



RISEN

BOOK #6 OF THE
VAMPIRE LEGENDS

EMMA KNIGHT

RISEN

(book #6 of the Vampire Legends)

emma knight

Also by Emma Knight

SWORN (Book #1 of the Vampire Legends)

TAKEN (Book #2 of the Vampire Legends)

BITTEN (Book #3 of the Vampire Legends)

CHOSEN (Book #4 of the Vampire Legends)

AWAKENED (Book #5 of the Vampire Legends)

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CHAPTER ONE

Rachel held Benji's face in her hands as he leaned in to kiss her, and she had never felt skin so smooth. His eyes opened, and in those eyes, she could see all the love shining out towards her. She felt hypnotized. As their lips met, she felt herself transported to another world, his lips so smooth, the kiss magical.

She opened her eyes, and looked at him and he said, "I love you with everything that I am."

She looked into his eyes and tried to remember. She was confused.

"Who are you?" she asked. She felt deep inside her soul that she knew him, but somehow she could not remember.

"Don't you remember?" Benji asked.

She tried with everything that she had, but she just could not remember.

Suddenly, Benji started slipping away from her. Falling backwards, over a cliff. She reached out to grab him, but

she felt him slipping away and watched horrified as he went plunging down, disappearing into a cloud.

Rachel blinked and found herself standing in front of her grandmother's house. She lifted her finger to ring the doorbell, but saw that it was broken and hanging from its socket. She then made a tight fist and knocked loudly on the stained glass front door, waiting for her to open it. She heard the pitter patter of footsteps coming towards the door and as she opened the large door, which creaked on its hinges, there stood an old lady with long straight gray hair, staring back at her with fierce eyes.

Before she knew it, her grandmother, who looked nothing like the woman she'd remembered grabbed her and threw her into the dungeon of her house. There were other kids trapped in there, screaming for their freedom. She heard the door slam behind her and watched the woman, who she thought to be her grandmother walking away coldly, screaming, "You will stay here until you die my kiddies!"

Rachel's body jolted and then she started to see her body shaking in front of her. She was no longer in the dungeon, but now she was at the top of a grand castle somewhere,

she couldn't make out where though. She stood there watching as an outsider her body morph into something she couldn't quite make out. Her fingernails grew long talons, and her teeth grew into fangs, her skin became sensitive and the small tiny hairs stood on their ends at the sight of the animals roaming around down below. She felt the shirt she was wearing begin to tear on the back as her wings protruded out of them. Her wings were big, bigger than any bird she'd ever seen and they were clear and scaly, she could see through them all the way down to her bones and the blue blood vessels flowing through them. Then, as if she couldn't wait one more second to taste the blood of the animals below she leapt high into the air, higher than she'd ever leapt before and waited for her wings to spring into action, but they didn't. Rachel let out the loudest scream as she fell down to her death on the ground far below and then started twitching and convulsing.

She woke sweating and with a jolt as the train came to a halting stop. "Last and final stop of this train is Simmesport. Please check around you seat for all your personal belongings and make your way to the front of the

train. I repeat, this is the last stop on this train. Everyone must get off.”

Rachel rubbed her eyes and looked around her. The once jam-packed and crowded train was empty with not a soul in sight. She peered out the window and saw that it was pitch black outside and there were no lights to be seen. She looked down at her watch and it read 1:05am. She couldn't believe that she'd been sleeping on the train for so long. It was as if she just boarded and now, all of a sudden it was already her stop. She was excited to be here, yet she felt incredibly groggy from her sleep. It was as if she couldn't fully wake up, she splashed water on her face, but that didn't help. She knew she had to find her grandmother's house and get into bed.

She started to pack up all her belongings when the train came to a screeching halt. The lights started flickering on and off on the train as the conductor came back on the loud speaker, “Everyone must get off the train. I repeat, get off the train now.”

She didn't know if this was a normal loudspeaker notice, or if something was wrong with the train. She couldn't understand why the lights would be flickering

uncontrollably or why the conductors tone would be so harsh. Either way, she knew she had to move quickly and get to the front car of the train.

She swung her backpack over her shoulders and gathered her sweatshirt and jacket and started running towards the front of the train. The train started to move slowly again as it made its way into the station and then jolted to a stop. She pulled open the heavy metal door in between the train cars. It took all her might to get it open, but when she finally did, she had to run across the vestibule into the other train car directly in front of her. Again, she grunted as she forced the door open and she walked into an empty train car. It was as if she was the only person going to Simmesport.

Then, out of nowhere, a man appeared, wearing a full camouflage outfit with combat boots. He quickly looked at Rachel and then grabbed her quickly, covering her mouth with his large, grimy hand. She dropped her bag and the items in her hands and started flailing. He took out a spray and sprayed it into the air, causing her to cough and sneeze uncontrollably. He then dragged her back toward the back of the train and into the sleeper car.

“You better be quiet, girl. You hear me?” the man said in a southern accent.

“Get off of me!” Rachel screamed, as she felt the man’s heavy body push her down onto one of the cots as he forced his body onto hers.

“There aint nobody here to save you now. They think this car is empty,” the man said.

Rachel let out a scream and then, before she knew it, her body started shaking and a surge of power flooded her body. She grabbed the man by the balls, twisted her hand and then threw him off of her and he landed, crashing down into the isle next to her.

“Who do you think you are girl?” he said, lying there on the floor, with blood on his face.

Rachel couldn’t help but get a whiff of the blood that was oozing out of his chin. Despite his nastiness, his blood smelled good to her. She felt her long talons growing out of her fingernails and then she raised her hand up and swooped it down, scratching his face entirely so it was bleeding all over.

The man let out a piercing yell, which was louder than she’d ever heard anyone scream. She had to act fast and

get off this train, but she couldn't just leave him there on the floor, fighting for his life.

She leaned down and whispered to him, "You messed with the wrong girl!"

Then, her fangs protruded and she sunk her big teeth into his throat, sucking his blood out, laughing loudly as his body convulsed to its death.

CHAPTER TWO

Rachel finally made her way to the front of the train, looking back with her every step to make sure nobody had just seen what she'd done. She couldn't even believe what she'd just done. She heard a noise behind her, which made her jump, but when she turned around there was nobody there. She replayed the last fifteen minutes in her head and was almost certain that creepy guy was dead, but now she had doubts. What if he were still alive and out to get her? The thought of that frightened her terribly, as got off the train onto the desolate platform.

"Get home safely," the conductor said, as she disembarked the train.

"Uh huh," Rachel said, still shaken up by the whole thing.

"Everything ok young lady?" he asked.

Rachel turned to him and snapped out of her funk, "Oh yes! Yes, I'm fine," Rachel said, trying to play it cool. After

all, she didn't want to be a suspect when they find the guy dead in the train.

As she stood there, she heard a loud beeping noise as all the train doors shut. The train horn sounded and then chugged along the tracks, with its cabin lights off. She looked around the concrete platform, which was lit up by only a few dimly lit lights above her head.

She was alone, no one else in sight. The sound of the crickets rang loudly in her ear and she couldn't stop swatting the bugs away from her face. She didn't know where she was or where to go next. She pulled out her cell phone to check the map but when she powered it on she realized she was in a dead zone. She walked to the other end of the platform thinking maybe she'd get a better signal there, but it didn't help, she still had zero bars.

She walked down the stairs and into the large dark parking lot of the station. She was hoping to see a taxi, or a car waiting to pick someone up, or anything. She wanted to see any sign of life in this town, but it was dead quiet and not a soul around but herself. She started walking down the road, still thinking that she was hearing things coming from behind her. Maybe she was paranoid because every time

she turned around there was nobody there. She started to panic and work herself up. Her heart began to race as her steps grew quicker and quicker until she found herself running quickly down the streets of the town.

She came to a four way intersection, but didn't know which way to turn. She looked down each road, but they all looked the same, quiet and dead. No sign of life ahead in either direction so she stayed straight, and continued along her path.

She then heard the sound of a motorcycle coming up from behind her. It's loud revving sound, reminded her of something, but she couldn't put her fingers on it. The noise made her feel safe, but she didn't know why. It was almost as if she expected someone to come and rescue her on a motorcycle. It was a weird feeling though, because she'd never known anyone who rode a motorcycle, and had never been on one before. Despite that, she turned around to see its one bright headlight shining right in her eyes.

"Stop! Stop!" Rachel screamed as she tried to hail down the motorcycle.

"STOOOOOPPPPPPP!" Rachel yelled again, as it passed her by without even slowing down.

She couldn't believe it. How could they not have stopped? Did they not see her? She stood there for a moment dumbfounded on the side of the road, and then heard a loud rattling noise in the brush beside her which made her jump and start running again. She'd never been a runner before, but right now, she felt like she could run forever. She was high on adrenaline and needed to find safety or some sign of life here. Until she did, she didn't feel comfortable or safe.

Then, about five minutes later as her run turned into more of a sprint for safety as she continued to look back over her shoulder, she heard the loud engine of a tractor trailer pulling up behind her. The air breaks making noise as it chugged around the corner. Rachel quickly turned and started jumping up and flailing her arms in hopes the driver would notice her and stop.

"STOP! STOP! HELP ME!" she yelled loudly, although she was quite sure he couldn't hear her over the loud noises of the truck. Then, as if by magic, the truck driver stopped right next to her and rolled down his window.

"Are you ok?" the driver asked. "What are you doing out here at this hour?"

"I, um, I am lost," Rachel said, shyly. The second she said that, she started kicking herself because she knew she shouldn't have admitted to being lost. Now she was a target in this guy's eyes. He could do anything to her. She'd always remembered her parents telling her never to speak to strangers and never ever tell someone you're lost or you can't find your way. She knew this could turn out to be a bad situation, but she weighed her current options, and given that they were both unfavorable, she had nothing to lose. She could die out on these streets alone.

"Where are you trying to go?" the driver asked.

She looked up at the man and surveyed him, before answering. He wore a brown straw hat with a big gold buckle and a green and navy flannel short sleeved shirt. He had a pipe in his mouth and as he spoke you could hear the years of tobacco had taken a toll on his vocal chords.

"I'm going to my grandmothers, but I seem to have lost my way," Rachel admitted.

"What's her address, maybe I can help," the driver said, smiling down from high up in his truck.

Rachel reached into her pocket and pulled out a small piece of paper with her grandmother's address on it.

“12 Maple Way,” she said, and then looked up.

“Hmm...12 Maple Way. I think I know where that is. You need a ride?” he asked.

Rachel knew never to take a ride from strangers, but at this moment it felt like the right thing for her to do. After all, this guy didn’t seem like a predator, nor did she think he’d hurt her.

“Um, sure. Only if it’s on your way thought. I don’t want to put you out,” she added.

“Put me out? Don’t be silly. I couldn’t let you out here on these streets alone. It’s not safe out here. You’re lucky you made it as far as you have,” the driver said.

Feeling increasingly scared and nervous to be on these unknown streets, Rachel quickly said yes, and climbed high into the passenger seat of the car. She turned to the driver and surveyed him again. He seemed like a good, honest guy, but she couldn’t be sure. She trusted her gut and smiled back at him as the truck pulled away down the dark empty road.

CHAPTER THREE

Rob couldn't wait for one more second to see Rachel. He was so happy that he finally found her house in Pennsylvania, or at least he thought he'd found her house. All signs pointed towards this one, and as he stood there, staring at the modest house on the corner of the street, his heart began to race. This could be the beginning of his great love with Rachel, he thought to himself. He couldn't wait to see her, and after a second of wallowing in his daydreams, he ran quickly up the front walkway and rang the doorbell.

Nobody answered.

He made a fist with his hand and banged loudly on the front door. He waited for a minute, and then heard a voice calling from inside.

"Could ya hold on for a second?"

Rob stood there, excited and nervous all at the same time. He knew this was the moment he'd been waiting for