

# Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 281

Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate by A E Randell

## Chapter 281 She's Still Alive?

Ann was woken up by a gentle tapping on the door and as she opened her eyes, the same wave of exhaustion that had swept over her earlier, still seemed to sit above her tauntingly.

"Your highness? Are you awake?" Coral's voice drifted through the doors.

"No. I feel like we got hit by a f\*\*\*\*\*g truck." Maeve grumbled as she yawned and closed her eyes again.

"Yes, come in Coral." Ann said, ignoring Maeve's grouchy attitude, and sitting up and smiling gently at Coral's nervous looking expression as she entered the room with a tray of food.

"Sorry," she shrugged apologetically, "As much as you clearly hate being mothered, I watched my sister go through a pregnancy with multiples. If it wasn't for the food that we sneaked her during the pregnancy, she would have spent her entire pregnancy in the hospital."

Ann chuckled softly as she gestured for Coral to sit and watched helplessly as she pulled the overbed table out and placed the tray on it, before pulling a chair to sit alongside her. "I didn't know you had a sister, Coral." Ann said as she reached for the smoothie and eyed it suspiciously.

"Don't worry, your Grace. I made it myself." Coral grinned knowingly as Ann's shoulders sagged in relief.

"It's like you read my mind." she smiled ironically as she sipped at the smoothie and sat back a little, "So tell me, your sister?"

"Ah! Yes. Well, I was only young when she was still here. She found her mate and didn't report it, or the marking ...or the pregnancy. Linus was furious when he found out." Coral explained as she lowered her eyes, but Ann didn't miss the pain that swam just below the surface.

"You have no idea how much you did for us all when you made him answer for his crimes." she said with a smile, "We hid her for as long as we could. Just long enough for her mate to gather enough supplies and get her out of this place."

"So she's still alive?" Ann asked gently. Coral nodded and smiled softly.

“Yeah. She was one of the lucky ones. They managed to get out of the kingdom, the guard she was mated to adores her, and the kids. Sometimes, we get updates on them all and their little family,” she laughed suddenly, “I say family, but honestly, with twelve pups now, I think using the word ‘little’ to describe their family is a bit of an understatement.”

“You know, if you need to take time off to go and see her, you can.” Ann smiled as she reached for a croissant. “What?” Coral exclaimed in disbelief as she stared at her with huge eyes.

“Well, you get holidays as well Coral. Everyone does. This isn’t a twenty four hours a day, seven days a week job. Sure, you’re my personal assistant but you’ll still be getting salaried with paid leave... I thought you already knew this?” Ann frowned.

“But, I’m just an omega..” Ann sighed, and folded her hands across her little bump as she fixed Coral with a severe stare.

“And? Omega’s are no different from the rest of us, Coral. You deserve to be treated well, like everyone else. The sooner you accept this, the easier time you’ll have with your conscience. Were you not listening to the council meeting at all?”

Coral shrugged in embarrassment and grimaced.

“I was... I’m just...it’s h\*ard, you know?”

“I know. Don’t worry. I worked with Eva until she found her own confidence and we can get you to that point too.”

“Eva was like me?!” Coral gasped, “But she’s so...”

“Confident?” Ann finished with a chuckle, “Yes. She is now, but in the beginning, she was a lot like you.”

Just then the doors to her bedroom burst open and Adam burst in holding a phone in his hand and a triumphant grin on his face.

“They did it!” He announced excitedly, “The restored communications and they found Greyson!”

“Already?!” Ann laughed excitedly as she moved the table out of the way and slid off the bed, approaching where Adam stood and listening to his conversation.

“Ok, I’ll let them know. Thanks Allen. Be safe.” Adam said as he hung up and fixed Ann with a hopeful look, gripping her shoulders tightly.

“There’s a group on the way back with a little girl requiring urgent care...” Adam said as Coral stood quickly from her chair.

“I’ll let the infirmary know. Anything specific they should be ready for?” she asked as she picked her bag up and slung it over her shoulder.

“Allen said her soul had been used as some sort of a...a..human battery to power the shield. Lexi managed to free her but...her mother didn’t make it. There’ll be a lot to deal with when she regains consciousness.”

“Got it, I’ll let them know. Call me if you need anything.” Coral nodded grimly as she left Ann and Adam alone in their room.

As the door closed behind her Adam wrapped his arm around her, steering her to her bed, Ann sighed and shook his arm off.

“I can’t stay in bed forever Adam.” she sighed in exasperation.

“But you need to rest.”

“If he tells us what we need one more time I’m going to restrain Adam and leave him in bed for a few days and see how he likes it.” Maeve growled. “He’d probably enjoy it.” Ann snorted back as they ignored Adam’s pleading.

“Ann, don’t ignore me.” Adam snapped.

“If you like, I can let Maeve give you a piece of her mind instead.” Ann offered nonchalantly and smiled as Adam hesitated, “No? Then stop trying to wrap me in cotton wool.”

Adam scowled at her as she reached up and t\*ouched his face gently.

“Look, I’m doing as I’m told and having more rest than I usually would. I’m eating enough to feed a horse and I’m staying within the Enclave, instead of racing headlong into the middle of things. Can’t you just be happy with that?”

He sighed heavily and took hold of her hand in his.

“The rest of the group that dealt with the rogue cleanup are due back in a few hours. I’ll make sure reinforcements are sent out to Lexi and Alien’s coordinates.” Adam relented finally, “Just ...try to understand. I don’t want you stressed. It’s bad for the pups.”

“Trust me Adam, leaving me out of things is only going to leave me with more time on my hands to overthink things,” she said with a wry smile, “I’ll let you take the lead, but please don’t keep me in the dark. I need to know that Narcissa and her daughter are taken care of for good.”

Adam smiled gently. "As you wish, my Queen."

## **Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 282**

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### **Chapter 282 Two Choices**

Greyson led the way through the shell of a building that he and his men had secured and had been using as a base to direct reconnaissance and shelter the people they had rescued.

Lexi followed behind him with Allen and Lord Brarthroroz at her side as they made their way past the curious looks of a mixture of men and civilians who had clearly been involved in some sort of fighting recently.

"We had to utilize some of the civilians that had combat experience." Greyson explained as they descended a rusty spiral staircase into the basement area, "The men that we lost left gaps in the defense that we had to replace."

Lord Brarthroroz hummed as Lexi and Allen shared a look between them, both of them having noticed just how beaten down the remaining members of Greyson's original squadron were.

Greyson ushered them past civilians huddled together in various rooms, their faces etched in misery as the sound of children crying hung hauntingly in the air.

"There was no way to get all of them out safely," Greyson said wearily as he sat on a chair, wincing as the partially healed burns pulled tightly across the surface of his skin, "This was the first break in their relentless assaults that we had, so I gathered the men that we had and set out. Hopefully, now that we have a line of communications established, we can begin ferrying them back to the capital until this f\*uc\*kery is cleaned up."

"Narcissa headed the force here too?" Lexi asked as the rest of them found a place to sit.

"I don't know for sure, but she certainly matches the description of the monstrosity that's been harrying our men constantly." Greyson answered as he ran his hand over his face tiredly.

"I still don't understand how she got away," Lexi fumed quietly, "With so many men..."

"She's a wraith." Lord Brarthroroz said simply, "It's like trying to contain and kill smoke."

"What? Like Steve?" Lexi snorted in disbelief as her father nodded quietly.

"I don't even know who Steve is, but...how is that possible? I thought she was just... a human? I mean sure, a dark witch too, but essentially they're just humans on steroids right?" Greyson frowned.

"She was at one point, yes... but I'm assuming that Eromaug didn't take kindly to her losing the magick he gifted her and after enacting his punishment, he chose to prolong her misery and bind her soul to him as a wraith. She'll serve him for eternity." Lord Brarthroroz answered grimly.

"Well that would have been helpful to know before we threw our men at her." Greyson growled in irritation.

"We couldn't have known." Allen intoned flatly, sighing deeply as he looked to Lord Brarthroroz, "So how do we kill her?"

"We have two choices, we can either wait for them to attack again, or... we can take the fight to them." Lord Brarthroroz offered.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, I think we're all sick of being holed up here like sitting ducks, waiting for them to pick us off one by one." Greyson growled, "I say we take the fight to them."

"Do you know where the coven is located?" Lexi asked, leaning forward in her chair eagerly.

Greyson thought for a moment and reached forward, unfolding a detailed map of the area and pointing to an area just slightly northwest of the village, and close by to the smaller containment facility that had ceased communications with the capital.

"We know that they've taken the containment facility." Greyson grimaced, "We found some of the former guards that had managed to get out, but it's

completely compromised. The former inmates have either fled in the initial assault from the coven, or were coerced into joining them. The ones that refused were executed and now hang from the walls of the facility.. you'll see that there weren't many who refused to join them."

Lord Brarthroroz scowled deeply at the map in front of him.

"If I know Eromaug, that will be the entrance to his little evil lair that he wants us to focus on. But he isn't stupid. There is always a second entrance... one that he won't anticipate us discovering because he's caused so much noise around this one."

Greyson c\*\*\*\*d his head curiously as he watched Lord Brarthroroz scour the area around the facilities.

“I could really have used Bartholomew’s input on this.” He murmured in irritation.

“Barty-boy? Why would he be able to help?” Lexi asked.

“He’s been around since the first war, he has an incredibly astute memory for remembering all of the historical sites and specific pieces of information that the rest of us would think were irrelevant.” He rumbled before sighing heavily.

“I mean, we can just phone him Papa,” Lexi snorted, “As old as you are, you seem to forget that we have all this technology up here that means you can reach whoever you want whenever you want.”

Lord Brarthroroz looked at his daughter with an amused expression. “True, I guess I’m just used to linking people when I want something done.” He smiled, “terribly inconvenient that it’s not considered appropriate to force myself inside people’s minds here... well...unless we’re interrogating anyway.” He shrugged, “I suppose it’s polite to ask permission first.”

Lexi rolled her eyes and looked pointedly at Greyson.

“So, are you gonna let him use your phone or what?”

He narrowed his eyes slightly as he rummaged in his backpack and handed the phone over.

“I’m going to respectfully ask when all of this is over, how an Elder manages to live that long among the shifters.”

“Why wait until then?” Lexi shrugged, “He’s part vamp. A half-breed, just like me.” Greyson and Allen frowned at her.

“You shouldn’t call yourself that.” they both said at the same time before scowling fiercely at each other.

“Look boys, I am what I am. Half Daemon, half witch. Just because some outspoken people give that phrase negative connotations, doesn’t mean I see it in the same way. I am half and half, and there is nothing wrong with that. I am unapologetically me and if they don’t like it, then they can go and blow goats as far as I’m concerned. Hybrids, half breeds, whatever they want to call us, we’re still people, just like them, and their bigotry will be their downfall. So don’t perpetuate

the notion of the insinuated negative stereotypes that you think that phrase holds, because to me, it is my truth and I’m going to own that definition like the f\*\*\*\*\*g queen that I am, do you understand?”

Allen and Greyson blinked at her in shock, a little speechless at the venom in her voice and the angry flare in her eyes.

Lexi smirked at them both as Lord Brarthroz chuckled darkly. "And a queen you shall be when my time is done, daughter of mine." Lord Brarthroz grinned as he navigated to the number he needed to connect to the Enclave and pressed call.

## **Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 283**

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**Chapter 283 Remnants of the Daemor Wars**

Bartholomew was mid discussion with Adam and the Enclave's Commander of the guard when his office phone rang.

He stared at it in bemusement and exhaled a short laugh.

"I rarely get calls directed here..." He mused as he reached for the receiver.

The Enclave's commander grunted in annoyance and threw himself down on the chair, resuming the animated discussion with Adam regarding the reinforcements due to leave in less than an hour's time. "Oh! Lord Brarthroz!"

Bartholomew exclaimed as Adam's head turned violently towards him and he focused his attention on the conversation.

"Yes, Yes I can do that. Let me call you back, I just need a few minutes to check the records. I'm sure I have it in here somewhere." Bartholomew's face took on a thoughtful expression as he said goodbye, hung up and made his way over to the bookcase.

Adam and the Commander exchanged a look, and as no explanation was forthcoming, Adam cleared his throat loudly and looked towards Bartholomew expectantly.

But Bartholomew paid him no mind as he browsed the shelves with a deep frown until finally, his face lit up and he pulled a book from the shelves, scurrying back to his desk with it and rifling through his drawers as he took his seat.

"Do you want to tell us what that was about?" Adam asked curiously as he leaned onto Bartholomew's desk.

"What?" Bartholomew uttered distractedly as he pulled out what looked like a leather book and sat it on his desk before him.

He met Adam's gaza with mild confusion, his h\*ands resting on both books, before the realization suddenly dawned on him.

“Oh! My apologies. That was Lord Brarthroroz.” He said as the Commander snorted loudly.

“We kind of understood that from your: ‘Oh! Lord Brarthroroz!’ comment when you answered your phone.” The Commander offered sarcastically.

Bartholomew peered at the commander with a mild-mannered smile on his face.

“Such a helpful contribution to the conversation, Commander. It makes me wonder why you haven’t advanced further in your career,” Bartholomew said with the same mild mannered smile, but the irritation in the lines of his face was glaringly obvious to Adam.

He allowed himself a small smile of his own as he side-eyed the commander who looked as though he had just been slapped, and waited for Bartholomew to continue.

“As I was saying,” Bartholomew cleared his throat, “It seems Lord

Brarthroroz has a line of inquiry that he wishes to pursue. The most recent assumption was that Eromaug and his coven had holed up inside the containment facility, having recruited the inmates to his side. However, Lord Brarthroroz seems to think that his brother will have a second, well hidden but decidedly less guarded entrance in addition to the one that he is currently presenting to us. Using it as a decoy if you will.”

Bartholomew paused as he leafed through the book, murmuring to himself as he did so before placing it down on the desk and moving to untie the leather bindings on the folder, revealing an intricately folded large, piece of paper, that he carefully unfolded and spread across his desk.

Adam glanced down at the pages of the book and only had time to read the title across the top of the page before Bartholomew picked it up again and began scouring the map, and marking various places on the map.

“Remnants of the Daemon Wars?” Adam frowned, as he repeated the title out loud.

“Yes.” Bartholomew answered ponderously, peering down his nose as he marked off yet another location on the map, “Lord Brarthroroz seems to be of the opinion that Eromaug will most likely return to one of the previous haunts that the darkness occupied back in the Daemon Wars.”

“But why would he do that? Inhabit a ruin I mean. Surely defensively that wouldn’t be a feasible option.” The Commander asked, suddenly intrigued as he approached the desk and watched Bartholomew work.

“That is where you are wrong, Commander. They may be ruins on the outside, but on the inside, underground in the caverns and tunnels that they spent centuries constructing, the structures are perfectly sound. After the Daemons were repelled,



explorations of the structures they left behind were halted after multiple exploration parties failed to return. Instead, they were sealed and hidden from sight by the most powerful Magick users that were in existence at the time.” Bartholomew explained patiently.

Adam could see the logic in Lord Brarthroroz’s line of thinking and focused intently on the map.

“So presuming that the containment facility is indeed a decoy, wouldn’t that mean that any of these ruins could be an entrance?”

“Not necessarily. They still need to be able to attack and resupply and reinforce that stronghold, whilst having the ability to harass Greyson and his men, keeping the pressure on them.” Adam mused as he located the old factory that Greyson and his men had repurposed as their stronghold.

He took a red marker from the desk and circled Greyson’s position on the map and sat back and waited for Bartholomew to finish marking the sites.

“I think it’s safe to say that any of those that fall within a 30 mile radius of our team’s stronghold would be worth investigating.” Adam pondered out loud and Bartholomew nodded in agreement.

“The fact remains though, that we still need to figure out the reinforcement teams.” The commander argued, “We can’t replace exhausted men with tired men fresh from their guard duties!”

“No? Do you think we’ll have the luxury of being able to make that choice if we don’t put a stop to it while we can and they march on the Capital, the Enclave itself?!” Adam snapped, tired of the Commanders constant objections.

“But... we’ll be sending them at a subpar standard, risking their lives and the countless years of training that goes into them...” the commander blustered angrily,

“These guards are not easy to replace, they..”

“Enough.” Ann’s voice stated firmly as Bartholomew’s office door opened and Ann strolled in with Coral in tow.

Coral shrugged apologetically at Adam and he sighed internally. There really was no way of making her listen.

“Commander, in my absence, Adam speaks for me at all times, do you understand?” She said smoothly as she held his gaze with confidence.

“Yes, my Queen,” The commander answered immediately as he bowed his head and bared his neck in submission.

“Now, let’s start getting things done a little more quickly, shall we? I hear Narcissa is still alive and kicking and that has to change.” She grinned sinisterly.

## **Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 284**

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### **Chapter 284 Reinforcements**

As soon as Lord Brarthroroz had ended his call with Bartholomew, he asked Greyson if there was anywhere close by that he could get to without being seen.

“What for?” Greyson asked with a tilt of his head.

“I intend to have some of my own forces brought to help shore up your defenses here,” Lord Brarthroroz explained, “I assumed that your men would prefer not to see their true forms and that would require having somewhere a little more... discreet.”

“I see,” Greyson said as he narrowed his eyes thoughtfully, “well, unless I can clear an area of me then it’s going to be difficult. How much space do you need?”

“Just enough for a portal.” He shrugged as Greyson’s eyes widened slightly.

“Right. Well...” He paused again as he extended that word and rubbed his chin thoughtfully, “How about in here? We can clear out and wait outside if there’s enough room in here.”

“You may want to clear this floor then until everyone is through. There may be some unpleasant odors and some... more intoxicating than others.”

Lexi stiffened slightly as she looked across at her father.

“Are you really allowing them here?” She exclaimed in surprise and recoiled slightly when he nodded casually.

“Only the ones that have experience of infiltration, Lexi.” Lord Brarthroroz rumbled, “The majority of them should be able to at least cause a little chaos from within the containment facility without risking any of your men.”

Greyson bristled suddenly. “We are not afraid of what we might face there. We...”

“Pipe down stressy,” Lexi snapped with a colossal eye roll, “He’s not saying that you’re incompetent. Merely that you die easier.”

“That doesn’t sound any better.” Greyson growled furiously.

“No? Well when you can grow skin that’s capable of deflecting most blades, most bullets and is practically impervious to magic then you can consider yourself, and your men, as harder to kill than these... soldiers.” She hissed back furiously as Greyson blinked in surprise.

“If there are beasts such as this, then why not have them fight in all of your battles?” Greyson asked, “Surely they would be more cost effective in terms of lives lost than throwing our men at Eromaug?”

“You have women amongst your ranks too,” Lexi seethed, “Don’t add s\*exism and misogyny to the list of things that irritate me about you.”

“It’s an expression Lexi...” Allen interjected before it escalated further.

“They are Cambion’s,” Lord Brarthroroz explained hurriedly, seeing his daughter’s furious glare, “Some of the strongest I have in my realm. They require support from their team members to keep their feral nature at bay, so it is really not wise to have more than a few in this realm at a time.”

Greyson stared warily at Lord Brarthroroz for a long time before he finally spoke.

“Then how do we support them?”

“You do not.” Lord Brarthroroz shrugged, “I will summon their team members first, but I will warn you, Succubi and Incubi have insatiable urges of their own and it would probably be best to keep them separate from your men... and women.” He added hastily, seeing the glare from his daughter.

Greyson’s expression was suddenly filled with understanding.

There were very few Lycan’s alive that didn’t know the dangers of these particular daemons, Wanting nothing more than to seduce and sleep with their prey, so that they could feast upon their lust in an effort to quench the insatiable hunger and cravings that they lived with eternally.

Greyson nodded slowly.

“I’ll go and clear my men out to avoid any temptation.” He said as he stood and made his way to the door.

“It would be for the best. They will be better able to control their urges once they are in their human form, but rest assured, if I didn’t have faith in their competence with self control, I would not risk bringing them here.” Lord Brarthroroz stated, his words doing little to reassure Greyson.

He made his way to the door but paused, when the phone that he had given Lord Brarthroroz began to ring, breaking the uncomfortable silence that had descended with its cheerful melody.

“Bartholomew! Do you have any news?”

All three of them listened intently, Greyson’s hand resting on the handle of the door as he waited to hear what was being said.

“Excellent. Well focus on those three then.” He rumbled as Greyson tried to catch his attention with a gesture and he glanced over with a slight frown.

“Any news on the reinforcements?” Greyson asked hopefully as Lord Brarthroroz repeated the question into the phone and then chuckled.

“I understand, thank you Bartholomew. You are indeed a steadfast friend. Be safe.” He said disconnecting the call and turning to Greyson with a smile.

“The Alpha Queen has finally coerced the Commander into relinquishing a few hundred of the Enclave’s guard, and word has been sent to the surrounding packs,” Lord Brarthroroz explained as he handed the phone back to him, “They have asked that you let them know a suitable rendezvous point, and they can be here by nightfall.”

“I’ll see to that as soon as I’ve cleared the floor.” Greyson nodded, “Do we know where we’re hitting first?”

“There are three likely options, all of which I would like to send some of my scouts to, to explore. They will be able to imitate the members of the Excidium coven perfectly as soon as they are close enough. It’s a talent of theirs. As soon as they report their findings back, or they don’t, then we will know which entrance to head to.” Lord Brarthroroz grinned sinisterly.

“Understood,” Greyson grinned, returning the smile and nodding towards Lexi and Allen as he turned and opened the door, “I’d better get on with things then.”

As soon as the door closed behind Greyson, Lexi turned to Allen with a sour look on her face.

“What?” Allen asked defensively, instantly wondering what he had done to irritate her so much. He had only been standing beside her, listening attentively so that he knew what was going on.

“You should leave too.” She said curtly as she reached past him and flung the door open before trying to bundle him out of the room.

“Wait, why!?” Allen protested, “I didn’t do anything wrong!”

He gripped hold of the doorframe and turned to Lexi defiantly, his stomach flipping when he saw the anger in her eyes as she glared at him.

“Because I do not want these succubi and incubi’s grubby little paws all over you. You’ll have zero self-control.”

“Please.” Allen snorted, “I think I can...”

Lexi stopped him short as she gripped hold of him by the shirt collar and brought him millimeters away from her face.

“You. Are. Mine. Allen.” She ground out fiercely, “And I will tear apart any other female or male that t\*ouches you outside of me and Greyson. Do you understand me?”

Allen should have been terrified at the violence that she was exuding in her aura, but instead, his chest blossomed with pride. She was possessive over him. For the first time that he could recall, Lexi was voicing her claim seriously.

He grinned stupidly at her scowling face and captured her face between his h\*ands, leaning forwards and k\*issing her deeply.

When he broke their k\*iss, Lexi was looking at him like he had gone mad. “I’ll go, Lexi, but only because you love me so fiercely,” He chuckled as Lexi’s face reddened quickly and she shoved him out of the door.

“f\*\*k off Allen,” she grumbled as she slammed the door behind him, allowing herself a small smile before she turned back to her father with a straight face.

Lord Brathroroz regarded her with an expression of amusement as she scowled at him deeply.

“Don’t start,” she snapped, “Come on, let’s get Steve in here so he can brighten the atmosphere with his winning personality.”

Lord Brathroroz chuckled warmly as he pushed the desks to the side of the room.

“Very well, daughter of mine. Let’s see how you two clash this time.”

## **Alpha Nocturne's Contracted Mate Chapter 285**

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### **Chapter 285 Live to Serve**

As soon as Steve materialized in the room and locked eyes with Lexi, her l\*ips curled up at the sides into a mischievous grin.

“Well hello there you little ray of sunshine,” she winked, “How’s life?”

“Eternal.” Steve answered with a face like stone, no flicker of emotion in his eyes as he turned to regard Lord Brarthroroz with the same deadpan expression, “You called?”

Lord Brarthroroz ignored Lexi’s sniggers and got straight to business. “I need to transport some of our forces here, cambion’s and their h\*andlers mainly,” Lord Brarthroroz explained, “A few mimic’s too. There may be more required at a later date, but we’ll meet that when we come to it.”

“I live to serve.” Steve bowed slightly as the corners of his mouth twitched.

“I can’t decide whether or not there was the hint of sarcasm in there Steve,” Lord Brarthroroz rumbled as he inspected his face carefully for any tell tale signs.

“Sarcasm? Against the Daemon Lord himself? Who would possibly dare...” Steve answered quick as a flash and Lexi snorted as her father watched him with a mixture of mild surprise and faint amusement.

“I do believe he’s finally understood it.” Lexi snorted as she clapped Steve on the back, causing a slight cloud of dust to drift off him as whatever lay under his gown rattled slightly.

“All the time that your presence is forced upon me, it’s a wonder it hasn’t happened sooner.” Steve continued dryly as he removed Lexi’s h\*and from his shoulder with a look of distaste and raised his h\*ands towards the far corner of the room.

He paused, and looked towards Lord Brarthroroz warily.

“You did tell them they were being pulled here first, this time, didn’t you?” He asked as his glowing orbs narrowed to what looked like slits.

“Would I forget?!” Lord Brarthroroz answered in mock indignation as an audible sigh could be heard from beneath Steve’s cowl.

“It wouldn’t be the first time... my lord.” He answered as he turned back to the corner of the room and continued his work, mumbling under his breath.

Lexi and her father shared a grin and a wink as the swirling portal bloomed into life and various figures began being pulled through the portal and into the room before them.

Lexi made her way to the door and popped her head outside, checking the floor was entirely clear before opening the door wide, and directing them to the room beyond once they had shifted to their human forms.

The Succubi and Incubi came first, sashaying past Lexi and eying her appreciatively, as she did her best not to make eye contact with any of them. The last thing she wanted to do was lead any of them on with an inadvertent glance that might show her subtle appreciation of their sculpted forms.

She had made that mistake once before and while enjoyable, she hadn't been able to walk properly for days afterwards.

"Is that all of them?" She asked as she counted twenty four in total and looked to her father expectantly.

He nodded and turned to Steve who stood fiddling with his robe sleeves. "Are you ready for the Mimics and Cambion's now?" he asked in a bored tone.

"Why, do you have something better to do?" Lord Brarthroroz asked with the barest of smirks.

Steve didn't answer and turned back to the portal with a slight huff, concentrating immediately on the task remaining.

Six mimics oozed through the portal as Lexi repressed a shudder at their featureless, slime like figures that seemed to squelch across the floor towards her.

"You might want to change to something that the shifters won't find as... disturbing." She suggested as kindly as she could as they slithered past.

A flurry of ripples across the surface of their being answered her and Lexi shifted uncomfortably on the spot, looking to her father for support and he smiled benignly at her.

"They know Lexi, don't worry. These aren't the same Mimic's as the undeveloped ones that scavenge here. They've eaten enough and experienced enough to be as intelligent as you or I. They just prefer this form."

Lexi turned back to watch the pulsating masses of fluid begin to form their bodies into distinctly human looking forms with various features, melding their clothes to match the style of the Dark Magick users that they had encountered so far.

She had to admit that mimics really were incredibly talented when it came to this, and the fact that they were now conversing casually with the transformed daemons alongside them in clear and cohesive speech astounded her.

"Do they speak other languages too?" she asked absentmindedly as she turned to her father again and froze, as her eyes landed on the hulking form of the Cambion that had stepped through the portal.

Their eyes locked and Lexi felt her heart in her mouth as she gazed upon its towering frame.

She had never met a Cambion before and whilst she knew that they were the product of daemons of lust and desire, and some of the more dangerous and feral daemon's that inhabited her father's world, she hadn't quite been prepared for the effortless beauty and the magnetic charisma that drew you to it like a moth to flame.

"HANDLERS!" Lord Brarthroroz roared as he suddenly increased his size to match that of the cambion's and brought his h\*and down violently across the back of it's neck, gripping it firmly and forcing its face to the ground, the floor shaking as it landed with an earth shaking thud.

"She is off limits, Cambion. She is my daughter and you will NOT t\*ouch her. Do I make myself clear?" Lord Brarthroroz hissed as he held the writhing cambion on the floor as it hissed and roared in fury at being denied its desired prize.

Lexi had flattened herself against the wall, now staring down at this beautiful creature as her father held it in place and her heart tugged violently but as soon as she managed to drag her eyes from its gaze and locked eyes with her father's furious eyes, the hold of the cambion was broken.

"I-I'm sorry Papa..." Lexi stammered , although she wasn't quite sure what she was sorry for. as her gut twisted in what felt like guilt.

"It is not your fault. This is why I will not allow these to roam freely in my realm, nor in this one." Lord Brarthroroz said, not unkindly, "Perhaps it is better that you wait upstairs with the rest of the shifters while we get these subdued."

Lexi nodded numbly and backed out of the room clumsily, watching the h\*andlers rush forward and begin their work on subduing the Cambion, before she tore her eyes away and forced her unwilling feet to propel her forwards and up the stairs to where her mates waited patiently.