

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 59

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Chapter 59

Victor's POV

The more I heard of Alora's story, the more I admired her, the fact that she had survived all of that. Her life had been a nightmare, the pain she suffered deep. She became stronger, and was now free. To have suffered such as a pup, and to have to suffer molestation and an attempted rape from the man she thought was her father. Then she got to the explanation of her Sprite. Our Sprites, even for Hybrids, carry those scars instead.

She got up off the counter, and stood before us. Then she closed her eyes and said "Selena."

The tattoos I didn't even notice till now, turning to physical jewelry, a crown appearing across her forehead. Her hair, unbound itself from the double braids they had been in, the ties disappearing somewhere. It became a living moving shadow with thousands of tiny stars sparkling from it. Her body grew tall, to six foot four, she got a little leaner, almost as if she was stretched. Her curves stayed though, she had breasts large, round and perky, her bottom firm and round.

Her skin darkened to a dark chocolate, that's when they appeared. All those silver marks, they were everywhere, everywhere but her face, she even had scars on her neck. Some were obviously from a knife, others burns, and most from a whip.

"So many." I can't help but gasp out my horror at the pain she's so clearly suffered. The silver of her scars are flat to her skin, like silver paint, the darker the paint, the deeper the scar. My gasp had been echoed by the others in the room.

She's beautiful, even with all those scars. But those scars...the wounds they were from. My mind barely able to process the horrors she had gone through with each wound rendered, her torment so evident. Her power and strength radiated out from her, I was in the Presence of more than just a Lunar Princess. 3

This was my Clan Alpha. I go down to one knee in front of this powerful being, "I Victor Heartsong Bloodmoon swear to you my oath of loyalty, and beg acceptance as your Gamma." I say.

Jaxon kneels down next to me "I Jaxon Stone Mountainmover, swear to you my oath of loyalty, and beg acceptance as your Beta." He says.

She kneels down in front of us, we raise our eyes to her glowing Violet ones, the silver rim gleaming. She grabs my right hand in hers, I can't help but think her hands are beautiful as well, long strong fingers. Her nails long and pointy, with slightly rounded tips. No, those were not nails, those are claws, they're black, strong and sharp. –

While holding my hand, wrist up, she asks. "Do you swear by your blood?" In an echoing, mystic, and somehow lyrical voice. I nod my head, knowing this would mean I would be connected by more, than just the Clan Bond.

"Yes." I say in a firm tone.

She uses one of her magnificent claws to draw a line across my wrist, not cutting to the artery, just enough to draw a thin line of blood. With the same claw she opens a line on her own wrist. She brought both together "Then by your blood and mine I accept your oath of loyalty, you are now my Gamma, I claim you as Clan." Her voice echoed.

The magic of the blood oath shot through me in a scattering of electricity, not exactly painful, but not comfortable either. I felt it snap in pace, my connection complete. She was my Alpha, and I her Gamma. She turns to Jaxon, and in the same manner picks up his hand. 2

She asked him the same question. "Do you swear by your blood?"

Jaxon's answer was a firm "Yes" in his deep rumble.

Goddess I found it sexy, even within this serious moment. Then she accepts Jaxon's oath the same way, with a cut to both of their wrists, she puts them together. I wasn't comfortable seeing Jaxon bleed, it was an instinctive aversion to my mate being harmed.

"Then by your blood and mine I accept your oath of loyalty, you are now my Beta, I claim you as Clan." Her voice echoed each word with a power felt deep within our chests.

Her voice a song, a spell you couldn't ignore. I felt it when Jaxon connected to us, as Clan. He was not only my mate, he was my Beta. I shivered a little, remembering how Beta to my Gamma he had been in the shower. Clearing my throat, struggling to get my mind away from that extremely arousing memory.

I look up as she turns around, the Twins are standing behind her. They look at her, just staring, a look of almost worship in their eyes. Then in unison they kneel down as Jaxon and I had done.

I get to watch this from my prospective now. They say the same oath as we had, only it was to serve her as her Enforcers. She asks that same question, it was important, the start of the spell creating the blood bond.

They give their oath, I feel each one as they connect and she claims them as Clan. The bond snaps in place. It's so much deeper than that of other Clans. With her blood, and her voice invoking a spirit bond, she connected us all.

Claiming us as her Clan. I felt to serve this being, would be of the greatest honor. I could feel her power through our Clan bond now. She was so powerful. I look at my mate, he turns to me, our gaze connecting

I feel through our mate bond the same awe and gratitude of being granted the honor to serve this being. Mine and Jaxon's bond was deeper than normal. We were bound as werewolves, but I was a Hybrid, and Vampires created a blood bond with their mates.

When I had marked him, then fed, I had established both bonds. He would forever be able to connect to me, it would have to take immense Black Magic to interrupt our connection. Not for long though, the bond always, inevitably breaks through.

I love him so much already, it was filling my chest, I felt like I was overflowing with it, spilling it out

into our bond, so I could fill him with it. His eyes fill with his own emotion, then I feel it. His love for me, it wraps me up tight, holding me close, providing a comfort I didn't know I needed till now. Thank the Goddess for giving me this wolf as my mate.

She moves to where she can look at us all while she talks to us. "I am Selena" she says, her voice still a mystical, lyrical echo. "I am Alora's Sprite, and until yesterday, have been bound by Black Magic, keeping me from Alora." she reveals to us. Shocking Jaxon, my Father and me. "Truth is, neither Xena nor I were supposed to ever be able to connect with Alora."

My wolf and Sprite howl and rage in protest, my heart drops to my knees in the terror of what that must have been like. I know what it is to have them both with me. 'What must Selena have gone through, being kept from her human and wolf self.' What would I have felt had that had happened to us, a visceral protest roars through us as I think of that question. Never! I will never allow it!

"It was Bettina who had the chains spelled around us, binding our power, preventing us from reaching our ascension as a Lunar Princess." No! Why! I'm so shocked at this information. "She had it done when we were born with the wrong coloring." she tells us, such a horribly unacceptable reason, "Our Father is not Allister Frost Northmountain"

Well that was actually obvious, as Allister was a pure bred Werewolf. The sick pervert still deserved to be put down though. "We were the result of a one night affair, with a random Vampire Bettina met at a bar." she pauses a moment, looking at Jaxon, and me, then my Father, "I do know who our real Father is, and you will all be meeting him soon." my brow furrows in question at this, who could her Father be?

Her answer completely shocked me, to my core. I felt Jaxon's shock shoot through him just as mine had done me. "Our Father is Sabastian Night Dayblood," that was the name of... "The King of all Vampires." she finished. I could not have been more stunned, than if I had been hit with a with Taser. My new Clan Alpha was not just a Lunar Princess. Oh, no, she was the daughter to the King of all Vampires.

Making her both a Lunar and a Vampire Princess. How powerful was this being?

//////**Author's Note: I have to admit, I was teary eyed writting that last chapter, I had to stop a few times when the words would blure. I always wonderd before as a reader, reading those parts of the books that made me cry, did the Author cry a little writing them? Well this avidd reader, of a vast and eclectic range of romance, (for decades now, geez that makes me feel old, and I'm only 30) and new Author, I will say that yes, yes I did cry a little.

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Darian's POV

I don't know what made me do it. But when she got off the counter, I pulled out my phone, and started to record her transformation. Then everything else that followed, I was glad I did. I got the footage of her establishing her bond to her new Beta, her Gamma, and her two Enforcers. It was a magical moment that bound them tighter, than what bound my own Clan, or any other Clan.

I knew who I was going to send this recording to. I knew the security camera in the kitchen caught all of it, but only from above. Damien needed to see this angle too. The video and audio recording security camera was why Father usually had all these meeting in his office. Alora hadn't wanted to go to the office though, I knew it was because she was comfortable where she had been perched on the counter.

It had allowed her the courage needed to tell us the horrific details of her life. This had worked out in our favor though, in a way. That was because I was going to send Damien both video's tonight. I was wondering how we would explain everything to him, now we didn't. This would explain it to him for us. He would have to wait till he got home though, to ask the questions I knew he would have. (5)

I kept the recording going all the way through her explanation of who her father was. I nearly dropped the phone though as she explained why the Frosts and the Northmountains did what they had done, and how. Black Magic, they had blood bonded to Black Magic users. This was not good, and I suddenly couldn't wait for my brother to be here. We were going to need him.

When she was done explaining, Maximus comes forward. "I retire my title as Gamma of the Heartsong

Clan, and turn over the Clans bonds to you, Clan Alpha Alora Heartsong." He says.

He holds out his hand and she takes it, and draws a line across his wrist with her claw for him, pressing his line to hers "I Claim you and your Clan as my own, former Gamma, Maximus Heartsong Bloodmoon. I accept the Clan bonds into my possession as the Clan Alpha, Alpha Alora Luna Heartsong." Alora's voice layered with Selena's and Xena's as she accepts the bonds. I feel the power surround their connection as the bond switched over to Alora.

The impromptu ceremony was not over yet. She turned to my Father, the Alpha of Alpha's. She walks up to him, then kneels down, "I Clan Alpha Alora Luna Heartsong, swear by blood oath my and my Clans loyalty to you as Alpha of Alpha's" the pledge every Clan Alpha makes to the Alpha of Alpha's.

My Father then hands her his wrist, allowing her to draw the line across his, then does hers. He presses them together than says "I accept you and your Clans blood oath Clan Alpha Alora Luna Heartsong, I now claim you as Pack" I felt the connection of her and her entire Clan through the Pack bonds. So much power....I could feel it make our Packs power grow significantly.

The ceremony done, the bonds formed, Selena faded back from Alora. Allowing her to return to her normal form. Her braids that had come undone, when the ties had disappearing, weaved itself back into those braids, the ties reappearing. Alora standing in front of me with the face I was used to conino

seeing. But she was more now. Truly a Clan Alpha. She has been my best friend since we were ten.

To find out she had received some of those vicious beatings because of our friendship, had shredded me to pieces. Then she tells us that despite all that, Me and my family, were the very reasons she

survived. She was beaten because of us, but without us would have died. I wanted to cry, howl and rage at the injustice of it all. Those people were absolutely despicable.

I had to clutch Serenity closer to me, she understood. She could feel my turmoil through the bond, just as I could feel her sorrow and devastation over more of the horrors, Alora had gone through. More than what she had told us about earlier,

I was grateful we came into her life, but at the same time, I was troubled by the fact that our presence...had given them one more reason to hurt her. The reality was however, no matter what, they would have found another reason to beat her. Like she said, we gave her the tools to survive and escape those horrible, evil excuses for wolves.

No wonder she denounced them as Clan, not that she ever truly was of their Clan. They had never bonded her to them, one of their biggest mistakes. But not the biggest, those were going against the Goddess and treating Alora as they had.

The Goddess would see Justice was meted out, and it looked like Alora was the one who would do that. 'If Damien didn't get to them first' I thought to myself, thinking of the videos I was about to send him.

Jaxon's POV

I had to hold Victor to me as she told her story, every gory detail, burning it's way into my mind. Never to be forgotten. Her pain was laced through her voice as she told us everything. How? How had she been able to survive that? She told Darien, the Alpha and Luna, that they were the reason she was able to. But...the strength of will she would have had to have found.

Goddess my heart ached for all this female had suffered. My wolf wanted to seek out justice for our Alpha. Then she had transformed into Selena, her Sprite was magnificent. When the silver marks appeared, my wolf howled a protest at all she suffered, the proof of a pup's abuse evident on her adult body. The shapes of the scars showing the tools used to torture her.

What they had done to her, over and over again, was torture her. How?! I ask myself again, it's almost a shout in my head now. The horror this being had been through, and to have survived it. I would give her my loyalty. Watching my mate kneel, and profess his loyalty to her, I had done the only thing I could do. Kneel next to him with the same oath of loyalty.

The bonds snapping in place were stronger than the ones I'd had to the Mountainmover Clan. I knew my mate bond to Victor was stronger, I could feel his emotions. I could feel his love for me already, spilling into me, filling me up. I couldn't help but love him back, sending that love back through our bond, to wrap around him. I felt his pleasure at that.

Then I felt her accept our Clan bonds, felt the power of it. The responsibility of being Beta of the Heartsong Clan settling around me like a weight, I was meant to wear. She was now officially the Clan Alpha of the Heartsongs, and my mate was now the Gamma. Then there were the Pack Bonds, I'd been connected to the Pack before, but not like this. I could actually feel myself strengthening.

To be her Beta was to share in her power, and she was more powerful than I could have imagined. Being told her father was a Vampire wasn't as surprising as being told who her Father was. I mean, who would ever guess, he was THE King of all Vampires. The honor of serving as her Beta greater than anything I could have dreamed for myself.

I look at my mate. I wouldn't have found him like this if I hadn't joined her. Making her the person I should thank for bringing him to me. My mate looks at me, sensing my gaze on him. I see his eyes go soft, a sweet smile curving his lips. Taking his hand I draw him to me, my other hand going into the hair at his neck, gripping him I bring his face to mine in a deep kiss.

After a moment I hear the humming of “Can you feel the love tonight.” Then there’s a snicker, and that snicker sparked the laughter. My cheeks heated with a blush, and a smile to my lips. I look into my mate’s eyes, he’s got a smile too. The blush on his pale cheeks cute. Clearing my throat I look at everyone else. They all had smiles on their faces.

Darien says “Ok, I can see how funny that was, now that it’s not at my expense.” Laughter in his tone, this caused another round of laughter. Even if it is at our expense, I could still appreciate the humor. I had a feeling now that she was free, we would all get to see a whole new side to Alora. With all that has happened to her, she deserved to have happiness in her life.

The Alpha and Luna explained to us, that we would be meeting in the Pack Training grounds, with Master Brock at six in the morning. Then after lunch we would receive our crash course in etiquette with the Luna. Victor would be joining us, because this is something he was already trained for, so he would help. With the meeting officially over, the Alpha and Luna departed.

The Alpha told me to keep the Guest room for now, he would have quarters prepped next to Alora’s for me and Victor. Darien and Serenity headed for their own room. The Twins left with Alora, leaving me and Victor to our own devices. Each of us needing a break after having such an emotional encounter. I myself wanted to cuddle my mate, I needed to feel better after hearing that horror story.

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Damien’s POV

It felt so good to hear her voice in my ears. It soothed my wolf, soothed my own tension. I wish I was there with her now, but if all went well tomorrow morning, I could be there tomorrow night. Xander and I had not been the only ones, to get all the basics out of the way our first years here, the others had as well. This meant we were all able to get our sit down exams out of the way, our physical exam was tomorrow morning. O

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There were only six of us, meaning only three rounds for me, for each form, I would have nine battles tomorrow. I will fight each one as fast as I could, but I couldn’t be stupid about it, stupidity got you defeated and killed. I was the next Alpha of Alpha’s, I would win all my battles.

I hadn’t been able to resist asking her to sing. Her “Only for you Damien.” making me feel more than possessive. I was definitely a little jealous of the time

everyone else was getting with her. Time she deserved though, she deserved the warmth and love my family could give her. So although I was jealous, I would not bemoan any of their time together, nor will I in the future.

My mate needed a taste of normal in her life, at least as normal as you can get with a bunch of werewolves. At least if I was there, I could be next to her, be apart of giving her the happiness she deserves. I needed to be home, her telling me she missed me too, made that want all the greater. Almost a driving need I couldn't give into, until tomorrow afternoon.

I was laid out on my bed in my dorm apartment. Arms behind my head, trying to relax, so I could get some rest before tomorrows battles. I think about the times I caught Alora singing. I melt now internally, just as I had melted then.

The memory bringing forth those threads that had wrapped around me with her song. The connection feeling stronger than before, almost a chain like strength. I reveled in that feeling, that strengthening of the bond. It meant our mate bond when formed would be deeper....unbreakable.

My phone dings, interrupting my thoughts. It's from Darien, "Hey bro what are you doing right now?" he asks me.

Confused and a little alarmed, as that was not exactly a good way, to start a conversation. "I'm relaxing in bed. Why?" I send my question.

His text back alarming me further "Cuz I got some footage of Alora you need to watch....and it would be better if you were alone." was his reply.

"Why would it be better if I was alone?" I ask him, concern being an understatement now.

"Some of it's really upsetting, I need you to remember she's free of those people now." he sends back.

"What's in the videos?" I send back.

"You just need to watch the video's for yourself." he tells me.

My stomach churning at the thought of what it could possibly be, I tell him "Ok, send it to me."

What my brother sends is two different recordings. One is from the Security cameras in the kitchen at the Pack House, they had audio and video. The other one was taken by what had to be Darien's cell phone. I watched the security recording first. My fury built and built with every pain filled word. I would have revenge for every wound dealt her. What Allister had done....

My wolf growling in fury at every moment, howling at our mates pain. She needed us, and I was stuck here another night. I will get through those fights and head to her tomorrow, I wouldn't wait till the next morning. They had punished

her, for her involvement with us, hearing how she would have died without us, had Zane howling in protest at the thought of her death.

'Never!' he snarls, 'She will not die!' snarling that as well.

I will show no mercy to them. I brace myself for more. I watched Darien's recording. This one has the rest of what went on, and in a different view. I watched her face. I saw her transformation, that was something I never new till now. Allister was not her father, a vampire was. She was a Hybrid, and had a Sprite as well as a wolf. 3

Her transformation into her Sprite form, Selena, was magnificent, and sexy. Then seeing those silver marks on her skin, like paint. The darker the silver, the deeper the wound. They were everywhere, I sob out a howl of pain and fury at all those marks. This is what Alora had suffered all these years, all those wounds she was given. The ones around her neck showing clearly, that they had wanted her dead.

The darker silver showed how deep the wounds had been originally. The pain she would have gone through, its no wonder her voice would be so husky some days. Play a game to see how much they could make her scream? That one making my wolf whimper and growl alternately. We would seek retribution, it will be paid three fold. We will not forgive, and never will we forget.

The Ceremony that took place in this video, was a little impromptu, but no less amazing to witness. I couldn't help but growl every time she had to cut her wrist, but she formed her Pack, and Clan bonds. Her being a Vampire, the blood oath was so much deeper. That would explain the power increase I felt earlier in my Pack Bonds. She's got so much power now.

No longer a pup, she was now full grown, A Clan Alpha and my Mate. Tomorrow couldn't come soon enough.

King Sabastian's POV

I was sitting at my desk in the study, my mate and Queen looking through her tablet, she lets out the cutest little growl of irritation tossing the device down on the couch cushion next to her. I chuckle a little, she looks up at me with a glare and a pout. "What has you so vexed my dear heart?" I ask her, smiling at her, laughter in my tone.

"I don't know what to get Alora." she says, tone frustrated. "Eighteen years, she's been kept from us, all those birthdays, the Christmas's, not to mention all the Vampire Holiday's, and She's a Werewolf so there are those too." her tone is now sad. I didn't realize till now how truly important this was to her,

she always had special gifts for our children and others for the holidays we celebrated.

I knew she gave them from her heart, her way to help them remember the day and time with the family. But Alora being kept from us, from us even knowing about her, kept my mate from being able to express her love in the way she did.

Her care in every item chosen and given, it was always special to that person. Always a new treasure, loved and cared for, I knew because of the one's she's given me.

I get up from my chair and go to her, I pick up the tablet and set it on the coffee table in front of the couch. I sit down and wrap my arms around her "My love, she'll not hold it against you, when you get to know her, you'll find that gift that tells you it belongs to her." I tell her, one of her gifts to me had saved my life once. An amulet to ward off Black Magic, I had felt the need to wear it one day, just a feeling, I was glad I had.

She looks up at me, her eyes still sad, but she smiles, she sighs a little "I know your right, it's just that, I feel like there's something I need to give her, I just haven't found out what." she says. Her power as a Witch more than even she knew, she'd been the strongest Witch on the Council.

Luckily for me, not only would the Wizard that was chosen for her, not go against the Goddess, by keeping her from her true mate, it had turned out he was one of my sisters Mates. That had truly put the kibosh in her mother's plans. My phone rings on my desk interrupting my thoughts. I frown "I wonder who it is?" I ask aloud.

My mate pushes me gently on my shoulder "Well go answer it dear, it could be important." she says. She's never gotten in the way of my duties, in fact she's always helped me. I had a strong beautiful Witch for my mate and Queen, and I thanked the Goddess for her everyday. The ID card showed it was Alpha Andrew calling me. My stomach drops, it must have something to do with Alora.

My mate sensing the sudden change stares in my direction, a worried look on her face. She flaps her hand at me in a gesture to answer the phone. "Hello Alpha Andrew" I say as a greeting, my mate on alert now. "What can I do for you" I ask.

"I got the blood test back, not that it was really necessary." He says, "Her name is Alora Luna Heartsong, and she's a Clan Alpha of the Heartsongs, her Clan apart of my Pack." he tells me.

"Clan Alpha?" that was a surprising bit of news. My mates face was a mixture of surprise and confusion now. I had put him on speaker so she could hear what he had said.

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King Sebastian's POV con'd

Alpha Andrew confirmed what he had just said. "Yes, she's a Clan Alpha now, as of today actually." he tells us. "I should tell you, Alora has been special to my family for years now." he says, his tone grim.

His tone didn't bode well for why he was calling me. "I'm beginning to think I'm not going to like what your about to tell me." I say to him.

He sighs, it's troubled "No I don't think you are, while Alora was special to us, she wasn't to her so called blood or her original Clan." he says, pausing a moment "We were not able to stop the abuse they subjected her to." he says the last with pain in his tone,

I stand frozen, remembering all the silver marks across her Sprites skin. "I saw the scars." I tell him. , He wasn't surprised at that.

Instead he told me "Alora told us she'd met you in her 'space' last night, that's why I'm calling, I think as her father...you should see some video recording we were able to get." he says, his voice is hoarse.

My gut is churning, what was it that he had to show me. "Send them to my email." I tell him what it is.

"Ok it's sent." a pause "You should have your mate with you when you watch," he says.

My mate looks up at me with determination "She wouldn't let me watch them without her." I say.

He chuckles "I want to let you know, that those people, will not be escaping retribution for all they've done." his tone a growl at the end. "This weekend we will establish your official connection to the Pack, this will allow you to travel freely here after." he says. "This means you won't have to deal with all the Ceremony that comes with a King visiting our territory."

That was a relief, and something I hadn't expected. "Thank you." I tell him.

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He scoffs a little. "I'll not keep you from Alora, she needs at least one of her blood to treat her with the love and respect she's always deserved." then in a firm tone "You need to watch those videos before your visit, you'll need them to brace yourself for more of her truths." he says to me. 2

We end our call, and me and my mate sit on the couch. I connect my tablet to the TV above the Fire place, go to my email and open the video's he sent. My fury grows, they'll all pay, I'll rip those sick bastards to pieces. They will know my wrath, for daring to touch my child in such ways. My vision red I sit shaking from my emotions, my mate with her arms around me, a sob passed from her lips. 2

I can feel her internal screaming at what happened to Alora. Her melded form with Selena was beautiful, even with all those marks. But my baby, my child. They had hurt MY child. I get up from the couch, I go out the balcony door, I can't sit still. I had to do something. I go to the stone gazebo that I've been meaning to have torn down, it was a monstrously ugly monolithic structure.

This was a perfect time, with all my rage, I punched the thickest of its support columns. It was six feet across, a round column. When I punched it, my fist caved a hole in it almost all the way through, the wave of power released disintegrating the column after a moment. With punches at three more of the columns, the entire structure comes down with a loud boom.

I look back at the Balcony, there they were. My mate, looking at the mess I made, not even angry about it. The sky had darkened, lightning was lighting up the sky. That was how my mate showed her extreme grief. She wasn't going to disparage mine, besides she had hated the gazebo, it had been the site of a few Black Magic rituals.

As if to add evidence to how much she hated it, her lightning came down striking at it several times. Causing more stone to break apart in the repeated attacks, her anger quieted a little. The lightning stopped, the sky clearing a bit, but it was still stormy. The wind was raging though, and looking at Cassandra I see why, she has tears streaming from her eyes, her gaze furious.

I should have known, I knew better than to not check for my children when ever it came to something important. My little devils were terrible eavesdroppers. More curious than the cats we had all around the Castle. The dogs being just as bad sometimes. Next to her were all her brothers, they looked angry too, each and every one of them concerned.

My mate seeing where my gaze was going turned around, startled when she saw them there. Then opening her arms they all went to her, she wrapped them in her comfort. I wish Alora could have been born to this woman, she would have never known the hurt she had, if my mate had birthed her. Making me appreciate even more that the Goddess blessed me with this woman. She would love Alora, she'll give her the affection she had always deserved.

I had a feeling though, that my oldest and my boys were not going to stay put, till it was time for me to leave. Cassandra finished her last exam tomorrow. I sigh, my emotions settled for the moment. I walk back up to the balcony. She was eighteen now, technically I didn't have a way to hold her here. It was her right to see her sister. The boys would just follow if she didn't take them with her. 2

She looks up at me. "You take my Lincoln Navigator, your cousin Cerebella will go with you, your mother and I will make sure you are all packed appropriately." I begin, her eyes widening "You will be responsible for your brothers" then looking at my boys. "You will listen to your sister and Cousin, you will not cause trouble." I warn them. 2

They all nodded, Cassandra throwing herself into my arms. I hold her close, my precious girl has grown up, and she would be a force to be reckoned with. They'll be able to give Alora the sibling connection and love she should have gotten from Sarah. That cunt had a special kind of punishment in store for her, and I had no doubt my Cassandra would give it to her.

One thing I knew of my Kass, you didn't fuck with her siblings, she may pick on them a bit, but no harm came to them. To harm them was to see her temper, and she had an interesting magic. Her Vampire and Witch Magic combining to make her the strongest graduate in her Academy of Magic. "You will all be careful, I'll warn Alpha Andrew to expect you." I tell them. 2

"I know what to give Alora." gasps out my Mate, she then runs inside. Going through a door in the study to our bedroom. It's a moment before she comes back out. It's a pair of rings, with Celtic knots

all the way around. "These will store a beings, magic leavings, the longer they wear them, the more they absorb. She'll wear them on her middle fingers, if ever there is a time she is weakened severely, she can access the stored magic and use it to replenish herself." she explains in a rush. 2

After everything that had been done to her, I had a feeling these would be a welcomed gift. They're in a Dark purple velvet box, a card inside explaining what they do. "You made these." I comment looking at the designs, recognizing her magic in the craftsmanship.

"Yes, the design just came to me one night, and the knots match what was on Alora's Lunar Princess regalia." she said. "I think I was supposed to make them for her." she says. 2

Remembering her amulet to me I had a whole new feeling about this gift. "Can she infuse her magic into this in more than just what it'll absorb?" I ask her, trying to keep my feeling of foreboding out of my voice.

But I should have know, she knew, her gifts have saved many lives when it came to an item like this, or like my amulet. The magic that had her giving them unique to her alone, at least till Cassandra. She seemed to have the same knack, remembering the breathing stone she gave her brother in a pendent he had been wearing. 2

He would have drowned without that stone, by placing it in his mouth, he was able to breath the air it had absorbed. It had been a freak accident that had him falling into and then briefly trapped in the lake one summer afternoon. My mates face was serious, as was her tone "I will write the instructions for infusing her magic into it." her gaze was worried but determined. "At the end of each day, before she rests, she should put her excess power into the rings."

She looks down at them, pointing "They have an infinity lock, allowing her to store an infinite amount of magic in them. That'll be important, as most objects can only hold so much, but this will allow her to draw on the magic as needed without, depleting the ring completely." My amulet had been a one time use with

it's magic. This would mean these rings could be used throughout her lifetime. Used when necessary.

"They also can store more than the wearers magic, she'll be able to pass them on to her pups, and they will be able to draw on her magic in case they had to, and add their own magic into the rings." she said "I added a fail safe though, once on her, they will only answer to her, or someone of her direct bloodline, and they'll recognize intent to the original host."

This meant they could never be used to harm her, or by someone not meant to have them. Her first gift to Alora such an important one. It only seemed right.