



Dreamseeker (Dreamwalker)

By C.S. Friedman

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The second book in the action-filled urban fantasy Dreamwalker trilogy follows Jessica Drake as she navigates the dangerous landscape of distant worlds and dimensions

When Jessica Drake learned that her DNA didn't match that of her parents, she had no idea that the search for her heritage would put her family's lives in danger, or force her to cross into another world. In an alternate Earth dominated by individuals with unnatural powers called Gifts, Jessica learned that there was a curse within her blood, one so feared that all who possessed it were destroyed on sight. For she was a Dreamwalker, and the same dark Gift that would allow her to enter the dreams of others would eventually destroy her mind and spread insanity to all those around her.

Now she is back with her family, but there is no peace to be found. Her childhood home has been destroyed, her mother's mind is irreparably damaged, and the Gift of the Dreamwalkers is beginning to manifest in her in terrifying ways.

When a stranger invades her dreams and creatures from her nightmares threaten to cross into the waking universe, Jessica knows she must return to the alternate Earth where she was born and seek allies... even if doing so means she must bargain with those she fears the most.

Dreamseeker is the gripping sequel to C.S. Friedman's *Dreamwalker*.

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Dreamseeker (Dreamwalker) By C.S. Friedman Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #1453690 in Books
- Published on: 2015-11-03
- Released on: 2015-11-03
- Original language: English
- Number of items: 1
- Dimensions: 9.31" h x 1.13" w x 6.25" l, 1.39 pounds
- Binding: Hardcover
- 336 pages

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Editorial Review

Review

Praise for the Dreamwalker series:

"Friedman skillfully **blends science fiction and fantasy elements**, tying them together with fairy tales and solid worldbuilding." —*Publishers Weekly*

"Friedman does many things well in this novel, and **her experience as an engaging storyteller is on full display**.... Friedman shows that her writing and storytelling abilities are strong, regardless of what type of story she's telling." —Tor.com

"Friedman does a great job at **expanding upon the foundation she put in place in *Dreamweaver*.**"
?Bookworm Blues

"There is **plenty of suspense; some affecting, mild horror scenes**; and intriguing hints at a much deeper game being played, with Jesse as the pawn." ?*Booklist*

"*Dreamseeker* cemented this trilogy as one that **I'm truly invested in.**" ?No More Grumpy Bookseller

"*Dreamwalker* is **nerve-twisting and fascinating**. Siblings Jesse and Tommy are tangled in a murderous genetic bait-and-switch that transcends worlds and time.... Waiting for the next book will be tough!"
—Tamora Pierce, author of the Song of Lioness series

"[C.S. Friedman] writes bright, clear prose that can shine like gemstones or cut like broken glass. **If you haven't read her work you need to do something about that right now.**" —Tad Williams, author of the *Memory, Sorrow, and Thorn* series

"Once again, CS Friedman shows us **strong characters and innovative magic that transcend genre**. *Dreamwalker* is a satisfying read for long-time fans, but will also serve to showcase her work to a whole new generation." —Peter V. Brett, author of the Demon Cycle series

"The fast pace and younger protagonist will make this an obvious crossover book for YA readers, **appealing...to those teens (and adults) who enjoy Cassandra Clare.**" —*Library Journal*

About the Author

An acknowledged master of Dark Fantasy, **Celia Friedman** is a John W. Campbell award finalist, and the author of the highly acclaimed Coldfire Trilogy, *New York Times* Notable Book of the Year *This Alien Shore*, *In Conquest Born*, *The Madness Season*, *The Wilding* and The Magister Trilogy. Ms. Friedman worked for twenty years as a professional costume designer, but retired from that career in 1996 to focus on her writing. She lives in Virginia, and can be contacted via her website, www.csfriedman.com.

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Novels by C.S. Friedman

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EPILOGUE

PROLOGUE

VICTORIA FOREST

VIRGINIA PRIME

SEBASTIAN HAYES

BACKLIT BY A BLAZING ORANGE SUNSET, the floating rabbit was an eerie sight. The dappled forest shadows made the snare almost invisible, so that it looked as if the small body was levitating of its own accord, and as it swayed back and forth in the breeze it appeared more ghostly than real.

With a quick and practiced motion, the wanderer known as the Green Man freed the dead rabbit and tucked it into his game pouch. Then he reset his snare.

It was Sebastian's third catch of the night. All had been young animals, without much meat on their bones, but that was to be expected this time of year. Summer's offspring were so busy exulting in their new existence that they rarely saw the snare's fine line strung across their path. The older ones tended to be more circumspect.

With a sigh he settled the strap of the game pouch on his shoulder, ready to return home. The pressure of the thick leather band across his chest conjured an unexpected sensory memory, from a time when the pouch at his hip had contained not freshly killed meat, but black powder cartridges arranged in neat rows. He remembered how their newsprint wrappings had tasted as he used his teeth to tear them open, spitting out bits of blackened paper as he fed explosive powder into the mouth of his musket. A ravenous beast, that weapon. Always wanting more.

Memories from another world, another time.

The hike back to his new base camp was a long one, and by the time he reached it the sunlight was nearly gone.

I should have gone to Shadowcrest with them, he thought.

Not a night passed that he didn't think about the three young people from his homeworld, or regret that he

had sent them to face the Shadows alone. Yes, it had seemed the logical choice to make at the time—the only rational choice, one might argue—but that didn’t make it any easier to accept. Once, long ago, he had failed to protect his own child, and she had died as a result. Now these young people had needed him, and he had abandoned them.

I was a prisoner in Shadowcrest once, he reminded himself. There are wards all over the place that no doubt are still attuned to my presence. Had I remained with Jessica and her friends, I would have triggered those alarms. The only chance they had to sneak past the Shadows' security was to go in without me.

Such a thing might indeed be true. But guilt was a visceral torment, not so easily banished.

What happened to the teens from Terra Colonna after he had parted company with them? He knew that the Blue Ridge Gate had been destroyed—even the Shadows couldn’t keep something that big a secret—but his informants had been unable to bring him any specifics on the matter. Had Jessica and her friends made it back to their own world, or remained trapped in this one? Or worse yet, had they become lost in that place between the worlds that all sane men feared? He might have been trapped in that nightmare realm himself, had he tried to cross over with them.

As he approached his camp the trees began to thin out, and the dirt beneath his feet gave way to patches of naked stone, windswept and lifeless. From here he could see the opening of the crevice he now called home, a deep black gash in the mountainside. The cave that he’d located halfway up one of its walls wasn’t the most luxurious shelter, but these days caution trumped comfort. He didn’t think the Colonnans would tell anyone about him, but the local boy they’d been travelling with was a wild card. And if Jessica and her friends were taken prisoner, their willingness to talk would cease to be a significant factor. Both the Seers and the Domitors had the means of squeezing secrets from a human mind, and if the Shadows decided to question the teens, their methods did not bear thinking about.

He had almost been at the receiving end of those methods, once.

Almost.

What was the name of the local boy who’d been travelling with them? Isaac? So pale, that one. So haunted. The edge in the boy’s voice when he’d asked Sebastian about a murdered Shadowlord had been unmistakable, but what exactly was Isaac’s connection to that secretive Guild? Clearly he was not a Shadow himself: no one born to that Guild would have been allowed to wander the world without supervision as he was doing. But his family might have business ties to a Shadowlord, or perhaps some sort of political alliance, that gave Isaac a vested interest in the undead. So did he seek out the Shadows after he left Sebastian, and tell them what he’d learned about the Green Man? Did he tell them that the possible murderer of a Shadowlord was hiding out in Victoria Forest, and might be located by following the trail of dead vegetation he left in his wake?

It wasn’t the truth, exactly. But Sebastian doubted that would matter to the Shadowlords.

I should have killed the boy when I had the chance, he thought. But even in the midst of war he’d had no stomach for killing innocents, and the boy had done nothing to harm him. Not to mention Isaac had helped the three Colonnans escape from the Warrens, so that Sebastian could meet them. That deserved a better answer than death.

I saved his life as well as theirs, he reminded himself. Hopefully that will earn his silence.

There were just too many variables in play. Even for a man who thrived on mysteries, it was an

uncomfortable situation. So he had broken camp after they left and moved to a place that was naturally barren, where his curse would not give him away. It was a desolate, unpleasant location, but its inherent lifelessness would mask his presence.

Maybe I should leave this forest altogether.

How long had he been here, anyway? Ten years? More? True, Victoria Forest was only a base of operations—his endless search for information kept him constantly on the move—but there was danger in remaining anywhere too long. Maybe it was time to move on.

Suddenly he saw something on the ground ahead of him, a mark imprinted in a narrow strip of soil. The fading sunlight made it hard to see, so he had to squat down low to be able to make out its details.

A paw print. Wolf sign.

Larger than any natural paw print should be.

He drew out his knife and quickly rose to his feet—but it was already too late. Something massive burst from the forest with unnatural speed and barreled into him from behind, sending him crashing to the ground. Only by thrusting both hands out in front of him could he keep from smashing his head into bare rock, but in doing that he lost hold of his knife. Now he had only his hands, his wits, and a thick leather coat to protect him from the beast's assault.

He could feel the great wolf's jaws closing around his neck, trying to crush his windpipe, and he barely managed to evade them; dagger-like teeth pierced the heavy collar of his coat, coming within a hair's breadth of tearing out a chunk of his neck. The beast jerked back with a growl of rage, ready to try again. But this time Sebastian was ready. He twisted around and elbowed it on the side of its head, hard enough to stun it for a second, then managed to reach out and grab his knife: long and sharp and tempered in the blood of bears and mountain lions and men, it had never failed him.

Now they both were armed.

The wolf lunged for his throat again but he twisted lithely out of its way, and all it got this time was a mouthful of coat lapel. It jerked its head back and forth wildly, tearing at the garment as if it was raw flesh. Sebastian's fettered brooches broke loose and flew in every direction while he thrust at the creature, aiming for its gut, but the wolf's wild movements skewed his aim, and he sliced into its shoulder instead. As the beast's hot blood splattered everywhere Sebastian yanked his blade free, bracing himself for the next attack.

Then he looked into the wolf's eyes, sensed the cold human intelligence behind them, and he knew that this was more than a simple attack.

He stabbed at the animal again, but instead of renewing its attack the wolf backed away, leaving Sebastian's blade to slice through empty air. He had misjudged the thing: it didn't want to kill him, only force him to the ground and scatter his protective fetters beyond reach. Dark figures rushed in from all sides—four? six? eight?—and though they were human in shape they were bestial in their ferocity. Sebastian struggled to get to his feet before they had a chance to engage him, but there was no time. No time. The fetters that might have helped him escape glittered on the ground surrounding them, reflecting the last of the sunlight in tiny points of fire. Even the nearest ones were hopelessly out of reach.

The ambush had been well planned.

Ingrained reflexes took over as the shadowy figures fell upon him. He moved automatically, channeling combat instinct from his soldiering days, kicking out sideways to sweep the legs of the first man out from under him. Then another assailant moved in and Sebastian rolled deftly away from him, grabbing the arm of a third who was swinging a weapon at his head. He used that man's own momentum to yank him off his feet and send him sprawling to the ground. He tried to send him straight into one of the other attackers, but he wasn't as agile as he had been in his youth—nor as strong—and the maneuver fell short. Then some kind of impact weapon struck him from behind, between his shoulder blades, and for a moment the whole world was awash in crimson. Half blinded from pain, he kicked out wildly in the direction the blow had come from, hoping to drive his attacker back just long enough for him to recover his bearings.

But there were just too many of them, and now that they had him surrounded even a soldier in his prime would have been hard pressed to prevail against such numbers. And he was not that, by a long shot. Usually he had fetters to bolster his strength or sharpen his reflexes, but they were out of reach, and though he fought with the ferocity of a cornered animal, he knew that a single hunting knife was not enough to save him.

He was going to die tonight. After so many years of tempting fate, of walking a tightrope between treacherous patrons and powerful enemies, his time had finally come. A terrible sadness filled his heart, but also determination. Very well. If these were the men who would remove the Green Man from Terra Prime, he'd give them scars to remember him by. Maybe even take one or two of them out before he died.

But then something struck him on the side of the head with numbing force, and the world began to spin wildly about him. Vomit surged into his throat and he swallowed it back with effort, knowing that surrendering to sickness meant surrendering to death. And he wasn't ready to die yet.

Blackness was closing in from the corners of his vision, and a terrible keening sound filled his ears, drowning out the ruckus of combat. He shook his head to clear it, and instantly regretted the move. Spears of pain shot through his skull. The world was growing darker each second.

Drawing in one final breath, he braced himself for the death blow that was sure to come.

But then hands grabbed him by the upper arms and hauled him to his feet. Someone jerked his knife from his hand, and he was helpless to stop them. Spears of agony lanced through his shoulders as his arms were pulled roughly behind his back, but the pain was a strangely distant thing, as if it belonged to someone else. His wrists were being bound behind his back. A stranger's wrists.

These men hadn't come to kill him. Whoever had sent them here wanted the Green Man taken alive.

It was his last thought as darkness claimed him.

Light. Too much light. It made his eyes hurt.

But pain was good. Pain meant that he was still alive.

He squinted, trying to bring the world into focus. His head throbbed, as did his neck, his chest, and every other part of his body. But it wasn't the kind of sharp pain one would expect from shattered bones and torn flesh. That pain was gone; this was only its memory.

Someone must have healed him.

Slowly his surroundings came into focus. He was in a small room, dimly lit by a single glow lamp; once his eyes adjusted he found it a comfortable illumination. He was lying on some kind of bed or couch, and there

were two people standing over him, armed men dressed in uniforms he didn't recognize. Had they been among those who attacked him in the woods? He tried to move, and discovered to his relief that he wasn't bound. As he sat up, the guards made no effort to restrain him.

He discovered he'd been lying on an opulent couch, deep crimson velvet with coordinated brocade pillows. The room looked like some kind of study, with bookcases and a desk of dark wood, polished to a glassy shine. He was hardly ungrateful to find himself in such benign surroundings, but where in God's name was he? Who would assault him in the woods like that, then heal him and bring him here? It made no sense.

A door at the far end of the room suddenly opened. The woman who entered was dressed entirely in white; in the dim room she seemed to give off a light of her own.

"Leave us," she said to the soldiers.

They seemed surprised by the command, and one began to protest, "But your Ladyship—"

"*Leave us.*"

Her tone allowed for no argument. They bowed in unison and left without a word.

The woman in white looked at Sebastian. "Do you know who I am?"

He could guess her identity from descriptions he'd heard, though he'd never seen her in person. "Lady Alia Morgana, Guildmistress of Seers." It was rumored she was more than that—much more—but even hinting at such knowledge was likely to get him killed. There were secrets he was sure she would kill to protect.

She nodded. "And you are Sebastian Hayes, who served as a private in the Ninth Virginia Regiment during the Colonial Insurrection." A cold, dry smile curled her lips. "Do I have it right?"

He couldn't remember a time when he'd shared that much of his background with anyone. The Shadows knew, of course, as they knew every other detail of his history. But Sebastian understood enough about how the Guilds functioned to know that any cooperation between the Shadows and the Seers was strictly superficial; at best they were fierce rivals to one another, and at worst, something much darker. He couldn't think of any reason why the Shadows would share his personal information with Morgana.

Which meant she'd discovered it on her own.

Impressive.

"We called it the War of Independence, but otherwise you have it right." America had never won its independence in this world.

"Do you know why you're here, Private Hayes?"

"I presume you ordered your men to bring me in."

Her pale eyes glittered. They were mostly grey, he noted, the color of fog, smoky crystal, the sky before a storm. Subtle blues and greens played in their depths as she moved. "Ah, but those were not my men who attacked you."

"Whose, then?"

“Think, Private Hayes. Whose authority have you repeatedly defied? Who might have reason to suspect that you played a part in the death of one of their leaders?”

There was no safe way to respond to that, so he said nothing.

“Apparently the Shadows heard rumor that you assassinated one of their own. It’s easier for them to interrogate a bound spirit than a living man, so no doubt that’s what Lord Virilian intended. However, you’re of more use to *me* alive than dead—for now—so I’m forced to disappoint him.” She paused “You understand, it’s no small thing for me to frustrate the plans of such a powerful man. I would expect my efforts to be . . . appreciated.”

For a moment Sebastian said nothing. She was asking him to serve as her agent. And perhaps much more. He’d heard whispers about a secret consortium that sought to gain through conspiracy the kind of power that could not be obtained otherwise. Morgana was rumored to be a member of it. Which meant that if he became indebted to her, he would effectively become a pawn of that group.

Their agenda was unknown. For all his sources, he had been unable to verify their membership.

“Or I could just deliver you to Lord Virilian,” she said affably. “I’m sure he would be generous in his gratitude, after I stepped in to capture you when his own men failed.”

I have no choice, he thought. Some debts could not be denied. “I owe you my life,” he said quietly.

“Excellent!” The pale eyes glittered; something in their depths made him shudder. “Then we do understand each other. I’m sure we’re going to have a most productive relationship.”

She withdrew a handful of items from a pocket of her silk slacks and held them out to him. He hesitated, then put his own hand out beneath hers, palm open. Slowly she dropped his fetters into his hand, one by one. All except the last. She held that one up to the light, so she could see it better.

“Fetters from the Guild of Obfuscates are very rare,” she mused. “It’s almost unheard of for a Grey to share his Gift with an outsider.” She looked at him. “You must have done something quite remarkable to earn this one.”

He shrugged stiffly. The motion hurt. “Simply a trade of information, your Grace. In this case regarding an assassination plot against a high ranking Master of the Greys. He was grateful for my warning.”

He continued to hold his hand out. After a moment she dropped the last fetter into it. “I have sufficient influence to turn the Shadow’s attention away from you,” she said. “For now.”

“I would be most grateful if you did that.”

“You would be well advised to keep a low profile for a while.”

“I understand.”

His heart skipped a beat. *Low profile* suggested he would not be kept a prisoner here, that he would be allowed to go about his own business again. At least until she needed him. His hand closed around the Grey fetter. All he needed was a moment when she wasn’t looking directly at him and he could use it to escape from this place.

He nodded. “I believe I can manage that.”

“Good. I may have a task for you soon. In the meantime, I trust that if you come across any information that would be of interest to me . . .”

He bowed his head ever so slightly. “It would be my honor to share it with you.”

“Excellent. Rest here for as long as you like, then. My people will bring you whatever refreshment you require, and will see you out when you’re ready to leave.”

“Thank you, Your Grace.”

She walked toward the door, the fine white silk of her garments rippling like water. But at the threshold she paused, then turned back to look at him. “Did you really kill Guildmaster Durand?”

The words were more than a question, he knew. They were a test of his commitment, and perhaps of his value. He chose his own words carefully. “Durand was killed by a rival Shadow, who slit his throat with a sacrificial knife. There were so many death-impressions on the blade already that no one could draw forth from it any useful information. Hence the killer remained undetected. Rather clever, actually.” He paused. “Of course, I have no idea what sort of information Durand’s rival might have come across, that convinced him such drastic action was necessary.”

For a long moment she just looked at him. One corner of her mouth twitched slightly; he could not tell whether it indicated disapproval or amusement. Perhaps both.

Without further word, she left him to his thoughts.

1

BERKELEY SPRINGS

WEST VIRGINIA

JESSE

THE BLACK PLAIN feels unsteady tonight.

Normally I have better control over my dreams than this. Normally I can force the energy under my feet to take whatever shape I want it to. It’s only an illusion, after all. The space that lies between the worlds is a realm of utter chaos, with no real physical substance; it’s hardly the sort of thing one can walk on. But in my dreams I can make it take whatever form I want. If I want the primal chaos that separates the worlds to look like a sheet of black glass, a field of obsidian gravel, or even a dusty linoleum floor, that’s my choice.

It’s always black, though. I’ve tried a thousand times to give it color, but I can’t.

Tonight the dreamscape seems unsteady. Energy shivers beneath my bare feet as I walk, squelching up between my toes like mud on a beach. Is there some special meaning to that? Should I worry about it? Or is the dreamscape just harder to control some nights than others? I look behind me and see my path marked in thin lines of golden fire on the plain, as always. And as always, I take a moment to memorize its pattern, in case I need that information in the future.

I'm only now beginning to learn the rules of the place. And of my own abilities.

The doors scattered across the black plain look like cavern entrances tonight. Not naturally shaped caverns, but gaping, surreal mouths with crystal teeth jutting inward, like something out of a grade B horror movie. Waiting to swallow me whole. That's what the Gate in Mystic Caverns looked like, before we destroyed it. Now it's what all my dream doors look like, every night. Apparently that image has been burned into my brain, and no conscious effort can banish it.

But tonight the openings seem different, somehow. I can't put my finger on how, but it makes me uneasy.

I pass the nearest doors without looking inside. I already know what's behind them. Each archway allows me to gaze into a parallel world, and the closest ones will be similar to my own. Maybe a universe where my brother got an A in History instead of a C-, or Mom decorated the living room a little differently, or *Star Wars* bombed on opening night. Little changes. Such worlds have nothing to teach me, and peering into them, I have learned, is a waste of time.

I still don't know if those worlds are real or not. Oh, parallel worlds do exist—I've still got a nasty scar across my belly from the last one I visited—but whether my dreams give me access to the real thing or just show me the kinds of worlds that might exist, is something I haven't figured out yet.

As I walk along the black plain, crystal maws gaping on all sides of me, I suddenly feel a chill. Something is wrong, very wrong. I sense the wrongness without knowing its cause, and I feel the sudden urge to run.

But no. The world of the black plain is mine, I tell myself. My dream, under my control. Nothing can hurt me here, because nothing can exist here without my consent. So I have no need to flee.

That calms me a bit, and I start to look around, seeking the source of my unease. When I find it at last, the shock is so great that for a moment I can hardly think, much less absorb what I'm seeing.

She's standing maybe ten yards away from me, a slender young girl with wind-mussed hair and enormous eyes. Or maybe it's a boy; the lean body offers no clear sign of gender. Complex geometric patterns flow across her body, sketched in golden light, and they change when I try to look directly at them. It's as if my brain can't decide exactly what the patterns are supposed to be, so it keeps trying different ones.

A stranger. In my dream!

I can sense the otherness in her, and I know instinctively that she senses it in me. This isn't just some image my mind has created, but an alien presence invading the landscape of my sleeping mind. An intruder, where no intruder should be.

I open my mouth to speak, but words never have a chance to get out.

She turns.

She runs.

I hesitate for a moment, then begin to run after her. But her legs are longer than mine, and she seems to know the twists and turns of the dreamscape better than I do; I'm hard pressed not to lose her. Several times she makes a sharp turn to pass behind one of the crystal arches, and I have to slow down

to keep from impaling myself.

What will I do if I catch her? Block her path? Tackle her to the ground?

“Hey!” I call out. “Stop! I just want to talk to you!”

She glances back at me for a second but doesn’t stop running. Now we’re approaching a place where the spiked arches are clustered together so tightly that it’s hard to make out any space between them, but she’s not slowing down at all. I can’t see how she’s going to make it through that tight maze, so I brace myself for whatever evasive maneuver she’s about to come up with. But instead of avoiding the arches, she heads straight toward one of them. Then into it.

And she’s gone, swallowed by the darkness of another world.

I skid to a stop in front of that arch, and for a moment I just stand there, struggling to absorb what I’ve just seen. I’ve been dreaming about these doors for years—though I didn’t understand what they represented until recently—but never, ever, have I been able to pass through one of them. Yet beyond this arch I can see the misty shadows of another world, and I know that the girl I’ve been chasing is out there now, somewhere on the other side of the gate.

Holy crap.

Slowly, warily, I reach out a hand, trying to extend it through the arch. Always before, such efforts have failed.

It fails this time as well.

Standing in the middle of the black plain, I experience a kind of fear I never felt before. This dreamscape is my territory. MINE. How can someone else enter it? Why would this invader be able to enter a doorway that was conjured by my dreaming mind, while I, its creator, am stuck at the threshold?

It matters. I know that instinctively. This is more than just a dream.

But I don’t have a clue how to make sense of it.

When I first woke up, it took me a moment to remember where I was. The ceiling overhead was unfamiliar, with thick crown molding where none should have been, and an antique lamp of painted glass hanging from its center, now dark. The furniture was weathered pine with dark brass fittings, wholly unfamiliar. The cotton quilt I had thrown off while tossing and turning was country calico, not something I would ever have chosen for myself.

Then I remembered.

I shut my eyes for a moment, trying to come to terms with the recent changes in my life. Mom, Tommy, and I were living in Berkeley Springs now, in the home of Rose and Julian Bergen, distant relatives who we’d been told to call Aunt and Uncle. They’d generously taken Mom in after our house had burned down, and when Tommy and I returned to this world we’d joined her there. Their house was a rambling, century-old creation with period gingerbread details adorning its wraparound porch, and plenty of guest rooms for visitors. It was packed to the brim with antiques, and original works by local artists hung on every wall. A museum curator would have been envious. Normally it was the kind of house I would have enjoyed visiting, and I could have spent many days exploring its nooks and crannies, but given the circumstances that had

brought us here, it was hard to take pleasure in anything.

I reached out to the nightstand and took up the sketchpad I kept next to it. I knew from experience that I had to record my dream as soon as I woke up or the details would fade from mind. Each time I returned from the black plain I recorded the path I had walked through the dreamscape, along with notes about any doors I had opened. Their patterns reminded me of the glowing lines that had appeared inside the Shadows' Gate just before we crossed through it, as well as the codex that I'd activated later to get us home. They were all maps, I understood now, only they charted metaphysical currents instead of roads. Maybe if I studied enough of them I could learn how to read them—or even design them—and then I could—

Do what? Travel between the worlds again?

The mere thought of it made me shiver.

“Jesse!” Aunt Rose’s voice resounded up the staircase and through my bedroom door. “Breakfast!”

I glanced at the window. There was light seeping in around the edges of the heavy shade. I’d slept longer than usual.

“Jesse?”

“I hear you!” I yelled. “I’ll be right down.”

I tried to do a quick sketch of the girl (boy?) I had seen in my dream, but my drawing came out looking like a cartoon. Try as I might to capture the patterns that had flowed across her body, they were already fading from memory, angles and lines slithering from my mental grasp before I could commit them to paper.

Start without me, I wanted to yell down to her, but I knew that she would never do that. Food was more than physical nourishment to Aunt Rose, it was a vehicle of emotional bonding. Which meant that family meals had existential significance, and she wouldn’t start this one until all of us were present.

With a sigh I finally closed the sketchbook, slipped on a robe, and turned the lamp off. Then, with the pad tucked under my arm, I headed downstairs to join my family.

Coming home.

It should feel good, shouldn’t it? Especially after spending time in a parallel universe as terrifying as the one called Terra Prime, being hunted by shapechangers and angry undead. Home was familiar. Home was safe. Home was the one place where you could relax and be yourself.

That was the theory, anyway.

But the home that I’d known all my life was gone. The house I’d grown up in was ash. A lifetime of artwork, into which I’d poured my very soul, ash. My journal, my computer, my schoolbooks, my jewelry, the dolls that I’d kept since childhood because they brought back special memories . . . all of it gone forever. You didn’t appreciate how much those things kept you grounded until you lost them all.

Tommy was still around, and in some ways we were closer than ever, but he wasn’t the same kid he’d been before. We both slept with kitchen knives under our pillows now, and I knew he wouldn’t hesitate to use his if he had to. Granted, some of the nasty things that might come calling were not flesh and blood, but at least we’d be prepared to face those that were.

He told me that late at night he sometimes heard voices. As if people were whispering by his bedside, too softly for him to make out the words. He said they sounded like the ghosts in Shadowcrest, so these were probably ghosts as well. But were they local spirits, drawn to the strange boy who could sense their presence, or something more ominous? Shadowlord spies, perhaps. Spirits of the dead who had followed Tommy home from his prison cell in Shadowcrest.

Neither of us sleep much these days.

As for Mom, she was alive, but her spirit was sorely wounded. The night our house burned down she'd managed to escape the flames, but not before inhaling more smoke than human lungs were meant to contain. She'd stopped breathing altogether on the way to the hospital (the EMTs told us later) and though they managed to bring her back to life, apparently something in her brain had gotten damaged in the process.

Don't be discouraged, the doctors told us. *She may get better over time*. But it was clear from the way they talked to us that they didn't really believe that.

Some days weren't too bad. Some days she seemed almost normal. Other days she might not remember who we were staying with, or the names of her own children. It was heartbreaking to witness, and I couldn't help but feel that I was responsible. I was the one with the forbidden Gift, who had drawn the Shadows' attention to us. I was the one whose dreams had caused the Greys to kidnap my brother, thinking he might be a Dreamwalker, and burn our house to hide the evidence of their visit. If I'd just been a normal kid, with normal dreams, none of this ever would have happened.

And then there was Rita. I still didn't know if my former traveling companion was dead, or a prisoner on Terra Prime, or trapped between the worlds. If not for me, she would still be safe at home.

Breakfast that morning was pretty stressful. Not because the food was bad. Aunt Rose made killer french toast, and the mere sight of it made my mouth water. And not because the company was lacking. She and her husband Julian were genuinely warm people, hospitable to an extreme. They'd taken in our whole family when we were homeless, hadn't they? And they were both pleasantly quirky. Rose was an accomplished ceramics artist, and her husband . . . well, hunting wasn't my thing, but Julian had taken me out target shooting once and taught me how to clean, load, and shoot a variety of guns, which might be a useful skill someday.

No, everything about breakfast was just fine, except that my brain was still buzzing with details of my strange dream, and what I really wanted was to show Tommy my drawings and see what he thought about them. Sometimes he had insights that a person more firmly rooted in reality might not. But first the ritual of breakfast had to be satisfied, so I put my sketchbook beside my plate, and after a moment's homage to the pile of luscious french toast in the middle of the table, went to the pantry to fetch my second favorite breakfast, toaster strudel. I didn't want to risk having all that syrup around my drawings.

Of course, as soon as Rose saw the sketchpad she asked what I was working on. I said I was drawing a character for Tommy, an illustration for one of his games. Of course she asked to see it. So I opened the pad to my drawing of the dream visitor and showed her that. My brother played along, leaning over to look at my work and murmuring, "Yeah. Yeah. That's it!" I could sense how curious he was, but he didn't ask me any questions.

We'd become well practiced at hiding the truth from family.

Then Rose reminded me about her booth at a local art gallery, and how I really should display some of my work there. We had that conversation pretty much every morning. Berkeley Springs was a haven for local

artists, and there was a converted mill on the outskirts of town where people could rent booths and sell their work. Rose had a table for her pottery, and she kept trying to convince me to display some of my drawings there. She seemed to think it would help with my emotional healing, though she never said that directly. Truth was, under normal circumstances I would have jumped at the chance to display my artwork in a real gallery setting. But all my pieces had burned in the house fire, so I had nothing to display. Unfazed, Rose pointed out (again) that I could always paint something new, and she offered (again) to buy me any supplies I needed.

Art heals, right?

Finally breakfast wound down and it was possible to take my leave of the family. As I left the room I heard Tommy follow suit. He walked behind me in silence through the house, holding back any questions he had until we could find a place to talk privately.

As we passed by the front parlor I saw Uncle Julian's gun cabinet, which had been adapted from a 1930s wardrobe. It now had shatterproof glass in the front and a modern lock on the bottom drawer. He'd told me it was a compromise between his desire to have a gun rack on the wall and his wife's demand that weapons be stored under lock and key. Of course he explained to me during my shooting lesson that you would never fire a rifle in the house, for fear of the bullet going through a wall and killing someone in the next room. I didn't bother to argue that if the servants of the undead came for you in the middle of the night, you might deem it worth the risk. I just studied the cabinet when he wasn't around, noted that the back of it wasn't as solidly constructed as the front, and stashed a crowbar behind the cushions of a nearby couch, just in case.

Past the parlor was the front door. As we left the house I looked around the porch to make sure that no one else was outside, then sat down in one of several squeaky metal chairs and handed Tommy the sketch pad. He settled onto a nearby wooden bench and whistled softly under his breath as he flipped through my latest drawings. He stopped when he got to my picture of the girl. "This is from a dream?"

"Someone I saw in a dream. I think she came from outside it."

He looked up at me, eyes wide. "No shit?"

I nodded solemnly. "No shit."

I told him the whole story. I tried not to sound too anxious, but once I started putting the experience into words, I realized just how truly bizarre—and threatening—the situation really was.

Tommy looked over my drawings while I talked, and when I was done he turned back to my portrait of the intruder. "This looks like anime."

Startled, I realized that he was right. I wasn't a big fan of Japanese animation, but Tommy was, and I'd caught sight of enough brief snatches while he was watching to recognize the general artistic style. And yes, the oversized eyes, wildly spiked hair, and other subtle details of disproportion did indeed suggest that genre. Did that mean my dream invader was some kind of Japanese cartoon character? From a style of media I didn't even watch? What kind of sense did that make?

"Could be an avatar," Tommy mused.

"An avatar?"

"You know. Like in a computer game. It's an image that you use to represent yourself in a fantasy universe."

“I know what an avatar is,” I said sharply. “What makes you think this is one?”

He shrugged. “Young androgynous figure with strange magical effects floating around it . . . pretty common design elements, really. The anime crowd loves that kind of thing.”

I was silent for a moment, trying to wrap my brain around this new concept. “So . . . you think the avatar’s owner wasn’t really in my dream? He or she was just projecting a fantasy image into it?”

“*You* weren’t in your dream either,” he reminded me. “It’s like when you play a computer game. You create a fictional identity that allows you to interact with it, and its image is visible, walking around inside the game universe like a real person, but you’re not really *there* in any physical sense.” He paused. “Maybe someone did the same kind of thing with your dream. Treating your brain like a multi-player platform.”

“If that was the case, wouldn’t I have had complete control over the programming?”

“You’d think,” he agreed.

But what if I was just imagining the whole thing? Dreamwalkers were supposed to go insane over time. Maybe an early symptom was that you thought strangers were invading your dreams.

It was an unnerving concept.

Just then my phone vibrated. Pulling it out of my pocket, I saw that I had a text message from Devon. I continued talking as I went to read it. “If so, then the next question is—”

I stopped. And stared at the phone. I could feel all the color drain from my face.

“Jesse?” Tommy was immediately on high alert. “What is it?”

Slowly I turned the phone so he could see it. The message was only two words, but as he read it I saw his eyes go wide in astonishment.

“Holy crap,” he muttered.

Rita’s back, it said.

2

SHADOWCREST

VIRGINIA PRIME

ISAAC

THE ELEVATOR’S CAGE carried Isaac smoothly down into the earth, its lamp revealing rough-hewn rock walls pressing in on every side. Two years ago Isaac might have found the closeness unsettling, but compared to the dank, lightless tunnels of the Warrens, he now found it downright inviting.

Besides, he had bigger things to worry about.

He practiced breathing steadily as the elevator passed through level after level of Shadowcrest’s underground

complex, offering fleeting glimpses of the floors where the Guild's most secretive business took place. He tried not to fidget. Real Shadows didn't fidget. They didn't shift their weight nervously from foot to foot, or pace from one side of the steel cage to the other, working off their nervous energy. They certainly didn't crush a letter from their father in sweaty hands until it looked more like a crumpled wad of toilet paper than a meaningful communication.

Swallowing dryly, Isaac unwadded the short note and read it one last time. It offered no more insight into his father's intentions than the last ten readings.

Well of Souls

Midnight

Lord Leonid Antonin, Umbra Maja

He hadn't even known that his father was back in Virginia Prime until that note arrived. The elder Antonin had been attending to business in another sphere for the last few weeks—some kind of probability survey in the Sauran Cluster—and Isaac had been stuck in limbo, waiting for his judgment. Oh, his mother had welcomed him home right away, and had championed his cause among the other Antonin elders, encouraging them to accept him back into the fold despite the fact that he'd run away for two years. But she was still alive, an *umbra mina*, so her influence among the Shadows was limited. Not until his father returned would Isaac's fate be decided.

And now there was this note. With no explanation.

Isaac had no clue what to expect from his father. The days when human affection might have impacted the Shadowlord's actions were long past, and whatever undead emotions coursed through his heart now were shadowy and mysterious things, beyond the understanding of a mere teenager. Leonid Antonin had accepted First Communion—the transformative Shadow ritual—soon after Isaac's birth, so his son had no memory of him that didn't involve moaning soul shards and eerie whispers from other worlds. Not exactly the kind of father it was easy to bond with.

And then of course there were all the other souls that gazed out at him from his father's eyes. One never got used to that.

With a sigh Isaac shoved the crumpled note back into his pocket and wiped his sweaty palms on his jeans to dry them. At least he was alone in the elevator. Displaying this much agitation in front of an *umbra maja* would have reflected poorly on his entire family and probably doomed any chance of earning his father's approval. Assuming that was still possible.

The Well of Souls was a level of Shadowcrest that apprentices usually didn't enter, so Isaac had no clue why his father wanted to meet him there. It was where the darkest and most secretive rituals of the Guild were performed and, normally neophytes were not privy to such things. If he'd been just a little more paranoid, or a little more ignorant, he might have feared that his father intended to force him to submit to First Communion. But any schoolchild knew that one had to submit willingly to the transformation for there to be any hope of success.

Isaac drew in a deep breath as the elevator finally slowed and stopped; a section of steel grate moved aside to reveal a large, dimly lit chamber. As he stepped out, he saw that everything in the place was black. Black floor, black walls, black pillars supporting a black vaulted ceiling. The only hints of color were polished gold sconces affixed to the pillars, with tiny glow lamps inside, though what little light they exuded was sucked in

and devoured as soon as it hit one of those merciless black surfaces. In such little light Isaac could neither see any details of the chamber, nor even be sure how large it was.

There were spirits present, of course, whispering indecipherable secrets into the darkness. Any place the Shadowlords frequented drew the dead to it like flies to rotting meat. Many of the spirits here were probably just soul shards, fragments of identity incapable of independent thought or motive, but there might be a few bound souls as well, serving as guardians of this place. Isaac had heard rumors about the ritual used to create such servants, and even by the dark standards of his Guild they sounded unusually gruesome.

Then the tenor of the whispering changed. New voices were approaching, whose cadences were familiar to Isaac; these were the spirits that were bound to serve his father. Drawing in a deep breath for courage, he turned to face their master.

Leonid Antonin was a tall man, stoic and dignified, and the long formal robes of an *umbra maja* fell from his shoulders in crisp, precise folds. He seemed more solid than most of his kind, with only the outermost edges of his form fading out into darkness, but for some reason that made his presence even more disturbing. Black, hollow eyes fixed on Isaac, cold and dispassionate; it was impossible to meet that gaze without shivering.

This is what they want me to become, Isaac thought, suddenly remembering why he'd run away from home in the first place. "Father," he said, bowing his head respectfully.

For a moment his father studied him in silence. Isaac dared not meet his eyes, for fear of the condemnation he might find there.

"Come," the Shadowlord commanded at last. He turned away and began to walk. Isaac followed, jogging slightly to keep up with his father's longer stride. Across the chamber and through a narrow archway they went, moving quickly, into a long corridor dressed entirely in black marble. Glow lamps in the ceiling sparked to life as they approached, illuminating white veins in the polished stone; the lamps extinguished after they passed, creating the illusion of an island of light that moved down the hallway with them. Isaac caught sight of doors marked with mysterious symbols to either side, but his father was leading him forward too quickly for him to get a good look at anything. One door was open, and there was just enough light for him to make out the shape of a vaulted chamber beyond it, with some kind of large table in the center. He thought he saw shackles lying on top of it.

He shuddered.

At the end of the long hallway they came to a pair of ornately carved doors, twice as high as a man. They reminded Isaac of the ones at the entrance to Lord Virilian's audience chamber, but these were grander in scale, and the carvings were much more complex. Images of men, beasts, skeletons, and demons had been rendered with such depth of detail that they seemed about to burst from the door's black lacquered surface. Subtle gilt highlights only increased the illusion. The artwork was beautiful but morbid, and Isaac could feel his skin crawl as he studied it.

"Images from the Lost Worlds," his father said. "Meant to remind us of the burden of responsibility that we bear, in our duty as Shadows."

The Lost Worlds. Those were human civilizations that had been destroyed by the coming of the Shadows. Some had been unable to handle the sudden influx of alien germs and parasites that outworlders brought with them, some had been raided so often by slave traders that their gene pool fell below the threshold required for species survival, and some simply could not face the revelation that they were no longer masters of their

own fate, and died a slow spiritual death.

And then there were those rare worlds that needed to be Cleansed, because the Shadows decided they were a threat to interworld commerce. That might mean destroying the underpinnings of local technology, so that society collapsed into barbarism, or taking actions more directly destructive.

Now Isaac understood why the doors here were black. Why this whole place was black. The path to a Shadow's duty was paved in death: this was their reminder of it.

He watched as his father took hold of the ornate lever that served as a door handle and turned it to the right. Nothing happened. Then a prickling at the back of Isaac's neck alerted him to the approach of a new spirit, whose presence was far more powerful than that of the others. He could sense it approaching the door, perhaps touching it—and then the lock snicked open.

Of course, he thought. Since no one but an *umbra maja* could command spirits, any lock that required the touch of both the living and the dead would be impassable to other Guild members. It was a simple but effective security.

“Come,” his father repeated as the great doors swung open—seemingly of their own accord—and Isaac followed him into a vast, shadowy chamber with tiny golden lights hanging in mid-air as far as the eye could see. Like stars in a night sky. As his eyes adjusted he could see that each light was in fact set atop a marble pedestal, and that there were walkways running around the chamber at several heights, each with its own row of pedestals, evenly spaced.

His father gestured toward one of the nearest pedestals, indicating he should approach it.

There was just enough light for Isaac to make out the shape of a golden sphere with symbols inscribed in it, protected by a glass dome. He recognized the mark of the Weavers on the glass; there were others he didn't recognize.

“We call these soul fetters,” his father said, coming up behind him, “but they're not really that, you understand. Simply recording devices that store the memories of former Guild members.”

Suddenly Isaac realized what he was looking at, and a wave of nausea came over him, fear so thick in his throat he could hardly breathe. This *thing* was the source of Communion, the mechanism used to pour the soul of one Shadow into another. He had to fight the urge not to back away from it, and though he managed to keep his expression calm, his heart was beating so wildly it made his chest shake. Had he been wrong about his father's intentions? Had the Shadowlord discovered a way to initiate an unwilling candidate into the ranks of the undead? Why else would he have brought Isaac down here?

But his father made no move toward him, and after a few seconds Isaac found himself able to breathe again. Turning his attention to the pedestal itself, he saw a column of small brass memorial plaques with names and dates on them. Three dates each. There was also a narrow shelf with a thick leather-bound journal on it, and as his father reached out to remove the book, his arm brushed against his son's, sucking all the heat from his flesh. Isaac tried not to flinch.

“The names on the plaques are those who contributed their memories to this particular fetter,” the Shadowlord explained. “Some of the earliest date all the way back to the Dream Wars. Most are more recent. Communion didn't become common practice until centuries after that.” He placed the book on the pedestal in front of Isaac and opened it. “These are the histories contained in this fetter.”

Isaac looked up at him. "I thought Communion only transferred a single set of memories."

"In a technical sense, yes. But each man's input includes the memory of his own Communion. So when you accept the memories of one Shadowlord, you inherit echoes of all the others."

Good God, Isaac thought. That meant that a Shadow who accepted Communion one time would absorb the memories of what, dozens of other men, hundreds? How could anyone maintain his sense of identity in the face of all that?

Not everyone succeeds, he reminded himself. Though it had been a long time since any Antonin had been driven insane by First Communion, the lesser bloodlines lost people regularly. Initiation into the ranks of the *umbra maja* was a high-risk enterprise, and only the strongest survived. "It sounds . . . chaotic."

"The memories of a Shadowlord fade in clarity over the centuries. A few generations down the line, only the most intense fragments remain," his father said. "But, yes." A faint, cold smile was briefly visible. "The experience can be quite disconcerting."

Isaac reached out to the book and slowly turned the pages. The paper felt ancient beneath his fingertips, and the pages made a soft rustling noise as they moved. There were handwritten notes in a variety of scripts, some of them noting major historical events, others more personal details. Every few pages he saw a new name and a set of three dates: Birth, undeath, and true death.

"These are the histories of the Shadowlords whose memories are contained in this particular fetter," his father told him. "The elders try to match each candidate to an appropriate fetter. Compatible Shadows stand a much better chance of successful Communion."

Isaac looked up at him. "So . . . you get to choose whose memories you absorb?" That certainly wasn't something they'd taught him in school.

But his father shook his head. "The living don't know enough to make an informed choice. So that decision must be made for them. But our family is ancient and highly respected, and rest assured, I would allow no outsider to dictate who *my son* was to bond with."

There was pride in his words, but also admonishment; the combination brought a lump to Isaac's throat. He looked back at the book, unwilling to meet his father's gaze.

"So," his father said softly. "Is this what you feared so desperately? Enough to compromise your family's honor by fleeing the Guild like a frightened colt?"

The words left his mouth before he could stop them. "Shouldn't I be afraid?"

For a moment there was silence. Then: "Yes. This is a place worthy of fear."

Isaac hesitated. Normally he would never ask his father a personal question, but this was hardly a normal moment. The Shadowlord clearly wanted Isaac to understand how Communion worked; wasn't the man's own experience part of that picture?

"Were you afraid?" he asked. "When they handed you your first fetter, when you had to open your mind to the memories of so many Shadowlords? Didn't that frighten you?"

"I was terrified," his father admitted. "And any Shadowlord who claims that he wasn't, is lying. But I understood that my family's honor was at stake, which was far more important to me than my own fleeting

pleasure."

Isaac said nothing.

Users Review

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