was confused could not imagine who could wish to see him. Finally, come closer, he recognized Teresa. Henry seemed to be very surprised.

“Henry!!” Teresa said quietly, embarrassed.

There was an awkward silence, which Anna-Gabrielle finally broke. “My dear Henry! It is time for me to go, but I'll see you very soon.” Saying this, Gabrielle approach him, stood on tiptoes, and kissed him on the cheek before she disappeared into the darkness of the night.

Left alone now, Henry and Teresa stared at each other. Seeing Teresa's embarrassment, Henry said, "Great date! And even in the beautiful moonlight!" Seeing the smile that touched the face of Therese, he continued. "Well, Ma'am! Let me invite you for a cup of tea under the moon!! Hand in hand, they went into Castle Baumer.

Teresa briefly scanned the huge reading-room, with its shelves full of books. Noticing Henry's eyes on herself, she got flustered and thought, "What's going on? I behave like a girl, first blushing, then getting pale, and I can't do anything about it! I'm a grown woman, but I left Castle Kain at night and rush to here on my wings of love!"

"How do you find this fragrant tea,?"! ask Henry, seeing Teresa's confusion.

"The tea . . ." Teresa mused, and then cheerfully said, " Count!! Wonderful tea !! I taste blueberries, lavender, and elderberry blossoms!"

"Ah yes, I forgot you were an expert on plants!" Henry said cheerfully, and they both laughed. Looking out the window at the night,

Teresa said a little sadly, "It will soon be time for me to return!" Henry rose up from his chair and approached her. Teresa, feeling awkward, also stood up. She looked into his bright gray eyes and saw that he was drunk of love. Teresa realized that he was restraining his passion. Looking into his eyes, she kissed him. Henry hungrily kiss her lips, gently holding her face in his hands. Teresa had never felt such happiness. She burned . . . and trembled . . . she was heat and ice at the same moment. Henry, in the depths of passion, really did not own himself anymore. While kissing her warm lips, face, and neck, his fingers deftly unlaced and unbuttoned her dress. Teresa, in her turn, completely surrendered to the will of Henry, who slammed her against his huge desk and made wild, passionate love to her. A huge new wave of emotions swept through her body: a little pain . . . exciting delight . . . heat . . . tenderness and passion . . . happiness, a lot of happiness, and finally sweet and luxurious fatigue. On the huge oak desk lay Teresa, nude, still sweetly shuddering. Next to her lay Henry, who stared dreamily at the ceiling vaults of the reading-

room. Slightly raising up , Teresa looks into Henry's face. He felt her gaze and, turn to her, kissed her lips again. Giving Henry a sweet look, she slid off the table and began to dress hurriedly. Henry watched as she deftly fastened the buttons on her dress. They were both a little sad about the upcoming separation. Teresa said, "I will see you as soon as I can!" They hug each other. Walk up to the open window, Teresa turns into the dark bird and flew away into the predawn twilight.

Castle Kain

Every night, preparations were being made in the castle for the great celebration for world of Dark. Anabel the witch and Tamerlane the magician carefully supervised the work of the novice witches from the lower level world of magic and sorcery. The throne room was almost ready. From time to time, guests appears and offers their assistance. At the very bottom, right under the castle in a secret room, were Tamerlane and Anabel. The room was small; it had stone walls that were thickly cover with the cobwebs and dust of a hundred years. The existence of this room was not known even to

Gabrielle, the owner of the castle. Tamerlane hovered near a dusty, dilapidated fireplace; having thrust his hand into a pile of logs, dust, and ashes, he probed every inch trying to find something there.

“Well??” with the rasping voice said Anabel, standing behind and watching the unsuccessful searches of Tamerlane. He silently turns around and look at Anabel. Without saying anything, he again thrust his hand into a century’s worth of ashes. Discontentedly rolling her colorless eyes, the old woman began whisper something, and then from one of the wall slits a few snakes emerged and immediately crawls to the dusty fireplace, near which magician Tamerlane silently fussed. Look at the wriggling thin bodies of the snakes, he slowly pull his hand out and watched how quickly they leaks under the ashes, rocks, dust, and tattered cobwebs. Finally, a snake crawled out pushing something with its snout. It was something wrapped in a piece of decayed cloth. Instantly taking it, Tamerlane, looks pleased, turn to Anabel. At the sight of the object, her colorless eyes for a moment sparkled

as if alive. Tamerlane noticed the gleam in her eyes.

“I did not imagine that you're hiding it here, Tamerlane!” croaked Anabel with her raspy voice.

“I knew that you wouldn't imagine nobody could! So I kept it here!” responds Tamerlane.

“I see you do not quite trust me, Tamerlane,” Anabel said thoughtfully.

“Everyone has their own secrets, Anabel,”! said Tamerlane with a certain slyness, while he carefully unfolded the piece of cloth and open it in fully. There before him lay a blackened index finger, which had belonged at one time to a very powerful monk. The monk had worn a marvelous ring on this finger, day and night. He had the power to subdue and destroy demons. Have this ring, he could see all the demons except one . This demon sent a young man from street to cut off the monk's r finger, since no one demon could touch the great ring. As soon as this deed was accomplished, the great demon appears and says to the monk, “You torture and held in captivity many

demons! Your knowledge is vast! But you have not seen the half of what I can show you!

Defeated, the monk did not return to the monastery, he has signed a bloody contract with the demon and gave his soul to the service of the dark, for all eternity. It was rumored that the unknown force was Satan. The contract and the ring disappeared, and finger was stolen by one of the ancient witches. How the magician Tamerlane had acquired it was a secret even to the old witch Anabel. Tamerlane, having look around, gently wrap this finger in the cloth, and it disappears in his hands. With a grin, he finally said to Anabel, "Well!! All is ready. We can go back to the throne room!!"

"Not all is quite ready, Tamerlane," said old Anabel. "We all know that Aratron will enter this world any day. And we are not the only ones expecting him!"

"What do you want to say, Anabel?" said Tamerlane warily.

"You are busy! And your eyes do not see something you should! And your ears do not hear about monastery Cult of brotherhood has

revived their business!” whisper Anabel poisonously, with reproach and anger in her voice.

“And even within these walls, traitors are preparing our celebration with us!” Anabel continued.

“Do you know these traitors? Destroy them!!!” shouted Tamerlane.

“Calm down, Tamerlane! I am a wise witch, and I know what I'm doing !! To destroy the traitors . . . it 's a single moment! I want to benefit from spying on them!” slyly said old Anabel.

“Do as you must, Anabel!” Tamerlane grinned.

With a sickly smile, Anabel headed to the dusty doors leading to the exit of the underground room. Pausing on the threshold, but without turns her head back to Tamerlane, she said dryly, “See you in the Throne Room!”

A black crow flew noisily in one of the windows of Castle Kain and lands on the marble floor, transforming into Teresa again. Teresa paced around the room from one corner to the other. Whenever she returns to the castle, Teresa lost the peace.

“These secret dates with the Count must be a big secret,” she thought anxiously. Having a loved one, she was very afraid of losing him. “The Dark World can easily take him away from me! Especially since old Anabel demands that her subordinates live strictly according to the laws of the dark world!” Finally, stopping around window, she fix her gaze far into the distance, and said in a whisper, “I shall be very careful of myself and Henry!”

The first pink glimmerings of dawn stretched tentatively across the sky. Teresa thought that she should take a nap, as long as old Anabel had not found some work for her in the Throne Room. At the same time, at her residence, young Countess Gabrielle wondered, “Does old Anabel know about my absence? Well, if she has found out, then I will soon hear about it !!!” Gabrielle just laugh. Dozing in the corner, the gargoyle Bethor immediately open her keen eyes, and, make sure that everything was in order, she immediately close them back and returns to her former condition of complete rest. Letting down her beautiful hair, Gabrielle gracefully climb up on her huge

bed and then dissolves in gold silk sheets and bedspreads, with pleasure dipping her head into the soft cushions. Her eyelashes were closed, but on her lips still wandered an easy smile. She was in the slavery of sweet dreams, and all her thoughts centered on the long-awaited meeting with Aratron. Thinking about him, she slowly sank down into a sweet dream.

At the same time, in one of the dark rooms of the castle, in a large wicker chair slept old Anabel. She sat with her eyes tightly closed, not moving. Her wrinkled hands held a huge, dirty gray ball of yarn. The old woman was asleep, but her fingers tightly held the tangle, started fiddling with the yarn, skillfully winding it into a ball. Suddenly, some barely noticeable lice jump up onto the chair, climbs higher and got into the old woman's hair. Old Anabel open her colorless, dull eyes, fixing her gaze on nowhere. The lice brought her long-awaited news that proved her visions. Putting aside the ball of yarn, her hand found her cane. Gripping it, the old woman slowly rose up from the wicker chairs. She walk to the window, on the sill of which was a copper cup all thickly en-

tangled in webs. Every night, she put the cup filled with a concoction of Strength and Power! and during the night, spiders added their poison, and then thickly entangled copper cup with webs, protected and sealing it from outsiders. Sipping from a copper cup, the old woman carefully put it in its place, and went to the Throne Room, in order to ensure that preparations were going well. Powerfully throw the double doors of the Throne Room, the old woman, leaning on her cane, entered the hall. It was completely empty, and there was a dead silence, broken only by the sound of Anabel's cane. Look around at the splendor of the hall, the old woman was satisfied. Mounted on the walls of the room were two huge copper mirror frames, prepared for the great ceremony meeting with Aratron. Loudly claps her hands, Anabel slowly began to circle while whispering some spell, and at the same moment, from the corners of the hall began to seep haze hanging over the marble floor. The shadows gradually took shape. Anabel said, "Thank you for coming to my call, dark spirits. I need your priceless help! Dark spirits!! The

pervading!!All-seeing!!The almighty! On the arrival of the sixth day of the sixth night, protect your castle from any force that does not belong to the world of the dark!!” In response to this request came heartrending sounds, and small tufts of flame erupted throughout the hall. They suddenly appeared and suddenly disappeared without leaving even a trace. Alone, old Anabel thoughtfully and cunningly said, “And now I am focusing on things that will not be a long wait!!”

Cult Purifiers of Faith

The night was falling... the evening prayer was over, and the novices started to return to their cells. Standing silently near the altar, Father Sebastian submissively bowed his head. The hall was empty and silent, but for the occasional crackle of a candle. Behind his back, Father Sebastian felt someone's presence. He said, almost inaudibly, “Yes, John!! I am listening!”

“Father Sebastian, everything is ready! We are waiting only for your presence!”

Without turn around, Father Sebastian slowly rose up his hand, in which gleamed silver

prayer beads. John slowly and sedately bowed and left. As the sound of John's footsteps faded, Father Sebastian finally got up his tired face and made the sign of the cross. He walk down to the lower part of the monastery, where there was a secret locked cell. From this cell, one gained access to the vineyard, and from there to an abandoned part of the monastery with a dilapidated, forgotten chapel. In this same chapel were held the secret meetings of the Cult Purifiers of the Faith. Approaching the secret cell, Father Sebastian made sure that he was absolutely alone, and then, selecting a key from a huge bunch, he opens the door and hastily step inside. He confidently walks across the vineyard, and finally, at dusk he saw the gloomy structure of the ancient chapel, around which lay the stones from ruined walls, covered over with thick brambles and ivy.

Coming to the entrance of the chapel, he bent down and picked up a small stone lying at his feet. Upon entering the thick darkness of the chapel, he carefully threw the stone down, and the sound of falling rock on numerous stairs broke the silence. Somewhere below ap-

pears a dull yellow light one of the monks with a candle, come to conduct Father Sebastian to the very heart of the chapel. Bowing silently to the abbot, the novice teke the candle higher and began to move down, lighting the way. In a huge, well-lit room that contrasted with the condition of the chapel, the servants of the Cult Purifiers of the Faith had gathered around huge oak tables: four monks devoted to the Cult who were masters of ritual exorcism; the treasurer of the monastery; two wealthy brothers who owns vast estates and were fluent in weaponry; a local healer who secretly engaged in the forbidden sciences; and finally an honorable blacksmith who forged rare weapons for the Cult.

The participants sat in silence, awaiting for Father Sebastian. The local healer seemed completely absorbed in his notes and calculations and could not tear himself away from them.

“And tell me, my dear how many silver coins would you charge to heal peoples from villages?” said the blacksmith with a sneer. The doctor, in his turn, look up from his notes,

glanced indifferently at the blacksmith and said quietly, "Not one silver coin!" Leaning over the paper, he returns to his calculations.

The blacksmith was not appeased. "Yes, you would not even have pleased them with your arrivals. You visit only the princes and counts where could you get gold and silver ! And then we wonder that rural people seek help from witches and healers!"

At this moment, the door got open, and there was Father Sebastian accompanied by a monk. Glancing at all presents, he went to the empty chair next to John and slowly sank into it.

"My brothers! The Cult Purifiers of Faith was founded long time ago by our fathers and forefathers. We carry our heavy cross and pass it to our brothers who have come to replace us. Twenty-six years ago, in the last battle with the fallen, we lost many of our brothers! Give rest, Almighty, to their bright souls! All this time we have been preparing for the upcoming battle with the demon Aratron. I called you here in order to hear your reports." Father Se-

bastian slowly looked around on all the brothers of the Cult.

“The treasury of the monastery has been replenished regularly all these years, and the tithes have been put aside to fund the affairs of the Cult! Also, many of the followers have contributed to the treasury, which has been greatly enlarged as a result,” said the treasurer of the monastery.

Nodding approvingly, continuing to turn over the silver beads, Father Sebastian looked at the exorcists. They reported, “We are also ready! Our prayers for the expulsion of darkness are strong! We bear the weapons of unshakable faith!

The local healer coughed into his fist, hesitantly looks at Father Sebastian, and said, “I certainly believe in the influence of the properties of holy water and in the efficacy of silver weapons used against the representatives of the world of darkness! For this battle, I recommend that everyone arms themselves with swords composed of a silver-iron cooled with salt water! Also, I suggest stocking up on salt!

“Salt?” The valiant warriors could not help but laugh.

Father Sebastian knock his ring on his wine cup. “I demand silence!!” When everyone calm down, he appeals to the doctor, saying, “We Listen to you, our brother!”

The healer continued. “You see, according to village legends, demons are afraid of salt! Demons are a destructive force, and the salt prevents the decomposition of the body and soul!!”

Father Sebastian nodded and motioned for the healer to take his seat. “And what do our brother dukes have to tell us?”

Rising up, one of the brothers said, “As you know, we live a worldly life! Sin! Drink wine! Carouse with tavern girls! But we are always faithful to our community, in memory of our father, who at one time was the abbot of a monastery! Growing up in a deeply religious family, at the direction of our father, we read a lot of holy scriptures, and some of them gave us an idea. We ask you, Father Sebastian, for some of the relics of the holy great, we are interested in the ribs!!

“You are crazy!!!! shouted Father Sebastian.

–“From the ribs of the holy relics, we can shape knives that we have reason to believe will kill any demon. For what is stronger than holy relics?” continued the same duke.

One of the exorcists hastily got up from the table, came up behind Father Sebastian, and say low in his ear, “Your Holiness, we must not reject this notion too hastily! It sounds blasphemous, but the relics of saints are crushingly strong!!

Father Sebastian gloomily frowns and gazes at the silver goblet of wine before him. Finally, shakes his head approvingly, he said, “My brothers, I will consider your request concerning holy relics.” He gathered his robes to rise up from his chair and suddenly paused, his face contorted by a spasm. His eyes roll up sharply as he clung to the edge of the oak table and trembled. Sitting beside him, John and two brothers of the Cult anxiously waited. They all knew that from time to time Father Sebastian was sent a marvelous vision gift from the Almighty which was accompanied by strange behavior, distortion of the face, and a shaking

body. The eyes of Father Sebastian remained open, but his pupils rolled up somewhere under his upper eyelids, giving the impression of empty eyes thickly covered with a yellow-white veil. Finally, twitching sharply, Father Sebastian gave a muffled sigh, his eyes return to normal, his convulsions stopped, and his body went limp, collapsing down into his chair. Standing behind him, two monks silently approached to abbot and support his exhausted body.

Father Sebastian seemed to have aged. By a weak voice, he announced, "I had a vision, brothers!! John!! I've seen birds circling above me!!"

John jump up from his chair and pour water into a goblet, which he brings close to the abbot's dry lips. Father Sebastian sipped and continued, "They circled very close. I seemed to feel the light touch of their wings. His tone reflects a growing anxiety. "Suddenly, they soared high and then, with incredible force, hit the ground like stones!! They turns into piles of burning rocks!! I leaned over, raking my fingers through the ashes, and found something unex-

plainably cold!!! Cold as ice!!! Ice in the midst of the fire!!! Incredible!!!”

At this point, Father Sebastian closed his eyes and fell silent, breathing peacefully. It seemed he might fall asleep. “Well,” John thought, “let him sleep. He is still weak from his visions.” Suddenly the old man spoke again.

“Dead flash...its finger!! It was the same finger!!” said Father Sebastian, and fell silent again.

The day dawned John got ready to attend the morning prayer service. In his mind whirled the events of the previous evening: the meeting of the Cult Purifiers of the Faith, relics of the holy martyrs, the visions of Father Sebastian, and finally revelations of the abbot. “After the morning prayer service, I need to visit Father Sebastian to give him support! Perhaps we will walk through the gardens of the monastery.” With these thoughts, John hurriedly left his room.

What a surprise it was, when, crossing the threshold of the chapel, he saw in front of the crucifix a familiar figure dressed in a black mantle. John easily recognize Father Sebastian.

Having cover his own head with a black hood, John disappears into the crowd. Finally came the voice of Father Sebastian in prayer. The entire space of the chapel resounded with the subdued prayers of the monks. When the morning prayers ended, the monks filed away. John, his head bowed humbly, finished his prayer with diligence.

Father Sebastian came up to John and gently took him by the shoulder. “Humility how many years have you spent in mastering it, John? Forgive me I still remember those days when you first step into the monastery. You were not restrained, you were angry, a lost man in search of truth.”

John replied, “You were the first one who believed me, Father Sebastian! My own brothers thought I was crazy, but I found my solace in the walls of this monastery. By joining the Cult Purifiers of the Faith, I have gained power! And I know that there will come a time when I can use it to fight against evil and darkness!”

Patting John on the shoulder, Father Sebastian nodded approvingly. “And now we can walk a little, and I will tell you about the forefinger!

It belong to my uncle, who once was abbot of our monastery and believe me, he was a very great monk! He wore a ring of great power that let him hold the forces of darkness at bay, but alas, the ring was lost! However, that finger on which he wore a ring survived! And it carries a certain force! Now I know for sure where to find that finger, but we must hurry! In the hands of the minions of the dark, it would be a great weapon against our cause! Do not give them the chance to hold the black mass!!” Father Sebastian’s face went grim. “Now we know the plans of Tamerlane !- whispered abbot. “Very soon, we will call all the brothers of the Cult, and you will see, John, how many of us there are! Father Sebastian’s eyes glowed, and he spun around and hurried away.

Castle Kain

By an open window, in the highest tower of the castle stood the witch Anabel, motionless like a stark figure of stone. Her colorless eyes tightly follow by small figure, dressed in a dark blue cloak. It was Teresa, slipping back inside the castle walls after meeting with Henry. Pressing together her thin lips in irritation, An-

abel wanted to confront this hussy face to face but suddenly, she glimpsed a red-haired figure leaving the castle. The old woman immediately recognized the redheaded witch. “Well, the time has come to take care of this miserable traitor!”

The red-haired witch was in a hurry, as tonight she planned to meet with Gordon, one of the handsome graphs who served the Cult Purifiers of the Faith.

“Purifiers of the Faith!! Ahahaha!!” The red-haired witch burst into loud laugh, by remember passionate nights spent with Gordon. Tonight, Gordon will take her to a meeting with one of the followers of the Cult Purifiers of the Faith, and she would tell him the day and time for the return of Aratron, the prince of darkness. In exchange, she would get free and Cult of the Faith would forget about her existence. But can she forget Gordon?? He was willful, rough in carnal pleasure; by his brutality and imperiousness, he just fired her passion.

Not so long ago, the red-haired Witch had fallen into the hands of Cult of the Faith, and in despair, she had revealed that she was one

of the crews in Castle Kain and named Aratron, Anabel, and Tamerlane. She promised to servants of the Cult to inform them of everything that happened in the castle. Having cut off a lock of her red hair, the Cult Purifiers of the Faith told her : in the event of fraud, they would burn her curl in the holy fire for seven days and read a prayer for the repose of her fallen soul death sentence. Having caught the shameless obscene glance coming from one of the purifiers, she took advantage of this, responding to him in return, and, incidentally, never found a reason to regret it.

Making her way to the woods, and think about the charmingly cocky Gordon, she felt a sudden movement very close, a powerful airflow that poured over her from head to toe. Abruptly, red-haired Witch stops and stiffens, listen to the forest. She feels very clearly the danger. Look around, she continue on her way, and her fast walk turns into a run. Sweat streamed down her face and fear captured all of her body. She felt the presence of someone much stronger, one with more powerful magic. Once again looking back, she suddenly felt

strong fingers tighten on her shoulder. She wanted to scream but strong hand clamp over her mouth. She turns and saw Gordon and another brother of the Cult Purifiers of the Faith in dark cloaks.

“What is happening?” demanded Gordon.

“I feel the presence of something very powerful! It belongs to the Dark,” gasped the red-haired witch.

Looks around, Gordon said, “You're right, something powerful is present!!” At the same time, he abruptly pull her toward to himself and slipped his hand between her breasts. Grinning, he abruptly pushed her away. Then, turning to his companion, he silently nodded. They follows the red-haired witch to the edge of the forest, where a carriage awaited. Gordon open the carriage door, gesturing to the redheaded witch to get into it.

Among the oaks, the gargoyle Bethor say on a branch. She did not take her eyes away from the carriage standing alone in the moonlight on the edge of the dark forest. Bethor's red eyes focused on the red-haired witch; she considered ripping her to shreds when flying

over her head. However, having bitten Anabel and sipped her blood, the gargoyle had acquired the ability to think like mortals do.

“Let's see where she is going and why,” mused Bethor.

Peacefully swaying in her chair and winding her huge dirty gray tangle, the witch Anabel archly glanced at a wooden box thickly covered with dust. Behind this box in a stone wall, she kept something that was of immense value. Not so long ago, she had brought it into Castle Kain from her forest hut.

Throwing aside her tangle, Anabel rose from her chair, and the snakes entwining her legs sprawled sideways. Raising her bony hands, she whispered, “Dark spirits! Pervasive! All-seeing! All-powerful! I urge you to help me!! Show me the dark forest! The large roads and also smaller ones! The dark places and also the bright!” With this, she closed her trembling eyelids and gave herself to her visions. Her eyesight with lightning speed fluttered out from Castle Kain and went around through the outskirts.

She saw several young girls collecting herbs under the moon, and flying like a whirlwind around them, she continued on her way. Flying over the huge lake which had been shrouded in viscous fog, she suddenly noticed a dark figure hovering above the water. Feeling the power coming from the dark figure, she recognized the magician Tamerlane. He slowly swayed in the air above the water. On his black cloak, hundreds of leeches crawled, the bodies glittering. Anabel rushed away, but Tamerlane felt her presence, and, throwing back the hood from his face, he turned his eyes toward Anabel. After rising high into the night sky, Anabel nearly knocked into the gargoyles Bethor.

“And you're here! Damned thing!” thought Anabel.

Dropping lower, she very smoothly flew into a dark forest, and then with great force rushed through it, dodging bushes and snags, finally emerging on the other side. There, Anabel saw a red-haired witch, accompanied by two monks in dark cloaks, boarding a carriage that belonged to the Order of the Purifiers of the Faith. “Damn traitor!!” she shouted in a hoarse

voice and opened her colorless eyes full of burning hatred. Grabbing her rod, she brought it down on the stone floors and then evaporated.

In the window of a house in the village flickered the flame of a burning candle. The rustic family living in this house was in great sorrow because the head of the family breadwinner, husband, and father had died. Several women quietly sang a sad melody as they washed his body, preparing for the morning burial. Finally finished, they retired to console the widow. One of them picked up a wooden bucket that held the water with which they had washed the deceased, quickly carried it to the front door, and set it outside. As soon as the door closed, Anabel appeared out of nowhere, seized the bucket, and disappeared with it into the dark of night. Having reappeared in her forest hut, she poured the dead water into a huge iron pot set over a blazing fire. From under her cape, she pulled out a little bundle and unwrapped its contents: a fingernail clipping, a small lock of hair, a small piece of linen fabric soaked in overnight perspiration. All of these

belonged to the traitorous red-haired witch. Anabel had many such small sacs with the same set of ingredients, secretly stolen from almost all witches. Holding out her hand over the boiling dead water, she was ready to cast the ingredients into a pot and cast a spell for painful death, when a voice behind her made her stop.

“You are so fast to punish, my dear!!!” said the magician Tamerlane.

“I am doing what you should have done, Tamerlane!!!” Anabel said dryly, still holding her hand over the bubbling pot.

“The red-haired Witch has always been running her affairs behind our backs. I think we can get her to explain herself and then determine her rightful punishment,” continued Tamerlane.

“Let her rot until such time as she reveals her secrets!” Anabel hissed angrily.

“She can be useful for us, Anabel, for performing the blackest work to help our cause!” Tamerlane argued.

Meanwhile, the carriage of the Order of the Purifiers of the Faith rushing along on a dusty

road, lit by the moon. High above the carriage, in the vastness of the night, circled a huge, winged creature the gargoyle Bethor. In the carriage were Gordon, Gordon's silent companion, a brother in the Order, and the red-haired witch, who was sitting in front of the men. Gordon and the red-haired witch kept their eyes on each other, while Gordon's companion covered his head by hood and kept silent. Gordon's eyes devoured the Witch; in his eyes were lust, passion, boldness, and some sort of neglect. The red-haired witch seductively bits her lower lip, looking into Gordon's eyes. Occasionally the creaking of the carriage violated the silence. Suddenly, the seductive-playful expression of the face on Witch got changed to expression of pain. Her eyes were filled with surprise and fear at the same moment. She realized in horror that Gordon's face had started to blur, as an incredible pain grew behind her eyes and temples. Unable to bear the pain, she screamed hysterically. Alarmed, Gordon shouted furiously, "What are you up too? Do not try to play with us in your cunning game, witch!!!!"

The red-haired witch started to perspire and struggle to breathe. It seemed to her as if the air was saturated with caustic poison. To her alone were visible gray wisps of stench smoke which were circling above her and easily seeped into her nose, mouth, eyes, and ears. A death spell! Wrought with dead water!!! Anabel!! All this happened in a moment, and she fell unconscious.

Anabel still stood back to Tamerlane, her eyes darting rage and anger.

“You almost persuaded me!” she said snidely, removing her hand from above the boiling pot. “I see you have your own ideas about this case, Tamerlane!?” continued Anabel, finally turns around to face him.

Once Anabel removes out her hand from the poisonous fumes of dead water, the red-haired witch felt a huge relief. The wisps of smoke vanished into thin air, and she was able to breathe well. Sighing with relief, she wipes her face with the sleeve of her dress and said weakly, “Something happened! She has stopped her spell!!!!”

Anxiously, Gordon and his brother stares at the red-haired witch. Only now the red-haired witch was able to see the face of the silent monk. Finally, the carriage halted, the monastery gates opens, and it passed through. Finding herself on the monastery grounds, the red-haired witch felt a surge of faintness; she felt suffocated and dizzy from the sensation of approaching danger. Despite the deep pit of hopelessness, the red-haired witch wanted to live, live to spite the Cult, to spite Anabel, and of course to spite Gordon. "The Purifiers of the Faith will suck out from me all they needs to know, and will get rid of me, just because I'm one of those who is ministering to the Darkness," she thought. She notice that the carriage had finnaly stops. Gordon stood up, grabbed her arm just above the elbow, and almost pushed her out of the carriage. Several figures in black loose overalls approached, bearing flaming torches.

Having escape from hands of Gordon, the red-haired witch immediately knew that the elderly monk approaching her was her main adversary. "I think the presence of your world-

ly goods will help you to remember what you want to tell us!!” calmly said the monk, who approvingly nodded his head toward Gordon. Glancing at the retreating figure of Gordon, the red-haired witch nervously bits her lip and fixed her gaze directly into the eyes of the elderly monk.

“I want back my lock of hair! And my blood!!!” she almost screamed.

“You're not in the Fair!! Stop making a deal!!” roughly said Gordon, who had already come back. In one hand he held a red curl, and in another, a small glass jar in which was her blood.

“Answer our questions, and your red curl and your devilish blood will not be burns with the fire of a torch soaked in frankincense!!!” continued Gordon.

Seeing the confusion and growing aggression of witch, Father Sebastian cast a look questioningly at Gordon. Gordon carefully passed the curl and blood to another monk, and then, he slowly approached the red-haired witch and forcefully grabbed her beautiful white chin.

“What are you doing, dear? You know what games you play! You come into the woods! And it seems you did not mind about this meeting? Everything is very simple! You tell us how soon Aratron is to arrive, and when the ritual is planned. In returns, you'll get your damn curl and your dark blood! So what has changed now?” Gordon barely restrains himself from an attack of wrath.

“You have changed! I am still the Witch, Gordon! You're not the one who gives!! You're here to take! My life! I can feel it by my skin! Coming here, I took the risk by providing favor to your cause! I touched the bottom of the scalding fiery river in order to appear on its surface! You had rejected all of my doings I had made for you because I love you!!!” the Witch said bitterly.

Surprised to hear this, Gordon whispered rigidly, “You have a passionate, impossible desire, Witch!!” He turns and was about to leave but heard behind him the Witch’s voice.

“Aratron will returns in six days and six nights!”

Pausing for a moment, Gordon, without turn his face to the red-haired Witch, said to Father Sebastian, “We must hurry! The time is almost there! Nobody knew that Aratron would appear here so soon!”

All this time, the red-haired Witch never took her piercing gaze from a slightly confused monk, the one to whom Gordon gave her curls and the glass vial filled with her blood. The monk looks helplessly at the retreating Gordon, who resolutely pass by him without leaving any orders about what to do next. Finally, tearing his eyes away from Father Sebastian and Gordon, he cautiously began to look at the red-haired Witch. “Oooh!! He does not know that how its to look into a Witch’s eyes, sometimes it is not safe!” thought the red-haired Witch. “I hope he has not carried away to the monastery her curl and blood!” she worried.

Standing aside, John felt that something was wrong and hurriedly went to the confused monk, who was holding the private things belonging to the Witch. Standing in a semicircle, the monks held in their hands burning torches soaked in incense. They blocked her way to

freedom and essentially interfered with her having some impact on the confused monk. John's anxiety was not an explanation, but he had never before felt that something terrible should happen.

And yet she tried!!! The red-haired witch stared into the eyes of the monk who held her blood and curl. She gathers all her magical strength and imperceptibly started slightly moving her lips, reading a spell. To the surprise of the monk, his hand holding the curl and the blood belong to the witch got tremble. He wants to scream, but his tongue got numb; his fingers, overcoming the resistance, got unclenched, and the contents of his hands dropped onto the dusty ground. John observed what was happening, and in haste and confusion he starts to read prayers loudly, - banishing evil: "I bring you the evil and darkness to sworn to Almighty God!!!"

After John spoke these words, the face of the red-haired witch contorted, her head leaned back sharply, and her eyes turned to the sky. And suddenly, her gaze caught some movement, high in the dark night sky around the

twinkling stars. She felt the approach of something very strong, the same force she felt back in the forest. As the creature got closer, she recognized the gargoyle Bethor. At the sight of the huge, winged entity, the monks made the sign of the Cross and rush away to escape in all directions. John, immobilized by shock, had not moved from his place, he looks at the spectacular gargoyle with horror.

Bethor lands and folded her wings. She growled loudly and walks with a predatory gait toward John. Move her snout close to John's face, she paused as if sniffing and, baring her chops suddenly, uttered a bloodcurdling scream. The force of her breath blew John's cover hood back, and his dark hair immediately got covered with silvery gray. Staring at John, the gargoyle turns her head slightly toward the red-haired witch and abruptly knock out John away with her powerful paw. Huddled against the stone structure, John thought, "Why didn't she kill me? She could have torn me apart in seconds!"- He could not take his eyes away from the creature he had already met once outside the monastery.

Turns around sharply, the gargoyle Bethor smashed the carriage to splinters with her tail and destroyed everything in her path. At the noise and shouting, Gordon and his friend-in-arms Lord Rockner with a crowd of the strongest warrior monks ran out, all of them armed with swords and spears.

The red-haired witch, seizing the opportunity provided by Bethor, crawled on hands and knees to the place where the monk had dropped the curl of her hair and the vial of her blood. After a frantic search, she found the items and hid them in the low neckline of her dress. the witch rush to leave the abbey.

Gordon, accompanied by warrior monks, had cautiously approache to Bethor, stood in a battle pose. She in her turn gave a look at the monks with furious red eyes. At the last moment, as if she just suddenly changed her mind, she leaped skyward without engaging the warrior monks in battle. Bethor flew away, leaving behind a huge cloud of dust. Gordon deftly threw a silver spear at the gargoyle, but she caught it, broke it in half, and let it fall.

Having taken refuge in a wheat field, the red-haired witch sighed with relief and tiredly sat on the ground, breathing in the fragrant aroma of peacefully swaying golden stalks of grain. Once away from the walls of the monastery, she felt a kind of safety, and her ragged panting gradually calmed. Smiling faintly, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the light breeze. At some point, she began to feel the wind becoming stronger and stronger, and suddenly through the noise of the wind right behind her back she heard the rasping voice of the witch Anabel. The red-haired witch trembled in fear, knowing Anabel's reputation for punishing violations of the laws of the "Dark" world.

"Red-haired witch! I do not accept your excuses for liaison with the Purifiers of Faith!!! You will get your punishment! You'll be a long time feeding the spirits with your own blood!"

Red-haired witch stop to breath from the voice of old Witch, but the worst thing, that she had a feel is Anabel behind her and not alone. A dark shadow detached itself from the old woman and got formed in a high gray fig-

ure from which went acrid smoke and has a sword, gray figure become closer to the neck of red-haired Witch. Red-haired Witch felt the spirit of the demon-executioner, and finally shaking with fear waits for unavoidable death. With some forcefulness, she closed her eyes and restore in her minds all entire life, In the end, she has stops on the image of Gordon's face. She would never see him again and not will be able to enchant his heart, not will be able to return him back, and couldn't feel the sweetness of his passionate squeezes. When suddenly, unknown force tightly grabbed her shoulders, tore her up from the ground. Accurately open her eyes red-haired Witch saw how quickly get distant the field under her feet. The strong pushy wind ruffles her locks of hair, and steel claws stuck into her shoulders carried away her higher and higher in the pre-dawn sky with rare clouds.

Anabel with huge pleasure was watched as trembled in fear red-haired Witch sensing the approach of the spirit of demon-executioner who carried her death. The sharp intervention of death penalty made by gargoyles Bethor

which one overflying with powerful whirlwind tightly grabbed sentenced to death red-haired Witch, made her gone. Old Witch Anabel at this turn of events was unpleasantly surprised. She got furious. Before golden ears of wheat extremely start to get darker and darker and finally become the dust. The old witch Anabel did not expect the appearance of this damn-creature gargoyle Bethor. Barely holds her anger, trembling by rage lips she whispered venomously to the spirit demon-executioner - Destroy them both !!!!

Right under Gordons feet fell from the sky two halves silver spears, hitting on each other made a hard ringing sound. In the air still hovers clouds of dust, which consisted of dry ground. Not far away, turn upside down by sideways, been lying the carriage, one of the surviving wheels still continues to spin. Monks, one by one gathers around Gordon which one stood with frowning eyebrows and keep staring at the wreckage of his spear. Feel warm touch on his shoulder, he took his eyes off the spears and look at standing next to him father Sebastian.

- The time has come, Gordon! - firmly said Father Sebastian.

Henry.

“Castle Kain, the most mysterious castle! Although there are many stories about its construction, no one knows which of them is true. Was it built by the strongest spirits from the world of the ‘dark,’ or by those who have given their souls to gain the highest knowledge of magic or those who at birth were selected for this mission? Gabrielle did not choose her own destiny; her fate was decided by the dark forces because she has the blood of the Witch. The daughter of a Witch belongs to the spirits who served her mother! Tamerlane and Anabel are using Gabrielle to get close to the very strong prince of darkness, Aratron. There will be solemn ritual giving Gabrielle immortality (every hundreds yeras) and she will become Aratron’s woman -The wife of the demon! They will leave this world,for the while, but Anabel and Tamerlane will stay here and execute their wishes!” Saying all this, Teresa sadly looked into Henry's eyes.

As if reading her thoughts, he quietly asks her, “And what about you, Teresa?”

“Me? I belong to . . .”

Henry completed her sentence: “You belong to me!

“I love you, Henry, and I feel so good with you!” Teresa rose up from the bed and turns away for a moment to wipe away a tear. “The dawn! I must return to the castle!” She hastily pulls on her clothes, went to the open window, and turns back to look at her beloved . . . was gone.

Left alone, Henry, lying in bed with his hands behind his head, dreamily looks at the window through which Teresa had disappeared. His reverie was interrupted by a knock on the door.

“Mr. Henry! The bellhop delivered an urgent letter!”

“Come in, Mr. Thomas! I do not sleep!” Henry bounds from the bed.

The door opened, and there was Mr. Thomas, holding forth a letter. Henry tore open the envelope.

“Of course, I'm very sorry, Mr. Henry, but my curiosity has no limits!” Mr. Thomas said softly.
“

“Yes, yes! Of course, Mr. Thomas! Go!”

Tightly close the door behind him, Mr. Thomas hastened to call a coachman.

Thoughts rush madly through Henry's head: memories of his childhood with John, winter walks with Anna, and finally Teresa's sad face this morning. Suddenly, Henry made a decision! Shrugged his coat, he ran from a bedroom, down the stairs, and into the courtyard. The carriage with Mr. Thomas had just started to pull away from Castle Baumer. Henry rushed to catch up with the carriage. Overtaking it, he firmly clutched the handrails and abruptly jumps into it. Henry shouted to the coachman, “Faster! We're going to Castle Kain!”

Finally catches his breath, Henry noticed Mr. Thomas' frightened expression and said, “If you prefer, you can leave the carriage now!”

Looking out the window and seeing an unfamiliar landscape and suspicious-looking strangers on the road, Mr. Thomas opens his

little button eyes wide with horror. “Oh no! Better that I stay!”

At the same time, in the wheat field.

Look straight at the Witch, the demon-executioner turns his force into a huge, gray gargoyle. Uttering a bloodcurdling scream, he flapped his heavy wings and flew up in pursuit of Bethor.

Bethor rushed faster than the wind, sometimes plunges into forest thickets and shooting out of them. The red-haired Witch has felt the chase and hops to get to the castle in time to be able to meet with Tamerlane and beg for his protection against Anabel. Finally, as Castle Kain came into view, she sighed in relief. Suddenly, a powerful blow struck on Bethor, loses her grip on the red-haired Witch, who tumbled into the deep bushes.

On the huge old stones lying at the entrance to the castle, Bethor and the gray beast took battle positions. Bethor growled loudly and lowers her head as if she were about to jump. Steam rose up from her nostrils. The gray beast was in no hurry to attack Bethor; baring his teeth, he slowly tried to circle around

Bethor. Getting very angry, Bethor threw herself up to attack using her powerful tail, which sharply whipped the body of her adversary. Somehow the gray beast was able to clutch Bethor's tail in teeth.

Hearing the noise and growls, the magician Tamerlane approached the bloody battle scene and was going to cast a spell when a horrific scream forced him to stop. The great gray beast lifelessly fell onto the stones. Behind him stood Bethor, holding in her teeth ripped-out spinal cord of enemy. The cord was incredibly long and heavy, but moment by moment it slowly disappears, leaving behind a light gray haze. With an intent look at Bethor, the magician left without saying nothing. Bethor straightened her wings and flew up to the sky, heading for the highest tower of the castle.

Clamber out of the bushes, the red-haired Witch rushed to Castle Kain and went straight to the room of Tamerlane. She was very worried about what decision the mage would make, and she also feared meet with Anabel, who could appear at any time. Pushing aside the oak door of the room, she slipped inside.

The magician Tamerlane stood by the window, and without turns his head to her, said, "Well, red-haired Witch! Fear of death has brought you here?"

"No, my lord! Remorse!" I want to repent and ask for protection!" The red-haired Witch spoke hurriedly.

The magician abruptly turns to her and rose up an eyebrow. "Really? Do you repent of all of your deeds? You, whose venal soul is black as night and full of falseness?"

There was an awkward silence. Not knowing what to say, the red-haired Witch decided to use her usual trump card. She whispered some spells, and her dress rustled to the stone floor of the room, exposing her attractive body.

"Aha!" The magician's laugh reverberated through the room. "You think to persuade me with your naked body? Slutty witch!" Tamerlane grins and suddenly said, "Let's see how you can surprise me!" Stepping closer to her, he stretched out his sinewy arm and put his hand in her red hair, pulling her up to himself.

Through the dark night, monks with fiery torches led by Gordon and Father Sebastian

travels on horseback, taking the road leading to the dark forest where the maze of trails led to Castle Kain. John, who kept his horse close to Father Sebastian, finally decided to break the silence.

“Father Sebastian! In your visions, are we victorious?”

“We must prevent the black ritual to save the souls of those who have not been taken by darkness!” This was the answer of Father Sebastian.

“We approach the woods!” shouted someone in front. Father Sebastian pulls away from John and, spurring his horse, went ahead to catch up with Gordon.

“Stop! Father Sebastian will show the right path! It’s a narrow trail, and we will have to go in single file!” yelled some voice somewhere ahead.

The horses slows down, snorting and trampling in one place. John could no longer see Father Sebastian and Gordon in the crowd of riders.

“All must extinguish torches! Only the first rider will carry a lit torch!”

Finally, it was John's turn to enter the trail, where the smell of damp twigs, earth, and leaves reminded him of his childhood. Riding slowly, they eventually came to a small clearing by a lake. It was near dawn.

"Stay here! Rest of our horses! And we also needs to eat!" Gordon shouted.

One by one, small fires were lit. Letting his horse graze by the lake, John went to the bonfire, near which Father Sebastian, Gordon, and Gordon's friend Count Kirk had settled down on the grass.

"A little rest for us! Count Kirk and I will go look around the thickets of wild belladonna," said Gordon.

"The Belladonna Trail occurs only at midnight! I agree! You can go and look around first!" answers Father Sebastian.

After sipping a little mushroom broth cooked over a fire, John lay down near Father Sebastian, who was telling to the gathered monks the story of how he became aware of the way to Castle Kain. John became immersed in a dream and quite poorly heard the voice of father Sebastian.

Gabrielle.

Gabrielle's eyes shone with happiness. At midnight would be the long-awaited get-together with her beloved and their faery wedding. She had enjoyed the view of the Throne room, it was magnificent. The halls of the castle filled up with guests invited to the celebration. Upon meeting with Gabrielle, they look at her with great curiosity. Gabrielle, rustling by in a violet dress, hurry to her rooms. Towards Gabrielle been walks Teresa, who on behalf of Anabel had brought beautiful, dark purple flowers of deadly nightshade. Seeing Gabrielle, Teresa stopped. Approaching by Teresa, Gabrielle asks her softly, "Henry knows?" Understand the question, Teresa nodded. Gabrielle look at her with displeasure and rush to the rooms. Open the bedroom door, Gabrielle looks at her wedding dress lying on huge crystal bed. Struck by the beauty of the dress, Gabrielle, as if in spellbound, could not tear away her gaze from it. It was a dazzling red satin gown with many small red rubies embroidered on the lush skirts, which sparkled like fresh drops of blood. Near the dress was a

gold pendant with red bloody color stones of garnet. On the white sheets, the sight of the red dress was fascinating.

“Well? Do you like it?” It was the familiar voice of the witch Anabel.

“It's wonderful!”

“Your mother would be proud of you! You have had the good fortune of Aratron drowning in the waters of love for you! Later on, the strongest Witches of the dark world prepare you for your wedding!” With these words, Anabel disappeared.

Taking a few steps towards the dress, Gabrielle suddenly smelled blood. Turns around, she saw Bethor, carefully licking her wounds in the corner of the room.

“Bethor! What happened to you?” Gabrielle rushes to the gargoyle. Touch one of the wounds, she puts a finger covered in the gargoyle's blood to her mouth. She closed her eyes, and her body shook from the visions. Abruptly, Gabrielle demanded, “Who is the red-haired Witch?” Bethor only devotedly looked into her eyes, shifting from one foot to another. Gabrielle walks to the door, then

turns back to Bethor, and said, “You are my most loyal friend, Bethor! I will not apart with you, ever!”

Walks down the stone steps, Gabrielle went to Tamerlane to ask him about the red-haired Witch. Nearing the Tamerlans room, she saw how his door got open and some women hurry to walk away. Sensing another presence, the red-haired Witch turns around, and her eyes met Gabrielle’s.

“Red-haired Witch,” thought Gabrielle. “I wonder what she was doing in Tamerlane’s room?”

As if reading Gabrielle’s thoughts, the red-haired Witch whispers angrily, “I was saving my life!” Having said that, she threw up her hood and disappeared into the long hallway.

Gabrielle decides to follow the red-haired Witch, who went out the castle and went to one of the stone figures on her way. She wearily leans against it, and her anger and tears got oppressed her. Never before had she felt so disgusted. Her soul turns inside out with the memories of the old, sweat-covered body of Tamerlane. His sinewy hands dug into her

body, hurting her. His flabby body was covered with a variety of warts, and it seemed that those warts penetrated into her skin and sucks out all her strength. She has seduced men many times, but in those cases, she was the Queen Temptress, not used as a slave. For all of this, she blames Gordon.

“Who are you?”

Turns back, the red-haired Witch met with Gabrielle. “Me? Now I am nobody!” The red-haired Witch wipes a tear from her face and runs away into the woods. Touched the stone figure, it was still warm from the body red-haired Witch, Gabrielle got the answer to her question.

“That is the price of betrayal!” she said faintly and returns to the castle.

The magician Tamerlane got vitality and energy from the young Witch and felt stronger than ever. “Now she has fed me by her own energy in exchange for my protection!” he said.

“You found a good way to recharge yourself, Tamerlane! Using the energy from a traitor can transfer her traitorous spirit!” There was the raspy voice of Witch Anabel.

“What kind of nonsense are you talking about, Anabel? This Witch has come in handy!”

“I think that it is only useful to you!” sarcastically continued Anabel.

“Are you ready for great celebration?”

“Yes! Everything is under my control!” grumbled the old witch, and she exited his room.

Left alone, the magician laughed very hard.

Henry.

Having reach the dark forest, the carriage stop. Henry resolutely steps out of it and headed to the woods.

“Mr. Henry! What do you want me to do?” anxiously shouted Mr. Thomas.

“You can take my carriage and go home!” Henry shouted back.

“Mr. Henry! A wheel came off!” yelled the coachman.

“Uh! Wait, Mr. Henry! I cannot stay here! It will be dark soon! I think I have no choice but go with you!” Mr. Thomas leaps out the coach, following Henry.

“See! Here are the fresh hoof prints of horses!” exclaime Henry, exams three paths leading into the woods.

“So, we have found the right path!” replied a breathless Mr. Thomas, wiping the sweat from his face.

“The sun has not yet set, so we have time to get through the forest!” yelled Henry. The path seemed endless. Soon he heard a voice behind him.

“Mr. Henry! I'm dying! My legs are about to fall off, and I am very hungry!”

Henry replied, “I think we really need a break!” They sat down on a large fallen tree.

“It seems to me that I smell a roasted rabbit,” dreamily said Mr. Thomas.

“Amazing!” Henry's mouth got watering, and he agreed: “I smell it too!” Henry was continuing to jump on his feet and made the way into the bushes. Pushing aside the branches, he said happily, “Mr. Thomas! I hear some talks and also see that rabbit on a spit!”

Father Sebastian and John sat around a campfire and waits for the rabbits to be cooked on a spit. The monks were preparing for future battle, and they practice fighting with swords. The healer near prepared a toxic mixture of the crossbow arrows. Suddenly, one

of the monks shouted: "Two strangers from the forest approaches here!"

"Lead them to me!" commanded Father Sebastian.

Mr. Thomas every now and then stumbled over logs, but he could not tear away his eyes away from the grilled rabbits. They approached Father Sebastian.

"Henry! Mr. Thomas!" Recognizes them, John jumped up and presents his brother Henry and Mr. Thomas to Father Sebastian. They sat together around the campfire and ate roasted rabbit.

"How you got here, my friend?" said father Sebastian to Henry.

Mr. Thomas blurted out, "Mr. Henry wants to visit Castle Kain!" And catches unhappy glance from Henry got silence.

"Castle Kain?" With concern in his voice, Father Sebastian got a long look at Henry.

Henry quickly came up with an excuse to extricate himself from the uncomfortable situation created by the long tongue of Mr. Thomas.

"I will not lie to you, sir. I received a letter from my brother John, who wrote about the

upcoming battle with supporters of the darkness, and I decided we should not lag behind, but join in the cause. I'm not a warrior, but I would like to commemorate these events in writing for the sake of future generations!"

Deep in thought, Father Sebastian turns to Henry. "You made a courageous decision, my brother! It is commendable to write down everything that happens!"

All this time, John keep a look on Henry. "He's up to something!" he thought.

Horses neighed and from the woods show up Gordon and his friend Kirk. After they got dismounted, two monks grabbed the reins of horses and took them to the lake. Gordon strode toward the campfire at front of Father Sebastian, John, Henry, and Mr. Thomas.

"Gordon, I want to introduce our guests who have decided to join our hike," said Father Sebastian. "This is Mr. Henry, the brother of John, and a local teacher, Mr. Thomas."

"Greetings, gentlemen!" Gordon inclines his head slightly and immediately turns to Father Sebastian. "I need to talk to you."

“With your permission, gentlemen.” Father Sebastian stood with John’s help and excused himself from the group.

“Father Sebastian, yesterday at midnight the belladonna not been manifested!” Gordon said uneasily.

Pondering this news, Father Sebastian shook his head in disapproval. “Really? I think I know what going on. Today at midnight we’ll be there! Command the peoples to start preparing to hit the road!”

Castle Kain.

“So, my dear, at midnight you’ll be a Princess of the whole “dark” world. You will receive unlimited power and immortality. You will finally reunite with your loved one and be happy!” said the old witch Anabel, turns toward Gabrielle, who sat surrounded by attendants. The crows circles around, working on her hair, deftly inserting black pearls into her upswept hair.

“I have one request, Anabel. It can be a wedding gift if you do not mind,” Gabrielle said.

DRAFT

Narrowing her colorless eyes, old Anabel tensed. She had not expected any requests from Gabrielle.

“Ask for what you want.”

“I want you to free Teresa,” said Gabrielle.

Light displeasure appears on Anabel’s face.

Gabrielle continued: “Anabel, I know you know everything about everyone! And of course, you knew the secret dates between Teresa and dear to my heart count Henry Baumer! I want him to be happy, and his happiness can be Teresa, she loves him! She cares about him! My heart will be calm, Anabel!”

“Teresa knows a lot about our affairs, but if it's your request, I will do free Teresa for you as a gift,” said Anabel.

“I knew that you will do it for me !” Gabrielle thanks the old witch.

“I have to check if everything is ready in the throne room,” said Anabel, and hurries off.

Left alone, Gabrielle went toward to a small crystal table on which stood a bowl filled with muddy water. She lowered her fingers into the liquid and whispered a spell

The monks hastily prepares for departure. John, choosing the right moment, found Henry walk alone near the lake and grabs his shoulder. "I do not like your lies, Henry! I know what you're up about! You've decided to save Gabrielle from punishment!"

Having torn himself from brother's hand, Henry angrily replies, " You looks for some evil in everybody! You have so much evil inside yourself! But I will interrupt your plans!"

Looks unhappily into Henry's eyes, John spun around and walks away. With a sigh of relief, Henry leans over the lake and splashes his face with water. Suddenly, he clearly saw the face of Gabrielle and heard her address him.

"My dear Henry! Do not worry about me! I am a creation of spells and magic. This is my world, dark and dangerous but I was born in it. When old Witch releases Teresa, you'll be together! Teresa knows where to find me!"

Henry wants to answer, but she disappeared into the waters, the suddenly as she had appeared.

"Get on the horses!" shouted Gordon, and everybody rushes their horses. One of the

monks led two ginger stallions and gave it to Mr. Thomas and Henry. Got dark, and finally, the string of riders stopped by a birch grove.

“It's here!” announced Father Sebastian, who dismounted and, lifting the hem of his monastic robe, headed to the young birches. He touches and whispers to the trees, and then a light fog appears envelops everything. Gordon and Henry suddenly felt the cool touch of strong leaves on their hands. It seems as if the plants grew higher and higher, reaching the shoulders of the monks, while a gently intoxicating scent caused a calm and pleasant feeling. Under the feet of Father Sebastian got a long dry branch, which he picks up and uses as a walking staff.

The moon beautifully lights their way, and finally, in the distance, they saw Castle Kain. In the moonlight, the outlines of the black castle looked a bit sinister. Henry seems fascinated by what he saw; he could not tears his eyes away from the highest tower of the castle.

“Well, my brothers! I hope we can prevent the black disgusting deal from being completed! Father Sebastian said cheerfully. “John,

Dimitri, Nicholas you're with me! The rest of the soldiers will be commanded by Gordon! We will read a long prayer, and the Lord will work a miracle! Yes, God will help us!"

Figures of stoned bats on the walls of Castle Kain suddenly opens their fiery eyes, and one by one they flew off the walls of the castle to meet the approaching monks. The archers in the troop commanded by Gordon immediately began to shoot. The swarm of bats try to bites the throats of the monks to quench their thirst for blood.

Father Sebastian zealously read a powerful prayer, and each bat turns to gray ash. From the highest tower of Castle Kain, old Witch Anabel looks down at the small battle and a smile was on her face.

"Weakness! They so carefully hide their sins from themselves and from the Almighty!" Anabel laughs aloud. Not all men chose the monastic life out of a desire to serve God; many found the monastery a place of refuge from themselves. Tricky Anabel took advantage of this

Monk Demetrius in the past was a profligate lover of taverns and venal girls. To escape from fornication and persecution by pregnant girls, he hid in the monastery. Now, at front of Demetrius' eyes, appears an absolutely naked girl with a voluptuous body. She wriggles as in dance, beckoning him, and her body posed in ways that even tavern girls would be ashams to do. Seeing this, lust overpowered Demetrius' mind, and he was ready to die just to possess this depraved girl.

They all had their own fears and phobias, and now, with the help of Anabel, they revive and clarifies. Count Kirk swung a sword at an incomprehensible entity. He saw a front of him his mother, who had died not long ago from a terrible disease. Kirk cut it, but in each new entity, he saw his mother, who stretches out to him her gentle hands. While the prayers of Father Sebastian turned to ashes most of the entities, the terrible bloody battle went on, and the number of entities increased. The voice of Father Sebastian began to break down. Demetrius, instead to pray, passionately kiss

some hideous entity with a transparent body through which blue veins were visible.

John recites the prayer and felt as if sticky, small flies were crawling over his body, but he continues to pray. At one moment, he heard the voice of his father, who was trying to tell him something. Once, forgets the words to the prayer, he looked back and saw his father waving to him, urging him to follow. John calls to his mind and began to pray louder and louder, but looking sadly down the trail, where he had last seen his father.

Father Sebastian finally become hoarse and was already on his last breath whispering a prayer. Suddenly he saw clearly a front of him an amazing lady of advanced years who was wearing a black dress made of expensive fabric. She had neatly combed back mix with silver hair, covered by an openwork cape. Her beautiful gray eyes look straight into his eyes. Father Sebastian, uses his last effort, whispers his prayers and made the sign of the cross, but she did not turns to ash and do not disappears.

DRAFT

Tired and gasping for air, Father Sebastian tell to the woman. “Who are you? Are you the witch Anabel? Are you Gabrielle?”

“I do not belong to Witches or demons! I am my own mistress. I am called Death. You're losing your precious time . . . as well as the lives of your followers! What are you doing here in the realm of the dark forces, when you have to fight with it in your world? Maintain your faith and those who are devoted to it among the people! You cannot win here but could there! Do you know what the monks fear? They afraid your society - Cult! which they are have created! They want to live! They are going to die because you wanted it! Why didn't you tell them the true! !! Cult of the Purifiers of Faith has never won yet here in dark woods where ground got soaked by poison!! Your monastery prays for years, but this magic place has existed for centuries! You have asks to see me for many years. Well, here I am, in front of you! Can I invite you for a walk!” She held out her hand wearing black lace glove, and Father Sebastian hesitantly took it.

When the battle started, Mr. Thomas had buried himself in a pile of rotten leaves and prays. He trembles with fear and blames himself for not running home, where he could be wrapped in a warm blanket and sipping fragrant tea.

Henry manages how to get to the terrible gloomy castle and hides near a huge gray stone, where he decides to wait.

Gordon and Kirk runs toward to Father Sebastian, who was laying on the grass. They dragged him to a secluded place and left him there heads to Castle Kain. "We need to get inside of this diabolical place!" yells Gordon.

Gently holding the hand of Father Sebastian, lady-Death led him straight to the castle. Surprisingly, Father Sebastian did not see any creatures anymore, not a single soul, except his fellow traveler. There was a light breeze, and it seemed that Father Sebastian and lady-Death were the only guests in an empty castle.

Henry, rose up his head, notices that the stone door of the castle been open. Without thinking, he runs inside the castle. Suddenly, he came face to face with Gordon and Kirk.

“How did you open this door?”- Gordon asks.

“I did not open it! I saw it open and took that occasion to come in,” said Henry.

Looking around, they found themselves in a long corridor. Gordon made his way forward, saying, “Follow me!” John and Kirk moved along with him.

Alone among the monks, John continued to pray. His eyes got to catch something... it was a body lying under a spruce and some figure, in a red cloak bending over the body. Continuing to pray, he began to approach the spruce. Coming closer, with fear, he notices lying down under the spruce was none other than Father Sebastian. The figure in red, without a turn to him, say by a woman's voice, “His last words were for you! He said you have to go back to the monastery and continue the work, but not his work! Your own! Serve your God and run the affairs of the monastery!” The figure in red turns back to John. It was the red-haired Witch. “Take me with you!” she asks.

“No!” answered John. Grabbed the dead man's cloak, he dragged the body into the forest.

Gordon, Henry, and Kirk, tired from wandering through the endless corridor, finally got down on the stone floor.

“This Is intolerable! We did not find any exit yet,” said Gordon. Suddenly, they heard a woman’s voice, which croons a melody. Gordon stood up and follow the voice. His surprise knew no bounds when he saw the red-haired Witch.

“Hey! What are you doing here?” Gordon asks.

“No one needs me,” indifferently said the red-haired Witch. Quickly, not even understands himself, Henry suddenly said, “It’s not true!” We need you! You can help us. We ask for your help!”

With a disapproving glance, Gordon reluctantly agreed. “Yes! You could help us!”

For the red-haired Witch, a request for help from Gordon was not a big joy but still pleasurable.

“I will help you! I’ll take you to the throne room! That’s all I can do for you!” she said.

Approaches the gray stone walls, she deftly began to press forward one of the rocks and

use her finger to draw incomprehensible signs. To everyone's surprise, the stone walls got part aside, and they all went from one corridor to another.

The throne room was filled up with guests. Some guests were masked in the guise of beautiful, charming, innocent virgins. All held silver, gold, and crystal cups with potions and blood. Gnomes in velvet coats made their way through the crowd of assorted guests. There were Witches from all over the world, vampires, spirits, demons. One of the three golden thrones was empty and it was reserved for Aratron. On one of the thrones was sat Tamerlane, and near him stood up Anabel, who solemnly scans the guests and was satisfied. On another throne sat Gabrielle, her sapphire eyes sparks in anticipation of her loved one. Behind her proudly sat Bethor.

Teresa made her way through the crowd with a gold tray on which was a cup of potion intended for Gabrielle. All of a sudden, she start began to feel the presence of Henry. He was somewhere very close! Been nervous, she accidently drops the golden tray, and it clat-

ters to the marble floor. Catches a disgruntled look from Anabel, she quickly gathers the tray and cup. Coming out from the throne room, she could not catch her breath, knowing that Henry was nearby. Between the guests, an odd couple slowly made their way: it was Lady-Death with her strange companion, Father Sebastian. Guests seeing them chatting, not one in this room would like to have a chat with Lady-Death!!! with horror in their eyes all guests get step aside.

“And so, my dear! How do you like this?” asked Lady- Death, turns to Father Sebastian.

“It's ugly,” said Father Sebastian angrily. Take him underarm, Lady- Death went to the golden thrones. Seeing her approaching, Anabel and Tamerlane looks, at each other with fear displeasure.

“What the heck!” Annabel hissed, turns to Tamerlane, and immediately smiled to Lady-Death. “We are glad to see you, Lady- Death!” she gushed.

“I doubt it, my dear,” Death replied sweetly and went to the beautiful Gabrielle. Bethor got unsettled and bare her teeth.

“My greetings, dear,” sais Lady- Death to Gabrielle, touching her with a graceful hand. Gabrielle felt a fear, cold, and suffocation, and extracts her hand away from Death’s grasp, she had difficulty mastering herself. Nevertheless, she smiles and nodded gratefully to her. Lady-Death hugs Father Sebastian and whispers in his ear, “Aratron will take this beauty away from this world, where they belong! Father Sebastian, how many of those guests will visit me forever?”

Teresa race the stairs of the castle from one level to another, going lower and lower, and then stops, listen to the silence. Behind her appears familiar voice of the red-haired Witch.

“Hush, Teresa! We are here!” Teresa’s eyes met Henry’s and she rans to him.

“Henry, you must go!” said Teresa.

“Shhhh! I feel someone with a huge power, stronger than Anabel!” said the red-haired Witch.

Teresa said to her, “Death has come to the celebration!”

DRAFT

The red-haired Witch said uneasily, “We needs to get away! Death is not good sigh here!”

“No! I will not go!” Henry said flatly.

“Well, my friend Kirk! How about getting yourself invited to Satan’s party?” sarcastically said, Gordon.

-“Of course, my brother!”

- Gentlemen! You have to leave! This not for you!- says Henry to Gordon and Kirk.

-Well! Do you want to say its for you then?- replied Gordon to Henry.

“Well, I’ll show you the way!” hopelessly says, Teresa.

Tamerlane opens a space for the ritual. Everyone stood up with cups in their hands, waits for Aratron- Prince of Darkness. A moment ... and all the candles hovering over heads of the guests were extinguished. In the hall rose up a strong wind, and the strange guests greedily swallowed it because it was the wind of force. A loud noise rose up as all the participants met Aratron with a wild squeal. A moment ... and the candles lit up again, and everybody saw a flying gargoyle under the roof

of the hall, and then in front of Gabrielle appears Aratron, glittering with golden armor. Slowly rose up from her chair Gabrielle was amazed. Aratron's black eyes shone bright. Passionately grabbing Gabrielle, he took her up to his arms, and said to Tamerlan, "Continue! Make my love to become immortal!

Lady Death leans again to Father Sebastian, "You see, my dear! Immortal! But only I can take immortality back, when I deem it necessary!"

Tamerlan gently holds the big red bowl passed it to a nearby stood vampires, all guests had to drop their blood in this bowl.

The red bowl start to travel to all the guests transvers from hand to hand. Peering into the crowd, Tamerlan was waiting for bowl returns. Finally the crowd got apart, and to everyone's surprise this bowl proudly carried back lady-death. She slowly approaches to Tamerlan, come very close and hands it to him. Tamerlan's attention was attracted by an usual ring, that was sparkling on one of her fingers. It was the very same ring that was always been at dead finger which Tamerlan kept all this

time. Restraining himself Tamerlan pass the bowl full of blood to Aratron. Then Tamerlan took out the misterious dead finger and gently threw it into the red bowl. Sipped a few sips from the bowl Aratron felt the flame inside of his body,and now gave it to Gabrielle. Gabrielle in her turns made tree sips felt a dizzying surge of energy,thousand voices spoke in her head,memories of her past lives reminded about itself. Now the bowl should go to Tamerlane and Anabel,how suddenly out from the crowd somebody yells Gabrielle's name and It was Henry. Takes advantage of this situation,Gordon released an arrow directly into the red bowl. Red Bowl it not break,but fell down from Tamerlan's hands, and it so happens that bloody content of bowl splashed out straight in a Bethor's muzzle.Everyone hears a crunch of the magical famous finger.

Leaving Aratron,she slowly walks toward Henry,and approaches his face said - We will see each other again!- and deep look into his eyes mentally orders him to leave. As if in a dream Henry got turn around and slowly began to move away from the huge room.

“Henry!” Takes his arm, Teresa dragged him away. “I promise and swear that we will see Anna! But now we have to go!”

It was not clear, but Henry feels that he would see Anna-Gabrielle again. He and Teresa held hands and hurries away into the crowd. The guests continued to celebrate. Gordon and Kirk, coming out from the throne room, noticed that the walls of the castle had noticeably darkened, and in some places, there were cracks and cobwebs.

“My brother Kirk! It seems to me that the castle is returning to its original form!” Gordon says grimly.

“And you know, brother, I think we have to go back to our previous form too! Taverns! The girls! Yes, finally our local place! One truth - stay in your path, be open to the good and life never bring you in dark minded places!!

“What about ... the Cult?” Gordon say, but keep looking on red-haired Witch, suddenly said, - Hell with a cult!!!Let’s go, brother! Let us drink to life!”

Many guests of the castle left this world, follows Aratron. Witches and sorcerers are now

almost gone in these parts. A Witch named Anabel and a magician named Tamerlane are the only ones left of their kind.

Anabel angrily exclaimed,- We couldnt got that drink!!!! Over whom we rule? There are almost no more Witches and few of stupid rural people who were ready to serve the dark world!!! But everybody gone!!!! Thanks to the new mentor of the monastery, Father John! All of them like him!!! Enjoys their new life with God!”

Nine months and nine nights had passed. Somewhere, very far away, a big party was on to celebrate the birth of Aratron’s son!!! The extraordinary child quickly chose as a friend by gargoyle Bethor.

Henry and Teresa have also have a son, to whom some parts of magic was passed genetically. However, Teresa knew about it, which made her happy. Henry’s fate did not extend to his brother John.

“Mr. Thomas, would you like some tea?” said Gabrielle.

“Well! I still need to tell the little prince a fairy tale, or he will set on me his toothy friend

Bethor!” anxiously said Mr. Thomas, wiping his sweaty face. He so much hates this gargoyle !!!!

Time ago wandering alone near the castle Kaine, he had grabbed by gargoyle just for fun and got taken to the other world - hated the dark world.

DRAFT