

Prologue

Ingrid (Addison's mother)

Ingrid knew that one day he was going to come for his bastard child, he had told her so and gleefully at that, had known the child was conceived, had looked down at her uncaring of the tears that spilled from her at the use of her body against her own will.

Stated, "You will carry my child and never be allowed to harm it; I bind you to the child by my own blood." He'd cut his own hand and forced her mouth open, had made her drink his blood. Had stood staring down at her, "You can never harm my child. You will raise it and when she comes of age and displays her powers, I will know where she is, what she is. I will come and claim her for myself. Know this she-wolf, she is my child, not yours."

His hands had wrapped around her head, and she'd felt spiders crawling all over her mind as he looked at the family that she already had, a mate and her children with him. She saw what he saw, and the moment he'd let go, she'd vomited all over the oor.

"You, or yours, dare to harm my child, I'll come for you and your other daughters." He'd turned and walked to the door of the cell she was in, stopped and looked right at her. "You will raise my child, keep her safe. For you are now bound to her, until she severs ties from you, or I sever the bond between you two myself. She is the child of Hendrick, the Warlock to your own Wolfen King, Sebastian. It will be seen as a crime against the kingdom if you harm or allow anyone to harm my child." Then he'd sent her back to her own pack with a simple wave of his hand.

That child's birth had come a few short months later, and was agonising, and lasted two full days. When she'd been born, that child had been glowing, it had died down a moment later and the plan to rid herself of the child, to throw it away and never lay eyes upon it again, had been rejected by herself, a moment later.

She'd watched her own Mate, Alpha Martin, try to take the child away as was planned. To be given to another pack to be raised, and she had screamed in agony as he'd tried to take the baby girl away, Ingrid had felt as though a part of her was being torn open inside of her. She had screamed that the child was hers, laid claim upon it. Could not let it be taken away from her, named her Addison.

Was she knew, bound to that child as the Warlock himself had told her she would be. Ingrid did not want to be the mother of the baby girl she'd birthed, but knew now she was and could not deny it, was going to have to live with the child at her side. That it would stay that way until the child came into her witch's powers, until she used them for the rst time.

Then Hendrick would come and claim Addison, his daughter, for himself. Remove the bond and take the child away.

She could do nothing but accept her fate, raise the child, but she did not have to love it, could not and would not love it. She saw nothing in that child but the pain she had endured and suffered during its conception. The curse that warlock had given her, a curse she would have to suffer until that girl was 18. When she would come into those witch's powers of hers.

Ingrid did not want that to happen inside her pack. No, she would nd a way to get rid of the girl before her powers were fully released. She wanted her gone before then. So that Warlock would never come near her other two daughters and harm them the way he had her. She would protect her two precious daughters, created and born of love within her Mate Bond to her Goddess Gifted Mate, Alpha Martin.

When Addison was gifted a wolf at 16, Ingrid saw a way. If she could mate that girl off and out of the pack before she unleashed the full strength of her powers, she would be allowed by the laws of a Mate Bond to be removed from this pack and taken away. She believed that would cause her no pain when the girl left, as that was what was expected to happen in the wolfen world.

Ingrid knew deep down that nothing good could come from that unholy union.