

Chapter 1.

Present Day 2009.

Tossing and turning throughout the night, the dreams and nightmares continue to flow through my sub-conscious mind. Some of these nightmares are vivid and scary, other dreams are filled with passion. I can feel the fear and pleasure racing through my body, but something is wrong, it is more like I am watching the dream than taking an active part in it. I feel strange, like I am awake, but I am asleep, right? The last dream I had was so vivid. The man in it was so handsome. He could have been one of the ancient Gods come to life. He had black hair and the bluest eyes I had ever seen.

I wake up to the blaring alarm clock! The sun is shining through the gap of the bedroom window curtains. The loud noise of the busy street is wafting through the windows' thin glass. The music from the street performers mixing with the honking cars and the bustling pedestrians, filter in through it. I stretch my arms over my head and bend my body from side to side while I was sitting on the edge of the bed. Getting up, I casually walk over to the window, trying to peek out of the dirty panes of glass. I sigh as I close the curtain tightly to block out the sun. I find myself looking at the calendar on the far wall. The date, April 5th is circled in red. It's my special day, the one I have been looking forward to for a long time.

It is my 21st birthday, the day the world would finally accept me as an adult. My Friend Sephy, who I have been friends with since we were little, has been planning a big surprise for me tonight. But I can't seem to shake the feeling that something else is going to happen today; something immense and life changing.

Turning away from the window, I decide it was time to get ready for the day. Walking into the bathroom. I turn on the shower and step inside closing the doors. I moan as the shower's hot spray hits my body, like a massage. I find myself sighing at how good the hot spray feels. I pick up the rose scented shampoo, pouring a small dollop into my hand and work the soap into a rich lather, letting it spread through my thick mane. Reaching down, I adjust the water to a cooler temperature and rinse the thick suds from my head. I soap up the rest of my body and quickly rinse off, then turning off the water I step out of the shower. I grab a large fluffy bath sheet that is hanging nearby and quickly dry off the droplets of water that are clinging to my skin. Wrapping the huge towel around me, I quietly walk into my bedroom and look into the closet, wondering what I should wear today.

I decide on my cream colored linen slacks and a teal top. Pulling them out I lay them carefully on the bed. I go to the dresser, opening the top drawer and pick up my sky blue panties and matching lace bra. I dress quickly and head towards the kitchen, my bare feet cold from the tiled floor. I find the coffee

machine and fill the pot with water and the basket with coffee grounds. I flip the switch to on and the coffee starts to brew.

I am yawning fatigue setting in from all of the sleepless nights I have been having lately. I think, if I could only get one good night's rest, I might feel better. It must have been months since I have woken up refreshed. I am getting to hate, that I feel dead on my feet all of the time. Wondering how long it has been since the dreams have started, it seems like they have been with me forever, but I know it could only be happening for only a few months. My job is demanding but also boring and lately I have been finding myself nodding off in the early afternoon. It seems I am always fighting to keep my eyes open.

I return to check on my much-needed coffee. I hear my phone dancing on the counter where I laid it while I made the coffee. Looking at the caller id, I can see it is my best friend, Sephy. I have always called her Sephy or Seph for short. We have been friends for a long, long time. Picking up the phone and hitting the send button I say, "Hey Seph what's up?" Pausing, listening to her drone on, telling me the plans for tonight to celebrate my twenty-first birthday. "Seph you don't have to do that. I would rather just stay in tonight and get some sleep." Talking as I walk, I feel myself yawning once again, struggling just trying to keep my eyes open. Finding myself in the living room, I suddenly hear a noise in the kitchen. "Hey, Seph let me give you a callback, sighing, no you don't need to come over." Frowning as the phone clicks off, I lay it on the coffee table, knowing she will be showing up at my door any minute.

I hear the noise again, and I venture into the kitchen and come to a stop. I cannot help but stare at the tall, handsome stranger in the middle of my kitchen, looking puzzled at the coffee maker. Fear grips me, and I can feel the scream lodge in my throat, but I am unable to make a sound. My heart rate is accelerating at an alarming speed.

I can only see the back of the well-built stranger but what a physique. (Mmm) He is tall, about 6 foot 7 inches. Comparing him to myself, I am only 5 foot 2 inches, petite in stature. I have rich mahogany hair, that reaches the middle of my back, which has a mind of its own and likes to curl and wave around my head. My eyes are a vivid violet with a dark blue ring around them. This male is certainly larger, and I would not have a chance to defend myself if he decided to attack me. I search frantically with my eyes for my cell phone and I realize I left it in the living room. Crap! Now, what am I going to do? I try gathering some bravado then demand "What are you doing here? Who are you? Why are you in my kitchen?"

The stranger turns around quickly, his eyes flashing in alarm at being caught. Gasping at the beauty of his face, I find it difficult to breath. I look at his eyes; they are a vivid blue. But it is his face that is staring back at me so much like my own. He seems to be as taken aback as I am. He cocks his head from the side, as he looks me over from head to toe.

I feel a funny sensation like something is telling me calm down and breathe. Suddenly I find myself turning around and heading to the living room. My body is lowering itself down on the couch, I have no control of it right now and I am scared. The stranger is there also, but I don't remember seeing him walk in the room. It's almost like he materializes out of thin air. He is sitting across from me watching and waiting, but for what; I wonder?

The stranger has not utter a single word, but I can hear him talking in my head. Am I going crazy? This cannot be happening, there is no way he can be talking to me in my head! I am thinking I have fallen back asleep, and this is just another dream. Jumping with a start, when he tells me it is not a dream and that he is as real as I am, He paces in front of me, then without a word I hear him claim in my head that we are related that is sure, the shock of what he claims has me sitting there I can feel my mouth open in a surprised O.

I want to jump up from the couch, where I am sitting, confused that I am not able to move. I want to get up, but my body is not obeying my mind's commands. I am scared so I lash out with words at him screaming, "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU MEAN YOU ARE MY FATHER!!!? My dad is dead! You are not even old enough to be my dad." My breathing is ragged from the anger coursing through my veins. "What kind of joke is this?" (Phobos does not know how to handle this, he was expecting his daughter would welcome him warmly. He hates to use his powers to subdue her from getting up, but he felt it was the only way he could keep her from running out of the room.) He tries taking a deep breath and tries again, "Yes Altheas I am your father and I am a Greek God of dreams."

I can feel my eyes widen as he claims he is a Greek God of dreams. My brain refuses to believe this and I find myself wondering, what planet is this crazy nut from? I try to move, but I am still stuck on the couch. "What the Hell?" Panic rises from the bottom of my toes and spreads throughout my body. I find myself paralyzed and I am afraid I am going to die at the hands of this lunatic. Like a shot of lightning flowing through my body, I can hear his thoughts and see images flashing through my head. I see a woman who looks very much like me. She is very beautiful. If this man, I consider now to be a lunatic appearing before me. I can see him appear by her side as the images continue to flash through my muddled mind.

The scenery in the background changes from my living room to some place in ancient Greece. The next image to go through my mind is that of a mighty man. He is huge; at least seven feet tall and in his hand he is holding a lightning bolt. What in the world did this crazy dream mean? Startled, I jump a bit when I hear someone tell me once again it is not a dream. The stranger pushes his hair back as he explains to me patiently, that I am seeing a vision of the past. Before I can respond I hear the doorbell ring, I knew Sephy has finally arrived.

I look over my shoulder to the front door of my apartment to see if I have engaged the lock on it, which happens to be my usual behavior, sighing to myself, as I realize I did indeed lock it. I turn back to look at the stranger who has disappeared from the room. I feel my body being released by whatever force was holding me prisoner.

I run to the door, yanking it open to find Sephy with her mouth open in surprise, standing on the other side. "Leia, what is wrong? Are you ok?" Grabbing my arm, she pulls me into the apartment, closes and locks the door. My body is shaking "Seph did you by any chance see a tall, handsome guy leave my apartment?" I ask nervously. Sephy is looking at me strangely, then shakes her head no, eyeing me carefully.

Crossing my arms, I walk into the living room, Sephy following closely on my heels. Sitting on the couch, pulling my knees up to my chest, wrapping my arms around them, I just sit there staring straight ahead of me afraid to move. Sephy is standing in front of me; her arms across her chest as she tries to get my attention. "Leia! Tell me what is wrong sweetie?" Looking at her "I don't know if I can even explain it," Pausing for breath, that I had been holding, I let it out slow and easy. "I don't understand it myself."

Then I start crying not knowing why.

(Lurking in the shadows, Phobos is cringing as he watches his daughter fall apart at the seams. Her crying is tearing him apart. This is playing out so much differently than he had expected. What did he expect, for her to accept everything at face value? If he had been honest with himself, he should have expected her fear and disbelief.)