

Real or Not

Eric was trying to console Haley in their home. He was telling me it was alright, but he didn't understand. He couldn't fathom how much I had longed to be in this exact room again. Not only because there were actual colors in the room itself, but because I wanted to come home. My families sorrow called out to me the second they entered the room. Marcus' sorrow made my heart clench. It showed on his face, my Hackura bonds still felt off, but I knew... Marcus blamed himself. It wasn't his fault though. If I hadn't avoided telling him that I wasn't at the summit, he would've come to see me.

I sighed at the thought because if I had, Arion might very well be dead. Marcus would not have spared him if he discovered him. I wasn't sure how I felt about that. There was no winning either way because Marcus would've killed Arion if he tried to take me. On the other hand, I would've been home. I would've gotten to tell Eric about the triplets myself. I shook those thoughts off, I needed to focus. Right now, what I wanted was to make Marcus smile. I teased him, pulling him out of his sorrow. I hated it when Marcus was upset. I've only seen him cry when it came to me. It made me sad that the fairies and vampires had done this to my brother.

Mrs. Blanch tried to cover her horror when she took in my state. She should've seen me before I got to shower; she'd probably have been traumatized. At least the vampire guts did come off. Mrs. Blanch got things back to normal by saying I needed to eat. I knew I looked bad. I'd seen it, but I also saw it in everyone's faces. To Eric's family this was bad, but my family had seen me looking worse. When we'd first met... I looked a lot worse. Fortunately, my powers should be back soon. Hopefully when I could heal myself, people would stop looking at me like a broken doll. Especially if all the scars and scabs were healed. Then they would only look at me with pity when I couldn't remember something. Stupid fucking SIMS.

I kept forgetting I couldn't heal myself yet. It was incredibly inconvenient. My talk with my dad highlighted how they were all affected. My dad actually looked scared. I think he thought he might lose me. That hurt my heart. I never wanted to hurt my dad. I knew that my childhood had and now this. I wished I could stop it all for him.

I ate so much food, but honestly, I was still hungry. The triplets were bouncing around inside me, in what I could only assume was delight. I forgot everyone didn't know it was triplets. Didn't they know? Did I forget we didn't tell them? Who did know already? These thoughts swirled around my head as everyone was congratulating us. It came to an end when Ethan cleared his throat, wanting to get

me checked out. Of course, he did. I was moderately impressed he'd waited this long.

I hoped I could say hi to Sir Arthur when he was here. I was pretty sure Eric would be anti vampires seeing me for quite some time. Eric told me Sir Arthur took power and was now King. I frowned. I should've known that's why he was there. Did I know that? I must have. Between these two men, I was probably going to be lucky to leave my bedroom and the kitchen for the next three and a half months. I swear they thought they were sly with these looks too.

Catherine came in and I was poked and prodded. I swear Catherine took what felt like a liter of blood before she was satisfied. The babies were fine, which I already knew. I had barely felt my healing light these last few weeks, but I used what I had for them. It was stronger on the days I saw Eric. My light seemed to like him. Which wasn't surprising considering I'd shared my light with him, so that made sense. When Catherine asked if we wanted to know what we were having I lost it. I was so angry they had taken this from us. I almost made it back to Eric without him knowing. We should've had this moment together.

They didn't understand my outburst. I eventually calmed down and told Eric about the triplets. His eyes lit up. I felt his anger surge through our connection when I told them Damon made Sir Arthur tell me. He shut it down fast though. I didn't want him to have to feel like he had to do that. He went through hell too. We were both entitled to our feelings about this. When Eric called me 'my fairy' I winced internally. I flashed to Damon calling me that. It infuriated me that in this moment he entered my thoughts. I tried to convince myself it didn't matter; they couldn't take endearments from us. My mind disagreed. In my head I flashed back to Damon's house. I was back in that place. I asked Eric not to call me that. He didn't ask why, he just agreed.

I realized Sir Arthur shared more about the SIMS than I would have with the group. It hit me. THAT was why Marcus had been so upset, and why Eric was so tense. I wished I'd been given the chance to gloss over it with them instead, so they wouldn't feel so bad. I didn't know how to make them feel better. It really wasn't their fault. I wanted Fabian gone. I couldn't live with the constant fear that he would take our children.

Because I knew if he managed to leave here alive... he would come for them. I couldn't have that. I had to protect my children. I hoped he didn't know the genders of my children because that sicko would be thinking of plans for our daughter. I knew myself well enough to know I couldn't handle that. Eric asked when the babies were due. I just told him instead of mentioning I swore he already knew that. I felt like my mind was betraying me. Why couldn't I do simple things? Or remember things like Eric didn't know my due date? What was wrong with me? Get it together Haley.

I wanted to speak to Fabian. I needed to. I needed him to know that I was going to be fine. That he would die and so would his sons. Masium may be safe for now; however, my family would get everyone on my list, including Masium. Hexxus, well... I'd be stunned if he were still alive considering how upset Marcus was. Eric told me I wouldn't face Fabian alone. I wanted to laugh. If he thought, I could be out of his eyesight he was insane. That thought nagged me. Didn't I think he wouldn't let me out of his sight when I got back? It felt physically painful to think of being far away from him. Even in another room. I filed that away.

I didn't want to discuss anything. I wanted to be connected to him. I straddled him and seduced him. Because one thing I did know that my body was screaming at me that it had been too long. I snapped my fingers and frowned when nothing happened. My powers not working was beginning to really grate me. Taking clothes off by hand was a hassle.

I went down on him, and he exploded in me with no warning. I managed not to choke on cum... thank fucking god because that would've been a mood killer. I loved that I made him lose control. It was such a powerful feeling with his vast experience that I could do this to him.

I lowered down onto him and looked into his perfectly blue eyes. I teared up when he said he loved me. His SIMS would never say it back to me. I felt like something inside me was being knit back together. I never wanted to leave him again. I never wanted this feeling to stop. It was as if he was repairing all the broken parts of me. I needed this. I didn't feel totally whole yet, but I felt less broken. My eyes were drifting shut when I felt him begin to get off the bed.

To my shame, I panicked. The last time I fell asleep, I woke up in what is essentially a hospital alone. I needed him to stay. I knew it wasn't fair. I knew he had things to do, but the rational side of me wasn't winning this argument. I needed him to stay. I couldn't be taken from him again. I didn't think I would survive.

Arion got brought up. My brain needed to work properly again so I wouldn't bring up sensitive topics. Eric asked why I let Arion go home. I let Arion go home? I was searching through memories and found what Eric must be talking about. It was real, then, Fabian did try to kill Arion. I wasn't going to let Fabian's manipulations turn me into them. To me... being my brother meant something. Despite the fact that it meant nothing to my fairy brothers. I also couldn't let Fabian take one more thing from me. I just couldn't. I knew the only way I could hurt Arion was in defense of those I loved. Arion would never come at them though.

Eric told me he wouldn't let Arion live if he saw him again. A part of me panicked at the thought; however, a larger part of me had already come to grips with this. I couldn't be a hypocrite because if anyone did to Eric what had been done to me; I

wouldn't rest until they were dead. It wouldn't matter what realm they were hiding in; I would take my Hackura brothers and hunt them to the ends of the earth. They would die. I couldn't ask Eric not to feel the same way because it was Arion.

The dye was in Arion's hands. He could throw them or not, but the choice was his. Eric told Arion not to come back here to this realm. If Arion chose to do so, well... I can't protect him from all the bad choices he makes. Lord knows he certainly wouldn't protect me. Still, the thought of Arion dying because of me sent pain coursing through me. I hoped he stayed in Faerie. I really wanted him to live and be happy with Megan provided that's what she wanted. He means well with her. I was pretty sure he might even love her.

Eric and I spent the next several hours inside each other. I felt more pieces of myself being glued back together until I drifted away to sleep. Safely wrapped in his arms it was easy to sleep with him by my side.

I woke up to my back being whipped. FUCK! It wasn't real. I sobbed as Fabian's ugly face came around in front of me. He spat at me, "You are WEAK! Give me your children." I sobbed choking out, "No." He kept hitting me. He'd scream at me over and over to give him the children. Finally, I screamed back at him. I would tell Eric to kill every single fairy and I meant it. To protect my children, I would do anything. I would not allow Fabian or his band of misfits near them. Eric would help me. I knew he would. He could stand with my family. They would all do this if I asked. I would break through this hell and tell him it was triplets. He would save them, even if I didn't make it.

Suddenly, I felt the tingles and warmth of Eric holding me. That didn't make any sense, but I embraced the feelings. I held onto the sound of his voice. He told me I was with him. He had no idea how much I wished I was. He said Fabian couldn't hurt me, but he was wrong. Fabian could always hurt me. The evil, rat bastard just can't let me live my life and be happy. He really needed to die. I held onto the feelings with Eric, and the comfort I felt. Fabian slowly faded from my view. This time, I welcomed the darkness.

I woke up surprised to see Eric was with me. If I was really home, Eric would be out running with his brothers right now. I sighed. At least it was a fun SIM. He set about proving he wasn't a SIM. I couldn't deny I was happy I managed to do kill Damon. It meant I'm still me, even if my mind is betraying me.

I felt hot tears running down my face as I tried to pull threads of memories together. Not knowing which ones were real or not was a bitch and half. I apologized. I needed to be better for him, for our children. Eric told me Ethan informed him a kiss would make me realize it was real. Damn it, Ethan! He couldn't even let a girl get laid with his medical advice.

I got my wish even without Ethan's help. Eric stayed inside me all morning. I didn't want to leave our room. I felt so at peace, and much more like myself when we were together. Mrs. Blanch knocked on our door with her own personal mission: making me eat food. I wanted to grumble, but I was ravenously hungry.

Eric and I went into the shower together. I turned my back to him for what felt like a few seconds. When I turned back around, he was gone. I was in agony. My mind had played a cruel trick, Eric wasn't here, I was dreaming about him.

He ran back into the bathroom making me to curl into the fetal position. I wasn't this needy girl who questioned everything. I was confident, and smart. What was wrong with me? He'd just left to get himself some clothes. He shouldn't feel like he is unable to leave my side, but I literally ached at the thought of him leaving mine. I gathered myself.

We eventually made it downstairs. I could feel the triplets were bouncing with joy while I ate. Eric said something about fruits. Yeah, yeah, yeah. It was on the table, so I was going to eat it. I kept upsetting people with my answers. It was so frustrating. I saw Miley out of the corner of my eye, her eyes blazing. I frowned. I hadn't meant to upset her. I was really trying to remember. Nick's food chart idea made me feel like a child. I agreed because it could make everyone else feel better. I could sneak glances at it to answer their questions. I could do that for them.

I glanced back at Marcus. I sighed. He and I were going to have to have a talk. He was still blaming himself. I didn't want him to do that. Maybe Torvi could help me. She was always able to get through to him. I felt Eric's shock course through him. I knew it had to be an intense emotion because all my bonds still felt jumbled. I looked up to see Megan standing in the doorway.

I wasn't surprised when she asked to speak to me. Why else would she be here? Was she friends with the people here? I suppose she could be. I got up to follow her. I couldn't go very far away because my body refused to move another step. Megan quickly chanted something. She sighed, "Ok, they can't hear us now." I didn't care. I asked, "What's up?" She frowned, "I don't know if I want to go to Faerie. Can't you talk to Eric about Arion coming here and being safe?" I rubbed my face. I answered, "I'm pretty sure Eric and I did talk about it. I truly want you to be happy, Megan. Maybe you could go back and forth between the realms. Faerie is beautiful."

Megan stared at me, stunned. She sounded surprised when she said, "You won't convince your mate not to kill your brother?! You're serious?" I frowned, "I can't stop him from being who he is. I'll tell you if someone took Eric and did to him what they did to me, nothing would stop me. I'd kill that dead ass mother fucker so fast. I would use every resource I had. I would take all my brothers, my father if necessary. Everyone who had part in it would die." Her mouth dropped. She

replied furiously, “I understand your upbringing was odd, but family means something. You protect family.”

My anger snapped within me, “Family IS something I know about. My loyalty to your mate, my brother, runs much deeper than his feelings of loyalty do for me. I didn’t kill him, and we ALL know I had the right to. Arion lives BECAUSE of me. I saved his fucking life. If Masium hadn’t taken him home to Faerie, the iron would’ve killed him. If it hadn’t, everyone here would’ve tried to kill him. They would’ve tortured him for DECADES, and you know it. I do not want my brother to die. I never have.”

She glared at me asking, “How can you take him from me? Especially after you know the pain of your mate being taken.” I stomped my foot like a child, yelling, “EXFUCKINGCUSE ME?! You DARE compare what you’re going through to what I went through? You were there Megan! I’m not keeping Arion from you. You can go to him. You and Arion need to put your own choices on yourselves. It’s not my fault you’re in this situation. If you want to be angry with someone, be angry with him.”

Megan sighed. She was silent for several moments then offered, “I guess you’re right. Your mother, Alania, just said you could change Eric’s mind. I don’t even know why I listened. I know the man Alpha Eric Connors is. She just made such sense at the moment.” I agreed, “My mother does that. I want to ask you for something.” Megan shrugged, “You did save my life.” I frowned, “I’m not going to hold you to that, or act like you owe me. We are friends, I think.

I saved you, but there's no damn debt between us. If you do this for me it’s because you agree with me. You don’t have to do it.” She happily agreed, “We are friends. What do you want to ask?”

I sighed. I wasn’t sure if she would do it, but she was only one of two witches I trusted. I took a deep breath, “When we met, you told me you knew the spell used to make me unable to move but still able to feel.” She glanced at me with trepidation, nodding, “Yes, I do.” I nodded, “I want you to consider doing it Fabian.” I held my hands up to stop her protest and continued, “He is a deviant of epic fucking proportions. Which you said was the type of person the spell was meant for. He tried to kill Arion. He would be dead if I didn’t buy him some time with what little I was able to do healing wise. You know what Fabian did to me at Damon’s. I think he’s done more to Arion than we know. I plan to speak to him after this. Just listen to what he says to me. Then if you’re comfortable, and there won’t be consequences for you if you say no, you could cast the spell. I just want to be really fucking clear about this. It’s your choice. If you agree after I speak to him that he is a deviant, I’d like you to use that spell on him. If it makes you uncomfortable, I’ll never ask you to do this again.”

Megan considered. She agreed, “Well, that’s fair, I guess. Let’s hear what he says. I’m honestly intrigued about what you want to ask. I lean towards performing the spell though. From what I know of him, he’s definitely the textbook definition of a deviant. He tried to kill my mate, who had done nothing but see him as a father figure. Arion followed his lead down a damn treacherous, horrible path we are ALL being forced to follow now. Asshole. He’s SUCH an asshole.” I nodded. I walked back into the kitchen.

Eric said he had things to deal with concerning Fabian when I was done. My body wanted to revolt, but I played it off as if it was fine. The only reason that wasn’t a lie was because he didn’t ask if I was ok with it. I evasively told him it was fine. Plus, I needed to talk to Marcus. Who would probably be with Eric... Damn it. Maybe I could talk to Miley? Megan followed us as we walked towards the dungeons. I could feel Eric’s surprise and curiosity, but he said nothing.

I walked down into the dungeons. I stepped into the cell holding Fabian. Megan stood just out of his view. That was smart. Why didn’t I think to tell her that? I shoved that aside and took in Fabian’s physical state. His skin had seen better days. He was stark naked, a sight I had unfortunately seen too many times to count. Someone had peeled back all the skin on his right arm and taken it down to the bone. It was being held apart by iron. His face was nearly unrecognizable because it was so swollen and discolored.

I greeted him in a way I knew he’d hate. He groaned and asked, “Have you come to save your dear uncle, niece?” I shook my head retorting, “Nope. I have some things to say. First though, I have a question for you, uncle.” He laughed but it sounded pitiful. He spat out, “What’s your question, niece?” He sneered at me. I asked him plainly, “Did you kill Fenilton?” Fabian whipped his head towards me then grimaced in pain. He muttered, “Why would you ask such a question?” I countered, “Why wouldn’t you answer it? You did, didn’t you?”

I tried using my power to make him tell me and it worked. He wheezed out a breath, “Almost twenty years and the abomination is the only who asks. How did you figure it out?” I heard a gasp I knew was Megan. Arion must have told her about his father’s death. I answered Fabian’s question, “When you shot Arion with your poison dart, you said he would die like his father. I’ve thought you’d killed Fenilton for years. When Aiden and Arion let it slip that you were in power in Faerie, I knew you did it. Were you going to kill them too?” Fabian sighed, “Arion was useful at times, but weak like his father, easily manipulated. I cannot say his father was easily manipulated. He was weak though. He loved. That is weakness. I knew eventually Arion would need to be eliminated.”

I felt sick. Fabian wasn’t done though. He added, “Now, Aiden... he would’ve been harder. Your mother only thought she needed to elicit a promise from me for you not to be killed. Aiden was too well liked, though, I needed him to eventually

be a figure head. The stupid water and fire fairies would never accept my reign.” Anger was the only thing I felt. I asked, “Why didn’t you hit me with your dart? Why hit Arion? He’s not weak; he was a boy who loved his father. He thought of you as a role model because you manipulated him. You played the fucking part and then you dare call him weak. You are disgusting, Fabian. Every time I think you can’t sink lower you do.”

Fabian smiled, “I couldn’t hit you with iron, I still need you. You are gestating one-of-a-kind mutts. I can only get them through you. Plus, you are my prize specimen, you have more to do before you die for my purposes.” Eric roared in anger. Fabian laughed mockingly stating, “You just couldn’t face me alone, could you?” I rolled my eyes, “What I do is none of your concern. You won’t see my children, ever. I came to tell you that when you take your last breath, I want you to remember one thing.” He sneered, “What’s that?” I said simply, “I win. I defeated you. You lost to the very thing you hated the most; a woman who is only a part fairy.”

I turned to leave. Fabian spoke quickly, “I hear you’re having two boys and a little girl.” A coldness grabbed at my heart. Fabian chuckled and kept talking, “That was interesting just now as well. I wouldn’t have told you I killed Fenilton. That would make you the truth seeker then, wouldn’t it, niece? Did you know one of your children will likely have the power if you do? I will have fun figuring out which one it is. Because I will get out of this place. I’ll take your daughter because you know I do enjoy the young female body. Imagine what I’ll do to her. You will never win. You will NEVER beat me! YOU are an abomination. I’ll take her and form her into my perfect little submissive slave...”

My enraged scream cut him off along with Eric’s ferocious roar. My eyes blazed gold. I spun around. I screamed at him, “You will NEVER touch my daughter! Do you hear me you sick fuck?! I don’t think you will escape this dungeon, but one can never be too fucking careful.” I heard screams telling me to wait, but I didn’t stop. I had a daughter to protect. An iron dagger appeared in my hands along with protective gloves so I wouldn’t get burned. Thank GOD my conjuring power was back.

I steeled myself to do one thing I never wanted to do. Touch him. I grabbed my uncle's dick and sliced it off. I heard someone vomit. I placed the dagger on his balls until they disintegrated to nothing. I grabbed a hot blade out of the warmer sitting on a table nearby and cauterized the area. When my ears stopped ringing, Fabian’s sobs registered. I had no pity to give him. I told him, “Now you will NEVER harm another child, even if you do manage to get away. You should know this though; should you manage to escape... your days would be numbered. You can’t hide anywhere on this earth from my family. They would hunt you down like the animal you are to kill you. I do believe I told you if you threatened any of my children again what would happen.”

I turned around to see Marcus and Bjourn smiling like they'd won something. Eric and his brothers were staring at me in wonder. I looked at Marcus, "I have a favor I need from you, big brother." He promised, "Anything, little one." I stared at him and deadpanned, "Before you kill Fabian, I want him paraded through the streets of the Hackura for a stone walk. I told him I would see it happen should he threaten my children again." Marcus' smile grew wider, and Bjourn winked at me. Marcus told me, "I will see that it's done." I nodded.

As Megan shakily stepped forward, I took in her state realizing she was the one who'd vomited. She sighed, "You are the most interesting dichotomy of a person I've ever met. I agree with you, though. He's a deviant. I'll do it." I nodded to her. She walked into the cell and started to perform her chant. I enjoyed the look on Fabian's face when he realized what she was doing. He screamed, "NO! You cannot do this to me! I am a visionary! You can't!" Megan finished her chant. She snorted, "I can, and I did. I'll never be able to do what they can. It's a small piece of vengeance for my mate, but it's what I have." She grabbed my hand and squeezed it before she walked out of the dungeon.

I kissed Eric gently. I whispered against his lips, "Have fun, husband." I turned to Fabian admitting, "Yes uncle. I am the truth seeker, and I can heal. So why don't you stick that truth up your ass and choke on it. I hope you realize the depths of your inadequacies and stupidity." Fabian's cries echoed throughout the dungeon for me to come back. I gripped Miley's arm. My feet felt like lead the further I got away from Eric.

I managed to make it outside the door of the dungeon. I couldn't physically go further than the main room. Miley sat down with me on the couch, concern etched on her face. She took my hands and promised me, "He won't get your children, Haley. I swear it." I shook my head, "I'm not worried about that. I feel like my entire body is made of fucking stone. I literally cannot go any further away from Eric." Miley nodded, "Alright. There's a TV room closer to the dungeon, let's go back over that way." I nodded.

The second we started to walk back, I started to feel lighter. We ended up across the hall. I really needed to take a tour of this place. Miley asked, "Are you alright, Hales? Is this better?" I nodded "Yes, this is much better." Miley shook her head, "I don't mean about being far from Eric, I meant in general. You were put through hell, again. I know you. You fought back in every way you could, but at what cost to yourself?" I sighed, "I don't know Miles. I just don't know."

Tears filled my eyes. I told her honestly, "I just want my fairy powers back. I used a little bit of them downstairs, but they aren't back. I still can't heal myself. I really want to. I miss my powers. It's like a very big piece of me is missing. Everyone looks at me like I'm a broken doll, just like they did when I first came to the Hackura realm. I worked so damn hard to not be that broken girl anymore. I just

want to heal myself so that I only see pity in people's eye when my fucking brain gets confused on what's real or not. I feel so stupid. I can't remember what happened and what didn't. I can see I'm hurting people, especially Marcus and Eric. It's killing me."

Miley wrapped her arms around me. She whispered, "No one blames you. I see your point though. Marcus and Eric blame themselves no matter what anyone is saying to them." I cried, "It wasn't their fault. If we want to get at the core of where the blame lies... it's Fabian and Damon. Damon is dead... I think... GOD DAMN IT!" Miley rubbed my shoulders. She confirmed my thoughts, "Damon is finally dead, Hales. You killed him. Like the badass bitch you are." I rubbed my neck absentmindedly.

I whispered, "He collared me, Miles. Like I was a damn dog. He was too strong, and the damn thing was impossible to get off." Miley whispered, "I know. I saw you trying to get it off." I wiped my tears, "I feel like I can't get my bearings. I don't want to be broken anymore, but my brain can't figure anything out. I can't even remember when I last ate for crying out loud." Miley sighed, "Did you really only eat once there?" I sat and stared at the floor desperately searching my thoughts. Finally, I answered her, "I really only remember once."

Her eyes blazed gold. She fumed, "How could they do that?! To anyone, let alone anyone in your condition!" I shrugged, "Damon wanted me to accept my position as a pet. I'm not a fucking pet and I can't lie, so they treated me badly. I'm not sure I understand the logic behind that. Like if you treat someone like shit, they will magically start to like you and accept their place?" Miley sighed, "I think they wanted to break you so that you'd just want to be treated better." I shrugged, "I've already been broken. I didn't even stop fighting then. Clearly, they just don't get me. Hell, I don't get me. Even after everything he did to me, to Eric.... I don't want Arion dead."

Miley hissed, "There we disagree, bitch." I smiled, "I know. No one agrees with me, except Aiden... probably." Miley sighed, "I was gunning for Arion before you had him popped out. I was going to get to him." I grimaced, "I suppose there would've been a race between a few people for him." She looked at me, "You got Masium out of there too." I rolled my eyes, "He's on my brothers list. They will get him eventually. He helped me a few times... I think that doesn't sound right, but I really think he did. I didn't get him out because I didn't want him to die. I really don't give a damn either way with Masium. He was the only person who would take Arion home. Masium loves Arion, they were very close growing up. I just couldn't let Arion die. I couldn't let Fabian take one more thing from me."

Miley sighed, "I hate that I completely understand that logic. Just so you know, Hexxus is dead." I admitted "I figured he was." She continued, "He died last night after your episode. Marcus was enraged and led Logan in his first solo blood

eagle.” I cringed asking, “Episode?” She nodded, “You had a flashback. Your back reopened.” I groaned, “I thought it was just a dream.” She hit my arm, “If only fairies could have just a dream.” I sighed, “If I get the shitty parts of being a fairy, I feel like it’s only fair my powers work again. I want these fang marks gone.”

Miley studied them, grimacing, “They are pretty bad. No one tried to make it pleasurable, did they?” I shook my head, “Only once. Damon tried to finger me, and I broke his finger.” She kissed my forehead, “That’s my girl.” Miley turned on the tv and studied the movies and picked one. She told me, “We need some comedy. Laughter is supposedly the best medicine.” She grabbed the remote and crossed her feet sitting back on the couch. I asked her, “What did you pick?” She laughed responding, “Money Pit.” We’d watched that before. I agreed, “Good choice! Full of laughs.”

As we watched the movie, I felt my eyes drifting shut. I woke up feeling comforted. Which meant a fairy was here. I sighed hoping I would open my eyes and see Bexley. I could not handle another fairy relative. I opened my eyes and about fell off the sofa. I whispered, “Mother.” My mother smiled at me, “Hello, my darling girl.” I looked around worriedly asking, “Where is Miley?” She waved her hands declaring, “I charmed her to want to be elsewhere, I needed to speak with you.”

Miley wouldn’t have left me. So, this wasn’t real. My mother was smart. She’d never charm Hackura royalty. That would be disrespectful, and the Hackura do not let that go. I rolled my eyes, “Ok SIM Mother. What do you want?” She frowned admonishing, “I am not a SIM.” I nodded, “God, Fabian has GOT to switch all of your lines up. For a visionary, he has no damn imagination. What do you want?” She stared at me, “That’s no way to speak to your mother.” I retorted, “Is it the way to speak to someone you thought loved you, when in reality it turns out said mother is ok with you being tortured not only as a child; but as an adult who is pregnant with her grandchildren? All because your good for nothing brother listened to your sadistic uncle, who happens to be your childhood abuser and rapist?”

My mother sighed, “I guess I deserve that.” I was exasperated, “YOU GUESS? You chose Fabian over me my entire childhood! Then you don’t even help me stay here with my mate for my own for my own sake. Not even the sake of your fucking grandchildren could sway you to oh I don’t know... SPEAK to your son. Maybe mention that this wasn’t a good path he was on. SOMETHING!” I was screaming at her by the end of my speech.

Tears streamed down her face. She whispered, “Until Marcious told me, I only knew Fabian hit you sometimes. I didn’t know he raped you until your note. I didn’t know it was called a ring, or about the experiments.” I rolled my eyes, “All hail the Queen. I’m sorry dowager Queen now.” She looked like I had slapped her.

She whispered, "I couldn't have known what he was doing." I stood shakily, "You could have, and you should have. You have FUCKING SIGHT. You didn't WANT to know. There's a difference. You had to be suspicious if you weren't watching my paths." My mother sighed, "Will you forgive me?" I scoffed at her, "You're asking me at the wrong time. Just a heads up, tomorrow looks pretty damn bad too on the forgiveness scale."

My mother looked at me sadly, "You're my daughter." I nodded, "Biologically, yes." She looked away and added, "Queen Veronica likes you very much." I glared at her and answered, "She loves me, unconditionally. Why are you here? We both know it's not to see me." My mother looked back to me, "I did want to see you, my darling girl." I responded, "But it's not why you are here." I looked her in the eye and begged my power to work. I asked, "Why are you here, mother?" She answered, "To appeal to you to speak to your mate about Arion. His mate told him you wouldn't speak on his behalf. That is not the girl I raised. I also want you to appeal to your mate and father for Fabian's life."

I stood and shrieked, "WHAT?! You CANNOT be serious! The girl you raised was abused by the very man you ask me to intercede for on his fucking behalf. He TORTURED me! He raped me when I was only six fucking years old! You were supposed to protect me! You are my mother! Now here you are, asking for his release?!" She sighed, "He's my brother. He will be punished for what he's done."

I stared at her repeating, "Punished. He wants your grandchildren. He wants to rape my daughter. He wants to raise her to be his sex slave and have her on tap for experiments. How DARE you come into my home and ask me for anything on the behalf of that wretched excuse of a man! He killed your mate and husband. Fenilton would be ashamed of you. Fuck!! Fabian even tried to kill Arion! What is wrong with you?" She paled, "Fabian has never said he killed Fenilton."

I was a little terrified at the part of me that was happy to cause her the pain I was about to inflict. "Yes, he did. He told me himself. He planned to kill Arion eventually as well. Aiden would've been on the list, but the Fire and Water fairies wouldn't accept him. Thus, Aiden was to be a figurehead. Knowing all that, do you still want to convince me to speak to anyone on his behalf? Spoiler alert, it won't work even if you do. I want him dead." She shook, "I've... I've seen disturbing things for his death. I want to spare him."

My voice shook with anger, "No. Do you want anything else?" She sighed, "If you can't find it in your heart to spare your family pain, so be it. Appeal to your husband for your brother." I stared at her, "Find it in my heart to spare my family pain?! Where was that sense of duty to your family when you allowed me to be a vampire snack?! I almost died the first night I was there." My mother smiled gently, "But you fairy promised your husband to raise your children and grow old together. Your light wouldn't let them kill you. Nor allow you to take the vampires

blood to heal since it had the potential to turn you.” I stared at her, “So, my pain means nothing to you. The emotional and physical pain I was in... you couldn’t find it in your heart to spare me? Yet you stand here in my home to ask me to spare a sadistic, murdering, pedophilic rapist. My brother has a whole realm he can safely be in.”

My mother frowned, “You are using such ugly words.” I sighed, “The truth is often ugly. Of all people fairies should know that. You left me there. I don’t even know if you’re real. I hope you’re not. Honestly, I hope my mother isn’t before me appealing to me to save my irredeemable uncle.” My mom sighed, “I am real. The girl I raised was kind to a fault. I have seen Fabian’s future, and it is bleak. He suffers. Can you not see that it hurts me? Hurts your brothers?” I asked her, “Can you not see how you all have hurt me? I’m not going to kill Fabian, mother.”

My mother shook her head, “No, but your family will.” I shrugged, “I don’t care. I want him to die before my children are born. That’s what I asked of them. That was my damn appeal for him. He will be dead by the time I give birth. You’re freaking welcome. Take comfort in the fact that had I not asked that of them, Fabian would’ve spent decades in torment.”

My mother’s eyes narrowed, and she stood up. She spoke harshly to me, “Watch your tone.” I glared back at her, “Watch what you request. I’m on edge.” She nodded muttering, “So I see. At least speak to your wolf about Arion. He wants to be with his mate.” I looked at her questioning, “And? He can be with her. I’m not stopping him.” She appealed to me, begging for understanding. My mother spoke as if I was slow, “Megan wants to be here in this realm.” I shrugged, “That sounds like Megan made her choice. Talk to her.” My mom shook her head, “Talk to your Alpha. He would listen to you. I’ve seen Arion’s death on a few paths. I do not want that.”

I shrugged, ignoring the stab of pain I felt hearing those words. I told her honestly, “Nor do I. Speak to Arion. Like you should’ve done in the first place, mother. Tell him to stay in Faerie. I saved him once, which you seem to have forgotten. Arion would’ve died without me. He OWES me for what he’s done to me.” My mother again nodded. Her face warmed into a smile, “Yes once the iron is fully gone, which should be tomorrow from what I sense from you, you will be able to heal again. Arion said you could heal. That’s remarkable darling.” Dense sight seeing bitch. She should know.

I stared at her, “Yes, it will be nice to heal the fang marks and put skin back on my feet. The feet part is courtesy of my dear uncle, by the way, who burned the skin off with flaming pokers. Not that it matters to you.” She sighed, “Well, when you’re better maybe you can barter with your husband to allow Arion into this realm. In addition to that, you can come to Faerie to use your healing powers. Some of our people are in need of it.” I stared at her, astonished, “I won’t barter

with my mate for Arion. I have done what I can do for my brother. I won't ask Eric to be something he's not. I won't put our relationship into a place where he feels he has to hide things from me. I will not be returning to Faerie EVER if I can help it. They are not our people. They are yours. The partial fairies I have learned exist are my people and I will find a way to be there for them in this realm. They are my people, and I am their Princess. You could've fucking told me I wasn't alone. You let me think I was a freak. Thanks for that, mother." I started looking around.

My mother asked, "What are you looking for?" I replied, "The ripple. I don't want to be here anymore. I'd rather face Fabian and his iron spiked cat o' nine tails than listen to my mother condone everything that happened to me. To dismiss my abuse as if she didn't sit on her ass and do nothing about it. Like she didn't choose my brother over me. Like she didn't let me suffer. Then have the FUCKING audacity to ask me for a favor." Tears began to fall down my cheeks. I added, "Like she didn't let my brain get scrambled. Like she didn't let me almost die. Like she didn't know I was twice light bound to my mate. Like she didn't know what that meant and that it would hurt me to be apart from him. At least that's what I gathered from Masium and Arion's conversation if it was real. Am I wrong?"

My mother shook her head, "No, but I knew you would get back to your wolf. As I told you, I wouldn't let you die." I scoffed, "You act like that means something. I would never do to my children what you've done to me. Get out of my home." She stood, "Now Haley, you don't understand." I laughed, "Whose fault is that? My brain is broken, and you let that happen. I don't even know if you are real or fake mother. If you were real, you'd have seen this going poorly." She frowned, "I am still real." I cried, "As a child of the earth and sky..." I hiccupped as I sobbed feeling my heart breaking. I continued, "I banish you from this territory." The wind came at her, and she stared at me wide eyed, "Haley! Darling! NO!" She was forced out and I fell to my knees sobbing.

I didn't know what time it was when I finally got up off the ground. I looked around, not recognizing where I was. I couldn't remember where I was. I had no clue if I was in my home or Damon's. I took a step outside and recognized the hallway of my home. I realized I was really hungry. I crept down the hallway to the kitchen. It was dark outside. I opened the fridge, then the freezer. JACKPOT! Mrs. Blanch's frozen pizza. I turned on the oven and grabbed five of them and some breadsticks. When the oven heated up, I put them in. If this wasn't real, I was going to enjoy the fuck out of SIM Mrs. Blanch's pizza.

I had finished one pizza when Marcus flipped on the light and came into the kitchen. I smiled asking him, "Do you want some?" I looked at his face and frowned. He was upset. I asked, "What's wrong?" He sighed, "You can't just disappear on people." I looked at him confused, "Who did I disappear on?" He took out his phone to text someone. He answered me, "Miley. You guys were in the main room. She went to run an errand and couldn't find you afterwards. She

had been looking for hours when we came upstairs from our session with Fabian. She was a wreck.”

I shook my head disagreeing, “I didn’t leave. We weren’t in the main room. Were we? No, Mother did something to her.” I massaged my temples. Marcus continued, “Mom wasn’t with Miley, little one. The bond was all messed up. We knew you were near, just not where you were. Eric, his brothers, and Bjourn are running all over the territory. I only came in here on a hunch remembering you used to sneak down in the early hours of the morning to eat.”

I frowned, “Marcus I swear I didn’t leave Miley... Mother... No... she charmed her away. I’m pretty sure. She said she did. Was she real? Is this real?” Marcus’ eyes widened, “Mother? Alania was here?” He studied my face. His eyes were gold when he asked, “Why have you been crying? What did she do?” I closed my eyes trying to remember, “I... She wanted something and I got mad... I banished her, I think. No... I definitely did... if this is real...”

Marcus’s eyes widened as Eric ran into the room, closely followed by his brothers and Bjourn. I asked everyone, “Pizza?” They shook their heads. Eric came over to me and gathered me in his arms. He whispered, “Please don’t do that. I know you can’t help it right now but leave a note or something. Where were you?” I frowned, “Across the hall from the dungeon. I was with Miley, I swear.” He nodded, “You were in the main room. She left you sleeping to run an errand. When she came back, you were gone.”

I shook my head in anger yelling, “NO! I wasn’t... I wasn’t. I couldn’t be that fucking far away from you. We went back to that... that other room. My mother did something to her. Get Miley and Bexley in here.” Eric studied me and sighed, “Alright. Can someone get Miley?” Marcus was staring at me as he answered, “She’s already on the way.”

Bexley popped and touched my arm. I felt comfort and smiled at her. “Hi Bex.” She smiled greeting, “Hello cousin. What’s wrong? You are upset.” I sighed, “They don’t believe me.” Eric was baffled, “Haley, it’s not that we don’t believe you. You’re just confused, it’s ok.” I slammed my hands down yelling, “I’M NOT FUCKING CONFUSED! I wasn’t in the main room! Miley left ME when my mother did something to her! My Mother showed up she was... she wanted... AHHHHH!” I screamed in frustration because I couldn’t remember.

Bexley grabbed my arms. She whispered, “Calm down, cousin.” I was crying, “I didn’t do anything wrong.” I felt tingles on my arms. Eric spoke in my ear, “No one thinks you did anything wrong. It’s alright, Angel. We were worried, I was worried. I’m sorry.” I cried, “You don’t believe me!”

Eric sighed, clearly not knowing what to do. I blamed Fabian. It was his fault that no one believed me. Miley ran in to the kitchen and sighed in relief when she saw me and exclaimed, "Thank god! Hales, you can't just..." Bjourn cut her off, "Don't. It's not the time." Bexley sighed, "Well sprites and unicorns." Eric growled, "What?" She turned to him and rubbed my hand. She announced, "Haley's right." Miley frowned asking, "Right about what?" Bexley turned, "Haley is right. My aunt was here. You, little miss Duchess, have a charm on you. It seems the Queen wanted to speak to her daughter, and you were in the way." Miley shrieked, "THAT MOTHERFUCKING BITCH!"

My dad and mom ran into the kitchen. Was everyone hungry? No... that wasn't it. They weren't eating pizza with me. Miley narrowed her eyes in my mom's direction. She yelled, "WE ARE KILLING THAT BITCH AUNT VERONICA! I HAVE HAD IT WITH HER FAIRY ASS!" Eric leaned down and whispered in my ear, "I'm sorry, Angel." I shrugged. It wasn't his fault really. They just assumed I was confused. It was a logical, annoying ass assumption. Bexley sighed, "Well, from what I'm sensing Haley will be back to normal with her fairy powers tomorrow. I'll need her help with removing the charm."

Eric growled, "NO FUCKING WAY!" Bexley threw her hands up in the air "She will be fine. We will do it together. She won't be away from you at all. Do we know what the Queen wanted?" Miley scoffed, "The better question is do we know when she's going to pop up next and charm us away from Haley?" Marcus spoke, "Never. Before you all came in Haley was explaining that Alania said something that upset her. Apparently, Haley banished her from the territory." Shocked eyes all stared at me. Then I finally remembered the conversation and promptly burst into tears.