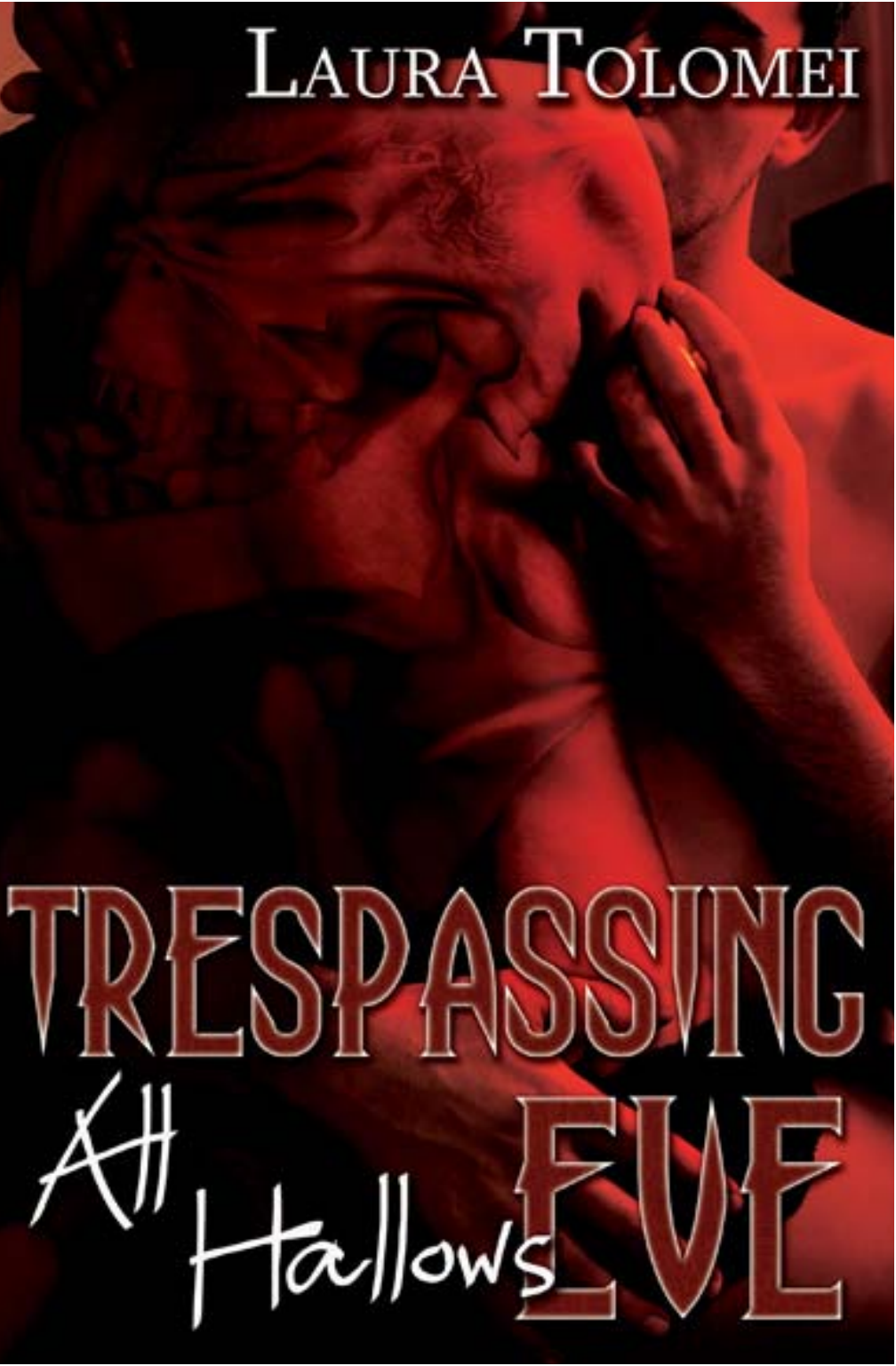




LAURA TOLOMEI

TRESPASSING
All Hallows **EVE**

The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.

Please purchase only authorized electronic editions, and do not participate in or encourage the electronic piracy of copyrighted materials. Your support of the author's rights is appreciated.

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

Trespassing All Hallows Eve
Copyright © 2008 Laura Tolomei
ISBN: 978-1-55487-157-5
Cover art by Angela Waters

All rights reserved. Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilization of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, is forbidden without the written permission of the publisher.

Published by eXtasy Books
Look for us online at:
www.extasybooks.com

TRESPASSING ALL HALLOWS
EVE

BY

LAURA TOLOMEI

He covered her and his hard bulge pressed on the opening. His hand never left the wet flesh between her legs and she gave in to his pressure, opening up to receive him.

Pushing inside without much effort, he felt her flesh hold him tight and snug, almost preventing any movement at first. But he could hardly keep still. Sliding in and out of her was pure ecstasy, especially when she pushed back at every thrust, making him go further inside.

Completely lost to the movement, they sped their thrusts and again he had to cover her mouth to prevent her scream from waking up the forest. And it was just the beginning.

* * * *

Unable to get enough, their bodies explored one sensual delight after another throughout the long night. When light broke in the groove, Bright brought him to her room above the shop, amazed at how much she liked him.

“What are you smiling at?” he asked, catching a faint smile on her lips.

“I can’t believe I like a man so much after so many years and I don’t even know his name.”

He sat up on the bed. “I’m Attilio Metrono,” he said in an official tone, “and I’m very pleased to

meet you." He bowed, a mockingly serious expression on his face.

Laughing at his show, she managed to say, "I'm Bright," then bowed as well.

He remained silent, his eyes flashing at her while his hand slipped through her hair, playing with the fiery curls. "No," he breathed softly at last, "you're flamma." Then, as if coming out of a trance, he shook his head and caught her expression. "Sorry, Bright," he continued apologetically, "I hope you'll pardon me if I won't use your name often, but in Latin we have a word that describes you perfectly, flamma."

"Flamma? What does it mean?"

"It means flame." His hand still in her hair, he held tighter to the mass of unruly curls. "And you are a flame, this gleaming white skin," he travelled lightly down her skin, "and the fiery hair."

"And you, Attilio Metrono, don't look like much of a Roman, at least judging from what you like."

He grinned. "True," he admitted. "My mother was Greek and my father always reproached me for being too much like her. I took more from her side than I should have."

"Is that why you prefer men?"

"So, you've heard about Greeks even here in the back world?"

She smiled. "News travel fast."

“Actually, men pester me less than women do. I have a few friends, one in particular, though we don’t have many places to meet.”

“My room is free during most of the day,” she offered. “You can bring your friend here.”

He looked at her suspiciously. “Wouldn’t it bother you?” he asked eventually.

“Will I still see you?” she replied.

He lay on her, his mouth so close she felt his warm breath on her face. “Flamma, I think you and I have a bright future together.” His tongue traced the edges of her lips.

“Then, why should it bother me?” she replied, her tongue darting out to challenge him.

Unable to resist the new provocation, his mouth took full possession of hers and they started the delicious game one more time, making love until they both fell exhausted.

When Bright woke up, he was gone.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Attilio Metrono returned often with his friend. Brighit did not see him at first, nor did she try to catch a glimpse. She understood the need for privacy, so she waited patiently until Attilio called her.

Sometimes, he stayed after his friend left, other times he came to her place before she closed the shop, to remain the entire night. During those heated passionate hours, their bodies tangled in deliciously sensual embraces, they needed no words. Brighit felt the physical desire as if the heat wave had replaced the Moon's bloody cycle. Surprised that the two could co-exist at the same time, she could not help but crave his lean body with a growing intensity that sometimes frightened her. She never seemed to have enough of tasting, biting, nibbling, licking or touching his hard muscles. Whether inside her mouth, her pussy or her ass, Brighit's body always wanted more until he literally exploded in her senses,

leaving her breathless and completely exhausted.

Women had rarely made Bright feel this way...at least physically. True, it was a totally different type of relationship that privileged other priorities. Bright bonded deeply with her women lovers, sharing less passionate sex perhaps, but more love. Often, Bright did not have the perception of where the other woman ended and where she began, the delicious confusion breaching all distance.

With Attilio, the sharp distinction was both physical and spiritual. Their bonding was mostly at a sexual level, which was fine with Bright. She liked him intensely, her body in flames just by his mere presence, but she did not feel like opening her mind to him. She hardly knew him, yet did not feel inclined to ask questions...not many anyway.

She knew he was a Roman centurion who had probably taken part in many battles, taking many lives along the way. She sighed at the thought of the violence humans seemed to be so fond of, war an inevitable aspect of their culture. On Tirynanyog, before Saarek's intervention, no one knew violence. Regrettably, at present random killings seemed an everyday occurrence just as it happened on Earth.

Apparently, Attilio's world required violence and he was a man of his times. So, she accepted it.

Luckily, he was also a learned man who wanted to know about other cultures. Highly appreciative of the Celts, he had studied them, learning their language to perfection, using it in his everyday dealings with the inhabitants. For this effort alone, people liked and respected him.

Bright wondered if he had a wife somewhere, perhaps waiting for him in Rome or Greece, but did not really care. If anything, Gaurav's lesson had taught her to live the moment to the fullest, since there was no guarantee it would last. *That everything will eventually end is the only certainty in human life*, she thought, watching a piece of metal melt inside the hot furnace.

"Flamma."

Startled, she looked up. Attilio stood at the door.

"Flamma," he repeated.

"Yes?" She had heard him come in with his friend and had felt certain she would not see him for hours. Whoever the other man was, they shared a passionate sexual relationship, their meetings lasting sometimes the entire afternoon.

"He wants to meet you," Attilio said, holding out his hand to her.

"Me? Are you sure?"

He nodded.

Bright took the metal out of the fire before it liquefied, then hurried to him. Her heart beat

violently as they went up the steps to her room and that same pounding heart almost fell to her stomach when Attilio opened the door.

The other man was darker, a mass of black hair framing a very masculine face. He had a powerful body, with muscles rippling under the surface, but what most attracted Bright's attention, were his black eyes. For a moment, she thought Gaurav had finally returned from the dead, so closely that expression reminded her of her deceased Indian lover. Severely tempted to ask a stupid question, Bright almost opened her mouth, then changed her mind. Something had flickered in his eyes as well, she was sure of it, but whatever it was, he suppressed it. Bright shook her head. Maybe, it was just a trick of the light or her tired mind playing smoky illusions.

Attilio's deep voice broke through her mists. "Aurelius, this is Bright." Then, he turned to the fiery woman, "Flamma, this is Aurelius Ladeo."

"Nice to meet you," Bright mumbled. It seemed clear that Aurelius was not very happy with the interruption to his favorite game, his expression clearly indicating annoyance. "Well, I have to finish up, so—" She turned to the door, hoping for a quick escape.

"Wait," Attilio stopped her. "I didn't mean for you to leave so fast." He turned to Aurelius. "Right, pullus?" he asked, using the affectionate

nickname that referred to his dark features.

Bright saw his discomfort increase. "Look, I understand if your friend doesn't want to meet me. I'm fine with that, Attilio, really." Again, she turned to the door.

"No, wait." This time the darker man had spoken.

Bright turned around slowly.

"I'm sorry, Bright, I'm really not comfortable with women. They make me nervous and I've never liked them. But Attilio said –"

"I wanted him to meet you, flamma," the centurion cut in, his blue eyes sparkling, "so that...maybe...we could play together."

Silence fell in the room. The idea sent chills down Bright's back. One look at Aurelius, though, did not confirm her excitement.

"Pullus is just scared," Attilio assured, getting closer to his lover, "but he's just as intrigued." A brief touch and Bright saw the hard shape underneath the clothes. "Aren't you, pullus?" Attilio deepened the touch.

"Hem...why don't you get started?" Bright said lightly. "I have to wash up anyway and change," she continued, looking at her dirty work clothes.

"All right, flamma," Attilio was already bending on his knees, his hands pulling away Aurelius's clothes.

Brighit left the room and went downstairs to wash. From the well, she poured cold water on her face, then down her body. She shivered, feeling the tingling sensation, while her skin still burned from the heat Attilio had caused with just one word. In fact, it was odd that a single man held the power to excite her senses like no one before him, even without touching her. The scenario he had depicted was incredibly exciting...if only Aurelius chose to cooperate.

Finally ready, she returned upstairs and opened the door carefully. Attilio had moved to the bed. Sprawled on his back, he occupied the entire space. Aurelius bent on him, mouth closed around the hard shaft, head sliding fast up and down helped by the hands' movement.

When Attilio saw Brighit, the blue eyes smiled and he reached out his hand, inviting her to join. She went to him, grabbing his hand. He pulled her close, his mouth eagerly searching for hers and they were soon lost in their kiss. Tongues clashed, battling for control in an effort to overcome the other.

"Now, flamma," he whispered when he managed to pull away, "why don't you get better acquainted with Aurelius?"

She understood what he meant. Leaving his side, she circled the bed, then knelt beneath Aurelius. His cock was thick and stocky, an

impressive size particularly in diameter. With a little effort, she surrounded it with her mouth, her tongue clashing against the invasion.

Aurelius seemed to enjoy it, though he did not move away from his primary object, Attilio's cock.

Almost choking, Brigit swallowed the thick head, its point reaching deep. She pulled back her head, then pushed forward again in a continuing movement, accommodating his great size with every thrust.

"Pullus, give her to me." Attilio's voice broke through their game.

Aurelius grabbed Brigit's shoulders and raised her effortlessly, placing her over Attilio's straight bulging head. The centurion stopped Brigit's descent.

"Pullus, you really have forgotten about women," he teased softly, his fingers brushing gently between Brigit's legs and gliding on her wet silky flesh. He traced the edges of the warm opening, feeling her body shiver under a wave of pleasure. His hand traveled back up, finding the hard knot. Brigit moaned and pushed down to get closer to him.

With a grin, Attilio nodded to Aurelius. "Now, pullus," he commanded.

Pulling her down, Aurelius held Attilio's cock steady, so that she slid onto him without efforts. The moment Brigit trapped Attilio inside her was

always the sweetest. She felt so much power at having the male at her complete mercy that a satisfied sigh escaped her lips.

He grabbed her shoulders and pulled her down on him, his mouth looking for hers. She opened wide and let him have it all, swaying against his crotch, her ass tantalizing in front of Aurelius's hungry gaze. Attilio teased him further by holding Bright down against his chest, enlarging the tight hole, while his fingers slipped inside, then out, coaxing the narrow space to open up further.

Aurelius did not resist. Kneeling behind her, he pushed forcefully. Bright tensed.

"Relax, flamma," Attilio whispered in her ear, "he doesn't want to hurt you."

"But he is," she complained.

Attilio reached between their bodies, his fingers rubbing the enflamed clit. "Just brush against me, flamma, and it won't hurt anymore. I promise."

Aurelius had stopped in the meantime. Bright moved on Attilio, pressing down on him and rubbing against his crotch. Flames burned from the center upward while she moved faster, thrusting back. Aurelius slipped further inside, coordinating his movements with Attilio. Their steady rhythms jogged Bright and she was completely lost in the sensual delight of feeling two men inside, ravaging, possessing, conquering every inch of space until she screamed her

pleasure. They both felt the tightening, then quick release followed by a new contraction. Her waves were impossible to resist, so with an explosion, they flooded her.

But Aurelius wanted more. When Brigit collapsed on Attilio, the dark man moved her aside. "Actually, I wanted you," he told Attilio, his mouth traveling to the limp cock.

"You should have said so from the start, pullus." The centurion grinned. "But I told you, she'd be irresistible."

"I don't care about her," Aurelius continued, his hands already raising Attilio's interest.

Brigit joined the effort, her mouth working on top of Aurelius's skillful slides, her tongue wrapping around the growing head. Soon, Attilio was big enough to satisfy Aurelius's lust. Knowing exactly what he wanted, Attilio got up, his space quickly occupied by Aurelius. Ass raised, he pushed back, inviting Attilio to take him.

"Impatient, pullus?" the centurion teased, before pushing inside.

Aurelius sighed and moved against him. Attilio looked at Brigit, watching from the sidelines, her gaze following their mating with interest.

Attilio moved his head in Aurelius's direction. "Flamma, you can join, too, if you want," he suggested.

Brigit understood. She slipped beneath Aurelius's legs, her mouth reaching for the hard shaft just waiting to explode. When her mouth closed on it, Aurelius shivered with pleasure and lost control, drowning her with hot fluid.

* * * *

That afternoon was the beginning of a long series of meetings. Aurelius, despite his official proclaims, continued to come with Attilio, sometimes even staying through the night, although the two men still had their times alone.

The darker man preferred his male lover to any woman, even if he submitted gladly to Attilio's desires, perhaps because they shared a deep relationship. At times, Brigit had the impression of seeing their connection as a physical reality, a shiny energy flow that bound them tightly. She did not want to interfere, but Attilio pulled her inside his web, entangling both his lovers in a sophisticated sensual game that only grew more passionate with each passing day. Like Aurelius, she accepted Attilio's will, though striving not to invade anyone's space.

The balance was not easy to attain, particularly since she continued to have the unsettling feeling that...somehow Aurelius was Gaurav. His behavior, though, did not confirm her impression.

He mostly avoided her direct gaze, a sexual mating all he seemed interested in when it came to her.

Bright asked no questions, still surprised of her own reactions. Relationship with a man was hard enough to fathom, but with two seemed an impossibility she was hardly prepared to accept. Then again, men were part of the Goddess, too, so there was probably a purpose that escaped Bright's limited knowledge.

As she continued to do Her work, Bright discovered that most of her conflict with men was definitely not with the invaders, but with her own kind. Why the Goddess would choose the Romans over Her Druids, the fiery woman did not know. But she did feel that Taliesin moved farther away from Her shining light as time passed. Soon, Bright feared he would not represent the Celts anymore. Aloof from the people, he pursued a road all his own, which she felt sure, would lead to disaster.

Bright grew further apart from the Merlin. She still struggled to close the passageway as each Halloween the darker side took more control, not only of the outer world, but inside her as well. Tirynanyog's pull also grew with the passage of time. Increasingly divided between the two, Bright felt powerless to stop what eventually would rip her apart, especially since she had

found no reliable ally in Britain. In fact, she had revealed to no one the existence of the connection, though Taliesin seemed to know more than he cared to show. But he had never earned her trust.

That particular night, another October 31st, Bright knew she could not hold back any longer. Walking in the darkness of a new moon, she felt the spirits challenging her. No one else was around, everyone cowering inside their unlit homes. Like in Ireland, the Brits had taken the custom of extinguishing their fires on Halloween, believing it would keep the evil spirits at bay. *Haven't they learned by now that demons love darkness?* Bright mused ironically. A cold and black home would attract them like no blazing place ever would. Still, people felt safer that way and Bright was not one to shake their firm beliefs.

She glanced up at the moonless sky. Like in the best of traditions, the time the passage opened coincided with the universe's complete darkness. This was also the time her body felt the need for renewal, expelling bad venoms accumulated during the month, along with the tainted blood.

Women sustain the burdens of human living and their spiritual effort is laid bare for everyone to see at least once a month, Bright reflected a little worriedly. Usually in tune with the Moon's cycle, for the second month in a row, she missed it. Of course, she would welcome another child, just like

she cherished the other two she had with Gaurav.

Already in their teens when their father died, she had taken them with her to Ireland, raising them with the community of women that had gathered around her. Then, they had become men, so well adapted to the Celts' way of life she did not have the heart to take them away.

A Roman child would be a further blessing from the Goddess, Brighit thought, her hand lightly touching her stomach, *but it's all in the future*. For the time being, she had to re-establish the link with Tirynanyog and see how much new damage had taken place.

Reaching the sacred spring, Brighit stopped. She felt the power of the Goddess oozing from the clear water. The Celts believed that Sulis inhabited the spring, the divinity that the Romans identified with Minerva. Whatever Her name, She was the Goddess Brighit had believed in since childhood, Her sacred guiding light. Now, Brighit had to follow Her path though it led in a direction she preferred not to roam.

In the surrounding silence, she focused on the sensations of the external world tingling on her skin. Standing inside the water, eyes closed, she felt the darkness, the silence, the soft waves gently lapping the shore, the spirit realm pressing on every side. She took them all inside, losing her individuality to become one with the whole. She

gathered her energy, ready to plunge into another world, when a hand on her shoulder stopped her.

"Wait! Don't go just yet," a familiar voice commanded.

Startled, Bright opened her eyes. "Aurelius..." she asked, not really sure it was him.

The dark man nodded.

Though she felt he was alone, Bright glanced around to see if –

"No, he's not here," Aurelius confirmed her initial impression. "In fact, he doesn't even know I'm here. I...need to talk to you, alone."

She let him lead her to the shore and sat beside him. For a while, neither spoke. Enveloped by the dark night, the only sound coming from the water's gentle movement, Bright settled into her cross-legged position, curious to hear what Aurelius had to say, but respectful of his timing.

Aurelius looked at the water, then sighed. "When I saw Attilio for the first time, sitting at the recruitment table under Alexandria's blazing sun, his hair shiny golden, I thought he was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen." He grinned at the memory. "In fact, I've often wondered if I didn't join the army just to follow him." He shook his head. "I come from a wealthy trading family. My father, a Roman entrepreneur, traveled the world buying and selling any goods he laid his hands on, until he met my mother in Alexandria and

decided to settle down, his trade favored by one of the greatest harbors of all. He specialized in perfumed oils, precious fluids sold for many sesterces a tiny drop. As his only son, my father wanted me to follow in his footsteps, settling down with a nice family of my own, but I had two major problems with his scenario. The first one..."

He turned to look at Bright with an almost apologetic look. "I don't like women. When I was younger, I told myself it was ridiculous, but those big breasts that disrupt perfectly straight lines are quite a turn off, without mentioning all the other curves that make me seasick just looking at them. Then, when I learned the facts of life, that thing about you losing blood once a month, really disgusted me. Women repelled me and for a long time, I was even scared to touch them, afraid they'd defile me. They also have this unfortunate habit of getting pregnant, which I find a real nuisance."

Bright blushed violently, thanking the darkness that hid her face.

"Most have no taste for sex," Aurelius resumed after a brief pause. "We don't want relationships, just simple sexual fun without complications. Women give you everything except sex, always having one reason or another, all perfectly legitimate to be sure, for avoiding sex. With men, I never had any problems satisfying the whim of

the moment and everyone was the happier." He paused, memories washing over him. "Or perhaps, my upbringing veered immediately to men. There was an uncle who introduced me to my first sexual experience at a very early age. He taught me about men, what they liked and didn't like. I have never forgotten his lessons."

Again, Aurelius fell silent. "Either way," he resumed after a short while, "I had no intention of settling down with a woman nor did I want to embarrass my father. I was also afraid to tell him that I didn't want to stay in Alexandria. I wanted to travel the world, see new places and different people, lead an adventurous life much like he had in his youth. The army seemed the perfect choice to satisfy my ambitions, a choice that even my father, a fervent Roman, had to approve." He glanced at Bright again, then bowed his head. "What I didn't tell him, actually I never told anyone, was that I had to meet someone. I didn't know who or where, but my destiny waited for me locked inside a yet unknown person."

Aurelius sighed. "Meeting Attilio, I thought he was my destiny. When I realized he wasn't, I just hoped so for the longest time." He shifted his position, stretching out his legs. "It wasn't easy to conquer Attilio. He's a very choosy person who, despite his easygoing manner, doesn't allow many inside his private sphere, men and women alike.

He's a born leader, always listens to his soldiers, attentive to the native population's needs, very generous in advice and time. Yet, I've seen him give the coldest brush off to women drooling over his looks. And apparently, they can't help falling for him."

He took Brighit's hand, resting on her crossed legs. "That's why it surprised me when he talked about you. At first, I thought you were just another one trying her schemes on him. We had both seen you around the encampment, parading with your haughty air, straight shoulders, flaming curls to the wind. I thought it was a pose, he thought it was a challenge. Now, of course, I know we were both wrong because this is the way you are. Anyway, he wanted to conquer you, which was fine with me because I believed he would soon grow tired of you just like I'd seen him do with a million other women before. Instead, not only did he continue, but he also wanted to pull me inside this game. I resisted at first until I understood it was something important to him. That's the only reason I accepted...or so I thought."

He squeezed Brighit's hand hard. "You must think me crazy, for what I'm about to say has no rational explanation." He took a deep breath. "When I looked into your eyes, my heart stopped. I know you're the person I was destined to meet

from the start."

"Gaurav," Bright mumbled softly.

"Never heard of the name," he confessed, "but I know we're connected by..." he shrugged perplexed, "fate, destiny, time, space or something else I can't even name. Whatever it is, you're a special person, someone trapped between two worlds," he made a gesture in the air to indicate his frustration at his inability to explain, "whatever that means. My duty is to help you balance the two conflicting dimensions, so that a new world will rise from their union." He shook his head. "I personally don't understand a damn thing about what I just said, but maybe it makes sense to you."

With the tip of her fingers, Bright caressed his face lightly. "It does, Aurelius. It makes perfect sense."

He breathed deeply. "I was afraid so, that's why I didn't want to accept any of it at first and pretended I didn't know you at all."

Bright recalled the recognition in his eyes, soon suppressed by an angry cold mask.

"I'm sorry," he continued. "I know I didn't behave properly, but I couldn't handle it. To find I had been looking for a woman all along was more than I could accept. After the first time, I didn't want to see you again or repeat the experience, but I would have had to give Attilio too many

explanations. So, I continued, hoping I had been wrong." He caressed her cheek. "Of course, I wasn't. The Goddess wanted me to measure up with the female side of the universe, so here I am."

"How do you plan to help me?" Bright asked in a practical tone.

He shrugged. "You have to tell me. As I said, half of the things I talked about make no sense to me." He gazed at the sacred spring. "When I stopped you, you were going to plunge through the other side, weren't you?"

Bright nodded slowly.

"Then, bring me with you. I want to see the other side, too."

Bright grinned, green eyes sparkling. "I'm afraid I only know one way to pull someone into my dimension and I'm not sure you're going to like it."

Understanding immediately what she meant, he knelt in front of her. "Try me," he whispered, his hands on her shoulders, pressing her down on the soft soil.

Before she had the chance to stop him, he bit her tender neck, his hands running along her side. He raised the long skirt and his fingers traveled on the naked skin. She wore no underwear, as usual, so forcing her legs apart, he immediately found the warm flesh hidden in between.

Bright knew he was not one for preliminaries,

so his touch acquired a whole new taste, unleashing a fiery web that shot through every nerve ending in her body. Surprised, she also felt his hardness pressing on her belly and she arched her back to get him closer, her hands fingering his shape through the clothes. When she started pulling away at the covering, he pushed back the annoying skirt and she wrapped her long legs around his waist. With a swift move, he slipped inside, his thick length finding no obstacle as it glided through the wet skin. He waited a moment, letting her trap adjust to his size, then he plunged forward, pumping and thrusting in frenzied rhythm that soon took them both over the edge as they vanished from sight.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Born 1965 in Rome Italy, I grew up in Lagos Nigeria then moved to Atlanta GA, to complete my studies. In Rome, I graduated in Political Science and now work in the import/export business.

I have always liked writing and started in the USA by working with Emory University's magazine *The Phoenix*. Since then, I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English.

In English I write erotica in various genres, fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into contemporary. Recently I published by eXtasy Books:

Hunted, short story in eXtasy's Anthology Sanguinary Seductions. A haunting tale of sex and unwanted truths uncovered during the hunt of a vicious predator.

The Moon Priestess, short story in eXtasy's Anthology Atlantis Allure. A magical tale on Atlantis's final days with a bitter twist at the end.

Coming soon:

Divinitas, novel December 15th 2008. A mystical tale of passionate sexual love and betrayal repeated through time and space as Spirit battles against Flesh. From Egypt's earliest years, the tale of Us-Yri's rebirth and ascent from ruler to god of the underworld entwines with Mithra, Prince of the ancient Persian empire, who defeats death and becomes the new shiny god, judging the souls of the deceased. But only Shaun in Celtic England will finally reveal the truth about the Divinitas.

Virtus, novel. Two young men and a woman on a quest to discover the truth about their world, but mostly about themselves.