

Aegypt

L. D. Alford

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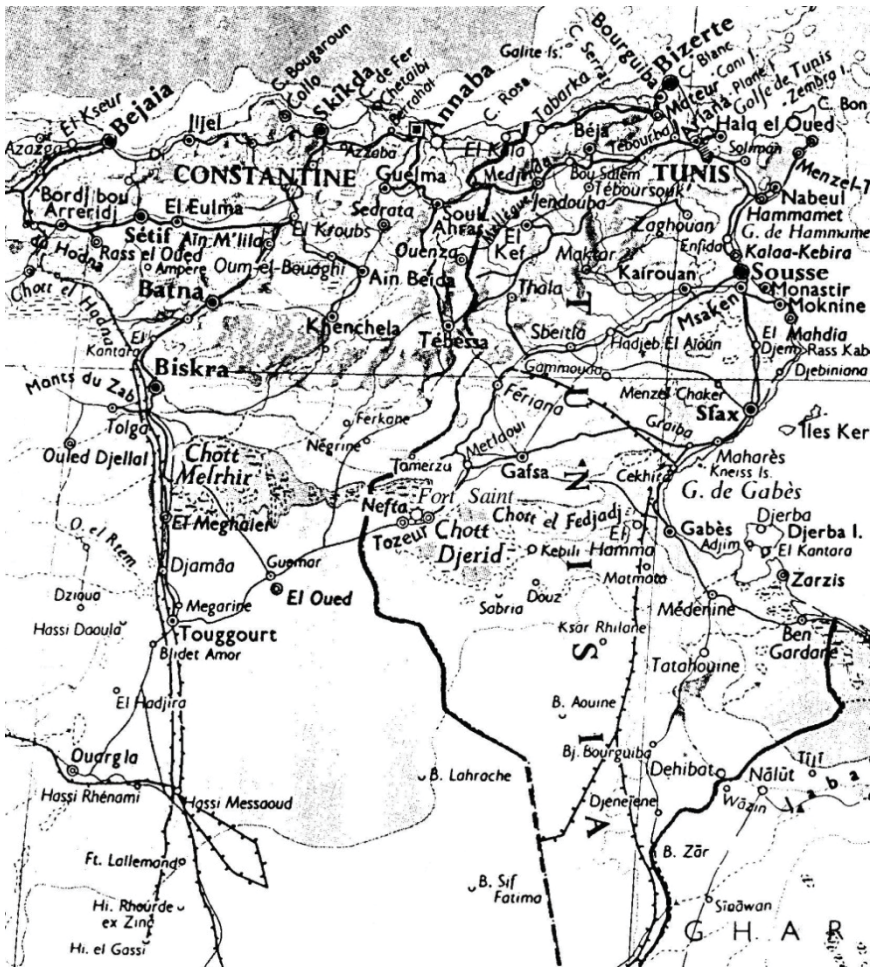
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Preface

There was a time when ancient magic reigned, and the forces of light and darkness battled for supremacy. A time before monotheism—the idea of “one God”—began to take hold on the earth.

The discoveries Lieutenant Paul Bolang make in *Aegypt* catapult the reader back to those pre-Christian days...and help the reader understand why God acted as he did, back in the life and times of Moses. They also beg the questions: If a person from the ancient world walked suddenly on the earth, what would he or she tell us about their times? What if that person was revered as a goddess in the ancient world? And what if she were malevolent?

*Due to the subject matter,
this book contains some graphic content.*

One

Storm clouds grew across the darkening sky. They squared off like titans, rising tremendously over the burning sands. The air pressure dropped suddenly, caressing yawning ears, and in the storm's wake, the nearly constant winds died. Silence charged the air like static electricity. Not a sound broke the stillness until, with a harsh crackle of blue fire, the clouds burst open and poured a solid torrent over the acrid waste.

At first, the sands soaked up the downpour like a sponge. Then, glutted, they cast off the water in ever-increasing amounts. The initial runlets took a while to form, but soon, under the blasting deluge of the heavy rain, they assumed the character of reverse deltas, inverse Niles that funneled the water into dry streambeds and deeper canyons. The dirty, heavy, grit-laden liquid fought its way through the bone-dry sand until it was finally and completely absorbed.

Lieutenant Paul Bolang laughed mirthlessly; the surging water would never make its way back to even the ancient lake Chott el Fedjadj. Set in an endless inequitable cycle, the liquid rose daily, sucked out of this hellish waste to be returned only a few times a year.

He cast the butt of his cigarette to the sand and spat a few grains of loose tobacco after it. Already the sun was flooding him and the sodden plain with blazing splatters of heat.

Paul cursed under his breath; not a drop of rain had touched him. He slung his rifle more evenly over his shoulder and turned back toward the line of march. The last traces of mist streamed from the clouds, and he could taste the water with his lungs—refreshing. The heat and the dryness would be back soon enough to overwhelm his senses.

Paul signaled his men to remount. His horse, l'Orage, was skittish and danced back a step as Paul hauled his aching frame into the saddle.

Her muscles rippled like silk under her black coat, and Paul touched her gently to soothe her. l'Orage had been his steed for nearly three years, almost half the time he had been in Tunisia.

He had bought her from a Berber's market on the coast. She was the most beautiful horse he had ever seen. Feral and full of fire, she was uncontrollable in the hands of her merchant owners and stood blindfolded and hobbled in the market horse pen. A demon in the guise of a horse, she was black as charcoal without a trace of lighter markings. Paul knew she was stolen the minute his eyes lit upon her. He paid in cash—francs, and few of those, because of her temperament.

When he entered the pen to claim her, Berbers, Arabs, and Tunisians lined the enclosure to watch the black fiend trample the foolish Lieutenant. Paul walked quietly up to her, and when the laughing merchant stripped off the blindfold and hobbles, Paul spoke a single word. l'Orage calmed immediately and let him stroke her face. Contemptuously, he led her on a light field-lead out of the market-square.

The marketplace had turned into a frenzy of babbling men, women, and children. The native peoples sidled out of Paul's way as if he were himself a demon from the pit. At the edge of the market, to the amazement of the spectators, Paul leapt upon l'Orage bareback and rode off at a gallop. He laughed all the way back to the garrison.

l'Orage was a horse trained for war. She was an Arabian, bred and drilled to the battlefield. She was trained to kill and to the tactics of combat. She was a European's horse. Paul could tell by her carriage and by the saddle scars on her flanks. Only one type of European warrior had found his way into the wilds of Tunisia: l'Orage had to be a Frenchman's horse. Paul guessed that, but his confirmation came when he first stood before her, wondering himself if she would strike him before he could speak. His single word was French, and with that single word, he knew she answered to only one tongue—French. Not to the Tunisian or Berber or Arabic her previous masters unsuccessfully tried, only to French. In combat after combat, she proved herself to be, by far, one of the finest horses in the Legion stables.

l'Orage was nervous; she smelled the blood that stained Paul's uniform as well as her own sweat-covered flanks—relics of the battle

they had fought not many hours ago.

Paul chuckled without humor. The reaper had descended like a night demon. The sleeping bandits didn't have a chance. Abdu Habad and his men would not soon again attack the villages in this district. After the slaughter of last night, it would take the bandit a good while to rebuild his band. That is, if Habad were not also dead along with more than half of his men.

Merde. If this job weren't so horrible it would have its grim pleasures. Slicing the heads off of men like Abdu Habad was a great pleasure.

Automatically, the column of thirty Legionnaires formed behind Paul. They were dressed like him: combat khakis almost the same color as the sand, finished with the signature Legionnaire's cap and its trailing cloth. Their clothing was stained from combat and sweat. Their hands were marked by powder burns and blood. Each man slung a true rifle, ready, over his right shoulder. There were no carbines in Paul's command: the flat desert visibility allowed long accurate rifle shots, and yet the weapons had to always be ready at hand because the dunes and mountains provided good cover to the bandits for ambush.

Without a word from the Lieutenant, Sergeant le Boehm nodded, and the flankers and pointmen immediately took their positions. The Sergeant himself rode on Paul's left only a few paces back. The men also seemed to bunch toward their Lieutenant. Whether they did so for the little security he could afford or to provide for his own protection, Paul couldn't tell—never could tell.

The hard rocky desert went on and on and was lost in the blurred horizon. Even now, in mirages and bright lines, waves of heat rose harshly upwards. Already the lingering signs of the rainstorm had disappeared, and the ground cracked as the sun baked out what little moisture remained.

The sun treated a man the same way—it tore the water out of him. Paul had seen corpses uncovered by sandstorms. They were desiccated, like leather, ghastly. Not long after death, their bodies burst from the heat. The organs, cast like limp balloons, dried into fantastic shapes, and the faces were so clear you could read the terror of their last thoughts.

A similar horror had followed Paul Bolang from the battlefields of

the Great War. Paul had seen much death since he'd entered the deserts of Tunisia. It sprang like the seeds of reaped wheat from the desert sands—the only thing that would grow...death and dying. Fortunately, he lost no men during this raid—so far, thank God. They had taken prizes: bandit's gold, jewels, the products of villainy—and the fetish of Abdu Habad. That would make an outstanding trophy for the officers' mess. It was flecked with the blood of the bandit himself: the chief had leapt up so suddenly when he felt Paul's knife at his throat that the stroke did not slice deeply nor cleanly. The man was probably dead; he had left enough of his blood as he vaulted onto a horse and escaped across the desert. Paul didn't care. Abdu Habad had lost face, had run away from the Legionnaire Lieutenant. He was not worthy, in the eyes of his band of cutthroats, of even the respect of a woman.

Paul smiled. That was his simple plan: the bandits would be shamed. His Legionaries patiently killed all men who fought or remained in the camp and contemptuously allowed those who ran to escape. The word of the attack and the cowardly actions of the bandit chief would circulate from the lips of those who got away. In the eyes of the desert people, they were less than men, and they would likely never fight again. Their will was broken.

Paul smiled again. Another victory, another orchestrated defeat of the enemy, another cast of the dice. *Sacré bleu*, he had won again. The fire of battle still coursed like wine through his veins.

In the strengthening wind, a sweeping sigh came lightly to Paul's ears, and far ahead, the Chott Djerid, a sparkling, mica-filled plain became visible. The dry, scree-filled lake mimicked its ancient form in the guise of a dreamlike mirage, but all was salt and sand, rock and mica, rising like a tide as far as the eye could see. The wind whistled across it day and night with almost no relief.

Paul shaded his eyes against the stinging brilliance of the Chott and intently scanned its far western edge. Even through his binoculars, their destination, Fort Saint, was still invisible in the distant haze. As they closed on the depression, the Oriental rose like a great plateau from the western base of the Chott. Fort Saint and the villages of Nefta and Tozeur spread across the tabletop of the plateau—all three overlooking the Chott Djerid to the east and the Chott Melrhir to the

west.

At noon, Paul and his weary line of Legionnaires reached the road, a dirt track that crisscrossed the steep side of the plateau all the way to the summit. Beside them, the Chott rose to the rock of the plateau, then spread out to the far eastern horizon. If the dead lake ever hoped to reduce the sides of the plateau, those desires were broken long ago when the water had gone. The ancient inroads of the small dry landlocked sea were only preserved in caves, secret grottos, and salt-scaled stone.

Paul and his men commenced the long torturous climb. With only the sounds of hooves against stone echoing out into the open drop beside them to the south, they kept a smooth pace, never faltering even as the sun descended past zenith, heralding the hottest part of the day. His own hunger and fatigue reminded Paul of the needs of his men. Halfway up, he raised his hand, and like a machine, the men trained to action immediately dismounted and sought any shelter for themselves and their horses. Paul lifted himself out of the saddle and slumped down into the shade of a large overhang. He looked at his watch and nodded to Sergeant le Boehm. The Sergeant conveyed Paul's signal to the rest of the troop, and the men settled to eat the canned rations they each marked for their dinner. The Legionnaires were nearly invisible except the flankers and pointmen conspicuous at their guard. They stood carefully attentive and waited their turn in the shade and with their food.

Paul opened potted meat and canned bread, both rancid with the heat, but he ate them anyway, and washed down his meal with a can of peaches and a mouthful of iodine-flavored water. Le Boehm changed the guards, and after another thirty minutes, Paul signaled the Sergeant. Le Boehm's piercing whistle announced the march, and they took up the arduous climb again.

The troop reached the top of the plateau just as the sun was casting long shadows like fingers across the sand and stone. Flanked by the villages of Nefta and Tozeur, Fort Saint loomed in black relief. The sunlight streamed like an open oven, washing from the west around them. Even as it dropped, the disk of the sun still fanned the land with the strength of a furnace. It touched the edges of the buildings with red

and yellow fire.

The walls of Fort Saint, a great square of brooding brick and stone, were cast in the design of a thousand years of continuous warfare. They were crenulated, six meters thick, faced with two meters of homogeneous granite. A tower rose above the thin plain on each of the four corners of the fort, ten meters high, twice the height of the walls. From the top of the towers, the guards could observe both the northern and southern approaches to the plateau. They could look full into the depths of both of the dead lakes—Djerid and Melrhir, both at the bottom of unscalable rock cliffs. The fort sat at an angle so the towers were aligned toward each compass point. Its main gate was situated squarely in the center of the southeastern wall.

The Muslims had built Fort Saint when they had conquered Tunisia during the original Jihads. The Fort was taken over by the French in the middle of the 19th century, after Tunisia became one of their colonies. It served the same purpose now as it did when it was built: to protect the coastal cities from the desert tribes.

Around the fort, the windswept ground was textured with holes, scree, and—sand. The sand lodged wherever it could find a crevasse or projection to hold it, and piled along anything that was stationary. The ground directly before Fort Saint was unusually flat, forming a large rectangular area. From the towers, Paul earlier noted the exactness and full dimensions of this area, and in his spare time, he measured it.

Paul found the sides, although the corners were hidden in blown sand. Using his best approximation, they were nearly the same length. The sides of the area lay aligned with the compass, the long sides to the north and south, 50 meters in length by 40 meters in width. By the ancient Egyptian scale, that was approximately 100 by 80 royal cubits.

Paul estimated the level of the area exceeded almost two centimeters over the entire shape. The perfection of the alignment and level and the measure of the area excited his archeological interest. Before he'd become a soldier, Paul had studied archeology....



Paul spent his childhood in many countries and places. The dictates of his family's profession left him to spend his early years in the cities of the colonies of France: Libya, Morocco, Tunisia, Algeria, and British Palestine. He fought and played in the streets with the children of the colonial nations. It was only natural that he learned their languages and culture.

When Paul was twelve, his family finally returned to Paris. His father went there to accept the promised position he'd sought as his life-long ambition, and Paul was forced to learn a new culture and new way of learning. He longed for his past freedom, but he embraced the formal education his quick mind desired. In spite of his ready acceptance and incorporation into his own French heritage, he found himself aggravated with his peers; he viewed all things without the cultural boundaries they enshrined. In his mind cultural grays turned into absolute blacks and whites. He based his decisions on knowledge rather than traditions. This, instead of separating his new friends from him, seemed to attract them even more. He achieved a popularity and leadership he accepted but did not desire.

Paris provided him much more than this experience of his own French heritage. Although Paul spent some years in the lands of antiquity, he had no exposure to the treasures of those places. In the Louvre, for the first time, he came face to face, with the ancients. The beautiful articles from the past intrigued and beguiled him. He spent hours studying them. The mummies and artifacts of Egypt, especially, cast a spell over him. Though technically too young for the classes, he attended every lecture presented on this particular subject. There he learned of the work of Jean Francois Champollion, who first deciphered the Egyptian hieroglyphics on the Rosetta Stone, and then he knew the future life had prepared him to seize.

To Paul, it seemed only natural he should enter the Academie des Sciences of the Institut de France to study Egyptology and Theology.

His father was a military courtier—a man of stern discipline and unrelenting decorum. When Paul broached his plans over the family table, his father stared with incredulity. "I and your grandfather and his father have all served France as army officers. This service is not good enough for you?" He didn't give Paul time for a reply. "I have prepared

a position for you in the Military Academy. You are expected to fill this position.”

Paul had not expected his father’s negative response. “Father, I have spent my life in Paris aspiring to attend the Academie des Sciences. The study of the ancients is already my life, and it will be my profession—”

“But it is not the profession of the family Bolang. We have honor and position to uphold. I cannot allow my only son to spit in my face to fulfill his desires. What of my desires? What of the desires of your family?”

Paul looked slowly around the formal table. The crystal, china, and silver were lifeless and inhuman. The sudden stillness of each of the members of his family turned them into caricatures as lifeless as these inanimate objects. His father’s hands were balled into fists. His unblinking eyes flashed their intense displeasure. His mother looked on Paul with pity, as though he was throwing away the future generations of the family Bolang. His sisters sat in stony and unmoving silence. No one risked the displeasure of their father and no one willfully disobeyed him.

But to Paul, the decision was easy. “The family Bolang will stand—and progress and continue—no matter what profession I follow. I’m sorry, but I cannot comply with your advice or your dictates, Father.”

Paul stood, bowed, and an amazed silence followed him as he walked out of the dining room, out of the house, and into a scholarship at the Academie des Sciences.

His father’s disappointment became an unassailable barrier between them for years.

Meanwhile Paul’s gift for languages and his keen determination—at least as strong as his father’s—brought him honor and professional acclaim. By his sixth year of study, then a graduate student working toward his Ph.D., Paul had made a good start in the direction of continuing the work of translating Egyptian hieroglyphics and language that Jean Francois Champollion had started.

The Great War changed all that.

The draft didn’t spare any able-bodied man, and Paul was conscripted into the French Army to fight in the trenches along the

static battlelines. He was enlisted as a private. Paul approached his new, forced, position in life both academically and stoically. The common officers were fools. The men were like sheep led to a slaughter. Paul waited his chance.

His unit spent only a few weeks training. Then, as yet unbloodied, they were marched to the front. Streams of the wounded, dead, and maimed were carried, hobbled, or rode from the front as his unit marched toward the battlefield ahead of them.

Finally, his battalion received their orders, and they lined up in an orderly row in a forward assault trench near the German forces. The trench was a quarter filled with water, excrement, and mud. On one side stood a forested hill and on the other a plain of barbed wire.

Their Lieutenant shook as he read his orders. Then, like a teacher instructing slow-witted students, he explained them to the expectant soldiers: "You must run in the face of the enemy fire and take the first set of German trenches." This seemed simple enough. With this man in command, Paul knew, their assault was doomed to failure.

From far behind the lines, to signal the attack, the French artillery fired a salvo into the German trenches. A ragged cheer encouraged the men forward, and on all sides, French soldiers rushed out of the trenches.

Only thirty meters into their charge, Paul's Lieutenant was shot in the head and fell dead at his feet. The men, surprised and awed by the suddenness and immediacy of death, flattened themselves to the ground. The hail of bullets and bursting shells was relentless. They all clasped the furrowed and protective earth unmindful of the mission and their orders.

Paul intuitively took the officer's whistle and baton. Heedless of the enemy fire, he stood up and called the men to regroup. 'Up. Up, and follow me.' They stood reluctantly, sheepishly, and he led them at a run to the lea of the hill. Here the trees gave them some shelter from the flying shrapnel. Quickly, before they could protest, Paul organized them into five squads of ten. Then he led them over the hill and directed their attack against the German positions. From the hillside, they descended like avenging angels on the German line. Under Paul's guidance, they overwhelmed two machine-gun nests and turned the

weapons on their owners. Paul's capture of that part of the trench took enough pressure off the other struggling French attacks that they could complete the assault. All along the line, the French forces signaled success.

Paul was exhilarated. He settled his men into their new defensive positions. They held the German trench easily until they were ordered to retreat. Paul was incredulous. They had given their blood for this bit of land, and he refused to yield it up. Eventually, they faded back with the rest of the line to their previous positions. And soon the Germans took back the empty trenches.

When his part in the leadership of the battle became known, Paul was promoted to Sergeant. Before long, he had progressed through the ranks and in notoriety, until he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Army of France.

Leadership and authority seemed natural to Paul. Men felt no reluctance to entrust their lives to him. On the deadly battlefields of the Great War, Paul discovered a new love, a new profession. His family's profession: killing, warfare. The knowledge he gleaned from the study of antiquity paid dividends in the business of war. The same battle strategies that worked for Alexander, Napoleon, and Frederick also worked for him.

Paul gained proficiency in war like a man born to slaughter. He marched to the tunes of the martial airs and was obsessed with them. When the war ended—the last war, the war to end all wars—he was deflated and morose.

He marched into Paris with command orders and his family greeted him at the elite Garrison de Paris. His father kissed both his cheeks. "Paul, you brought honor back to our family."

His mother touched his rank with astonishment and pride. She hugged him while tears streamed down her cheeks. "I am just happy you are back with us and alive, my son."

But Paul was even more astonished to learn the orders gave him a command in the Garrison de Paris itself.

His father said, "Your successes are well-known among my friends. I easily convinced them to honor you with this command. The foolishness of the past is forgotten and forgiven."

Paul almost seamlessly reentered the daily formal life of his family. He immersed himself into the training and duties of his command. With enthusiasm, he renewed part-time study at the Academie des Sciences, still hoping to earn his doctoral degree.

In the first few months after returning to Paris, Paul realized with amazement that he was unhappy—unhappy with his peacetime military command, unhappy with the university, and unhappy with what he had become. And, he realized, he was addicted to slaughter. He could not explain his feelings to his parents. He only knew what the answer must be.

His father didn't try to hold him back this time. "Paul, Paul?" was all he could repeat—an agony of questions without any complete answers from his peculiar son. His mother begged him to stay. His friends said nothing. They were all either dead or graduates. He was not missed at the Academy. The prejudice of liberal studies against the military was too strong to accept even a war hero. None of these things could hold him—could prevent him from fulfilling his new calling.

Paul sought out the Legion Etrangere, the French Foreign Legion, and in that brotherhood found a bosom of relief. In the familiar colonies of France, there was killing enough, there were rights to wrong, and he could vent the peculiarities of his nature in the deaths of evil men.



After seven years in Tunisia, now a Lieutenant in the French Foreign Legion, and one year as the Vice Commandant of Fort Saint, Paul rediscovered the mystery and power he divined long ago—the study of Egyptology. He was not idle in the intervening years, simply unexcited. He kept up his own studies in the field. He spent his salary on the newest books and some archeological pieces from far-off Cairo.

His studies were not in vain. When, on that initial day, his Vice Commandant orders tucked in his coat pocket, Paul had ridden l'Orage to Fort Saint, the first thing he noticed was the almost perfectly flat area in front of the fort. He was compelled to dismount and run his

hand along the unusually smooth surface.

For a long time after that, except to train the fort's troops on it, Paul was too busy with the affairs of Fort Saint to bother with the rectangular area. But nearly six months of observation of the flat slab of stone developed Paul's curiosity. He finally took a shovel and cleared off the least-covered, southwestern corner.

The sand was deep, but after an hour, Paul's shovel finally clanged against stone. After a few more minutes, he cleared the top of the corner. Paul gently brushed the remaining sand from the stone, and his grazing hand caught first in a smooth lip and then in an obvious deep impression. He blew the remaining granules off the stone. In the wake of his breath, a carving was revealed to him. Perfectly preserved in the hard stone was the engraving of a hand with the index finger extended and a square beneath it. Engraved deeply enough to last for ages, it looked like an Egyptian glyph, but it was like no Egyptian hieroglyphic Paul had ever seen before. It did not match any known form of glyph. It was unusual in its execution, and at the top of the stone, thin cornices were chiseled into the slab as if it once supported a cornerstone. The thought seemed impossible: could this flat space once have supported an Egyptian building?

Paul uncovered the opposite northwestern corner. Again, he found the glyph of a hand with the index finger extended, above a square. He spent an hour walking from one corner to the other. The hieroglyphics were set opposed, which was common in Egyptian inscriptions, the wrists toward the northern and southern walls, the fingers almost facing one another; however, the marks angled slightly. They mirrored an angle to the west. Paul found this unfathomable—how could the precise measure of the walls give way to the mirrored imprecision of the glyphs?

The idea of an Egyptian building here was incredible. If the find could be authenticated, it would move the known influence of the ancient Egyptians at least a thousand kilometers to the west. Such knowledge would be revolutionary....

For more of the story, read on...

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A Season of Honor BOOK THREE

Baron Shawn du Locke must choose between
honor and desire...with the fragile peace of the
Human Galactic Empire hanging in the balance.

The End of Honor

BOOK ONE



An intragalactic war
threatens to tear apart
the Human Galactic Empire...

The death-knell of the Human Galactic Empire has sounded—it is the crash of an axe against the virgin white marble of the Hall of Accords. It is the bitten-off cry of the Lady Lyral Neuterra, whose head lies sundered from her smooth shoulders. It is the death of the Emperor at the hand of his own son. It is the whirlwind of a thousand ships sent to enforce the new Emperor's will. And only Prince John-Mark, the Emperor's youngest son, can bring the Empire back from the edge—back to peace and honor.

Prince John-Mark had intended to wed the Lady Lyral—now he can only mourn her. Revenge is his great desire, but he cannot be revenged without tearing apart the civilization and people he loves....

For more information about L.D. Alford and *The End of Honor*:

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The Fox's Honor

BOOK TWO



It was a time of treachery and vengeance...
of Nobility and redemption...
all because of love.

Prince Devon Rathenberg, the Emperor's Fox and chief of intelligence, has fallen in love with the Lady Tamar Falkeep—the third daughter of the least Duke in the Human Galactic Empire. But custom dictates they can never marry.

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A Season of Honor

BOOK THREE



Baron Shawn du Locke must choose between honor and desire...with the fragile peace of the Human Galactic Empire hanging in the balance.

Shorn of his lands, regency, title, father, lady, and name, the only thing left to the Baron Shawn du Locke is his honor. Nothing in the past has shaken it and nothing would cause him to compromise it—until he meets the Lady Elina Acier.

Elina Acier is the last hope of the Noble Houses of the Human Galactic Empire. To protect the planet Acier from the Emperor, she must marry a Duke's son.

Before Shawn meets Elina, he vows to convey her to the Imperial Capital to marry Duke Nior's son. But Elina is a startling lookalike for her cousin, Shawn's long-dead love, the Lady Lyral Neuterra. Shawn once loved Lyral enough to grant her his House and fight a war in her name. Now he is honor-bound to deliver Elina, Lyral's "twin," to marry another man.

Shawn must safely deliver Elina to the Imperial Capital before the Emperor discovers and kills Elina, and before her presence drives him insane...or he falls in love.

For more information about L.D. Alford and *A Season of Honor*:

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About the Author



“The finest escape in literature is an escape into a real and inviting culture,” asserts novelist **L.D. ALFORD**. He enjoys exploring with originality and intimacy those cultures and societies we think we already know in order to build compelling tales that make ancient and future worlds real to his readers. His stories uniquely explore the connections between events close and familiar and those possible—all woven together with threads of reality and fascinating technology that bring

the past alive.

L.D. Alford is familiar with both technology and cultures. He is an experimental test pilot with over 6000 hours in more than 60 different kinds of aircraft. He also served in worldwide military operations as a member of three different operational combat squadrons. L.D. earned a B.S. in Chemistry from Pacific Lutheran University, an M.S. in Mechanical Engineering from Boston University, and is a Ph.D. candidate in Aerospace Engineering at the University of Dayton. He is a graduate of Air War College, Air Command and Staff College, and the US Air Force Test Pilot School. He is widely traveled and has spent long periods in Europe and Central America. He is a featured writer for **www.WingsoverKansas.com** and the author of the acclaimed novels *Centurion*, *The Second Mission*, and *The Chronicles of the Dragon* and the Fox series (*The End of Honor*, *The Fox's Honor*, *A Season of Honor*). He has also written and published over 40 technical articles.

L.D. Alford is currently working on the sequels to *Aegypt: The Goddess of Light* and *The Goddess of Darkness*.

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