



# My Mate

*Teddy Gutierrez*



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Teddy Gutierrez

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*\*Work in Progress*

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For the forty-nine million  
people who identify as  
Pansexual, Non-Binary,  
Transgender, and Other.

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# Introduction

Sebastian:

Time flies so quickly; my little girl isn't little anymore, and she's about to stop ageing... I suppose this would keep her my little girl for the rest of eternity, but she just looks so grown up, Jaxon does too... they've both aged so fast. They've survived the war, battled through the great depression and continued to live... And now, as Amelia begins to slow down in age, Jaxon starts to die due to cancer... my sweet children.

"We need to change him," Elizabeth shouts to me, putting Jaxon on the table of my office. The operation was unsuccessful... I

couldn't get rid of the growth... he'll die if we don't try changing him.

I nod to my wife as she tries to calm his screams; Amelia enters the room and takes position next to his head. "Ready?" I question.

This is going to be hard for all of us, knowing that our son, Amelia's brother may not make it... Amelia nods in response to my question, I count down from three, and on one we bite, injecting Alpha venom into his veins, healing his body but also killing him slowly.

"Now we wait," Elizabeth says, covering Jaxon's mouth as he screams through the pain. She looks up at our innocent eyed daughter. "Go get cleaned up, sweetie. We'll handle it from here," she smiles in an attempt to calm her.

After waiting for hours, Jaxon finally stops screaming, his heart rests, and he takes

his last breath. "We need to act fast," Elizabeth explains with a tone of urgency in her voice.

I bite down on his left shoulder, injecting the Beta venom to change him while Elizabeth keeps his dead heart pumping.

I look up to Elizabeth before checking his pulse, making sure his heart has kicked back in. "It's working," I tell her, smiling – I have never had to do this, never had to change someone, but if this is how it's supposed to happen, then we're going to keep our boy.

Flicking through the book as the final hours go by as Elizabeth sleeps, I read the section after injecting the Beta venom. *'If the change is unsuccessful, the corpse will become frosted, as if it had been kept in snow or ice for an extended period of time, if this happens, stab the heart to save the soul; if the heart isn't stabbed, the soul will be at the mercy of*

*Mortifer. However, if the heart is impaled, the soul will be under the orders of Lucifer and will be released soon after.'*

I look up to Jaxon. "No!" I yell, waking Elizabeth up.

"What's happening?" She probes, rubbing her eyes as she awakens.

"He's turned blue, the change was unsuccessful," I sob. *My baby boy...*

She hugs my arm. "He'll be okay, he'll become a Fury and be with Luke," she tells me, whispering.

"Only if we stab his heart," I add.

She steps back. "If we stab him, he'll go to hell..." she gasps.

*Was the book wrong? Or was Jack wrong?* "The book says impale to send him to Luke!" I urge, pain in my voice.

"Oh no..." Elizabeth mumbles, raising a hand to her lips – who do we trust, blood or ink?



## Chapter One

Billie:

"So, how long exactly have you two been travelling together?" Jay probes, poking the back of my neck.

I laugh, smiling as I look at Mickey. "Only 23 years – I lived at home with my God Parents before that, Mickey was always around though," I confess. *Bill and Karen... I miss them so much...*

"Why don't you live with them anymore?" Jay questions.

My smile fades as I remember back to them. I look down at my hands, I got them killed... "Bill died in 1991, protecting me from a flesh-eating Siren. Karen died in 2001 when

a Demon possessed her as made her attack her daughter, Melanie... Mickey killed Karen to protect Mel..." I mumble. I look up to Mickey, whose face has turned to stone. "I'm sorry," I murmur.

He looks over at me, his face softening. "It's okay," he smiles.

"Why did you name yourself after Bill?" Jay probes.

I turn around slightly in my seat. "He was a monster hunter, he worked for the Gods, Angels and Guardians but he refused to kill any *monster* that wasn't deadly. My parents were *vegetarian* like I am, he didn't see them as a threat, so he tried to save them from the other hunters... He saved my mother and I, so I adopted his name after his death as a memory of him," I confess.

"Where's your mum?" He asks, making the conversation sound like an interrogation...

I sigh. "I don't know... she could be dead; she could be alive... All I know is that she went mental when my father was murdered..." I murmur. I take my earphones from out of my pocket and put them in. I roll down my window, relaxing as I look outside, taking in the peacefulness of the forest, filling my lungs with the fresh air and my nose with the wonderful smell of pine and dirt. But the peacefulness of the woods was broken as Mickey yells. "Shit," he screams as the car swerves and rolls over.

I begin to wake up somewhere, as I hear a voice talking to me, "Miss? Miss, can you hear me?" I feel sleepy, my head and every limb hurts like hell. My eyes flutter open, and I find a young woman, in a nurse's uniform. "How are you? Can you speak? Can you hear me?" She probes, I nod. I didn't want to talk; I didn't feel like it. But I was going to have to, I knew that much.

"Where am I?" I ask the lady, it's obvious I'm in a hospital, but which one. In the area near where we crashed, there was at least three. After all, I am in Edinburgh.

"You're at the Royal Victoria Hospital," she pauses. "Do you remember what happened?" She asks, fear in her eyes.

"No, where's my Uncle? Where's my friend?" I ask. Mickey isn't biologically related to me, but due to his job, he had to change his last name to Gabriel... I don't think he cared, though...

"Who was driving?" She asks; this isn't sounding too promising.

I sigh, "Mickey, my Uncle, was driving, why?" I ask her. She looks down at a piece of paper.

"Mickey Gabriel?" She says; I nod in response. "Who was your friend?" She asks with a puzzling look on her face.

"Jason Lee. Now, will you please tell me if they're okay?" I ask. She looks up from the paper, regret covering her face. "No," I say, shaking my head. 'They can't be dead,' I thought to myself. Collapsing against the pillow again, a tear rolls down my face.

"I'm sorry, your Uncle passed away at the crash site..." she says before getting up. "However, we didn't find anyone else. Mr Lee, as you named him, was not there... He may have wandered into the woods, but there were only two DNAs within the vehicle, Mickey Gabriel's and yours..." she informs me. He was a traitor... I turn away from the nurse as I hear her walk off. I was alone, not just in the room, but in the world.

The next day I was taken to the police station after getting let out of the hospital. I was sore, but there was nothing else wrong with me, apart from my heart being broken. "Do you remember anything about the crash?" The investigator asks.

"Yes," I tell him. He nods for me to proceed. "We were going home, up the woodland road that leads back to the house. But something must have been in the road, or someone. Then my uncle, Mickey, swerved to miss whatever it was but we were forced into the ditch, and we rolled. It felt as if we'd been thrown," I then realise what I'd said, which was too much, "That's all I remember," I express before looking down at my hands on the table.

"Okay. Thank you, Miss Gabriel." He says before standing up and asking the police officer at the door to escort me out.

When I got into the waiting area, the officer turns to look at me. "Don't leave the country," he orders as if it was amusing to him but under the circumstances, it wasn't at all funny to me, but at least he had a sympathetic smile on.

"Don't worry, I won't," I suggest him, but before walking out of doors, I turn back to him. "The country, or the kingdom?" I ask. I was in Britain, and with my Guardian being dead I was going to have to go down to Yorkshire to find Mickey's brother, but if I can't leave Scotland...

"Why?" He asks.

I sigh, "I need to find Mickey's brother, he has Mickey's paperwork that I'm going to need," I explain him.

He nods in recognition. "Where is he?" He questions.

"Yorkshire, somewhere," I comment  
him.

He nods again. "Okay, just make sure you have your phone with you at all times and don't leave the 'Kingdom', we may need to speak to you again," he says smiling. I understand why they don't want me moving, it's a reasonable thing for them to do. After all, if I left the country, they wouldn't be able to contact me. I'm not looking forward this, but it's time to go home.

~~~

After going to the safe house, gathering my bag and some money, I set off. I can't stay in the area anymore: the safe houses are no longer safe. "Goodbye, Mickey," I say, looking up at the house that we shared together. "I love you," I confess, a tear rolling down my cheek, as I walk down the road. I need to keep

going. I won't let him die in vain, as long as I'm alive, so is he.

Yorkshire, it's the home of so many beautiful places, the Yorkshire Moors, Flamborough, Bridlington and Scarborough. Yorkshire is just beautiful. North Yorkshire is where Mickey's brother lives. I've never actually met him, but his address was in Mickey's journal: 366 Shaw Lane, Harrogate, HG3 1RA, and that is where I'm heading, it's close to where I lived with Bill and Karen, a little too close, maybe...

I finally find number 366, in the back streets of an old estate. I knock on the door and in seconds the door opens, a girl with long white hair. "Yes?" She says, there was no 'Hello', she apparently just wants to get straight to the point.

"I'm here to see Michael's brother," I inform the girl, using his real name, just in

case they didn't know about his Mickey Mouse nickname.

She looks at me with a confused look on her face. "Who is Michael and who are you?" She asks with a slight attitude.

"Michael is my guardian, and his brother is supposed to be living here," I tell her.

"Cori!" She shouts.

Then a man appears. "What happening?" He asks me. I look at him, confused, is that him? "What's happened? You're only supposed to come here when something's happened to Mickey. So, what's happened?" He asks again.

"Who's Mickey?" She probes.

"Mickey is Michael..." Cori stutters.

"I'm sorry to inform you that Mickey has passed away," straight away I could see the distress on his face.

The girl took his hand and wrapped it around her, in an embrace. He kisses the top of her head, and it made me think back to Jason and our relationship, I should never have trusted a human... "How?" He questioned, his lips buried in the girl's hair.

"We were in a car crash, the police think he broke his neck in the accident, but if it were just that, he'd be alive, so I think he might have been beheaded," I tell him. Mickey would still be alive if it were just a broken neck; he was a species of Vampyre after all. Whoever made us crash, whoever kicked the car with such a force must have done something to him. "I'm sorry; I just thought I'd tell you, I didn't know what else to do..." I

mumble before turning around and go to walk away.

"Where are you going?" He asks in a worried voice.

I sigh, looking over my shoulder at them. "I don't know. The next safe house maybe, it's in the lake district though." Sighing again I look away. "Anywhere," I say before walking off with my face in my hands.

"Go to Karen's Cafe in town! I'll meet you there at 2pm," he shouts after me as I walk away, I wave to him to let him know that I heard him.

After an hour of walking, I finally get to Karen's Cafe, it's a cafe that Mickey and I came to quite often when I was young. Though it belongs to Karen's daughter now due to what happened in 2001, I really miss her... "Hey," the waitress says a small smile on her

face, as if sympathetic. "What would you like?" She questions, showing her pearl white teeth.

"Can I have the special please?" I ask her.

She smiles, giggles then nods. "Do you even know what the special is?" She asks.

I sigh and grin. "Well, it's a Tuesday, so it's most likely Lasagne," I tell her.

She giggles. "It's strange that I've never seen you before and you already know the specials," she says raising her hand to her bottom lip. "I'll go get that for you, what drink would you like?" She asks.

"Can I have a Mocha Milkshake, please?" I ask. She smiles, her eyes wide and nods before walking off.

Then the door chime rings. "Hey," I hear a husky voice say and then he comes from behind me and sits in the seat opposite

me. Mickey's brother. "Now tell me, how much did you know about my brother?" He asks me.

"Well, I can't remember ever being without him for the past 64 years, why?" I ask.

He sighs. "Well, my name is Cori, Kier was my guardian, he was like a brother to me; he still is. Though, I haven't seen him in two months. He's Mickey's brother," I understand now, I think.

"But how can he leave you on your own? You're not supposed to be alone, are you?" I ask him. I was always taught by Mickey that if anything happened to him, I had to stay in the shadows and find someone worthy of being a guardian. So, why is Cori alone?

"I'm alone because I'm not the same as you, I'm a Therianthropes, which is a shapeshifter, I can turn into any creature I desire, though I'm limited at times due to my

elemental strengths," he sighs. His elemental powers undoubtedly piss him off, with his pale skin and white hair it's clear that he is a Winter Wolf, I understand his pain. "Also, I'm not entirely alone, I have my sister," he informs me, that would make the look-a-like female must be his sister

"Why was your sister so paranoid when I asked for Kier?" I ask, sounding somewhat nosey.

Cori made a delightful sound with his chuckles. "She is married to Kier, don't worry it's nothing personal," he tells me.

I smile, not being able to hold back. "Thank you," I tell him.

"One Mocha Milkshake and one Lasagne," the waitress says placing the food and drink on the table then she looks at Cori. "Hey, Cori. How are you?" She asks.

"Fine, I guess. Thank you, Mizore," he says. Mizore?

I look up at her. "You're Karen's granddaughter?" I ask. It can't be that long since Melanie gave birth, surely.

"Yeah, did you know her?" She asks. "I never really knew her, she died when I was three, and I can't really remember her."

"Yeah, I knew her. I know your mum as well, though I haven't been back in a while," I tell her. She's so pretty, I wouldn't have guessed it was her, last time I saw a picture of her she was a little girl with long, brown hair with a ginger tint: now she has short, dark brown pigtails and she's older and well, hotter.

She smiles. "Cool, you'll have to tell me about Karen sometime," she says smiling before turning back to Cori, "Do you want your usual?" She asks. He nods and smiles.

"Okay, I'll go get it for you," she says, her ass bouncing as she walks away.

"She's got a good ass, hasn't she?" Cori asks, though he already knew the answer to that.

Though, I tried denying checking her out. "I don't know what you're talking about," I tell him, sitting back and crossing my arms over my chest.

"Two things: One, I know you just checked her out as she left and two, I was told you haven't had your Click yet," he tells me. A Click is a link between two people when one or both are Vampyres, and with me being almost 80 years old, I was told to keep an open mind. Though, they said I probably won't find anyone until I'm one hundred, but I don't care. I do find some girls attractive, though, I did have a thing about Jason. I *liked* him, but then all of this happened.

"Okay, so, I find some girls attractive, get over it. It doesn't mean I check them all out," I snap defensively.

He chuckles. Then rests his hand on mine. "Don't worry about it," he says before leaning in and whispering, "I won't tell anyone if you don't." He then winks before Mizore returns with Cori's meal.

"One diet Coke and one chicken tikka sandwich," she says bending a little to put his meal on the table making her big breasts go right into my eye line and her ass raises a little. Then she moves back. "Anything else?" She asks us.

"Nope. Thanks, Mizzie," he says. Then when she walks past him, he smacks her ass.

"Fack off," she smiles, looking over her shoulder as she walks away and going back into the kitchen.

"You really shouldn't do that, you know," I tell him.

He smiles showing his pearl white teeth. "I know, but a guy can't help to wonder what is under the skirt and panties," he says, then winks at me. "I'm sorry, I'm not even interested, I just wanted to see your reaction..." he mumbles.

"You're not interested?" I question.

He shakes his head. "She's not the gender I like..." he murmurs.

I smile before looking down at my Lasagne and picking up my fork, I know I'm blushing, I just got jealous over a gay man touching Mizore... "Look who we have here," a woman says coming from behind the cafe counter.

I look up and get out of my seat, "Melanie?"

She nods, "Hey, Sweetcheeks," before embracing me into a hug.

Then Mizore came out, looking slightly confused. "I've missed you," I whispered in Mel's ear. I used to fancy her, but I guess it just runs in the family.

"I missed you, too," she says before pulling away. "So, do you remember this one?" She asks, pointing towards Mizore.

I laugh, "The last time I saw her was at Karen's funeral, and the last picture you sent Mickey was in 2004, she was eight. C'mon Mel, even she doesn't remember me." I tell her, still chuckling.

"Understandable, I guess," she says, then rethinks. "You saw the picture?" She asked. It was for Mickey's eyes only, I never knew why she'd send a picture to him, but I could ask now, or one day at least.

"Yeah, Mickey kept the pictures in his wallet. Though, that one of you and Mizore, I kept," then, reaching into my pocket, I pull out my green leather wallet and open it up. There were two pictures, one of Melanie and Mizore back in 2004 and another one of Mickey and myself with Karen from 2000, just before it happened. "I never forgot about you, no matter how many years went past," I tell her, showing her the pictures.

She smiles sweetly, a tear rolling down her left cheek. "Never?" She asked.

"Never."

~~~

After talking to Mel for a while, Mizore comes and sits with us. "So, where's Mickey?" Mel asks, smiling until she read my face.

I look down at my hands. "He's gone," I confess, a pain causing my chest to tighten as I wait for her response.

I look up to find a tear trickling down her cheek. "How?" She questions.

I look down at my hands, twiddling my thumbs nervously. "Car accident; there was something in the road, Mickey swerved, and the car crashed," I tell her looking up. She presses her lips together, clenching her jaw to make sure the screams don't get free.

"Was it only you and Mickey in the car?" Mizore asks me. I look back down, a tear threatening to burst the banks of my eye.

My throat is filled with a lump of sadness. "Yes," I blurt, not wanting to let on that I'd let a traitor in. "It was just Mickey and me," I say trying to even out my voice.

The room turned became pin drop silence. I quickly blink back the rogue tear and look up to find a beautiful face looking at me, one full of sadness and sympathy. Mizore was so gorgeous, even when she was sad, so sympathetic. "I'm so, so sorry," she whispers quietly. In fact, she whispered so softly, nobody heard her but me. She didn't sound entirely sad though, which confused me, she looked sympathetic but didn't seem it; this girl is a confusing one.

"Billie, how long has it been since the crash?" Mel asks me.

I tear my eyes away from Mizore to look at her mother. "It's been three days, the police are still investigating," I inform her.

"Why are the police involved?" Mel asks as tear forms in her eye.

I sigh and look down. "They're treating it as suspicious due to the circumstances," I

explain, taking a deep breath to attempt not to cry. When I look back up, Cori had whispered in Mel's ear about what happened... about how he was killed... beheaded.

"I'm happy you're okay," she tells me, giving me a watery grin. I'd missed being home, having Mel to talk to. I miss Karen and Bill... I miss them so much. But now I'm home; only for a while, but I'm home.

After a couple of hours talking about how everything has been over the past few years and then it came to the subject of college, which I haven't attended since I was 27. It's been 50 years...

"Are you going to college again?" Mel asks. I sigh, shaking my head. "Oh but Mizzie will be able to look after you," she tells me. I look to Mizore, she smiles sweetly. I look back to Melanie.

I sigh, "I don't really have a choice, do I?"

"So, where are you going to be staying?" Mizore asks, giggling.

I sigh, "I don't know yet. My house in the woods got burnt down in 2000; I don't know where I'm going anymore." I looked her straight in the eye; they sparkled and began to shine brighter than before.

Mizore glances up at her mother, "Mum? Can I ask a question?" She asks her smile widening and her eyes flashing.

Mel giggles, "Billie, will you please put my daughter out of her misery and live with us?" Mel asks me, I look between Mizore and Mel before focusing back on Mizore.

I smile, trying not to look too excited. "Okay." And in a flash, Mizore kneeling on the

table, her arms snaked around my neck and my face buried in her breasts, *Oh my.*

"I'm so excited!" Mizore says, resting her cheek on the crown of my head. My pulse racing and making my face throb.

I wrap my arms around her waist, embracing her for a while until my oxygen supply runs out, I am a Vampyre but I still need to breathe - the issues of being a born Vampyre... and I'm being suffocated by her large chest. I tap her shoulder before hearing Mel, "Mizzie, Billie can't breathe." She says giggling.

Mizore gasps and jumps back, her hands resting on her cheeks, turning red with embarrassment. "I'm so, so sorry," she says sounding incredibly sorry.

I chuckle. "Don't worry about it," I say taking her hand in mine and raising it to my lips. She giggles at my touch. *What am I*

*doing?!* I withdraw my hand, Mizore moves back and gets off the table with caution.

"Well..." Cori says, pausing. "That was interesting," he says winking at me; I look away feeling myself blush. *What is this girl doing to me?*

"C'mon, you need to get unpacked! You're going to have to share a room with Mizore, is that okay?" Mel asks. I hesitate, *is that a good idea?* I wonder but before my brain could do anything my head nods, disobeying my brain completely, "Good! This is going to be great!" She giggles dropping my bags to the floor of the landing. "Mizzie?! Have you sorted your room out?" She yells.

"Yeah, but I still can't get another bed in here," Mizore roars back.

A nervous jolt runs through me, *Don't say it, and please don't say it.* Mel chuckles, "You have a double bed, just share! Billie

won't mind!" She yells, "Will you, Billie?" She asks calmly, with a somewhat scary smile on her face. If I cross her, I don't think my Vampirism will save me.

And once again my body disobeys me. "I don't mind," I say, smiling sweetly... *What is happening to me?!*

The room is small considering the size of the house. The walls are tall with a high ceiling like all the others in the house, two bay windows, one opposite the door and the other next to the bed. The room is filled with a desk, bookshelves and a double sofa bed. Black bedding covers and red lace netting covering the top of the pillowcases. Then I realise why the room was so small, it was only half of its original size, behind the door were two more bookshelves, a door in the corner and a door between the two bookshelves. I turn to Mizore; she's smiling again, that big and beautiful

smile. "You can put your stuff in the wardrobe; I only fill half of it," she giggles, blushing.

I chuckle, in awe with her beauty. "Okay," I say as she opens the wardrobe door for me, it was huge! And she was right; she did only fill half of it. I get to work quickly, hanging my clothes up and plugging in my cooler case in and tucking it under the clothes out of view. Mel knows I'm a Vampyre, Mizore, on the other hand, doesn't. I just hope she doesn't freak out if she finds my cooler. I'll tell her soon, but I don't want her freaking out on me.



## Chapter Two

Mizore:

She's so beautiful, her black hair, her emerald green eyes, her flawless features, her plump red lips... and I get to share a bed with her, *Oh my*.

Coming out of the bathroom wearing my pyjamas, which consist of a long-sleeved Chicago Cubs jersey and a pair of sweatpants. I find Billie sitting on the window seat in the front of the house, her skin is white under the moonlight, wearing a strappy black top and white shorts, her arms and legs exposed entirely. I walk over to her, silently fiddling with my sleeves. "Hey," I say quietly. It's past midnight and mum is already in bed.

Without looking at me, she whispers,  
"What's wrong?"

I'm stunned, *What?* I stare at her,  
"Nothing, why?" I stutter.

She turns to me, looking at my body.  
"Then, why are you nervous?" She asks.  
Surely she can't figure that out from my body  
language.

"I'm not."

"You are," she chuckles. "Why?" She  
asks standing up to look at me. She's taller  
than me and if I look straight forward her neck  
is in my sight. However, if I look down a little  
bit... *Oh, my.* She smiles. "Well? Why are you  
nervous?" She asks again.

I shrug, "I don't know, I guess it's  
because I've never shared a room with anyone  
before..." I say as quiet as a mouse.

She chuckles, apparently finding my embarrassment amusing. "Don't worry, I don't bite," she informs me, her voice softening. My cheeks burn, feeling them turn even redder. "Go on, get to bed," she says before sitting back down quickly. I sigh before walking around the bed and getting in near the other bay window.

I bury my head in my pillow. Billie makes no attempt to come to bed. "Billie?" I ask. She turns her gaze to me. "When are you coming to bed?" I ask her.

She smiles. "Don't worry, I'm coming. I'm just saying goodbye to the day. It's been beautiful," she says turning back to the window before closing her eyes and saying, "Dah Svedaniya." She then stands up and walks over to the bed, I move the quilt corner, inviting her in, and she climbs in.

We lay there for a few minutes, looking at each other but not talking. I break the silence with a whisper, "Billie, what's your full name?"

She smiles, "Amelia Billie Gabriel," she says. *Amelia? She doesn't look like an Amelia.* She sighs, searching my face. "But I prefer my middle name," she tells me.

I smile back at her. "You have a beautiful name," I tell her.

"Thank you, Mizore. However, Mizore is stunning," she says me, I giggle feeling my cheeks burning with a blush. "Now, time to sleep," she says reaching up and cupping my face. "Sleep, Mizore," she tells me, I close my eyes obeying the order.

But before sleeping, I open my eyes, lean in closer and whisper in her ear, "Please, call me Mizzie," I tell her before kissing her cheek and lying back down, only centimetres

between us. "Goodnight, Billie," I say before closing my eyes once again.

I hear her sigh, "Goodnight, Mizzie."

Billie:

She's cute, beautiful, hot and amazing and I'm laid next to her, face-to-face, watching her angelic form sleep. She's wearing really modest clothes, covering every inch from her ankles to her wrists to her neck... and then there's me in a strappy black top, that shows more cleavage than a sports bra, and white shorts, which expose most of my legs. *Why is she over-dress for bed?!*

After a few hours of staring and looking like a complete moron, Mizzie starts tossing and turning, she rolls onto her side, facing the bay window, and then I hear her cry, just whimpering at first. "Mizzie?" I ask; no answer. I shuffle over, wrapping my arms around her

waist. My face nuzzled in the nape of her neck. "Please, don't cry," I whisper to her, after a few minutes, I settle her, she's now facing me again, her face buried in my neck. Sleep finally takes over me.

I'm awoken with a sudden coldness; I open my eyes and find Mizzie gone. "Mizzie?" I call out, then the bathroom lock was clicked, and the door opened. She stands there looking pale, her beautiful face filled with sadness. "What's wrong?" I ask her, climbing out her side of the bed and walking toward her slowly, tears escaping her eyes.

She chokes on her tears, "I... I don't know... I... I didn't... I..." She stutters, pain surfacing on her face.

I look at her body; I couldn't see anything physically wrong until I see her left hand, blood dripping down her fingers from her arm. I inhale through my nose; she has

cut her arm. I walk towards her taking her hand in mine and moving her sleeve up. Several cuts on the inside of her arm, deep but not fatal. I look up at her face, finding her eyes. "Why?" I ask.

Wiping her eyes with her spare hand, she snuffles. "To hide the pain inside me."

I understand that I've seen it many times over the years, but why is she in so much pain to want to do this? "Why are you hurting?"

"Perfection," and that's all she needed to say, I pull her into a hug.

"Sweetheart, listen to me," I whisper softly in her ear. I pull away slightly to look her in the eye, my hands resting on her hips. "Look at me," I tell her, she meets my gaze, another tear trickling down her cheek.

"Nobody is perfect. No one, okay?" I ask, and she nods in response. "Good, but Mizzie, listen

to me. You're beautiful, no matter what. Your scars are your fairy tale, and you're the princess. Never, ever, let someone tell you otherwise. You're the princess to your own fairytale, you decide when it's ending. You'll find your prince charming, I promise," I tell her, reaching up with my right hand and stroking her cheek before embracing her once more.

"Billie?" She whispers into my neck.

"Yes?"

"I don't want a prince charming," she says.

"What?"

She pulls back and looks me dead in the eye as she says, "I want you." I stare at her, my mouth slightly open due to shock. Then, all of a sudden – Click. Mel is going to kill me...

~~~

What do I do? What should I do? That was my 'Click', she's my Click, but I don't know what to do. I've had a guide all the way through my life, Mickey helped me through everything, and now he's gone, and I've just had my Click. Mizore isn't going to understand, and I can't tell her... so, who do I tell? Cori!

And while all this is happening in my head, I'm just staring at Mizzie in shock. After five minutes pass, the silence is broken. "I'm sorry," she cries before trying to get out of my embrace. I blink a few times while she struggles. I snap back into reality. I've made her cry. "Billie, I'm sorry. Please, just let go," she says still struggling.

She starts to calm down when she realises that I'm not letting her go. "Please," I pause, "don't be sorry."

"What?" She asks startled.

I sigh, letting her out of my embrace before taking her hands in mine. "I don't want you to regret it. Don't be sorry about it," I tell her. She looks at me with a confused look on her face. "Please, don't."

"But-" She says, stopping herself. "But you're not... Are you?" She asks still looking confused.

I sigh, once more, a slight chuckle trapped in my throat. I wrap her arms around my neck before placing my own on her bum and squeezing, making her jerk forward, our groins colliding. "I'm Pansexual," I tell her. Pansexuality being the only thing that examples my sexuality.

"Oh, my," Mizzie says her eyes sparkling more than ever. Mizzie blushes, possibilities run through her eyes. "I didn't... I

didn't think..." she says blushing a deeper red.  
"I didn't believe that you were..." I stop her.

My index finger pressed against her plump, pink lips, "it's okay, Mizzie. Just keep quiet, okay? Your mum might separate us if she finds out," I tell her. Her lips feel soft underneath my touch. I stare down at them, biting my lip without thinking; letting my hand fall from her mouth.

"Billie?" Mizzie says. She leans forward and whispers in my ear, "Can I kiss you?" She asks.

*Oh, my...* I look at her as she leans back. She searches my face for an answer, but before saying anything, I lean down and kiss her; her warm, plump, damp lips and my own fitting together perfectly, like jigsaw pieces. After a few seconds, I deepen the kiss, kissing harder and faster. She takes a few steps back, dragging me until her back hits one of the

bookshelves. Wrapping her arms around my neck and her legs around my waist, I'm now the only thing holding her up. Our bodies press together, her breasts crushing into mine and our groins colliding in a frenzy of grinds. *Fuck! Don't lose it! Don't lose it!* And then I felt something, *Oh Lord, what are you doing to me?* While grinding against each other, I felt a small pulse. *She's throbbing?!* But before we could get any further, there's a knock at the door, I set her down quickly and pull away, *what just happened?* I pant, trying to catch my breath before speaking. "Yeah?"

"Breakfast is ready," I hear Mel say from outside the room and then her footsteps fade as she walks down the stairs.

"Mizzie, I'm so sorry."

She giggles, "What for? There's nothing to be sorry about," she tells me.

I sigh in relief, as long as she's not hurt. "Thank you," I tell her. She walks over to me as I sit on the bed. "I'm going to go sort my arm out when we go downstairs we won't be able to kiss. So, I want my dose now," she tells me, straddling me and pushing me back, so I'm laid down. One hand on either side of my head, a form of Mizzie staring down at me with a mischievous smile on her face, she leans down enveloping my bottom lip between her teeth, letting it slip through slowly. She then leans down to my ear, "I want to have a little make-out session with you, is that okay?" She asks, even though she was being really flirty and sexual and really naughty, she still sounded like Mizore, innocent... Holy shit, she's such a turn on.

I grin as she pulls up to look at my face. "Fine with me, Sweetcheeks."

~~~

After our little 'session', which entailed Mizzie laid on her back getting kissed to death while she groped my breast, we went downstairs, Mizzie looking extremely pleased with herself, "Why did you take so long?" Mel asks us.

I answer quickly, "Mizzie was upset, so I was looking after her."

Mel smiles, "Thank you, maybe you'll be able to get her out of her bad habit; I guess you've seen," she says.

I had seen, I hadn't seen her scars or a blade, all I've seen is the blood and the pain that she inflicts upon herself. I sigh. Mizzie looks at me, her flawless face becoming pained. "Billie?" I look at her with an upset expression on my face. "I'm sorry," she says before diving forward, wrapping her arms around my neck.

"What's happened?" Mel asks. I bury my lips into the crown of Mizzie's head.

Looking at Mel, I give her a warning look. "You might want to sit down," I tell her.

"Why?"

"I cut, Mum. I'm sorry," Mizzie tells her, taking her face away from my neck for a few brief seconds.

Mel sighs. "Mizzie, Sweetheart, you were doing so well," she says patting her back. "It's okay, I have a feeling Billie will help you with that, right Billie?" She asks. I don't even need to respond to that question.

"Of course, I will," I tell her before kissing the top of Mizzie's head, she looks up at me, lust in her eyes and her beautiful face filled with happiness instead of pain. "I'm never leaving you, I promise," I say looking down at her.

She reaches up and caresses my cheek. "I'm glad," she tells me before leaning up and kissing me lightly on the cheek. "Now, will you come to college with me tomorrow?" She asks me.

*Oh, no... Not the college talk again...* "Do I really have to?" I ask.

"Yes! You are going to college with me tomorrow! No matter what!" She giggles at me.

I smile down at her. "Then why did you give me an option?" I ask her giggling.

"Because I wanted to be polite," she says fluttering her eyelashes at me before winking and bumping me with her butt. *She's so hot!* I watch her walk over to the kitchen's island to get food.

Mel walks over to me and whispers, "I don't mind her being Lesbian but make sure that you don't bite her," she tells me.

"B-But h-h-how?" I stutter

She sighs, "Sweetheart, when something happens to my daughter I know straight away and plus, her lips are swollen, and your lips are practically pulsing, they're so red. So, either she's Lesbian, and you've had your Click, or you're using my daughter for pleasure, which one?" She asks calmly, sounding happy when talking about the possibility of Mizzie being my Click.

"She's either Bisexual or Lesbian, and I have had my Click, and it is, in fact, your daughter," I tell her feeling slightly nervous, she is taking this way too calmly.

She sighs again, this time with a sense of relief. "Oh thank, God. Thank you. Please, just keep her safe," she tells me, I nod, she embraces me into a hug before we join Mizzie at the table.

I sit next to her and place my hand on her netting covered knee; she's wearing fishnets, mid-thigh jean shorts and a *Batman* jumper, *hot as hell*. She gives me a fearful look. I lean to her ear, "She knows." I lean back, and she looks at me with a shocked expression on her face. I cup her face with my free hand. "Don't worry about it," I tell her before leaning forward and resting my lips on her.

When I pull away a few seconds later, she smiles at me. "Oh thank, God," she says before practically jumping on me, wrapping her arms around my neck, her legs around my waist, crushing her lips to mine. Mel smiles at me from behind Mizzie before picking up her breakfast and going into the living room, leaving me to ravish her daughter once she leaves. Once she was gone, I push Mizzie off me, lifting her up onto the kitchen island, climbing on the unit and straddling her.

I lean down, a few centimetres between our faces. "You're mine, okay?" I ask. She looks up at me, lust filling her eyes as she nods. I grin down at her. "You're my mate now," I say before ducking my head down to take her lips with mine.

Mizore:

"Mizore! Billie! Time for college!" I hear mum shout, I groan. I really don't feel like going to in today.

It's the second week of February, yes, Valentine's Day is approaching... it's Monday! And it's college... the main problem is, nobody knows I'm Lesbian. I had one boyfriend in year nine, and I just didn't like it when he kissed me or hugged me, it was weird. But when girls kiss me and hug me... it feels... right.

Though there's one thing that could cause a problem, there are boys at college

that fancy me... and Billie's coming to college with me for the first time today... this could get nasty.

"Mizzie, it's time for college," Billie says into my shoulder. She's laid behind me, her arms wrapped around my waist and her face buried into my shoulder.

"I don't want to go..." I groan.

She sighs, "Please? I'm only going if you go," she tells me, lifting one hand up and moving my top down my shoulder and kissing along my collar.

I groan again. "Fine... but don't get angry at me when I tell you this..."

"What?"

I sigh, "I'm in Narnia..." I tell her.

"But-" She says, cutting herself off.

My mother knows, Billie obviously knows, but nobody at college. "I haven't told anyone... even my best friend doesn't know..." I mumble.

She giggles. "It's fine as long as you don't have a secret boyfriend," she whispers into the soft spot of my neck.

"Oh, thank the Lord," I whisper in joy. Billie chuckles again. "Billie?" I ask.

"Yeah?"

"Why do you call yourself Billie?" I ask.

"It's my middle name," she tells me.

"What's going to happen if someone calls you Amy or Amelia?" I ask.

She sighs, "nothing, I don't really mind my first name. It doesn't bother me that much, to be honest," she whispers.

I sigh with relief. "Why don't you change your name? You are, after all, going to be using fake papers," I mention, I still don't understand why... *is she faking her age that much?*

She chuckles. "I like being called Billie as a nickname, Amelia is okay for those who don't know me."

"I get it now," thank God that she is okay with her first name. I just hope none of the guys at college try it on with her, I may have to tear their heads off.

Billie:

"Hurry up, Mizzie! We're going to be late!" I hear someone shout from downstairs.

"Who's that?" I ask her from the corner of her bed.

She runs out of the closet and jumps onto the bed, pulling her Dr Martins on over her red, skinny jeans. She giggles, "Don't worry, it's only Damien. He is of no interest to me." Finishing tying her laces, she snakes her arms around my shoulders, pressing her lips against the exposed skin at my collarbone. "Now," she says, her voice sounding somewhat husky and mischievous. "Let's go before I pull you back into bed and ruin you," she growls into my ear. I didn't want to move; I just chuckled and stayed perfectly still.

But then, I sigh, blinking those beautiful images out of my mind. "C'mon, let's go," I tell her, grabbing her legs and wrapping them around my waist before standing up, giving her a piggyback and picking our bags up on the way out. "College time!" I yell as I run down the stairs, Mizzie bouncing on my back and giggling her little heart out. When we got downstairs, I turned into the living room to

Melanie, and five other people sat in the room. I recognised two people, Cori and his sister.

"Hey there, Leech," Cori says to me, winking. I look at him in shock and give him the '*she doesn't know, you Moron*' face. His smile slowly fades. *Sorry*, he mouths. His sister just giggles, apparently finding it amusing, I guess Mel had forgotten to mention to them that Mizzie didn't know.

"So," one of the other boys says, trying to change the subject, picking up on my distress signal. "Are you going hunting with us today, Mizzie?" He asks.

"Probably. Though, who isn't going?" Mizzie asks.

"Why?" Asks the boy.

"Well, Billie can't come with us," She tells them.

The boy laughs mockingly, "Why? Is the Leech a vegetarian?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" She says jumping off my back and walking up to him.

He looks at her, his smile fading, realising that we'd not told her. "You sick bastards," he says looking at Cori but implying it to both of us.

"Chris!" Melanie shouts. "Don't."

He looks to me. "Why haven't you told her?" He asks. "You could put her in danger."

Anger burns through me. Mizore turns to look at me, but I keep eye contact with Chris. "If she were in danger because of me I wouldn't have stuck around. I wouldn't hurt her."

"How do you know you won't, though?" He asks.

I chuckle, still feeling angry. "You think I'd risk her life?"

He looks at the floor. "No, I guess not."

"Chris, man, just shut up," the other boy, most likely Damien, said.

Mizzie looks at me, a confused look on her face. "I don't understand..."

Cori's sister walks over to Mizzie, turns her face, so Mizzie was looking at her. "Don't worry; it's better for you not to understand."

"But Kai-" Mizzie says but Kai, Cori's sister, put a finger over her lips.

"Don't," she says, shaking her head.

"She has a right to know, Kai," the other girl says.

"Suri, don't," Kai says viciously towards Suri, her eyes flashing quickly into a bright yellow, showing her anger considerably.

"What do I have a right to know?"

Mizzie asks looking back at me.

I was stunned in place, if she's like them, she should have noticed, but she didn't. So, what is she? And that's when it hit me. Why Kai and Cori looked out for her. Why Mickey kept her pictures and only let me have one, even after his death. "You're Mickey's daughter." I blurt out. I drop the college bags and turn away from them, shocked, stunned and speechless. A pain echoing from my chest throughout my body and that's my decision made, time to leave.



## Chapter Three

Billie:

"Billie, what do you mean I'm Mickey's daughter?" Mizore asks me, following me upstairs.

I sigh, holding back the tears. "Mickey kept photos of you and Mel, he only let me have one, even after his death. And it's weird, how you know what they are, but you haven't noticed what I am. If you were like them, you would have noticed the second I walked into the café, but you didn't, so I thought you were human, but you're not. You're like Mickey," I tell her, packing my clothes and items in my rucksack.

Mizore whimpers, "What are you doing?" She asks.

I pause for a moment. "Mizore, I'm sorry, but I can't stay," I tell her, a pain rushed through my body and settled in my chest. I hear her whimper again. I turn to look at her; her eyes filling with tears and her bottom lip shaking.

I reach my hand out to embrace her face, but she smacks it away. "No," she says shaking her head violently. "No!" She screams, raising her hands to her temples, tangling her fingers in her hair and pulling. "No!" She screams as loud as a banshee and shaking violently.

Melanie, Cori and Kai walk in wondering what was happening. I step back, and Cori embraces Mizore, nods and takes her out of the room. Melanie and Kai stand near

the door, staring at me. "What did you do?" Kai asks calmly.

I look to my bag on the bed, "I started packing," I tell them.

"But-" Mel says cutting herself off, sounding confused. "But why would you do this? Why are you leaving her?" She asks, tears entering her eyes.

I turn away from them, tears threatening to escape my eyes. "She's Mickey's daughter, it's not safe for me being around her, and now that I know that she's a Guardian, I can't protect her. I'm sorry, but for her safety, I need to leave."

"Amelia Gabriel, for her safety you need to stay," a man says from behind me.

I turn to find a man that looks like Mickey but younger. "Kier?" Kai says from behind him.

He turns to look at her, "Hey Hun."  
And then she runs to him, embracing him and burying her face in his neck. He kisses her forehead and then looks back to me. "Amy, you can't leave, she needs you. You understand that, right?" He asks; I nod in response. "Now that you know what and who she is, you're the only person that will be able to keep her safe. You need to stay. However," he pauses, "I have something I need you to do for me first."

~~~

"What do you want me to do?" I ask.

Kier looks around the room, Mel and Kai looking confused. He looks back at me. "I need you to go to the underworld and take a message to Luke," he tells me. Luke is Lucifer, the brother of Mortifer, the guardian Hell.

"Why me?" I ask.

He smiles, "You're the last pure Vampyre in existence, and you also have the gift of realm jumping, you're the only one that can do it other than me, I can't go, there are Hunters in the area," he tells me.

I sigh. "Fine, I'll go. But you need to promise me something," I tell him.

"Anything."

"Guard Mizore and Melanie while I'm gone," I instruct him.

He chuckles. "That promise I cannot fulfil."

"You said anything."

"I can't protect my own kind, Amelia. It's like my brother being my guardian; it would have been a pointless exercise," he tells me. "And I don't need to protect Melanie because she's protected by Mizore, I can't do anything. I'm sorry. However, the pack can

protect them; I'll arrange that at least." I sigh and nod.

"Fine, but make sure they don't let anything get them; understand?" I ask. He assures me with a nod. "So, what's the message?" I ask.

"Tell him, 'The realms are being blended, and the furies are turning'," he tells me, I write it down on my arm in Royal Arch Cipher, just in case. "Got it?" He asks, I nod. "Good. You better get going. To save your energy go to St. Mary's Church, a few miles away, there's a gateway there that you can use to get to Luke, and it'll land you in the safe zone, I promise," he tells me.

I nod. "Okay, I better get going then."

I go to walk past them when a hand grabs my wrist, Kai looks me in the eyes as she says, "say goodbye to Mizore first."

"I don't need to say goodbye; I'm coming back," I tell her pulling away.  
"However, I will say I'll see her later."

~~~

Shouting erupts as I step into the living room. And I deserve all the abuse they are giving me, I made her, my Mate, cry...  
"Mizore?" She looks up, "can I talk to you, please?" I ask, gesturing towards the hallway. She nods and wipes away her tears. I reach my hand out for her to take it, she gets up and dismisses my hand walking past me and into the hallway. The rejection hurt, but I deserve everything she wishes to inflict upon me.

"What do you want?" She asks.

I sigh and look down, "I'm leaving to deliver a message for Kier, I'll be back tonight, but I'll sleep on the sofa to give you some space," I tell her. She nods in

acknowledgement. "Right, I better get going. I'll see you later," I tell her, turning to leave.

But then she catches my arm and turns me back to her, then does a particular action that I didn't think I'd get from her again for a long time, she cups my face with her hands. "Just because I'm upset with you doesn't mean I don't love you," she says giving me a quick peck on the lips.

I sigh. "Thank you. It's why I thought I had to leave," I tell her. She giggles and gives me another peck, this one lasting slightly longer. "I better go," I tell her, she nods in response, withdrawing her hands from my face. But before I turn to leave, I lean forward to her ear, "I'll be back, I promise." Then, before I could let loose a tear, I run out.

I got to St. Mary's Church, the portal being easy to find. "Time to go," I say to myself opening the portal with one of my runes.

And then I land in the middle of the Underworld where the flowers were black, and the trees were grey. Even with the lack of colour, it's beautiful.

However, I'd landed in a specific place, the Death Bays, where the dead gather to get sorted into good, bad and evil. Luckily, the last person had just arrived on their boat. "Bye!" I hear a girl shout to those on the ship. They all smile and wave at her.

Once the boat was out of sight, Luke walks up to the girl, "How are you always so happy?" He asks her.

She turns to him, gives him a quick peck on the lips and says, "Because I live here with you," she tells him smiling before burying her face in his shoulder. This is my moment. I walk forward slowly. "Oh, God. We missed one," said one of the boys.

Luke looks at me. "No, we haven't. Amelia, why are you here?"

"Luke, who is she?" Asks the girl; a concerned look on her face as she clings to his arm.

"She's the last born Vampyre, the supreme. Amelia, why are you here?" He asks again, stepping in front of the girl slightly as if to shield her.

"Kier asked me to give you a message," I pause. "And just so you know, I'm vegetarian; I don't eat humans, dead or alive," I tell him.

He smiles, loosening up. "Okay," he chuckles. "So, what's the message?" He asks.

"The realms are being blended, and the furies are turning." I pause. "What does it mean?" I ask.

Luke looked around, a genuine look of fear appearing on his face. He looks back to me. He takes in a deep breath.

"The war has begun."

~~~

"What do you mean the war's begun? And why do you look scared?" I ask Luke.

He sighs and turns away from me, taking Avril in his arms. "I'm scared because it's a war against my siblings."

"What do you mean?" Alistair, one of the boys, asked.

"Well, my real name is Lucifer, as you know, and I'm a Forsaken God, as you also know. And I am the son of Me, just like all Gods. Forsaken or not. And Daemons are my children. Which means I'm going to have to choose a side between the ones that threw me

out and the ones that took me in... and I don't know what to do..."

"Luke, you can't go against the Gods," Alistair says.

Luke turns to him, "And I can't go against you... but not all the Gods will be on one side...."

Alistair smiles, "Luke, I'm not a Daemon. I'm a Fury. We will fight with you. You decide who we fight for."

Then I realise; *the realms*. If you don't understand anything about the realms, there are 3.

Earth: where all the humans and monsters live. Monsters being Vampyres (like me), Pixies, Therianthropes and so on.

The Underworld: where Luke and the Furies are live. Furies can travel from Earth to the Underworld freely, but can't go to the

Afterlife. However, if a Fury visits Hell, they can't get out without the hand of an Angel or God. Which, in the fairy tale, is how Avril was rescued from the pit; Luke may be a Forsaken God, but he is still a God. Hell is situated in one part of the Underworld, it's in the same realm but in its own all at the same time.

The Afterlife: where all the Angels live. However, Angels can roam freely between each realm, but being in Earth and Hell drains their powers. Being in Earth Realm will make them feel pain and act more human. Being in Hell makes them think more about disobeying God.

So, what I realised is... they only have one Realm in common that they can all fight in without any real disadvantages. What is it? Earth.

"Guys..." I say, everyone turns to look at me. "I don't think we should fight for Angels or Demons..."

"What do you mean?" Asks Avril.

"Well, the war will be in the Earth Realm..."

"And?" Asks Alistair.

"Humans... They're going to get slaughtered in the crossfire."

Luke sighs, "She's right... There aren't two sides... There are three. Someone needs to protect the humans. They don't deserve to die because of us."

"Well, what are you going to do?" I ask.

Luke looks up to me, "I'll hold down the fort here. I'll talk to the Fallen Angels on earth and get them to help you. After that, when everything is set, and the fighting begins, we'll join you."

"Thank you."

~~~

Returning to the surface, the sunlight hits my face, and I soak in the warmth for a few moments. "Billie," Kier says from behind me. "Did you tell him?" He asks.

"Of course."

"So, you know what's happening?" He asks. I nod in acknowledgement, "so, you know what we must do?"

I nod again. "Save the humans," I say turning to look at him.

"No," he says with anger in his voice. "There's no point, they're pathetic creatures," he shouts.

I chuckle at his idiocy, "says the inhumane piece of crap that is more pathetic than any creature I have met in the past 50

years, including those who drink from sippy-cups and wear diapers."

"You're just as pathetic as them, you stupid Leech!" He shouts at me, his natural and original Scottish accent returning with his anger. "How am I more inhumane than them? They're like toddlers, whining and drooling constantly. They're like babies!"

I chuckle once more. "I know they are. They're one of Me's creations. And they've only just become teenagers compared to this world. However, they've been around longer than you. Which, evidentially, makes you younger, so you're the toddler; you're the one that is whining and drooling all over your shoes, that's you. Not them."

He groans, finally accepting that I was right. "So, why do we need to save them? They're not in the fight..."

I sigh, "I know they're not, but the only way the two realms can fight is on common ground; which, unfortunately, happens to be here. This also means that Demons and Angels will both kill anything in their way, whether they're in the fight or not, so we need to protect them."

He sighs and nods in acknowledgement, "I understand." And then he chuckles, out of the blue, just a small laugh.

"What's so funny?" I ask.

He stops chuckling abruptly. "Well... the fact that we'll be having two Queens instead of a King and a Queen... also, the fact that one's a Vampire and one's a Guardian!"

"Wait..." A small voice came from behind Kier. It was Mizore and the pack, gathering around the crypt, "why us?" She asks.

I smile at her curiosity, walking toward her. I cup her face in my hands. "Because I'm the last born Vampyre left, I am also the Vampyre God; which means I'm the supreme."

"But weren't others born?" She asks.

I nod, "yes, but Hunters killed them before they could be chosen to find their mate." I sigh, "However, when the war is over, all the monsters, like me, will create more hybrids."

"Why?" Mel asks.

"Because there needs to be an equal amount of monsters and hunters and humans in the world to keep the natural order."

"How do you know so much?" Kai asks.

"Because my parents told me as a bedtime story when I was a child; although, I didn't know that they were trying to prepare me for my fate."

Mizore embraces me, wrapping her arms around my waist, burying her face into the nape of my neck. "Are we going to be okay?" She whispers against my skin.

"Of course, we will, I'll make sure of it. I won't let them get you."

~~~

College time, or should I say final few college times. Yes, it's a week before we graduate High College and nothing's happened... at all... no Angels, no Daemons, nothing.

"Mizore, Billie, hurry up and get out of bed, it's time for college!" Mel says, knocking on the door to our room.

Mizzie groans; I chuckle, "We'll be right out," I tell her, I then hear her go down the hallway.

I roll over to look at her. She rolls over to me, "morning," she says before stealing a kiss.

I chuckle again, "is it not a good morning?" I ask.

She sighs. "Well, it's a good morning because I'm laid next to you. However, two bad points are conflicting with that fantastic point," she tells me.

"Which is?"

"Well, one is that I don't get to stay here next to you for the rest of the day. Another is that I have to go to college and act straight meaning I don't get to kiss you," she says cutely, with a frown.

I giggle at her cuteness, "We can have more cuddles later. So, don't worry, Cutie. We'll have a good day at college, we'll have a few more days, and then we'll graduate,

okay?" I say to her, brushing her hair over her ear before giving her a peck on the lips. I smile at her once more. "Time for college," I tell her.

She smiles back at me. "Okay, let's get going," she says rolling over and getting up. "Hmm..." she says, "I think I might wear a dress today, what do you think?" She asks.

"I think I can handle that," I say, winking at her. Slapping her arse as she walks towards her closet. *God, I love her...*

~~~

College is not something I appreciate... I don't get to hold my sweet's hand... I don't get to kiss her lips... nothing.

It makes me feel empty and numb... 8 hours of being numb is not a good idea when being a Vampyre, you end up turning off your guilt and remorse, which probably wasn't a good idea today due to what happened...

-2 hours previously-

"Billie, what's wrong? You don't look too happy..." Kai asks.

"There's a weird smell..." I tell her.

She smiles, "You're sat in a canteen with a Guardian, many humans and a pack of Therianthropes... it's going to smell weird..." She tells me.

I shake my head, "No, this smell is different from the typical smell... Someone is here... They're not welcome," I tell her. I stand up and start to walk away.

Cori catches me up, "What's up?" He asks.

I look at him. "There is someone or something in the room, and it aims to commit a crime of murder. I do not know what species or who it is but when I find them, I intend to

either make them leave or rip their heads off, would you care to help?" I ask him.

He nods and frowns, "Could they be a danger to the pack?" He asks, I nod in response to his question. He nods again, "okay, I'll help."

Walking around the room, everyone seems normal and fine... Until I see a group of students that are usually quite happy. They're a group of twins, 4 sets, all dating and friends. Usually, they are perfectly happy and friendly, but today they just stared across their table at each other, blank looks on their faces. I hit my knuckle on the table, instantly they all have their eyes on me, their black, Demon eyes... "I think it's time for you to leave," I tell them.

"And why is that?" One girl asks.

I sigh, "Don't question me, I am the Guardian of this college, I will take you back

to the underworld for Lucifer to have his fun with you if you don't leave these students and go back to whoever you had possessed before."

The girl stands up, latching her hand around my throat and squeezing. Trying to strangle me, but she doesn't understand... If I go into Vamp mode, I can stop breathing altogether. She can only kill me this way if I refuse to stop my own death. I press one finger down on her forearm and hear a horrific crack as her arm breaks in two and goes limp, she screams in pain. "Leave, or I will take further action. I may be the Guardian, but I care nothing for these humans; I will break you in every way possible unless you leave now," I tell her.

She screams at me before black smoke leaves her mouth along with the others. The human girl falls into my arms as a teacher walks up to Cori and I. "What is going on?"

"There seems to have been an accident, and this girl has fractured her arm, she needs to go to the hospital," Cori tells the teacher.

"You mean this girl has fractured this poor girl's arm?" Pointing the blame at me, correctly.

"She fell, it was an accident," he pushes.

The teacher groans, "If you say so," she nods, "you," she points at me, "bring her to the reception with me. We need to get this poor girl to the hospital." I nod in response and quickly look at Mizzie, she frowns, looking sad, but nods for me to go. I bow back before heading off with the girl in my arms and the teacher leading the way.

-Present-

I would never have hurt someone like that... I hate hurting humans... even when

they're possessed. If I had learnt how to use my powers correctly I would have been able to heal her within a matter of seconds... but with my knowledge and my former Guardian... I can't learn much more until someone with experience can teach me.

Hopefully, soon someone can help me, if not, I'll be like a sitting duck in this battle.

Webster:

"Web, if you don't help her, she's going to get slaughtered," Kier yells at me as I laugh at his idiotic proposal. He sighs, "Fine, just remind me to get Luke to send you to Mortifer."

I stop laughing and turn to him. "Don't you dare," I tell him.

He laughs, "Don't be such a dick then," he says, I huff, these people seriously piss me off.

"Fine." I pause. "I'll help."



## Chapter Four

Kier:

"So, what's going to happen?" Kai asks.

I sigh, "Web is going to help her, but if he doesn't, I'll be sending him down to hell to rot."

She laughs, "He's immortal, and he can't go to hell."

I shake my head, "He may be immortal but he's still a Fury, he's not getting out without the help of an Angel or a God, which won't happen because none of us will get him out."

"Don't you think that is a bit cruel?" She asks.

I chuckle, an evil tone to my laughter,  
"not at all."

Webster:

I have no choice. I can either help her and break my promise to Electra, or I get sentenced to life with Mortifer because Electra wouldn't save me from the torture. Which leaves me with one question, what do I have to lose? Electra left me to hide from her fellow royals due to our history being discovered. She hid from them but also me. And now a royal needs me, and it's either a fate worse than death or a lack of love, which I have felt for over 500 years already...

I should help the royal.

~~~

"Stay here," Kier orders, I nod in response and sigh.

Kier goes into the house, leaving me to lean against my car, waiting for something to happen. "Why the fuck is there a Fury outside?!" I hear someone yell from within the house.

"Calm the fuck down!" Kier responds to the fearful woman.

Then the door opens, and Kier and 5 other people walk out to meet me. "Amelia, Mizzie, Melanie, Kai and Cori, meet Webster Baxter." He tells them, presenting me with a gesture. "Web, this is your new student, Amelia."

I take Amelia's hand, raising it to my lips and leaving a small mark on it as I kiss her hand. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Amy," I tell her with a smirk, looking at the beautiful creature. She smiles as I let go of her hand only to slap me, well and truly in a daze.

"I'm taken, you creep! Back off!" She yells before storming off and taking hold of Mizzie's hand.

Well... That didn't go as expected! I guess I'm losing my charm.

~~~

"I am going to teach you how to use your magic. Do you understand, Amelia?" I explain.

She stares at me with a bewildered look on her face. "I have magic?" She questions.

This is clearly going to be harder than I thought...

"Yes, Princess. You have magic."

She scowls, "don't mock me."

"Okay..." I look down, how am I supposed to work with someone who is utterly

clueless. "Right, there are 5 things you need to learn so that you can teach yourself how to do other things..."

"I thought you were going to teach me," she states.

I chuckle, "I can't teach you everything. I can only teach you the basics, which will then make your mind open up and learn by itself."

"You're a bigot," she declares.

"And you're a leech who will most likely fail to save your partner unless you trust me, so get over it," I growl, deliberately trying to piss her off.

"Don't talk about her like that!" She screams, her eyes turning black with her pupil turning blue, she's already undergoing step one.

"I wonder..."

"What?" She asks.

"Do you know that your eyes change colour when you're angry?" She nods. "Well, that's one of your powers, it shows when you're upset, but if you learn to control it, you'll be able to use it when you're not mad."

"What will I be able to do?" She asks.

"Fly, levitate, move objects... You'll basically look like Thor and Yoda's love child."

"Hmm..." she mumbles, pacing away from me. She turns back to me, her eyes black with her blue pupils, "Let's get started."

Billie:

"Why does this have to hurt like a little bitch?" I groan, a fiery shooting pain going up my spine.

"Maybe because you're weak. When was the last time you fed?" Webster mocks, a small chuckle almost seeping through his cold and broken personality.

"Fuck you."

Webster smiles at me, "and I thought we were getting somewhere." He laughs.

"I don't need to feed. I drank two pints of blood before I even got here." I tell him.

"Two Pints of what?" He asks; his face and voice synchronising, becoming cold and stone-like.

"Animal blood," I tell him, looking down. I know I need to drink Human blood to unlock my full powers and to stop the pain, but I can't do it. I can't hurt someone.

Webster:

I tell her to drink but she won't! I tell her to drink from me or someone who won't die but she won't! She won't even drink from a blood bag from the donation centre. I don't know what to do.

*She's useless...*

"How is our student coming along?"

Kier asks.

I sigh, "More stubborn than I initially thought..." I pause, "she's fine with doing everything that I thought she wouldn't. But if she doesn't drink, she's going to be a sitting duck out there."

We exchange a look of concern before going our own way.

*I can't let her die.*

Kier:

We need to get her some food - some human blood - and then attempt to feed it to her... "Got any plan on how we're going to get her to drink this?" Web asks me.

I laugh at his question, feeling tired and powerless and completely unable to save my Queen. "I honestly don't know... We need some inside help; I'd suggest Mel, but Billie will probably guess or realise what's happening."

He smiles at me. "How about we get someone she wouldn't expect?"

"Like who?"

His smile widens, "how about that amazing little princess of hers?" He's talking about Mizzie...

"And get her to do what? Billie wouldn't dare drink from her," I tell him.

He facepalms, "I don't mean it like that, if we can get Mizzie to stab Billie with a vial of liquid silver, Billie will fall asleep."

I can feel a shocked expression on my face, "that will kill her!"

Webster shakes his head, with an expression on his face that basically questions me about whether or not I'm stupid. "She won't die; she'll be perfectly fine. She is a born Vampyre, this basically means that everything that kills an impure Vampyre will just put Billie to sleep."

I sigh, I should have known... I keep forgetting she was born not made. "I'm sorry for doubting you."

He smiles. "It's fine, but I have a question."

"Ask away."

His smile begins to disappear, "Why does Amy go by the name Billie?"

I sigh and smile, it's understandable to ask about this, I'm quite surprised Mizzie hasn't asked me yet. "Mel's father, Bill, was the Hunter that saved her when she was a kid. A hunting tribe had attempted to kill her, for the only reason being that they'd never seen a Vampyre be born before, they'd never heard of it... So, they assumed she was the anti-Christ."

"Why did Bill save her?" He asks.

"Because Bill wasn't just a monster hunter; he was also a family friend – he knew they were vegetarians, he tried to stop them from killing her parents, but he didn't succeed so he took Amelia from the other hunters. She was 25, they took care of her until Bill died and then my brother, Mickey, moved into town. He'd been tracking her since she was

born, but due to the lack of dead bodies, he couldn't find her. She hadn't and has never drunk a single drop of human blood thanks to Bill. That's why she goes by Billie because he saved her and he died for her, just like Karen did back in 2000," I say, looking down at my hands. I look back up. Webster is staring at me, a tear rolling down his cheek, he now understands.

"I'm sorry." He mumbles.

I sigh. "It's okay, you're trying to help her. She needs to drink... I just hope she doesn't turn ripper on us when she gets her first drop."

Mizore:

I don't want to hurt her, but if I don't she could die... I sit in our room, clutching the little vial of silver in my hands. She walks into the room; I hide the flask behind me. "Hey

sweetie, you okay?" She asks, sitting next to me on the bed.

"I'm fine, how are you?" I question, reading her face to make sure she hasn't realised what I'm attempting to do.

"I'm okay, I'm just tired of having to put up with Webster..." She mumbles.

Recently, she's had to spend a lot of time with him to practice her powers. She's doing super well... but she needs to feed... I sigh, "It'll be okay, sweetheart," I whisper, stabbing the vial into her neck, "it'll be fine."

She looks at me, a wave of pain, betrayal and heartache crossing her face as she slowly falls backwards and her eyes closing.

"I'm so sorry, Billie..."

I'm watching them tie her up, stabbing her in several places with UV drips of human blood.

"Will this actually work?" I ask.

Webster nods, "it will work. She may go a little loopy for a few hours, which is why we've had to tie her up but she'll be okay."

My eyes widen, "what do you mean by loopy?"

Kier smiles, "let's just say, Billie's grandfather, Jack, was a little bit of a ripper."

Oh, God no... Jack the Ripper...

Billie:

I wake up to my head pounding, my veins on fire and my jaw aching. "What have you done?" I mumble, unable to open my eyes.

"We're trying to help you," Webster urges.

I growl. "Do you not understand what you've done? I was a vegetarian for a reason! The same reason as my parents," I grunt, my skin is burning, and my bones are aching.

"You're a born Vampyre, along with all your family as all of them were born into such, I know," Webster tells me, arrogance in his voice as he mocks.

I growl again, "then you know what's going to happen?"

He sighs, "You're going to hang there until you're calm."

"Fuck no," I growl, slipping out of the chains, opening my eyes and pouncing on Webster, digging my fangs into his neck. He struggles and screams in pain, and then the cell door opens, the sun pouring into the room

and a familiar, appetising scent fills the room. I get off of Webster, leaving him in a pool of his own blood. "Leave. Get out!" I scream, throwing them back with a gust of wind and slamming the door with my telekinesis. I knew it was Kier and Mizzie... Especially Mizzie...

I turn to Webster, who is now sat up and wiping his blood off of his neck. "Well done," He tells me.

"What?" I moan, my eyes hurting from the sunlight that had shone through the door.

"You went for me, you didn't go for Kier, and you protected Mizore. Already you're doing better than your grandfather and uncle," He grunts as he tries to explain without opening the wound on his throat.

"I'm sorry," I tell him.

He smiles. "It's okay, it's better for you to go for me than for Kier. We both know

guardians can be killed, you've seen it first hand with Mickey. I don't think Kai would be too pleased with you killing her husband."

I chuckle, my laughter uneven due to the pain. "Kai would kill me if anything happened to her other K..." Webster laughs in response.

"Good point, let's hope they don't call their child Kelly or Kristen, they'll be the KKK..." He says as he chuckles at his own joke. I laugh a little along with him.

My laughter turns into a slow chuckle as I begin to realise what's happening to myself, "Why? Why get Mizzie involved?"

He stops laughing slowly, his small smile fading away. "She is probably the only person that you would trust with your life, she's the only one that you'd forgive... I couldn't do it because you already hate me; I

didn't really feel like getting thrown down to Mortifer..."

I sigh. "I don't hate you, you're just arrogant and ignorant, and you're annoying 90% of the time... I may not like you, but I can promise you, I don't hate you. I hate no one..." I confess.

"That will change," he mumbles, getting up and walking towards the door. "Finish that blood bag, and we'll be done for the week, I'll pay for your evening meal tonight, anything you want," he tells me.

I smile. "Thank you," I mumble, knowing full well he can hear me.

"You're welcome, you can survive on human blood bags more than animal ones. Drinking three pints human blood a week will get you up to full strength compared to having twenty-one pints of animal blood a week. And

don't worry, the blood bags aren't from the donation centre," he whispers back.

"Then where is it from?" I question.

"Me."

Webster:

"What are you doing to her in there?"

Mizzie probes as I come out of the cell.

I sigh, breathing in the forest scent, feeling the woodland breeze hit my skin. "Just feeding her, she'll be all right," I tell her.

"Then why are you covered in blood?"

She questions as I realise my wound has already healed.

I sigh. "Who do you think donated the blood?" I ask her, she frowns and begins to understand what she'd suggested.

"I'm sorry, I'm just-"

"Protective, I understand," I confess. I do understand what she's going through, it's exactly how I felt about Electra.

Kier places a hand on Mizzie's shoulder. "How long until she's released?" He asks before embracing Mizzie into a hug.

"She has one more blood bag left to drink, the quicker she drinks it, the quicker she's out," I tell them.

Mizzie sighs. "I guess we'll be waiting a while then..."

Billie:

"I need to do this," I whisper to myself, holding the blood bag in my hands. "I can do this..." I open the valve at the top of the bag and begin to sip. I pause, close the lid and put it back on the table. "How do people like this stuff? It's fucking disgusting," I mumble.

"The quicker you drink it, the better it tastes," a male's voice comments. Whoever it is, I can't see them due to the darkness. He steps forward into the light, "remember me?" Luke.

I smile, "how did you-"

"Get in here?" He says, cutting me off. "I'm a God, I can appear anywhere," he pauses. "Thank you for recruiting me, in return I would like to help you with your cravings; there are a few techniques that a friend of mine had to use to stop himself from being hunted..." He says, looking deep in thought, "Jack said I'd have to help you with it at some point."

"Jack?"

"Your Grandfather, he died in 1889, he got sent to purgatory, but I fished him out... can't let a royal live in such a slum," he tells me, a small smile on his face.

"Thank you for helping me," I say, picking the blood bag back up, biting and sinking my teeth into it. He is right... it does start to taste better, the quicker I drink.

~~~

I've been doing this for a month now, drinking blood in this forest cell, just to make sure my cravings are under control. Luke comes with me every time to make sure I don't pour the blood down the toilet or escape after feeding.

It took me hours at first, now it doesn't even take me half an hour...

I look up from the empty bags, Luke is sat across from me reading his book while he waits. "I'm done, and the craving is gone," I confess.

He looks up, smiling, "sure?" I nod in response. He smiles and nods before getting

up and knocking on the cell door. "She's okay," he says to Web, who has been stood out for there for an hour waiting for me.

Web opens the door. "Great," he smiles, his teeth showing and making me feel slightly nervous, he doesn't have the most comforting smile...

As we stand in the room, Web continues laughing until he turns to Luke. "What's wrong, sourpuss?" He asks Luke, his smile fading into a distant memory.

Luke's face hardened. "You know what's wrong," he declares, his lips pressing together into a thin frown.

Web joins him, his frown turning his, and now angry, facial expression into stone. "Shut up," Web growls.

"Make me," Luke snarls in response.

In a flash Webster is on top of Luke, attempting to strangle him. However, his attempts seeming to amuse Luke. "Why are you laughing?" Webster roars in Luke's face.

Luke smiles, and says, "I'm a God, you strangling me does jack-shit." Webster stares down at him, a super confused look covering his face.

And then, to help Webster understand, Luke changes his form. His skin turns white, his eyes roll into balls of fire. "Fuck!" Web screams as Luke laughs, then throwing him across the room.

Luke got up off the ground, fixing his shirt and jacket. "Yeah, 'fuck'," he laughs, pausing before continuing with his sarcasm. "You may want to learn who and what someone is before you just assume you can take them. After all, I am older than time itself: you, on the other hand, are only, what?"

800 years old?" He asks Web, a small chuckle in his voice.

"You work for Mortifer," Webster states.

"Ha!" Luke screams, turning back into his human form. "I 'work' for Mortifer? Buddy, Mortifer is my Twin Sister, I hate her just as much as everyone else!" He yells a smile of shock on his face.

Webster growls. "She's working with the enemy; how do we know you're telling the truth?"

Luke looks at me, his mouth dropping open in a speechless manner. I look to Webster. "Mortifer tried making his girlfriend a Fury. And I think you, of all people, understand that a Fury and a God can't be together," I inform him.

Web looks to Luke, then looks down at his hands. "Why would he understand?" Luke questions.

I smile. "He is mated with a goddess called Electra, I think he was like me before being turned into a Fury..." I tell him, finally putting the puzzle pieces together.

"How do you know about her?" Webster asks, looking at me with a shocked expression on his face.

I smile again, "I know because I was taught to use my powers by the best."

Web sighs. "Electra is my sister..." Luke tells us.

We look at Luke. I can feel the shocked look on my face hardening as I become slightly angry at the fact that his own sister, Mortifer, is out to ruin all her siblings' relationships. "Why is she doing this?" I probe.

Luke's expression becomes sadder yet. "The last Queen was killed, and Mortifer could have released her... but she didn't, so the King made the law of no God can mate with a Fury, he then killed her companion, forcing her to make him a Fury to keep him alive..." Luke explains.

"Then... Why don't I just get rid of the law?" I ask.

Web signs. "Because if you do it, you'll lose power."

~~~

"I never really wanted the power of a Queen to begin with, so... Why would it matter?" I question.

Webster sighs, "if you change the law, Mortifer is the next in line for the thrown... last time I checked, she's okay with the humans dying."

I nod. "So, what do we do?" Luke asks.

I turn to him. "Is it possible to kill a god?" I probe, I can hear my own remorse in my voice as his face begins to sink into despair. I understand that this makes him upset, she is his sister after all...

"Only by killing her with the Gods blade," he tells me, I look to Webster only to see a tear roll down his cheek. I'm apparently missing something...

"What is it?" I ask Webster.

He looks over at me, his mouth slightly hanging open. "The Gods blade can only be wielded by a God...." Webster tells me as he begins to look down at his hands, a sense of shame in his actions.

"Luke... I'm so sorry...." I comfort him.

"I know someone who could kill her..." Webster mumbles. He looks to me, "Keir is a

Guardian, and he's a God. However, he won't be solid enough to take her on. But Mizore on the other hand-" he tells me before I cut him off.

"No. Mizore cannot get involved." I blurt out. I can't let her get into danger... if Mortifer were to kill her first, we'd be in the same predicament all over again.

"Mortifer won't be able to kill her if we hold her down," Webster tells me, a small smile on his face.

I look to Luke, who is now filled more with anger than pain, "when will we do it?" He asks.

"Tonight."



## Chapter Five

Mizore:

"That's the gate?" I ask. Webster nods.  
"And the blade?"

Webster nods again, "here it is." He says, passing me a two-horned blade.

"Thanks...." I say.

Kier does a chant, and the door of the crypt opens, the gate. "Who wants to go first?" Kier chimes up.

He laughs, "me first then."

He jumps in, vanishing into a pool of black. "Me next," Luke says before stepping in and disappearing.

"Our turn," Billie tells me, taking my hand in hers. "I'll see you down there, Webster," she nods before stepping toward the gate. "Ready?" She asks, looking at me. I nod, "okay, 3, 2, 1!" And we jump.

I land with a thud. "Ouch," I say, rubbing my elbow.

Billie stands up and runs over to me. "Are you okay?" She probes.

"I'm fine, just knocked my elbow," I confess.

She smiles. "As long as you're okay."

"Ladies," Webster says as he steps through the portal, "let's get this done."

"How did you do that?" Kier questions, a look of confusion on his face.

"What do you mean?"

"Just walk through without falling,"  
Kier says.

He chuckles. "Magix."

Billie:

"I'll get rid of the guards," Lucifer  
whispers.

I nod, as he goes and takes care of  
them, leaving Mortifer alone. "Our turn, run!"  
Webster yells in a whisper. And in a flash  
we're (Webster, Kier and myself) on top of  
Mortifer, pinning her down.

Mizore stands over Mortifer, dagger in  
hand. "You don't get to hurt anyone else," she  
says, rage in her voice. And then she lunges  
forward, plunging the blade into Mortifer's  
chest. "Never again."

Mortifer begins to wither. "WHY?" She  
screams.

Luke stands over her, next to Mizore.  
"Because you can't gain power, nor can we trust you," he tells her, a smile on his face.

"Brother..." she says before her souls leaves her body and her body turning to dust.

I pick up the blade and look at them.  
"Let's get rid of this stupid law, now," I tell them.

We walk back to the portal only to be stopped by a Fury. "What have you done?!"  
Her partner... Mortifer's Love?

"Jeremiah, just leave it," Luke tells him.

"How can I? You killed my mate!" He screams.

"Fuck this," I mumble before speeding over and stabbing him in the chest. "Bye-bye."

~~~

"Billie!" Mel yells from the foot of the stairs, just as she has done every day since I began college with Mizzie. I groan as I try to pry myself out of bed. I may be a vampyre, but that doesn't stop me from liking sleep. "Billie! Get the fuck out of bed, don't make me come in there!" She yells.

"Sweetie, you need to get up," Mizzie whispers in my ear. I smile and open my eyes, she's ready for college already. "Last day of the year, and then we have a nice long two weeks," she smiles.

"Billie!" Mel yells again.

"She's up, Mum!" Mizzie shouts back, smiling. "C'mon! Today will be fun, it's a Christmas special at college," she smiles.

I sigh, sitting up. "Let's just hope it doesn't get disturbed," I tell her.

She nods. "Let's go then," she tells me.

For the past nine months, we have been struggling with an onslaught of daemons. The Angels have been struggling to keep them at bay, due to this there was a massacre at the college, 14 humans were killed, 2 wolves and a shape-shifter... we lost Cori...

It's been a couple of days since the last day of college. Mizzie and I decided to stay an extra 2 years at college, so we've been studying Literature and Photography. And today is Christmas, I have been waiting for this day since October. I loved Halloween but Christmas day is essential. I have a significant present for my sweet Mizore.

"Merry Christmas!" She sings as she dances down the stairs, a bounce in her step.

"It's time for you to open your presents, Mizzie," Mel sings back to her.

They're both so excited, I can see it on their faces. I pick up the main present for Mizzie. "Here is your first present from me, Mizzie," I tell her, a smile growing on my face as well as hers.

"Thank you so much," she smiles, finally opening the gift. A 1st edition copy of 'Wuthering Heights' from my personal library back home where I grew up. She smiles, a tear rolling down her face. "It's beautiful," she whispers. "Thank you," she screams before putting the book carefully down and jumping on me. I clutch each thigh in my hands, keeping her upright. "I love you so much," she tells me before smothering me with kisses.

Christmas is undoubtedly a time for loved ones and family. I love my family, my friends... my love.

Billie:

"Good morning, Sweetcheeks," Billie mumbles against my belly, kissing around my belly button. I sigh, biting my bottom lip as she continues kissing, moving down towards my crotch. Her fingers slowly, clawing at my shorts, pulling them down, revealing my white cotton pants. "I love you so much," she moans, moving my pants aside and kissing sex before spreading my lips and nipping my clit with her teeth playfully.

I let my head fall back on my pillow and let out a moan of pleasure. I hear her giggle, her warm breath against my sex and her tongue flickering against my clit. She pulls back, looking up at me with a broad smile. "Shhh, keep it down, Mel will hear you," she giggles before ducking again and sucking hard before making her way back up my belly, moving my shirt up over my breasts. "I've wanted to do this for a while," she smiles

taking my breasts in her hands before enveloping my left nipple in her mouth. I moan again, arching my body in response to the pleasure, grinding my groin against Billie as she sits on top of me. She sits up, releasing my breast and putting her a hand at either side of my head, looking down at me, her iris' black and her pupils blue – I don't know whether to get even more aroused due to how hot she looks or get scared due to the look in her eyes.

"I love you, so much – it's almost impossible for me to resist you," she groans, her eyes filled with lust. She leans down in a second, attacking my lips with hers, taking my breath away. She grabs my waist, pulling me up from underneath her, making me wrap my legs around her waist, feeling her groin throb against mine through her boxer shorts. She starts kissing my cheek, moving down to my jaw following it from the left, to my chin and

back to the right before trailing down my neck, making a trail of kisses on my neck. She stops for a second and moans as she begins to lick the base of my neck, just above my collarbone. "You're mine," she mumbles, her warm breath against my skin before biting, piercing my skin. It isn't a painful hurt; it's quite pleasurable. She pulls up to look at my face; her eyes have gone back to green, resting her forehead against mine as she smiles. "I love you so much..." she murmurs before laying me back down in our bed. "Get some sleep," she whispers, lying next to me, wrapping her arms around my waist and cuddling up to me, pulling my shirt down and resting her head on my chest before closing her eyes and pulling me close.

"I love you," I whisper, stroking her hair and cuddling her close.

She tilts her head up to look at me; a small, sleepy smile on her face. "I love you, too."

Mizore:

*My beautiful Queen...*

Billie:

"Amelia! Mizore! Wake up!" I hear someone yelling from downstairs. "Billie, it's happening! It's beginning!" I hear them shout, banging on our bedroom door.

I get out of bed, pulling on my clothes and making my way over to the door, opening the door to find Webster and Avril waiting for us. "What's going on?" I question.

"The fight began, and so far, it's not looking good! We need you!" Avril tells me with a sense of urgency.

I groan, *fuck...* "Okay, give us a few minutes."

~~~

"Billie!" I hear Mizore yell through the sound of ringing in my ear. What the hell is this thing?

I look up through the blood in my eyes and on my face to see a blue beast, slashing and ripping me to shreds. "Fuck this," I mumble before pouncing on her, getting my fangs out and ripping out her throat. I drop the body to the ground, with it now being empty of blood, I'm in need of more. I look around me, dead and injured bodies of my friends on the ground, wolves and warriors fighting for survival all around us while Mizzie is struggling in Webster's grasp as he tries to pull her away and get her to safety. "Mizzie, go!" I yell, and through her sobs and tears, she nods before opening her wings, picking Webster up and flying away. I know he'll protect her, he must.

I head into the crowd, seeing the angels fighting the daemons and the Furies working well to protect the humans, whether they be wolves, Wesen or otherwise.

That's when I see it, Kier being attacked, his spine and gullet being the only thing keeping his head attached to his body.

In a rage, I lunge forward ripping the savage off of my friend, it's Kai... "Kai, what are you doing?!" I yell before drop kicking her into a brick wall, her human form looking fragile but somehow being robust enough to crash through.

"Kai hasn't been in here for a while, you petty bitch," she snarls. How long?

"Who are you?" I growl, tears welling up in my eyes, my throat burning from the cold winter's air. This is probably the world's worst New Year's Day ever if this is happening everywhere as we expect it to be.

"Nukpana," she roars. Fire rages behind her, her body being engulfed before she walks out of the flames. "Time to die, my fair Queen," she barks, plunging forward tackling me to the ground.

"Kai, you must be in there! Wake up!" I scream, holding her above me as her human form struggles.

She growls, "Kai died! She committed suicide! Don't you understand?!" She rumbles.

And then I look at her neck, Nukpana was right, there was clear bruising and scratch marks... she may not have committed suicide, but she was definitely hung. She's gone. "Goodbye, my sweet," I whisper, taking hold of Kai's head and snapping her neck before ripping it off. The body of my former friend hits the ground.

I crawl over to Kier, he's still alive but only barely. "Is she?" He mumbles, tears

dripping down his head. His voice box barely working.

"Yeah... she's gone, Kier," I tell him, tears running down my face. I'd become so fond of them both... they were my best friends.

"Kill me," he whispers.

"Kier, I can't...." I cry.

"Please, I can't do this myself. My spine is broken... I can't live without her," he whispers, whimpering in pain.

"Goodbye, old friend," I sob taking hold of his head and ripping it off. I place it down next to his body. "I'm so sorry...."

Someone places their hand on my shoulder, I turn to find that it's Luke. "It's time to go, mam," he tells me.

I nod as he wraps his arms around me, opening his coal-black wings and flying away with me. I look down on my city, my home, the

place I grew up only to see fire and death. Hell has risen.

~~~

"Luke!" Avril screams, running to his aid, slashing the daemon in a downward motion, cutting off the daemon's head.

"Thanks, baby," he mumbles, ripping the daemon's hand off of his neck.

She smiles, wiping the blood off of her face. "Anytime."

"Where's Mizzie?" I ask, looking all around me. She was missing. "Mizore!" I scream. I turn to Alistair, who is currently hunched over a daemon, sucking the soul out of it. "Alistair, do you know where Mizore is?" I ask, running up to him.

He sucks up the final pieces of the soul and turns to me, his eyes black and his face covered in blood. "She's with Webster, he got

her out of here as soon as Harrogate was clear."

"Fuck..." I mumble, looking down at my hands, wiping the blood off my face. "How many fights are left?" I ask.

"One," Luke sighs, looking to Avril. "There is the final war, it's in the resting place of the fallen," he mumbles.

"The underworld?" Alistair asks.

I nod and look at Luke. "We may have a problem...."

"What's wrong?" Avril asks.

I sigh. "It's just us... we have no one else who can fight in the underworld... we need to recruit," Luke mutters, his voice uneven and angry, he begins to walk off into the distance. "Let's do this," he yells to us before opening his wings. There are millions of

them... and only 7 or so of us... where're the furies when we need them...

~~~

"How are we supposed to win a war when we only have nine warriors?" Webster yells, almost pulling his hair out of his head. He's been waiting for Electra to return but she hasn't, and he's either worried, or he thinks she's helping the daemons...

"Ten," Mizzie mutters, standing up. "I'm coming with you," she tells him.

"No," I refuse. "I can't risk you!"

"In a game of Chess, the queen is the most powerful, we have two... we need you both," Luke nods to Mizzie, agreeing with her that she should join us.

"And if she gets killed?" I probe.

"She won't, you're not the only one who has powers, she's been training, too," he informs me.

I growl. "You either let me join you, or you're going to get killed," Mizzie growls back at me.

Unfortunately, she's right.

Webster:

It's time for the final battle... Electra should have been here weeks ago, I don't understand what's happening.

I step through the portal for the last time, meeting Luke and his men, Mizore, Billie and Avril. "Let's go," Luke nods to us.

"Wait," Billie says, stepping forward and taking hold of Mizzie's hand. "Just in case," she announces before leaning forward

and kissing Mizzie. When she pulls away, she strokes her face a little, whispering, "I love you."

I sigh, walking past them. *I wish Electra were here...*

"Let's go," Mizzie tells us, pulling Billie by the hand and leading the way.

"We must fight for the freedom of all of those who deserve it! Stand with us!" I scream, some of the Furies nod and roar agreeing with us while some question and some laugh due to being recruited by Mortifer's creations.

"Why would we fight with you?" A female Fury yells. "You're a God; you're filth!" She screams.

I chuckle at her stupidity. "I am no such thing, I am a Fury like you," I smile.

"Don't listen to the creature," I hear another female say, I turn around to find Electra.

"Electra?" I say, shock filling me.

"You're working for the other side... How could you?" She asks, a tear of electrified water dripping down her cheek.

I look at her, a confused expression on my face. "What team do you think I'm on?" I probe.

"You're working with Vlad..." She questions, pain on her face.

"Vlad is running the evil side?" Billie asks coming into the room.

Electra falls to her knees. "Your grace," she mutters.

"Electra, Webster is working with us, you have no issues with him," she tells her.

She looks up. "But your grace, he was working with Mortifer!" She screams before looking down at her hands.

I guess the gig is up.

Billie:

"What does she mean you've been working with them?!" I scream, a stabbing pain shooting through my chest, I trusted him.

"It's not what you think," he groans.

I clench my fists. "Then what is it?!" I yell, my face inches away from his as Mizzie pulls me back, trying to stop me from fighting him.

"I needed to get into their ranks to find out who was behind it, nobody would say!" He roars, his face turning red with anger before

stepping back and becoming calm. "I needed to know who it was...."

"Why? What did that do for you?" I rage, pulling out of Mizzie's grasp and strolling up to Webster.

He sighs and looks to Electra. "I needed to make sure it wasn't you," he tells her.

"I was fighting for the Queen!" She says, her voice portraying the levels of anger.

He strides over to her. "Then why didn't you decide to help before now? We have lost people because we were one God down. If you were there, Kai wouldn't have been killed and possessed. Kier wouldn't have had to be put down like a stray dog! We needed you! We lost friends because you were too fucking scared to face your own daemons!" He yells getting in her face. An electrified tear rolling down her cheek.

"They're dead...." She mumbles.

*She knew them?*

He nods, "and Cori," he tells her with a lump in his throat. He sounded as if he was about to fall into a pool of tears. "I needed to know, whether or not it was you. I needed to know that you didn't kill them."

"Why were they so important to you?" I ask.

Webster frowns, a tear rolling down his cheek. "Kai and Cori were our grandchildren... we couldn't save their parents, we tried our best for those two and the rest of the pack..." he pauses. "But you didn't come," he says, turning to Electra, his voice was so harsh compared to how he usually sounded and acted.

Electra burst into tears, covering her face as she sobbed. "I'm sorry!" She yells. "I'm

so sorry," she mumbles through her hands. Webster takes hold of her, wrapping his long arms around her petite form.

I look to the Furies. "Who will fight with us?" I question, and in seconds, the entire room was filled with Furies, all stood up, willing to fight. "Well then," I pause, a smile on my face, although we've lost our friends, we will have a chance to take care of those upstairs on earth. And with a smile on my face, I continue, "let's begin."

~~~

"Charge!" Vlad screams as his minions charge forward. Out of all the daemons that could have risen against me, he did...

In seconds it was bloodshed, the daemons were ripping a few of the Furies limb from limb while some of the Furies were eating the daemons. It was a slaughterhouse. "It's just you and me," Regan yells.

"No," Vlad yells. "We need her alive until the end!" He screams. Regan apparently didn't care at this point... after all, you can't control an Echidna. There's a reason why they're called the mother of all monsters... She springs forward to bite me, and I dodge. That's when Vlad lunges forward and beheads her. "Why couldn't she just take an order?!" He yells in anger...

"Because she was expendable..." I told him as her head returns to her body behind him. She's on our side.

He realises what I was suggesting and turns around just in time for Regan to lunge at him, digging her teeth into his gullet, gargling his own blood as he tries to scream. As his body goes limp, she lets go. "How was that, my Queen?" She asks.

"Perfect!" I smile, "now, protect Mizzie as she fights!" I tell her before running to the

aid of Avril, kicking a daemon off of her and cutting off its head before using my powers to ignite the body. "Are you okay?" I ask her.

She sighs. "I'm as good as I can be on a battlefield," she laughs, wiping the blood off of her face. "Let's go!" She yells, taking my hand and pulling me in a charge formation.

Time to get rid of all these daemons.

Webster:

We cannot lose if we lose... who knows what will happen to Electra and Luke for siding with the Queen.

As I rip a daemon's head off, I hear Electra scream in the distance. "Web!" She yells in agony.

I rush over to her, "Ele, what's wrong?" I ask, picking her up off the floor. That's when I see the blood dripping down from her

stomach. "Why would they stab you, only a-" I say cutting myself off... no...

Billie:

"Billie!" Webster yells, my head snaps to his direction, and that's when I see who is lying, dying in his arms; Electra.

"Fuck!" I whisper to myself, I turn to Avril. "I got to go help Web. Are you okay here?" I ask.

She nods. "Save her!" She yells over the screams of death, ripping a daemon's head off before walking away into another crowd of them.

I run over to Web, sitting beside them. Electra smiles. "You're going to make a great Queen," she mumbles, blood on her lips.

"I god damn hope so," I laugh, smiling down at her. I look to Webster. "What can I do?" I question.

He sighs. "Feed her your blood," he tells me.

"What?" I mumble. By doing this, she would turn into a Vampyre.

Webster sighs, "I understand the consequences," he read my mind. "Just please, her powers of being a goddess have been taken, someone had a Holy Blade, she's just human... She needs to be changed into a Vampyre or into a Fury. She can't die..." he shouts at me, trailing off at the end as a tear rolls down his cheek.

"She may not survive the change to become a Vampyre, Webster," I tell him. I've seen the change happen only once, it looked and filled the room with death... Vampires can carry children, they can produce both Human

and Vampyre off-spring... My twin brother Jaxon was a human... At eighteen my parents tried to turn him, he wanted it due to dying of cancer, he wanted to be with me forever... We were close as children... But, that's not how it happened. Once their Alpha venom was injected into his blood, the change began, and he started to get paler and paler until he drew his last breath. He had screamed for almost 12 hours before he finally died... He didn't survive the revival. Once they die, we have 2 hours to inject our beta venom into a subject's blood to change him. If only it were as easy to change someone as it said in the books. Jaxon died that day, we didn't have enough beta to pump into him... we needed one more Vampyre. "Webster, I don't know if I'll be able to do it!" I yell in frustration.

"It's our only chance!" He screams in despair.

I look down to Electra. "Do it. If I die, Luke will make me a Fury, it's okay," she tells me. Either way, there is a high chance of them not being able to be together... Furies can't be together biologically or otherwise. Some of them can't even see each other...

But there is a chance for them... I look at Web and then back down to Electra. I bite my arm before sliding underneath her, resting her head on my lap. That's when she uses the last of her powers to talk to me. "If anything happens to me, look after Webster," she tells me through thoughts. I nod. "Good night, my Queen," she says as her eyes flutter shut and she enters a dream state. "Is that normal?" Webster asks, I nod. She's going to make it.

Webster:

The war is won. As I sit here, with my mate laid on my lap, surrounded by hundreds

or maybe even thousands of burning bodies; I must wait for Ele to die. "Webster, we need to move her to the human world – if we don't we'll lose her completely," Billie insists, I nod in response, knowing the consequences. If she stays here too long, now that she is not a God, she will begin to fade away and crumble. Billie picks her up and starts to run toward the portal.

"Stop!" Avril yells. Billie turns around to face us, and then I see what she did, a daemon walks up to Billie from behind her and stabs her through the chest, the Holy Blade.

She lets out a roar of agony before falling to the ground. Mizzie screams, her eyes flashing red and her wings stretching out behind her; she uses her rage to charge the daemon, taking his blade and cutting off his

head. She turns and pays her full attention to the now dying Billie. *Sweet, Amelia.*



## Chapter Six

Mizore:

"Billie!" I scream, trying to keep her awake as we struggle to find a way to help her.

"We need a witch... Or another Vampyre," Webster says pacing the length of our bedroom. Webster then makes a weird face. "We need the Beta Venom from Billie," he says before getting a vial out of his pocket, walking over to Billie, who is laying on my bed, lifting up her top lip and pushing down on her gum to make some of the venom come out. Once the vial was full, he stands up. "I'll get this to Ele," he says, leaving the room seconds later.

"Oh, Billie... What are we going to do..."  
I mumble into her ear as I lay next to her.

Her eyes flutter open for a second, and she turns toward me. "You're going to live, all of you," she whispers before, once again, passing out.

"Not without you, I'm not," I whisper in response before curling up next to her. I can't live without her.

Webster:

Ele is slowly working through the Beta venom, there should only be around 15 minutes left of her transformation, we need her quickly, or Mizore is going to be stranded.

All of a sudden, I hear a gasp. I turn around to find Ele sat up, her eyes a shade of red and her fangs out. "My Queen," she mumbles.

"Electra, you're awake?" I probe, this could just be a memory or dream for her.

"Where is Billie?" She questions, her eyes turning back to the Electric blue and her fangs receding back into her gums.

"In her room, she's been unconscious for the past 24 hours," I confess to her, she jumps up, out of bed and rushing toward the door.

"What was used?" She turns to me and asks.

I sigh. "The same thing that almost killed you," I tell her.

She frowns, opening the door. "Let's go and save her then."

Mizore:

"Right, so explain how to do it, again," Electra commands Web, hovering her hand over Billie's heart. "Slowly," she insists.

"You need to focus on healing and heat, once you do that you will be able to transmit some of your life to her to heal her," Webster says, slower than before but still with a tone of urgency.

"Okay, here we go..." Electra says, closing her eyes and concentrating. She lowers her hands and presses them again Billie's chest.

A red glow surrounds her hands and kills the room with warmth. "I think it's working," I smile at Webster.

He looks down at me, a tear in his eye. "This will only heal the outside," he mumbles.

"What does that mean?"

He sighs. "If she got enough of the Blade's poison in her system, she might still die..." he says, his voice uneven and full of pain.

*No... Not my Amelia...* A tear rolls down my cheek as I curl up to Billie. I can't lose her...

Billie:

It's burning; my veins are burning, running dry and on fire. I can hear them, my family, my friends, calling from beyond the divide.

I can see them, their faces flashing in the darkness calling my name. "Amelia..." I hear my mother call, her voice is soft and sensual. "Wake up..." she mumbles.

"Mum, it hurts..." I cry, tossing and turning, unable to move my arms.

"Drink up," she mumbles as a warm, velvety liquid drips into my mouth.

It begins to burn the inside of my mouth as it becomes hotter and hotter. "Mum, it's burning!" I growl, the liquid continuing to drip through my teeth.

"Wake Up!" She roars; her white face in front of mine. I gasp, my eyes opening. I throw someone across the room as I sit up.

"Ouch... What the fuck was that for?" I hear a female say, I turn a little to my left and find Electra sat on the floor, up against a wall.

"You're alive," I smile.

She sighs, getting up and brushing the dust off of herself, the plaster on the wall all cracked and crushed. "And you are too, barely," she smiles.

"What were you feeding me?" I ask.

Webster looks at Mizzie who is sat necked to me, and then at Ele. "We weren't feeding you anything..." he mumbles.

*Oh dear...*

~~~

"What's all the yelling about?" Luke chuckles entering the house. "We could hear you from outside!"

Webster groans and smashing a vase. "Webster Lucas, just because you're ancient compared to me does not mean that you're allowed to break my ornaments!" Melanie screams in a fit of rage. She had gotten used to Webster acting like a jerk, but nobody breaks her things... Her house and its contents were her babies.

"I'm sorry..." Webster mumbles as he turns away from her to face Luke. "When Ele was healing Amelia, she said something was

dripping into her mouth – she said it felt like blood. Any ideas?" He probes, resting his hands on his hips.

"What did it taste like?" Luke asks, leaning to see past Webster.

Ele steps forward. "Web, sweetie, you make a better door than a window. Move out of the way," she smiles, pulling him aside.

"Well?" Luke asks, making a hand gesture to entice me to talk.

I groan. "It didn't taste like anything... Just vampyre blood, or witch blood, I've never been able to tell the difference," I murmur.

He walks up to me, grabbing my head in his hands and tilting my head back. "Open your mouth," he mumbles. I do as he asks, opening my mouth and hoping he doesn't want me to say 'ah' like they do at the doctors. "It didn't taste like anything because the blood

was two things: A, from your own bloodline and B, dead," he groans, his face seemingly turning to stone.

"My entire family is dead... How can we narrow this down and how can they have saved me?" I question, they must have saved me, right?

"Well..." he says, looking down and turning away from me. "They didn't try to save you..."

"What do you mean?" Avril asks, stepping forward and taking his hands in hers.

He turned back to me, taking a deep breath. "They bound themselves to you to come to this realm... I don't know who or why but you need to be careful, we need to find out who did this," he mumbles, sighing.

"But binding spells only work between siblings," Webster comments, looking confused – none of them knew about him... Jaxon.

Lucifer:

"But binding spells only work between siblings," Webster announces, I look over to him and find that he's confused. His brow creasing and his gaze turning into a scowl.

I turn back to Billie. "You have a brother?"

"Had," she gulps, clearing her throat. "He died in 1955, we tried changing him, but it didn't work," she confesses.

"Was he old enough to change?" Webster probes, tilting his head to the side.

She sighs. "He was my twin – while I was born a Vampyre, he was born a witch," she looks down at her hands, as if in shame.

"Did your parents stab his heart?" I question, stepping forward.

"I don't know... they never told me..." she murmurs.

I gulp, clearing my throat. This could be bad... "So, we either have a Fury or a Demon... which would you rather have?" I ask, sarcastically.

"If he's doing this, what does it mean?" Mizzie asks, stepping forward and taking hold of Billie's hands.

"It means that there may be either a Fury, who wants our help to get back into this world or a demon, who wants to possess her," I grumble, my throat dry and painful.

"I think I would know if he was a Fury..." Billie mumbles, still looking down. She looks up, slowly raising her head. "If he were a Fury, he'd be here by now... My brothers a demon," her voice cracks through the realisation.

This is definitely going to be tricky.

Billie:

*How could he do this to me... my own brother... trying to possess me....*"So, how do we stop him from taking hold?" Mizzie asks, sitting up on my lap.

Luke cups his face, resting his elbows on his knees. "We need to find him and kill him... the only issue is, there is no way to track down a Demon without Mortifer, and we killed her... so, unless we crown another as God of Hell, we're a little stuck..." he mumbles, screwing his face up.

I sigh and look at Mizzie as she fiddles with her hair, twisting it around her finger... she's worried. I lean forward, taking hold of her hand and moving her hair from her face, kissing her ear. "Everything is going to be fine," I whisper, kissing her ear again.

She turns to me, leaning in and kissing my left ear. "They know," she says before spinning on the spot to look back to them. *Bollocks...*

"So, how do we find someone suitable to be the God of Hell?" Electra asks, crossing her arms.

Luke looks at her, frowning. "You already know the answer to that," he comments.

She looks to Mizzie and I. "We need to find a lost soul, make them a God," she informs us. She looks back to Luke, "think we can get a soul from your end?"

He groans *he knows something...*"We can, but with all the fighting and loss we've had over the last three weeks, I doubt I want to see our friends become the potential new God of Hell... it was bad enough having to wave Cori off as he went to the Afterlife. "Kai and Kier will be down there?" I probe as Mizzie shuffles on my lap.

"Kier won't be, he was a Guardian, he would have gone straight to the afterlife, Kai will be there," he explains. Luke looks back to Electra, "I'm not making Kai a God."

"Why the fuck not?" She blurts.

"Because then she would never be able to see Kier again, would you really want that for her?" Webster pipes in from behind her. She looks down, an expression of shame on her face.

"I know someone we could use..." I comment, burying my face in Mizzie's shoulder.

"Who?" Mizzie asks. *I didn't tell her he died...*

"Damien."

She turns around in my embrace. Her eyes filling with tears. "He can't be dead..." she mumbles.

I look past Mizzie and to Luke. He nods. "We can use him," He stands looking down at Mizzie. "I'm sorry for your loss, but you won't be losing him after this," he smiles, his brow crunching. Seconds later, he poofs out, leaving a little bit of black smoke. *He's so lucky... I want that power...*

I look back to Mizzie, who is sobbing her heart out – this is not something I was looking forward to, but she was going to find

out eventually. I pull her close, taking her in my embrace as she snuggles into my neck.

"I'm so sorry...."

~~~

Lying in bed next to Mizzie is one bliss that could never dull. Staring at the ceiling, I listen to her breath as her head rests on my chest, snuggling against my side. Stroking her hair, I think back to the night when I bit her... I sort of regret doing it, but it had to be done at some point and considering I could have died... I think it was a good call... sort of.

Mizzie begins to squirm a little, so I gently rock her, soothing her. Her eyes flutter open as she tilts her head toward me. "What time is it?" She asks in a whisper.

I take a deep breath, not wanting to look at the clock. I look over at the bedside table. "6:15am," I mumble back to her, still stroking her hair.

"What do you think is happening in the Underworld right now? Do you think he's changed Damien yet?" She questions, sitting up, placing a hand on my stomach.

I prop myself up on my elbows, looking at her. Half of her hair frizzy from where she's been laid while the other half is barely curled. "He's already been changed," I inform her, smiling slightly as I sigh.

I flop back down, staring at the ceiling. Seconds later, she climbs on top of me, one hand on either side of her head. "How do you know?" She probes, sounding confused.

I chuckle, staring up at her. Her brown locks hanging from each side of her head. I reach my hand up to stroke her cheek, so *beautiful*. "Let's just say, when something happens in the supernatural world, I tend to know about it before others do," I comment, smiling up at her.

She sits up straight, her bum on my lower stomach. I take a deep breath, seeing her rise as my stomach puffs up before letting it out suddenly and seeing her drop down quickly. She places her hands on my rib cage, feeling each rib. She slowly lifts herself up, pulling my top up over my breasts, looking down at my naked chest. "You have so many scars..." she mumbles, tracing them across my stomach, up my rib cage and over my breasts.

"I'm not the youngest person on the planet... I've been through shit," I chuckle, watching as she continues to trace my newest scar, where the blade went through my chest, just above the mass of my left breast.

"Promise me something..." she mumbles. *Fuck.*

I take a deep breath. "Okay?"

"If anything happens to me-" she says, I flip her onto her back, getting on top of her

in an instant, one hand on each side of her head.

"Don't," I command. I knew how harsh I was sounding, and I knew the risks that I could lose her... but I can't. I know I should face it, being in denial could possibly get her killed but I won't allow it. She cannot die.

She smirks up at me, cupping my face with her hands, bringing me down and pressing her lips to mine. She pushes me back with a little giggle, laying back down. "If anything happens to me, make sure Mel is okay and... Fuck sake, make sure they don't bring me back... I don't need that shit," she chuckles. I take in a deep breath, I really want to cry.

"Mizzie, I promise," I tell her, laying down on top of her, my forearms on either side of her head, stroking her hair. I duck down, pressing my lips to hers, feeling how damp

and warm they are. *Don't fucking cry.* I rest my forehead against hers, smiling down at her. "I love you so much," I mumble.

She smiles up at me, wrapping her legs around me and her arms around my neck. "I love you, too."

~~~

"What exactly is going on then?" I question, watching Damien meditate in the middle of the room.

Luke takes a deep breath, stepping forward to stand next to me, arms crossed and his brow folded. "Well, now that he's the God of Hell, he can now see each and every Daemon," he comments, tilting his head to the side. "Let's hope your brother is actually a Demon..." he sighs.

I turn my head to look at him. "How could he not be?"

He inhales a deep breath before letting it out in a sigh. "The problem with Vampirism is that some of their bodies will die, after being made a Vampire, which means they've been reborn. If they have no history they wouldn't have gone to Mortifer or me... he would have gone straight to purgatory, no judgement needed," he confesses.

"Will Damien be able to find him? Even if he's in Purgatory?" I probe.

He nods, straightening his head and turning to look at me. "He'll be able to find him, but if he's been there since his rebirth... it's not going to be a happy family reunion. I can tell you that now," he tells me, pressing his lips together.

*Fuck.* "Why is he doing this..." I mumble, looking back to Damien who is now levitating while meditating.

All of a sudden, Damien crashes to the floor, stumbling as he tries to stand up. Mizzie rushes over, helping him balance. He looks at me, not breaking eye contact. "He's in purgatory, he's being hunted. We need to get him out of there now," he blurts out, his voice sounding like a roar.

"He's the one trying to get out, why would we help him?" Luke asks stepping forward.

Damien groans. "He's being chased, he's the only witch in there and someone a lot worse is trying to come back."

"Who?" I ask.

He looks at me, fear in his eyes. "Your mother."

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I gulp, sitting down on the steps at the front of the house. I needed fresh air after being told that... *oh, Lord... why my mother?*

"Billie?" Mizzie says from behind me. I heard her open the door, I heard her breathing before she even spoke. "What are we going to do?" She asks, sitting next to me, putting a hand on my knee.

I take a deep breath, placing my hand on top of hers and giving it a squeeze. "I'm going to find my brother and save him from our mother..." I mumble.

"Why didn't he try to get to you before?" She probes, a confused look on her face.

"Because he didn't have all the ingredients to get through the barrier," Webster explains, approaching us as he walks up the street holding hands with Electra.

"Ingredients?" Mizzie tilts her head to the side, a confused look on her face.

Electra takes in a deep breath as they enter our garden. "He wouldn't have been able to cross the barrier on his own without specific ingredients to make the barrier crossing to spell work," she explains, looking up at Webster.

"And that's why it took him so long..." I mumble, looking down at my feet. *I should have tried finding him...*

Mizzie takes my hand, squeezing it the same way I did to her moments earlier. "How do we get him out of there?" She asks, looking from me to Webster.

He takes a deep breath in, a frown forming on his face. "We need to go into purgatory and carry him out," he pauses, turning to look at Electra. She nods, and he

starts again, "once we get him out, we have 24 hours to find his new body."

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"So, how does this work?" Mizzie asks, staring into the portal leading to purgatory.

"I assume it's similar to the one leading to the Underworld, right?" I probe, looking over to Lucifer. He gulps, fear visible on his face. "It's not like the Underworld portal, is it?" I murmur.

He shakes his head before scratching his chin. "I wish it was... But if we hadn't done it this way... well, there would be a lot of people coming back to life and a hell of a lot of people vanishing."

Alistair chuckles. "A Hell... Purgatory is exactly that," he smiles, looking down at his feet as he walks up to the portal. He turns to me and gives me a small smile. "It's going to

hurt, a lot. Prepare yourself, your highness," he mumbles, his face giving an expression of sympathy while his voice sounding empathetic. He looks back to the portal, taking in a deep breath and stepping through.

"I want to go with you," Mizzie whispers from behind me. I turn to look at her, finding tears welling up in her eyes.

I cup her cheek in my left hand, taking her hands in my right. "We need you up here, sweetheart. But don't worry, I'll be back soon," I smile, my smile's fake, I think she knows it but it's hard to tell right now, she looks upset already. She nods. I let go of her, stepping backwards, toward the portal.

"Keep her safe," she says, still looking at me, but the command was intended for Lucifer.

"Yes, Ma'am," he smiles, a sympathetic expression on his face. He looks over to Avril,

nodding before turning and walking through the portal.

I smile at them, Avril, Mizzie and Electra. I turn to the entrance, gulping. "Well, if Web, Damian, Luke and Ali can do it, so can I," I tell myself, trying to give myself a little pep talk. "How bad can it be?"

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"FUCK!" I scream, curling up into a ball, clutching my knees to my chest. "WHAT THE FUCK?!"

"What's wrong?" Luke asks with a smug look on his face.

"Lucifer... you're the lucky fucker in this scenario, shut your pie hole," Webster smiles, rubbing the left side of his chest. He walks over to me, crouching down and looking me in the eye, "Billie, I know it hurts, you more than it does us, but we need to get

moving before some of these evil fuckers realise we're here. If they find you, they may kill you or hijack you."

I groan, shutting my eyes and taking a deep breath. "Can someone explain," I pause, trying to battle the pain. "Can someone please explain why my heart feels like it's just been ripped out?" I mumble, opening my eyes slowly to find Webster smiling slightly before taking hold of my hand and pulling me up, so I was sat.

"It hurts like that because the portal is designed to cause your heart to feel heartbreak for every love you've ever had, whether it being a sibling, a friend, a family member or your lover. For you, it is amplified because Vampyres can't have heart attacks. For me, it's not too painful due to my list of love being very short, and for those three fuckers," he pauses, looking over at

Luke, Ali and Damian. "They don't have hearts anymore, which is why it doesn't hurt them! They're designed to come into Purgatory freely, Alistair probably still got some pain but not as much as me and certainly not as much as you," he explains. *That's the price of being the God's of Death? You have your heart removed...? No, thanks.*

"Okay," I gasp, the pain increasing when I speak.

"Would you like a piggyback?" Webster asks, an empathetic smile on his face. I nod, *I cannot handle this sat down, let alone walking...* "Okay. C'mon," he says, turning and letting me climb on, I wrap my arms around his neck and my legs around his waist. "Do you feel faint?" He asks. I nod slightly, my cheek against his back. I hear him chuckle slightly as he stands up. "Get some sleep, we have a long journey ahead of us, my dear," He

says, I can hear the smile in his voice. *Thank the heavens for Webster... his actions over the past few months make me regret mistreating him when we met...* I let out a sigh as he begins to walk, closing my eyes as I see Luke, Alistair and Damian stand alert as Webster walks past, before following us into the foggy darkness.

I hear Luke sigh, a tone of worry in his voice, "let's see what horrors await us..."

Webster:

"Billie?" I whisper, crawling over to her. "Billie, wake up," I whisper, shaking her to try and wake her up.

Her eyes begin to flutter open as the shots fire above our heads. "Webster, what's happening?" She asks, looking at her as she lays on the ground. I crawl over to her, climbing on top of her to shield her. "What the

fuck are you doing?" She asks, looking quite shocked.

"Well, I didn't teach you how to use your magick to defend and attack at a distance, and I have no power, and I need to get to your neck," I explain.

"Why my neck?" She probes.

I gulp. "I need your blood to wake Luke up so he can freeze these arseholes," I mumble, letting my fangs out. "This is going to hurt," I inform her before lunging down and obtaining a mouthful of blood. *Don't swallow it, Webster! Don't do it!*

I wriggle over to Luke, opening and spitting the blood into his mouth. "That's so fucking disgusting," I hear Billie mutter.

Agreeing with her with a nod. I turn back to Luke, who is now awake and looking at me with a slightly unhappy look on his face.

"I agree, that is disgusting, but thank you," he mumbles before jumping up and shouting, "duratus!" Making the fighters freeze as well as their shots. One shot, in particular, stopping centimetres away from his face. "That was a bit close," he comments, turning to me. "What does duratus mean?" I ask.

"Freeze," Luke and Billie inform me, in unison.

"Okay..." I mumble before walking over to frozen Damien and Alistair. I take hold of their shoulders pulling them back and unfreezing them.

"So, who were they fighting?" Billie asks, standing up. However, when she finally looks at the enemy, she clearly realises who it is.

"Billie?" I probe.

"That's my mum," she frowns, pointing to one of the women pointing their wand

forward in attack. "And that's my dad," she cries, referring to one of the men attached to trees.

"We need to get them down," I suggest running over to them, through the frozen shots and past the frozen enemy.

"Webster, we can only take Jaxon," Billie mumbles, walking over to the trees being used as crosses.

"But, what about your dad?" I probe. *I must look so confused.*

"Look at him, he's been here for over 60 years, he's started to rot and die due to being here.

He was sentenced to being here for his crimes against nature, my mother hasn't decayed because she didn't die, she's here by choice. And Jaxon hasn't because he's linked to me and because he committed no crime. I

can save him," she mumbles, placing her hand on her father's arm. "I'm sorry," she mutters.

He smiles down at her. "Save him, kill her," he mutters.

She nods, letting her brother down and holding him up after he collapses onto her.

"Amelia, why did you come? You should have stayed in the earth realm," he groans.

"I needed to get you myself. Otherwise, I won't be able to get you out," she mumbles, walking him over toward the direction we'd come from.

"Where are you going?" Luke asks, starring Billie's mother in the face.

"The portal?" I question, looking between Luke and Billie.

"Aditus ad regna terrae," Luke mutters, a portal opening behind Billie and Jaxon. "I

can open it where I like," he smiles, turning away from Billie's mother and walks over to the portal. "It'll hurt again," he mumbles, standing in front of the entrance, looking over to Billie.

"Ready?" She asks Jaxon.

"Definitely!" He smiles, his voice showing his weakness.

"3, 2, 1, Go!" Billie yells jumping into the portal with Jaxon.

"Jump in," Luke smiles at Ali and Damien, they walk through.

"Time to go," I mumble, walking over to the portal. I look back to Elizabeth, Billie's mother. "What are we going to do about her?" I ask.

Luke walks over to her, looking her in the face, "I'll deal with her."

Billie:

"Why are you doing this?!" Jaxon yells as Webster hoists him up in my old cell.

I walk forward, looking into his eyes. "Because we need to make sure you're not here to kill," I comment, pressing my lips together.

"It's nothing personal, Jaxon. We just need to be safe. After all, your sister is the Queen of the Supernatural." Damien smiles, looking over to Webster and telling him to stop the hoist. "He's high enough."

"Jaxon, why did it take you almost 100 years to resurface?" Webster asks him.

Jaxon growls, keeping his gaze on me, apparently not happy with the situation. "I didn't know how to get out, I didn't know how to make contact. When Mother found me, we started to look for ingredients to do a Binding spell. When I then realised what she was

trying to do, Father and I attacked her, trying to get her tied up only for her alliances to come out of hiding and tie us up instead.

I had to do the spell. Otherwise, she would have killed me... She needed me to get you to open the portal, or she would have used my heart to do it," he explains, pain in his voice.

"Do you believe him?" Luke asks, standing behind me.

I turn around, finding him stood with Mizore, Avril and Electra. I turn back to Jaxon. "Let's see whether or not I should," I say walking forward, power in my stride, and placing my hand on his forehead, burning his skin and causing him to scream out in pain. "No!" I step back, in shock. "No."

Webster:

"Billie? What did you see?" I ask, stepping forward, placing my hands on her shoulders as she starts to shake. "Billie?"

"She saw someone she knew, but I don't know which person, there were three in the same area," Jaxon comments, bowing his head in pain.

I look back to Billie as she stares up at me. "Do it," she says. "Just, do it."

I gulp, *this is going to hurt...* I let go of her shoulders, taking hold of her hands before closing my eyes. She shows me what she saw, three men in the forest. Two of them decaying but the other is apparently alive, *I recognise him.... Where have I seen him before?* She takes me back further, into Scotland before the war began - before she met Mizore. *You were in a car accident?*

*Yes, I was in the car with Mickey and Jason. Mickey was one of the men who was decaying.* She shows me the inside of the car, minutes before the crash. I looked around in her memory, trying to spot details she hadn't seen before. I open my eyes, in shock. Taking a step back, my brows narrowing as my eyes bulge out of my sockets. "What did you see?" She asks, a confused expression crossing her face.

"Mallory," I mumble. "I saw Mallory, he was the one who caused the crash... He killed your Guardian," I stutter. I turn to look to find him snarling, his teeth showing, and his eyes full of rage.

He lets out a roar of anger before teleporting. "Who's Mallory?" Mizzie asks, looking between Electra and me.

"He's the God of disease, Luke's brother..." Ele explains, her eyes filled with pain.

Billie steps forward, standing next to me. "Who was he?" She asks.

"What?"

She frowns, rage covering her face. "Who was he?!"

"I don't know, I recognised him, he might have been disguised, but I don't know who he actually was," I explain. "Damien might be able to find out who he is, he's a Horseman."

"Come here," Damien says, taking hold of Billie's hand. His brows narrowing as his lips began to press together. He steps back, his jaw clenched. "Bollocks."

Billie:

"What is it?" I ask, a feeling of worry causing the pit of my stomach to drop.

Damien sits down in the corner of the room, a look of fear on his face, one of his eyebrows twitching as he looks down at the floor. "Fairy," he mumbles.

"What do you mean?" Web steps forward, a confused look on his face.

Damien looks up. "He's the new Fairy God." His face sinking into a state of depression.

"Damien, what does that mean?" I question, a pain in my chest.

"It means that Megan died before her children were old enough to take over," Web explains, taking in a deep breath.

"Which means that, even though Luke killed Elizabeth, she may not be dead...."

Damien stands, his face turning to stone as he clenches his jaw.

"So, what do we do?" Avril asks, looking between Damien, Webster and me.

"We need to acquire some friends." *Time to find Cody and Xavier...*





## Chapter Seven

Mizore:

"Who are we looking for?" I ask, looking around as students pour out of their classes as we stand in the middle of the hallway.

"We're looking for a set of twins; a girl with brown hair called Cody, a boy with brown hair named Xavier." She smiles, looking around as we walk forward.

After a few seconds went by, all students had left. "Did we miss them?"

"No," she says, gulping. "They're here..." she mumbles. Stopping in a crossroad corridor.

"Сжечь в огне моего ума," a boy growls, chanting the same phrase over and over, stepping out in front of us. Billie starts to shake, groaning as she raises her hands to the sides of her head. The lights flickering as Billie gets louder.

"Stop!" I scream, wrapping my arms around Billie and hugging her.

"Xavier, вы можете остановиться." A girl appears, placing her hand on the boy's shoulder, stopping the boy's chant.

"Спасибо," Billie says, falling to her knees, wiping away some blood that had dripped from her nose.

"You're welcome." The girl pauses, walking towards us, sitting down and crossing her legs. "I'm sorry for the misunderstanding, my brother gets quite protective when he can't read someone's mind." She smiles, an apologetic look on her face.

"Who are you?" I ask. "Cody Jones." She pauses, reaching her hand out toward me, gesturing for a handshake, "nice to meet you, Mizore." She smiles.

I frown, in a small state of shock. "How do you know my name?"

"I'm the Goddess of the Pixies, I can read people." She suggests, standing up and turning to her brother. "Xavier, can you hand me the blade please?" She holds her hand out as he gives her a small pouch. "This is what you came for, I believe?" She smiles, turning to us as I help Billie up off of the floor.

"That and some help," Billie groans, still rubbing her left temple.

"What do you need?" Xavier asks, his face looking like stone as his jaw clenches and his brows narrow, causing his forehead to crease.

"We need Pixies and Fairies, as many as we can get," I mumble, looking between the twins.

"And why would we help you?" He snaps. I take a deep breath, my wings materialising through the back of my clothes.

"Test me if you like, but if you don't help us, you'll be dying with us," I roar, fury filling me, causing my cheeks to heat up.

"Your Highness, you might want to keep your Guardian on a leash," he groans.

Billie snarls, showing her teeth before lunging at Xavier, pinning him to the ground.

"Cody!" He squeals in a high pitched voice. "Help me!"

"No, you insulted the future Queen of the Supernatural, you shouldn't have been such a cunt," Cody growls.

"Please!" He cries.

I walk over to Billie as she drags Xavier around on the ground. "Sweetheart, let go," I whisper to her, kissing her ear as I stare down at the mutt, a single tear falling down my cheek.

She lets go of him, stepping over him and embracing me. "I'm sorry, Angel. I can't help it," she murmurs, her voice sounding like velvet and she strokes me back and kissing the bite mark on my neck to calm me down. "I love you," she whispers, stepping back slightly, resting her forehead against mine, looking into my eyes as she smiles.

"I love you, too." I grin.

"I'm sorry," Xavier mutters, as he sits up behind Billie.

"If you do something like that again, I will rip out your jugular, understand?" Billie threatens him, looking over her shoulder.

"Yes, Your Highness." He stands, bowing his head.

"Shall we go and see the family? They will be able to help us recruit." Cody smiles.

"Thank you." I smile in return, *she's so sweet.*

"Let's get going then," she comments turning around and walking away, Xavier follows quickly.

"Let's go." I smile, taking hold of Billie's hand and pulling her along, following them. *Let's see how this goes...*

Billie:

"Your Highness, it is a pleasure to meet you." The man smiles as he holds the door open for Mizzie and myself to walk in. *Pixie.*

"The pleasure is all mine," I chuckle, entering the house, holding Mizzie's hand.

"Miss Gabriel, I was informed that you were on the way to see Cody and Xavier, how was your journey?" A woman asks, walking into the room.

"It wasn't too bad, but the arrival wasn't entirely pleasant," I comment as Xavier and Cody walk past us.

Cody wearing a smile on her face, "you can blame this tosser for that."

"Oi," Xavier objects, slapping his sister's arm.

"Nina, he decided to melt Billie's brain as well as insult Mizore to a point where Billie beat him up, hence the bruises on his face. He shouldn't have been a complete cock," Cody explains, still smiling, before going through a set of double doors.

"Xavier?" The man says, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, Casey?"

"What did I teach you about respecting people and learning who and what they are before rampaging?" Casey asks, a grave look on his face, his lips scrunched together forming a firm line while his brows narrow, creasing his forehead.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Casey," Xavier mumbles.

"Yeah, you better be." He frowns. He turns to Mizzie and I, smiling again. "Would either of you like a drink? We have Fury blood, cola, lemonade, orange juice and water."

"When was the last time you fed?" Mizzie mumbles from behind me.

I take a deep breath, clenching my jaw. *The more I think about it, the more I feel*

*the hunger...* "Can Billie have a drink of Fury blood, please? She hasn't fed since we left home, it seems... and we haven't been home for almost two weeks," she mumbles, gripping my arm.

Casey smile, a sincere expression on his face. "I'll go get that for you." He pauses, turning to Nina. "Can you take them into the study please?" He asks.

Nina nods and walks over to the double doors to which Cody and Xavier went through. "Follow me."

Mizore:

Walking back into the study, the crowd parting, I find Cody in Billie's embracing, crying. I walk over, rubbing Cody's back. "What happened?" I ask, looking up at Billie.

"I just found out why they're willing to help us get rid of Mallory." She frowns, a hurt look on her face.

"Why?"

"Because he put my sister's soul mate into a coma," Xavier comments from behind me. I turn around to look at Xavier, still rubbing Cody's back. "Lucinda is a witch, and if you haven't figured out already... Gods aren't allowed to mix with humans." He frowns, sorrow in his gaze.

"But, because she's a Witch, she must have some Fairy or Pixie blood, right?" I ask, my brows narrowing in my confused state.

Billie peers over to me, a hurt expression on her face as her eyes begin to droop a little. "She's part Fairy."

"So, we could make her into the new Fairy God?" I smile. My smiling fading as I realise something was wrong.

"We could make her into the God, and I plan on doing so, but we need to kill Mallory first and kidnap Jason," Billie explains.

"Why not just kill Jason? Can't we just make the throne automatically go to Lucinda?" I ask, frowning.

"Unfortunately, to be able to have her get the automatic Godship, we need to put her through three trials."

I groan. "Which is impossible due to the spell Mallory put on her...."

"We'll help you kill Mallory, catch and kill Jason, under one circumstance," Xavier declares.

"What is it?" Billie asks, looking directly at Xavier, her eyes narrowing. Cody

steps out of her embrace. Cody's face turning to stone as her sorrow turns to anger. "I kill Mallory."

Billie:

"When Lucinda is finally free and immortal, what will you do? Where will you go?" Mizore asks, smiling as we watch Cody hold Lucinda's hand, watching the heart monitor.

"I'm going to take her home to Glasgow and propose, like I was going to the weekend this all happened." A tear rolls down her cheek as she strokes the back of Lucinda's hand with her thumb. It's not a significant gesture, stroking someone's hand; neither is kissing someone's forehead, but the amount of comfort and love in those small actions can make the world of difference in times like these.

"So, what's the game plan?" Xavier asks, standing on the other side of the bed, opposite his sister.

"Lucifer has tracked Mallory down; he's getting a meeting set up." I pause. "Before you kill Mallory, I would like to ask him some questions, is that okay?" I ask, looking over to Cody.

"If any torturing is needed, leave it to me," she comments, nodding before turning back to Lucinda.

"Let's talk elsewhere," Xavier suggests, walking out of the room.

"I'll stay here." Mizzie smiles.

I smile back at her. *If it was Mizore and I in Cody and Lucinda's position... I'd be ripping Mallory's head off.* "Okay, I'll see you soon." Giving one final look toward Cody and her

sleeping beauty before following Xavier out of the room.

I enter the study, sitting down in a chair opposite Xavier as we sit at the desk where, only hours ago, I saw Cody decapitate the Fairy Mayor. "So, how is this meeting going to go?"

"Well, the information Luke has already given me tells me that Jason will be attending the meeting. Apparently, Jason doesn't know who I am, meaning he didn't know who I was when he killed Mickey," I explain.

Xavier groans. "You need hybrid Pixies and Pixies then. If the Fairy God is there, pureblood fairies will be noticed by him a mile away. Luckily, not all Fairies are Magick, and he certainly isn't. Which means you can take Pixie/Fairy hybrids with you who will be able to capture him," Xavier comments, writing

down and scratching out names in his tiny book.

"That leaves us with around three hundred people that we can use, I recommend us taking at least five, possibly ten including Cody and myself."

"Who are your strongest?" He takes in a deep breath, exhaling slowly. "Emmanuel, Periwinkle, Lax, Margo, Riley, Bruno, Christof, Primrose and Lucinda. Out of those, the only people we can take with us is Emmanuel, Periwinkle, Lax, Riley, Bruno and Primrose," he says, biting his bottom lip as his brows narrow, his eyes suggesting that he's deep in thought.

"Is there a problem?" I ask.

He looks up. "No, but I'm not sure if eight of us is enough... How many of you will there be?" He questions.

I sigh. "Well, there will be me, for sure. Webster, Damien, Luke, Avril, Alistair, Jaxon, and me."

"What about Mizore?" He inquires, a slight look of confusion on his face, making a crease on his forehead, before nodding to his left.

I turn my head slightly to be welcomed with a cup of Fury blood. "Thank you." I smile, taking the cup. *It's nice having a little sip every couple of hours, I should do this more often.* I turn back to Xavier. "I tend to try and keep her away from the fights that could go wrong... when I went to purgatory I left her here, she was guarded by Avril and Electra. This time, it will only be Electra, but I'm pretty sure I can get the Therianthropes to help look after her while I'm away," I say, taking a sip from my cup.

"Leave Mizore here, she'll be safe with us." He smiles, a look of sympathy on his face.

"Thank you."

He stands up, chuckling slightly. "You don't have to thank us. If anyone should need thanking, it's you. You've opened up the possibilities of Gods being with Furies and Humans. For that, we are eternally grateful. It means my sister can be with the person she loves." He smiles, nodding in admiration.

"No one should have to be without the person they love. Love wins, if anyone has a problem with that, then they can take their face for a shit," I chuckle, leaning back in my chair.

Xavier lets out a roar of laughter, sitting back down with a thump. "Oh wow. Your Highness, I think we're going to get along just fine." He smiles.

"I hope so."

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"Are we all ready?" Luke asks, looking between us as we stand around him.

"Yes."

He nods, taking his place in the circle, putting his hands on Webster and Avril's shoulders. "Close your eyes, it's going to be bright," he says, closing his eyes.

"Billie?" Mizzie mumbles from behind me.

"You guys go, I'll catch up," I tell them, stepping out of the circle.

Luke nods, his eyes still shut. "В подземном мире," Luke chants before the circle of people get sucked into a portal that had materialised above them. I turn to Mizzie, finding her stood with Electra and Margo.

She walks over to me, wrapping her arms around my waist, resting her head on my shoulder as she buries her face in my shoulder. "I love you," she mumbles.

I take in a deep breath, my nose buried in her hair. *She smells so sweet...* "Promise me that you'll come back."

"I promise," I say kissing the top of her head. She takes a step back, wrapping her arms around my neck and standing on her tiptoes.

"You better, after all, we have a wedding to attend," she smiles. I raise an eyebrow causing her to giggle. She leans up, enveloping my bottom lip in hers, tugging on it gently as she pulls away.

*Oh, wow... Do I have to go?* I wrap my arms around her waist, picking her up with my arms under her ass with her legs wrapping

around my waist, kissing the bite mark on her shoulder.

"One day, you'll be all mine, and no one will be able to stop us," I growl, biting her neck softly as she moans a little in pleasure. "Why do I have to go..." I groan.

Mizzie pulls away a little giving me a kiss on the lips before unravelling her legs from around my waist before stepping away. "Duty calls." She smiles.

I bite my bottom lip, stepping underneath the portal. "I love you, Mizore. Stay safe." I look up, closing my eyes. "В подземном мире."

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"Billie, thanks for joining us," Luke smiles as I step out of the portal. "Here." He gestures a small packet toward me.

I take the white pouch out of his hand, opening it. *Wolfsbane*.

"We can't risk Jason noticing you from back here and certainly not Mallory," he grumbles, turning toward the bedrock, looking around it.

"They're here." He turns back to us. "Damien, Cody, Xavier, Periwinkle, Emmanuel, with me. The rest of you stay here with Billie, make sure she doesn't get ambushed," he instructs us, we nod.

"Good luck," I mumble, feeling Webster's hand on my shoulder.

"You, too, Leech." Damien smiles jokingly.

Luke taps Damien on the arm, telling him to follow. They walk around the bedrock, disappearing from our sights. "What if this

goes the wrong way?" I ask, biting down on my lip as I look back at them.

"If it goes wrong, we'll get you out of here, get Luke, Cody and Xavier and run for the hills. We're not allowing anyone to die on this trip," Alistair explains, sitting down on a rock. "I bloody hope not."

Lucifer:

"Hello Lucifer, how are you today?"  
Mallory grins, his feet up on the edge of the table with his legs crossed.

I plonk myself down in the chair opposite him. Jason towering over Mallory.  
"Hunky dory."

"Good." He smiles. "Now, let's talk about what we want, shall we?" I nod in response. "Okay, we want the Queen, or should I say, Queens," he chuckles. "We also

want that precious little witch of yours." He smiles, looking over at Cody.

I clench my jaw. *Is he stupid?* "Okay, let's go get them, then," I comment, standing up.

Webster and Ali bring Billie out from behind the rocks. "Amelia?" Jason questions.

"Now!" I shout, seeing the Pixies swarm over to Jason, knocking him out.

Mallory stumbles back as Cody starts to pounce. "Cody."

"Yeah?" She asks, still looking at Mallory. "Rip him limb from limb, for Lucinda," I command her.

"Yes, Sir!" She yells, laughing slightly before pouncing forward, hearing Mallory scream as limbs started flying through the air. One of Mallory's arms heading toward me, causing me to duck.

After a couple of minutes, the screams go silent, and Cody stands up with a lump of red on the God Blade.

"Want the heart?" She asks, walking toward me.

"Not particularly. I was never a fan."

"Okay," she smiles, using her powers to set the heart on fire before chucking it over to where the rest of the body remains. "Disposed of."

Billie:

"We wanted Elizabeth to be Queen, what's so wrong with that?" Jason growls, before screaming in pain as we press a blessed silver wolfsbane knife against his skin.

"Elizabeth isn't a borne Vampyre, she was a witch at birth. It's the Vampyre's turn to be Queen," Luke tells him, a confused

expression on his face. "But you knew that, which is why you were working with a Horsemen. Mallory was going to help you get Billie overturned. But what was in it for you?"

"My parents were only together due to their parents forcing them to court, they weren't soulmates." I look down at my feet. *I kissed my mother's mate? That's fucked up... I need to burn my lips off... I don't think so...*

Mizzie communicates to me, she can read my mind now due to our bond increasing as we get closer to the crowning and wedding. *Pretty fucked up though, right?* She smiles at me from across the room.

*Yeah, it's pretty fucked.*

*But at least you didn't actually fuck him.* She pauses. *I'll purify you later,* she says, winking at me.

*Oh, my...* "He's my mother's mate, what was in it for him was to keep her forever. After all, each Queen becomes Immortal. She's going to start decaying soon due to being trapped in Purgatory," I explain.

Luke nods. "I killed her, and Mallory brought her back. If she is still in Purgatory, she's going to be dead again in the next month or so."

"She deserves to be Queen! Not that unholy scum!" Jason screams.

All of a sudden the doors open and Lucinda walks in, wind blowing through her hair as her hands hold fireballs. "Amelia Bill Gabriel deserves to be Queen. She is holy, kind, caring, and considerate. You, on the other hand, deserves to die in a pit of fire," she growls coming to a stop in front of Jason.

*She's been given Godship?* Mizzie smiles.

*Yes, she's doing well. She can kill him now and become a God. She'll be with Cody forever.* I can't help but smile at Lucinda's anger, she's magnificent.

"No! Please, No! Billie, help me!" Jason screams, trying to break out of his bindings.

Lucinda looks to me, I nod. She smiles, looking back to Jason. "Bye-Bye!" She giggles, blasting him with fire as he screams. After a couple of minutes, his screams silenced.

"Luci, you can stop now," Cody says, wrapping her arms around Lucinda's waist, resting her chin on Lucinda's shoulder. "Not yet, one last blast," she mumbles, her fire turning blue and Jason's body and the chair he was sat in disintegrating into a puddle on the ground, she stops and lowers her hands. "Now, I'm done."

They turn to myself and Mizzie, both harbouring wide grins. “Now.” Lucinda pauses. “Need some wedding planning help?”





## Chapter Eight

Mizore:

"Mizzie, what colour dress do you want?" Lucinda asks, looking through fabrics in the middle of the store, trying to decide which material we want for my dress.

"I'd prefer white or lilac. Don't go near the Ivory, Ivory is awful!" I chuckle. She nods, pulling a disgusted face.

"I think you'd look cute in lilac but lavender or plum could be even better!" She smiles as she giggles a little.

I nod, smiling down at the fabric colours. "I like the idea of the Lavender, but I also like this colour," I tell her, pointing to another shade of purple.

"Violet, a little brighter and a very beautiful colour. Shall we go with it?" She asks, raising an eyebrow. I nod eagerly, giggling slightly. "Okay, what about length?"

"Short. I can't wear long dresses with my lack of coordination. Just above the knee would be lovely."

"How about the top of the dress? Want that the same colour or do you want black or white?" She asks, looking at the silk-netting mixed violet skirt fabric. "We could have a silk top to cover your jubbies and black lace with a slight white trim underneath, holding the skirt and top together." She smiles, looking at the black and white silk pieces.

"I think black would be better. Can I not have straps though? I think my 'jubbies' will hold the dress up fine," I giggle. *I can't believe she said jubbies.*

She chuckles, smiling. "Okay, I'll get the fabrics, and we'll get you suited and booted." She walks up to the staff, asking to get the fabric cut and bagged for purchase.

*I can't believe I'm finally getting married...* I go outside and wait for Luci.

"How does it feel to be getting closer to your birthday and wedding day?" She asks as she comes out of the store, continuing down the street as I walk behind her.

"It feels amazing, I'm just a little scared to finally be crowned..." I mumble, biting my bottom lip.

She stops and waits for me to get to her side. "You'll be okay. You're immortal now, you're going to be getting married on your 18th Birthday, and you may even start a family soon. You have nothing to worry about, you have your mum, you have Cody and me, Webster and Electra, Xavier, Luke and Avril,

Casey and Nina, Alistair and Periwinkle...  
You're going to be great!" She smiles, giggling  
as she wraps her arm around my shoulders,  
pulling me close. "Everything is going to be  
perfect."

"Thank you."

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"I'm so scared!" I giggle, being cuddled  
from either side by Electra and Lucinda.

"Don't be," Ele giggles, nipping at my  
arm to make me laugh.

"We should probably get some sleep!  
We need to prove your mother wrong," Luci  
chuckles, rolling away and getting comfy in  
the bed.

"What do you mean?"

"Your mum put a bet on that we'd be  
late to the venue due to us having our hen

night the night before the wedding." She smiles, looking over at us.

"I think there's a better chance of Billie, Cody and Avril being late, after all, they're all legal to drink," I snigger.

Ele nods, leaning on her elbows. "You're right. If Billie isn't late, I will be very, very surprised!"

"I don't care about her being a little late, I'm just hoping she didn't go to a strip club," I laugh, feeling my smile widen.

Luci shakes her head. "Billie isn't interested in that shit, Cody certainly isn't, Avril isn't either. If we'd had Avril instead of Luke, they probably would have gone due to Webby being with them," she giggles.

Ele shakes her head before starting to nod. "Yeah, I must admit, if we'd put

Luke, Webster and Billie together... it would be chaotic."

"True... Booze, strippers and deafening music," I giggle. "Probably bloodshed, too."

"Probably more bloodshed than strippers. Let's be honest, Billie just isn't interested," Luci snickers.

*She's right... Billie doesn't do that shit. She just drinks a lot of blood.* "Let's get some sleep then." I smile, pulling the light cord above the bed before snuggling into bed. "Night guys."

"Night, Sis," they say in unison as both of them cuddle up to me.

*So close.*

Billie:

"That was so funny... Ryan Reynolds is a god!" Avril giggles.

"I must admit; I didn't know whether he had the right amount of arrogance for the part of Deadpool... I was wrong! He's the perfect amount of imbecile!" I chuckle.

"Deadpool isn't an imbecile," Cody squeals, smacking my arm.

"I know, but he is super stupid sometimes. Let's be honest, he could have killed Francis when he trapped at the beginning! We then could have seen him fuck shit up between the X Men!" I giggle, taking a sip of my glass of blood.

"Billie, you logical prick." Avril grins, climbing into her bed.

"She could have said something worse," Cody giggles, also climbing into her bed.

"Get to sleep, will ya!" I chuckle, putting my glass on my bedside table before snuggling into my bed.

"Fine! Just don't sleep in!" Avril chuckles, turning off the light.

I lay back, looking up at the ceiling, smiling. "I won't. Tomorrow is the most important day of my life, I refuse to miss anything."

"You old romantic," Cody mumbles sweetly.

"Shut the fuck up and get to sleep," I chuckle causing them both to burst out in laughter as I roll over onto my stomach, cuddling a pillow. *This is the first time in two years that I've slept without Mizore here... Our second Christmas, our wedding and harmony finally... Sweet dreams, Angel.*

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"Guys?" I mumble, turning my alarm off. Looking over at their beds to find them still asleep. "Guys!" I scream, they both jump and Cody falls out of her bed due to the fright.

"Holy mother of God, why did you have to yell so loud?" Cody asks, sitting up on the floor and rubbing her head.

Avril looks down at her, chuckling. "Because we can't be late now get up." She pauses. "Ya know, if you'd slept in the middle of your bed you wouldn't have fallen out of bed," she chuckles, climbing out of bed, picking up my hanger bag and chucking it over to me. "Get dressed, you're getting married in 3 hours."

Mizore:

"Is Billie at the altar?" Luci asks Cody, in a slight panic.

"Yes, we're all ready. We just need Mizore and for all of us to get down there," Cody explains, rubbing Luci's arm to calm her down. "Mizore, are you ready?" She asks.

"Yeah, I'm ready. We're just waiting for mum to get up here." I smile, pressing my lips together.

She smiles. "I'll go get her then," she says before turning and leaving.

A couple of minutes later, my mum comes into the room. When she sees me, her mouth falls open, her eyes welling up. "Mizore, you look absolutely gorgeous."

"Thanks, Mum. I can say the same about yourself," I giggle, catching a tear from falling down my cheek and smudging my makeup.

"You silly," she chuckles, walking over and giving me a hug. "I love you, my little princess."

"I love you, too."

"Let's get you married." She smiles, stepping back and holding her arm out to me.

"Let's go."

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As the music starts playing, Luci and Ele nod to me before walking down the aisle in front of me. "Mum, why does the bride wear a veil? I can't see shit right now! All I can see is outlines..." I mumble.

She chuckles softly. "It's okay, I'll keep you, safe sweetheart." I nod, taking in a deep breath. "Time to go," she says, rubbing the top of my hand. I nod again, breathing deeply.

As we begin to walk down the aisle, the audience comes into sight through my veil, I recognise a so any of them... Alistair, Periwinkle, Jaxon, Casey, Nina... *There are so many people...*

When I finally get to the altar, Billie is waiting. Her purple bowtie matching my dress. She's not wearing a suit, thank god. But she is in with the colour scheme dressed in a white shirt and a black skirt. Mum leaves me in front of Billie, handing me over to Billie. She takes my hand, smiling at me. I look over Billie's shoulder finding Webster, Luke and Cody all wearing suits with purple bowties, I look behind me slightly, seeing Luci, Avril and Ele wearing the same dress as me but white instead of purple. I look back to Billie, smiling and nodding. Her smile widens as she lifts my veil over my head. "You look so beautiful," she whispers, a tear running down her cheek.

I let out a quiet giggle, raising my hand to her face to wipe away the tear. "And I'm going to be all yours, forever."

She smiles, looking down slightly before returning her gaze back to my face, biting her bottom lip slightly. "Thank you so much." She pauses. "I love you."

I smile, joy filling my heart and butterflies filling my stomach. "I love you, too."

We both look to the priest and nod for him to start. "We are gathered here today to witness and celebrate the union of Amelia Bill Gabriel and Mizore Roberts Johnson. We're here today, not to see the start of a relationship, but to acknowledge the strengthening bond between them as they start their forever together. For us, their dearest family and friends, we are privileged to stand witness to this event...." As the priest continues, I begin to reminisce about

everything we've been through. My first kiss; my first and final girlfriend; the loss of Kier, Kai and Cori; the gain of Luke, Avril, Cody and Luci; finding my powers and watching Billie find hers; finding Jaxon; killing Jason, Mallory, Elizabeth and Mortifer; the bite; the amusing flirting; and most recently, the crowning. After minutes of me thinking to myself, the priest prompts me. I look to the pastor, not knowing what he'd said. "Getting cold feet?" He jokes. I let out a giggle, shaking my head. "Do you, Mizore Roberts Johnson, take Amelia Bill Gabriel to be your lawfully wedded wife, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?"

"I do."

"And do you, Amelia Bill Gabriel, take Mizore Roberts Johnson to be your lawfully wedded wife, in sickness and in health, till death do you part?"

"I do."

"Having pledged their fidelity to one another, to love, honour and cherish one another in the presence of this gathering and by the power vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this country, it is my honour to now pronounce you wedded wives. You may now kiss the bride." The priest smiles.

Billie nods and steps forward, dropping my hands and cupping my face as she pulls me in for the kiss, her tongue tracing my bottom lip as we tug on each other's lips. When we break for air, she pulls me close burying her face in my neck. "Thank you."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my honour to be the first to introduce you to, Mrs and Mrs Amelia and Mizore Gabriel!" The priest announces, his voice booming.

I look up at my beautiful wife, tears streaming down her face. Her eyes changing to a bright red colour as she smiles down at me. "Forever starts today." I pause. "Let's make the most of it."

*The End...*





## Acknowledgements

Sharing a bedroom with a writer is a pain, especially when the author owns a laptop, and is adamant that they're going to finish the current chapter before 5am. So, knowing that I have indeed done this to my partner... Skylar, I am so sorry. But thank you for putting up with my bullshit.

Also, due to the romance nature to this book, I just want to say: if you're reading this and you're within the LGBT+, just remember – you're valid – no matter your gender, sexuality, or heritage. Whether you're Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual, Transgender, Pansexual, Demisexual, Asexual, Agender, Non-Binary, Genderqueer, Demigender, Bigender, Trigender, Greysexual or just straight up Queer – you, and your identity, are valid, and I love you. Ignore the haters; you're better than those narrow-minded, 1800s mentality, white supremacy, white feminism arses.

Love,

Teddy