

HAYMEE

and the
Traveler's Stone

by

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an illustrated, paranormal, adventure series

Book One: Awakened Seed

Book Two: Need To Feed

Book Three: Burden of the Powerful

Book Four: The Traveler

Book Five: Upholder's Redemption

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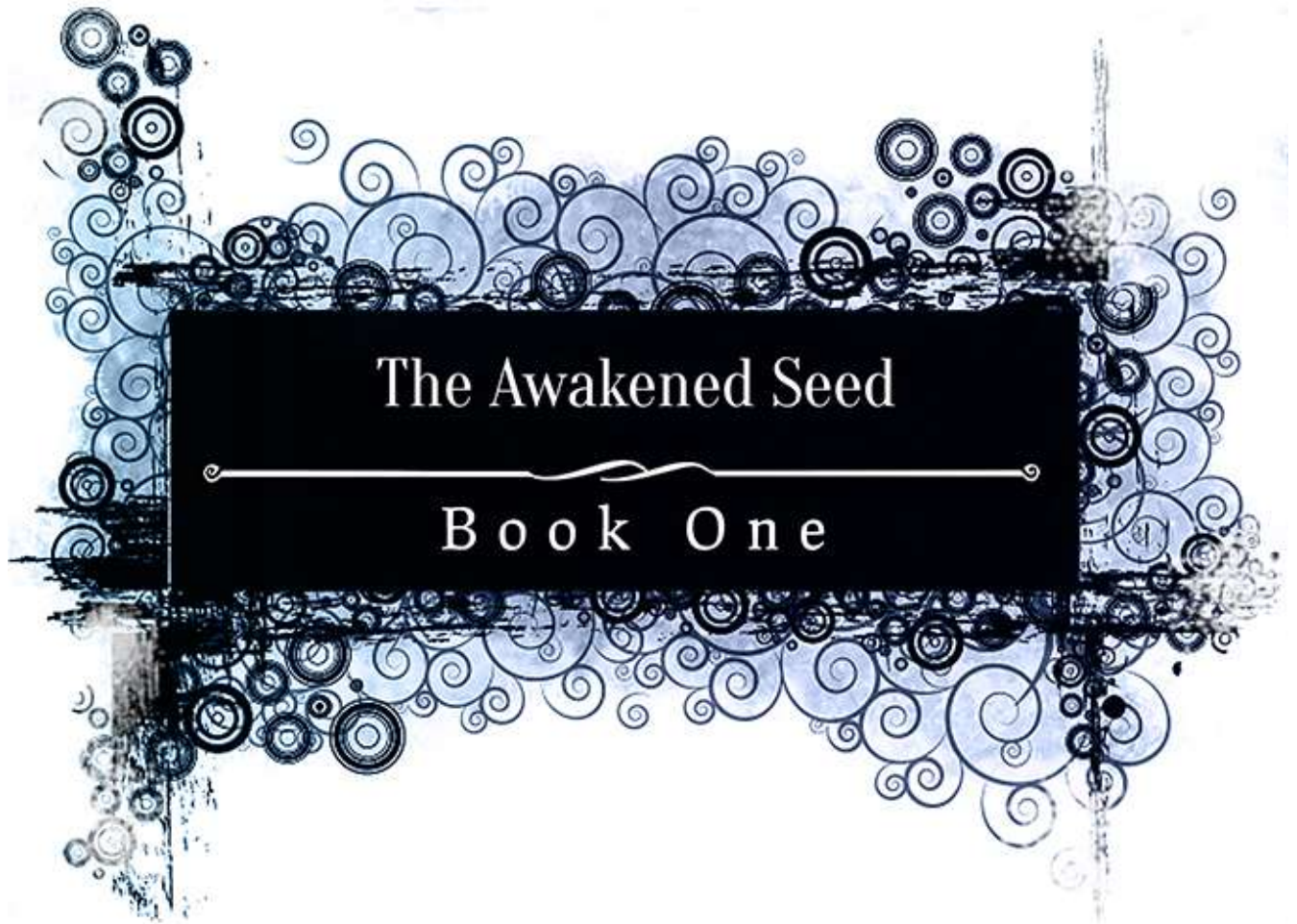
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Progress of flesh begins the bloom.

Present since planetary formation, Star beings slumber in repose. Located in the far reaches of the deep Mother blood, their state would be very close to what one might think of as hibernation. However, if the strict definition of the word were taken into account, it would not accurately describe it.

Chapter 1 - Outing
Summer, 1972

To spend a day in town was a treat for the Garrett family. The 120 acre walnut farm that they owned and worked on took up more than a significant amount of their time.

Five-year-old Haylee sat on a cool plastic chair. The air-conditioning raised bumps on her exposed skin, but it felt refreshing after coming in from the heat outside. With her hands pressing flat on the table, she swiveled her chair from left to right then back the other way again, repeating this over and over. She liked how the skin below her shorts stuck to the seat.

Mommy is getting napkins and ketchup, Daddy is waiting for our food, and I am saving our table!

“Haylee, sit still.” Her mom scolded gently, as she returned. Doris unfolded several napkins and arranged them in the shape of a placemat in front of her daughter.

“Will I get sit to on the Hamburgler statue like those kids over there?” Haylee pointed. “Sweetheart, that’s not polite.” Doris reached over to push Haylee’s arm down. “Yes - after we’ve eaten lunch.” She looked up as her handsome husband approached carrying a plastic tray loaded with cups and neatly wrapped packages. A smile formed on her face as she watched female heads turning in his direction.

“This sure smells good!” Eugene commented, oblivious to the attention he attracted.

Doris and Gene busied themselves with removing the items from the platter. A small box of fries, a hamburger and a soda were arragned on Haylee’s napkins.

Her parents chatted amicably as Haylee began to sample a few fries and unwrap the paper that covered her hamburger. Suddenly the expression on her face grew serious. She lifted her knees up one at a time, unsticking her legs and tucking her hands beneath them. Haylee looked down at the floor so that her hair made a curtain around her face.

It took the adults a few seconds before they realized that their daughter’s demeanor had drastically changed.

“Hay, Hay what the matter?” her dad asked.

Her mother, sitting beside her, placed a comforting hand on her back. “Honey, tell us what’s wrong.”

Haylee’s eyes brimmed with tears as she looked up to meet her mother’s gaze, then dropped to the table.

“I can hear them.” she whispered.

For a brief moment, with eyes wide, Doris remained unmoving. Then she went into action, rewrapping the offending object.

“What on earth are you doing D? She needs to eat that.” Gene was irritated.

In clipped tones Doris replied, “I forgot to tell you that the last time we went to the pediatrician, Dr. Webber mentioned that red meat may cause stomach aches. Could you go order her a grilled cheese instead?”

Gene huffed but went to fulfill his wife’s request.

Doris turned and looked earnestly at her child. “Haylee, what did you mean?”

“I can hear the cows Mommy.....”

Chapter 2 - Together Alone

1974

Losing a mother at seven had been incredibly painful, but losing a father at the same time, even though he was still alive, had been devastating.

Gene had turned away from Haylee. He barely spoke and would not look at her. Unable to find comfort with a parent who used to be loving, safe and strong, Haylee grew angry. She yelled at the mothers from her class who came by the house. “Stop trying to hug my Daddy! And stop bringing us food! We don’t want you! We can take care of ourselves!”

Her friends at school felt awkward, not knowing what to say or how to engage with her anymore. Haylee was mad at them because they still had their mothers.

Haylee, once a happy, outgoing girl, had become a loner. She coped the best way she could, by caring for their animals, cooking their meals, talking to herself, and by staying out of her father’s sight as much as possible.

Chapter 3 - Awakening Changes

Elverta, California

November 12, 1984

4:40 p.m.



She was sure that she had a migraine, even though she'd never had one before. Excruciating pain started at her temples and radiated out like pinpoint pricks of burning sparks throughout her entire body. Haylee, with eyes squinted into slits, had to forcefully refrain from groaning as each step sent waves of nausea washing over her. She drew in deep breaths in an attempt to keep her stomach contents where they belonged. Concentrating only on walking softly, Haylee slowly managed to the half-mile walk down her driveway. It felt like it took forever.

The cool interior darkness that enveloped her as she crossed the threshold offered a fleeting sense of relief. Within moments, she was clammy and trembling again.

She held onto the walls to make her way to the bathroom. Once there, she let her book bag drop to the floor and crawled like a suffering supplicant toward the porcelain deity. After twenty minutes of dry heaves, she thankfully welcomed its cool countenance along the side of her face as she crouched there, embracing it for another ten minutes.

When it appeared that her world had ceased its sickening gyrations, she gingerly moved a few inches to test her theory.

OK, I think it's getting better, she thought. Although the prickling pain persisted, the nausea had abated slightly.

Stooping carefully to retrieve her bag, Haylee didn't bother to glance in the mirror as she shuffled toward her room. Returning shortly in her bathrobe, she reached in the shower to turn on the hot water. If she had not been so preoccupied, she would have been shocked by what the mirror revealed. Drenched by sweat, dark hair hung limply around an ashen face. Her lips were gray. A once straight, angular body had become more rounded.

Shakily, she stepped over the edge of the tub. The cascading water soothed her, but only temporarily. Lost in a dull haze of pain, but not knowing what else to do, Haylee stood there, eyes closed, remaining as still as possible.

In her misery, time was meaningless. At some point, her father started knocking on the bathroom door. Feebly, she responded to his questions. She was relieved when he finally left her alone. Long after the shower had turned cold and the house had become silent, she stepped out of the tub.

Laboriously, she put on her robe. The mirror reflected even more startling changes. Her hands and arms had begun to take on more pronounced lines. Her neck, shoulders, hips, and legs had developed a graceful quality. In a few short, painful hours, Haylee Garrett had begun a metamorphosis. The pain she experienced blinded her to all else, but somewhere in the back of her mind, it registered that her robe was too small.

Without turning on the lights, Haylee entered her room. Feeling for the electric blanket controls, she cranked the heat up to high. Crawling under the covers, she curled into a ball and wished that she could die...Anything that would allow her to escape the pain would be welcome.

November 13, 1984

6:24 a.m.

Early the next morning, Haylee became dimly aware of her father moving around as he prepared to go to work. Before he left, he cracked open her bedroom door. She squinted, turning her face away from the hall light.

“How are you feeling?” Gene asked.

“Better,” she mumbled.

She didn't see her father's indecision about whether or not to enter her room. His voice traveled across the distance from the doorway.

“You should stay home from school. Don't worry about your chores; I'll take care of everything.” Gene closed her door softly on his way out.

Lying there quietly, Haylee looked around the room as she assessed herself. She felt sticky. *My headache is gone and I don't feel sick to my stomach anymore.* Her electric blanket lay in a

warm heap on the floor. Switching off the heat, she leaned over to fling it back onto the bed. Burrowing back in, she contentedly closed her eyes.

Much later, she woke up as a ferocious growl came from her stomach. Throwing back the blankets and swinging her legs over the side in a hurry, Haylee stood up, shaking with such an intense hunger, she almost lost her balance.

“Geez,” she said while making a focused effort to remain steady. On wobbly legs, she headed across the floor. As she reached for the door, her eyes met those of her reflection in the full-length mirror. Haylee suddenly pulled back as if the doorknob were on fire. Stumbling, she fell down hard.

The person staring back at her did not look like the person she knew. At first, she thought that sometime during the night she had miraculously turned into her mother. On hands and knees, she crawled closer.

Her eyes had turned a deeper shade of hazel, with golden flecks. Their slight tilt at the outer edges, while noticeable before, was more pronounced, giving her an exotic look. Leaning on her knees, she reached up to pull her hair away from her honey-colored face. She took in all of the new planes and angles, as well as the full lips.

A quick glance down revealed full breasts jutting out from the soft material. Astonished, she released her hair to reach down to feel them. Cupping her hands, she tested their weight. She was amazed at how firm and round they were.

Still in shock, Haylee stood up to strip. She wanted to see everything. “Wow!” she muttered as she marveled at this new, very beautiful body. The shapely lines of her legs, hips, and buttocks were pleasing. She turned around so she could see her back, and then faced forward again. Her hands splayed over a tapered waist and once again returned to cup full breasts. Her eyes returned to her face.

The cold air caused goose bumps to rise. Her nipples tightened. Haylee was unprepared for the strength of these simple sensations. It was as if she could feel every hair standing up at attention.

Mystified as to what to do about any of this, Haylee just stared blankly. Just then, Oscar, her fluffy Siamese mix, rubbed himself around the edge of the door as he glided into her room. He stopped suddenly, arching his back, hissing. His alarm, uncertainty, and fear stopped all of the other thoughts in Haylee’s head.

