

# Pay the Piper

It took everything inside Eric not to stand beside Haley as she walked into Fabian's cell to speak to him. I was counting the steps she took away from me, rolling my eyes when Fabian asked if Haley came to save him. Nothing could save him. Not even her. I would give her the world if I could, but none of us could give her his life if she asked that of us. Thankfully, I already knew she didn't want him to live for the sake of our children. I did wonder why he could possibly believe she was here to save him. What ace in the hole did he think he had?

I found myself anticipating her words. I was itching for her to get her closure because I desperately wanted inflict pain on this man and get some version payback on him. My jaw was not the only one that hit the floor when it became clear Fabian murdered Fenilton. It's not like we looked very hard into who killed Fenilton, I hadn't truly cared.

When Fabian answered her without an evasion, I glanced at her brothers. I wanted to see if they noticed what I did. Both nodded to me. Haley used her truth-seeking power to make him tell the truth. I smiled knowing her powers were coming back. Even in her state she was putting pieces together. I was so proud of her. Fenilton's death meant nothing to me other than I was glad it happened because it gave me Haley.

This conversation proved Fabian really was not right in the head. Arion didn't need to die. If Fabian was truly a visionary as he claimed; he would've had Aiden killed and ruled through Arion. Arion would've been his puppet. I almost scoffed when Haley said Arion wasn't weak. Maybe not physically, but he was weak. He took advantage of her love for him. My anger towards Arion came bursting into me like a freight train. I may not have Arion in my grasp right now, but I did have a fairy who would take the brunt of my anger for his actions. Arion's actions were Fabian's fault anyway.

Rage coursed through me at a depth that surprised me when he called my pups mutts. I didn't even try to stop Thor from roaring at him. I was right there with him. He would never have my children, NEVER. Jackson linked me, "He can't have your pups. We have him. He's not going anywhere." I replied, "I know that, but he seems confident he could get away. He really thought she was here to free him. Why?" Jackson shrugged, "Who gives a shit? He's dying. Nothing could save him." That was true.

I was furious the longer the conversation went on. I realized Fabian's manipulations for what they were. Haley was not alone and even now he was trying to instill that logic into her. Bastard! Her brothers and I already had a system worked out to be sure she was never going to be without one of us for the

foreseeable future. Whether she liked it or not. According to the new vampire king, Haley could die if she was taken from me again. I was not about to let that happen.

We needed to figure out everything about being twice light bound. Bexley and I never had a chance to discuss its meaning. She was so distraught over Haley being gone while Haley was pregnant. Liam was doing his best to calm her down. Bexley was also grappling with her aunt not being the woman she always believed her to be. Not to mention, I had things to do to bring Haley home. We all needed to sit down to discuss it. As it stood now, I was never letting Haley too far out of the sight of someone I deeply trusted ever again. That was not a very long list. I couldn't bear to lose her again. Not now, not ever. I couldn't handle knowing she would die if someone managed to take her.

Pain lanced through my heart at the thought. I would never let it happen. Not twice. I would learn from this. I would not trust blindly. I would suspect everyone. Trust but verify. I would keep her safe. This was my biggest failure to date, and it nearly cost me everything.

I realized Haley was done talking. Anticipation began to fill me. It was my time now. I stared at my brothers stunned when he said one of our children was likely to have the truth-seeking power as well.

I linked Jackson, "Well shit." Jackson sighed, "We need to up trainings, a lot." I agreed, "Yes, we do." I snarled when Fabian said he would take my daughter. My vision went red. My ears were ringing I was so angry. I desperately fought Thor for control. When Fabian said he would rape my little girl, I lost it. My roars drowned out the rest of his words. I could feel my heartbeat ringing in my ears. He would die. I would kill this wretched bastard.

We thought Haley was going to kill him. We all yelled, "NO!" as an iron dagger appeared in her hands. I NEEDED to torture him. She reached down, sympathy pain hit all our groins as we grabbed for our man hoods. She viciously cut off his dick, then she laid the dagger against his balls, waiting for them erode away under the iron.

I couldn't help but smile. That's my wife, my mate. She is my other half. I stared at her in wonder. I couldn't honestly tell you what else she said to him. I was lost in my thoughts of what I was going to do to him. He'd never touch my girls. Not my wife or my daughter. The Hackura siblings started talking about a stone walk. Harold linked me, "What's that?" I shrugged, "I assume it's some kind of walk where they throw stones at him." Harold shrugged, "It's as good a guess as anything else."

I took in Marcus's countenance. For the first time since we got Haley back, he was truly happy. I realized she had asked him specifically because she wanted him to

feel better. She was always thinking of others. Always. That was my Angel. I glared at Fabian. He'd tried to take that from her. Thor linked me, "I want to be let out. That ASSHOLE hurt mate and threatened our pups. I've had enough of his shit, Eric." I assured him, "You'll have a turn."

Megan stepped forward into Fabian's eyeline. I still had no fucking clue what she was doing here. She did something while I watched her very carefully. Sometimes, you do things for your mate you wouldn't others. I linked Caleb, "Megan is never to be alone with Haley." Caleb replied, "Already all over that." Of course, he was.

Haley left with Miley. I watched her go, frowning as her footsteps grew heavier with each step. Were her feet hurting her again? I wanted to go to her, but I really needed to do this. My brothers, Jim, Marcus, and Bjourn were left standing there once Miley and Haley closed the door.

I spoke first, "Jim, you can go with Miley and Haley. You do not have to stay." Jim shook his head, "No, I want to at least punch him in the face. Miley has been devastated since Haley was taken. She's been blaming herself. Miley offered to stay back with Haley instead of coming to the summit, but Haley insisted she go. Miley blamed herself for not staying. She thinks she selfishly left her cousin here because she wanted to go to the summit with me. I want to see him suffer for what he has done to my mate and to my Luna. Haley's not just my Luna, she's my friend."

Fabian scoffed, "Haley has no friends." Fabian didn't even turn to look at Jim or move in any way. I raised an eyebrow. That was odd. Jim growled, "I'm her friend, you dumb shit fairy!" Fabian still didn't move even an inch. It clicked for me what was going on. I laughed from my belly. Eventually Bjourn asked, "What's so funny, Eric?" I gathered myself and told them, "Haley asked Megan to perform the spell where he could feel but can't move. That's why you won't turn your head to look at Jim when he's speaking, isn't it Fabian? It's because you can't. Fabian hissed, "She had no right!"

Marcus laughed taunting him, "Oh, but turnabout is fair play fairy. You all LOVE to talk about what's fair." Fabian glared at him, "You already had your turn with me assassin." Marcus reached down and broke his thumb, "It's Prince, not assassin. I will take as many turns as I like. In fact, I plan to join in with Eric; you are right thought. It's Eric's turn now. I think my brothers are right about you. You are very dense. You want your torture to begin instead of talking like this. Most of our prisoners learn that quickly as it ends sooner. Oh well. He's all yours, Eric."

I grinned and stepped into Fabian's line of sight. He paled and his eyes grew wide. He whispered, "We are family Alpha Eric." I scoffed, "As if that would save you. As far as I'm concerned, we aren't family. I've decided the only fairies I'll tolerate calling me family are King Aiden and Bexley. The rest of you, outside of the

partial fairy cousins my wife probably has, can burn in hell. Now, where to begin.” Fabian squeezed his eyes shut. I growled, “Now, that won’t do.” I grabbed a pair of tweezers. I decided to start by yanking out his eyelashes. I plucked them out one by one, alternating between plucking and holding the iron part of the tweezers to his eyelid. He was crying before I’d completely pulled the first lash out.

I sneered at him, “How pathetic are you, Fabian? You couldn’t get my wife to scream once with the torture you inflicted on her at King Damon’s. I pull out a single eyelash, and you’re already a weeping mess. I do like that you are so responsive to pain. It will make it more fun to me.” Fabian closed his eyes shut tightly. I smirked, “Now, there you go closing your eyes again. I can’t have that.” I grabbed a regular sharp knife.

Fabian’s eyes opened. He was staring in fear at the knife in my hands. I laughed, “Ohh, it’s too late. You had your chance to voluntarily keep your eyes open.” Fabian wailed when I forcefully pulled his eyelid shut with my middle finger. I used my index finger to stretch the skin of his eyelid and plunged the knife into the sensitive skin just below his eyebrow. I cut deeply and pulled the corner of his eyelid until it was separated from his face. Then I went further along his eye and rolled his eyelid skin along with my movements. He was crying in agony as I slowly reached the end. I left the last little bit hanging off.

I waited for him stop sobbing. When his cries turned to whimpers, I decided that was as good as I’d get. I yanked the rest of his eyelid off forcefully. He screamed in anguish. I told him, “There, now you can’t close this eye. What do you think, Jackson? Should he get to keep the other eyelid?” Jackson replied, “I suppose you could leave it for now to see if he’s learned his lesson. Just as Haley chose not to carve anything into Hexxus’ skull after shaving his head. Fabian screeched, “SHE DARED SHAVE MY SONS HEAD? We will have vengeance! My sons will kill you all for me.”

Marcus laughed, “Your son, not sons. The day Masium can take any of my brothers or myself is the day we accept death gladly.” Fabian glared at Marcus. He sneered, “Shows what you know, assassin. Do they teach you all anything besides how to maim and kill in the Hackura realm? I have two living sons.” I looked at Marcus who smirked. He nodded, giving me permission to drop the Hexxus bomb. I merely shrugged and told Fabian, “You HAD two sons.” He stared at us for a long time not comprehending. Eventually understanding lit in his eyes. His face contorted in agony, and he started to weep all over again.

He cried out, “My son! Oh, my son. You monsters killed my boy?” Marcus grinned, “He was my youngest brothers first solo blood eagle. Logan did very well. Our people rejoiced as someone who harmed their Princess was killed. We’ve been waiting a very long time to get revenge. We are a patient people. Now we have begun, and we don’t plan to stop.” Fabian sobbed, “You’re monsters!” I laughed,

“Interesting choice of words. Your son was an adult who made choices. You were an old man preying on my wife as a child.”

Jackson snorted, “A young child who is your niece. If you think you’ll TOUCH my niece you’ve got another thing coming, old man.” Anger ripped through me as I said, “My brother is right. You are already plotting to take MY DAUGHTER and do the things you did to my wife to her.” Fabian hissed, “I’ll do it, wolf. Your daughter will know nothing but pain.” I howled and ripped him off the table. I ordered, “Darrin, Harold, bring in the chair.” Both nodded and left the room, returning with an iron chair that had a large spike at the back of it. Fabian screamed, “NO! You can’t! This is medieval! It’s barbaric.”

I growled at him, “But raping my wife, torturing her, and planning the torture and rape of my unborn daughter is the act of a peaceful person?” Jackson grabbed Fabian’s opposite arm and we dragged him to the chair. I let his hamstrings touch the chair first. He hissed in pain as his skin started to melt away. I didn’t bother with the straps for his legs since he couldn’t move. I hovered him over the spike and lined it up to his anus. Slowly, inch by inch, I got him closer to the spike. It hadn’t even touched him yet when he started screaming and yelling curses at all of us. When the tip of his butt touched the spike, he acted like we poured acid on him. I filed that away for later. Pouring acid on him wasn’t a bad idea. I could smell his burning flesh. It was a horrid smell, especially for those of us with extra sensitive powers of smell; however, I powered through it. I wasn’t going to let up. I took over ten minutes to have him seated fully onto the spike. Before he was seated, we could hear the skin sizzling as it came into contact with the iron of the chair. We sat back and watched him struggle and openly sob for a while.

Eventually I said, “Darrin, go ask Mrs. Blanch for some lemonade, would you?” Darrin nodded and quickly left the room. I grabbed a small tub about four inches deep. Fabian muttered, “I would welcome the lemonade. It will kill me, you know?” I smiled, “If you drank it, yes. It would kill you. I don’t want you to get off so easily Fabian. No, no. I thought throwing acid on you was a delightfully inspired idea. Then I remembered lemonade would do the trick and be more painful for you.”

Fabian closed his one eyelid. I tisked, “I do believe I told you not to do that.” Darrin returned with a pitcher of lemonade. I poured it into the tub I’d gotten. I lifted Fabian’s feet and dangled his toes over the lemonade while he cried and begged me to stop. I had to wonder how many times he had heard those words from my wife. I asked, “Did you stop whipping my wife when she asked? Beating her? Raping her? Did it even phase you as she begged?” Fabian sucked in a breath, “She’s an abomination! She was my toy to play with and she deserved everything I did to her.” I dropped one foot into the tub. He screamed in agony.

I hissed, “She didn’t deserve a damn thing you did to her. Your torture will end well before you deserve it to. There is no amount of your suffering that would make it enough.” I threw his other foot into the tub and stood. I wiped my hands on a towel continuing, “Now, I do believe you need to learn your lesson about this whole closing your eye business.” Tears poured down his face as I repeated the process of removing his other eyelid. This time I left over half of it barely hanging there. I made a light cut in the tissue instead of a deep cut. When Fabian calmed down, I ripped it off. I took extreme pleasure in his screams.

I looked down and I noticed someone had inserted a catheter into him. The bag was full. I snorted, “I see we have been far kinder to you than you were to my wife. Look at all the urine you have in this bag. We must be hydrating you. Haley told me she can only recall eating once. Is that what you remember, Fabian?” He managed to take a wheezing breath to respond, “That was only because Arion whined like the little troll, he is that she needed food. I was enjoying watching her go insane, slowly. I realized quickly she is twice light bound to you. She was being driven crazy on top of the SIM confusion. It was one of my best psychological experiments, but you ruined it. My findings are incomplete. She ruins everything she gets involved with. She had to kill the vampire king after she somehow weakened the enclosure before killing him. I could’ve let her go insane. I could’ve had her near you to keep her alive to give birth. She could’ve been a breeding machine for me. A completely insane breeding machine. It would’ve been my finest experiment. You wolves and assassins had to ruin it all right along with her.”

Harold sensed my plan and had grabbed an empty bag to replace on the catheter. I furiously ripped it away from him. I grabbed the full bag of urine and changed it out. Fabian snorted, “Nursing skills, wolf? How very kind of you. You should get people for that. You are an Alpha here, are you not?” I smiled, “I am very much an Alpha here. I just couldn’t be an inconsiderate host. My mom frowns upon such things, and well... you do look parched.”

Jackson grabbed a fistful of Fabian’s hair and ripped his head back while Harold forced Fabian’s jaw open, and I poured his own piss back down his throat. Fabian gagged and started to choke. I had to stop a few times so he wouldn’t drown in his own piss, but I forced the whole bag down his throat.

I looked over at Jim and told him, “You can punch him now.” Jim nodded. He stepped up and punched him square in the face. Fabian promptly passed out. I stared at him, annoyed. Jackson asked, “Are you going to bring him around?” I nodded, “In a minute.” I went and grabbed an injection of adrenaline. Bjourn spoke, “I quite enjoyed how you ripped off his second eyelid. That was inspired. I will be using that.” I smiled, “I’m glad I could give you some ideas.” Bjourn smirked.

I stabbed the needle into Fabian's chest where his heart was, pressed the syringe as deep as it would go and injected the adrenaline into his system. He came around gasping for air. His eyes met mine and he stared at me with hatred. He spoke, "I hate you." I smiled, "Aww, now my feelings are hurt." Fabian decided to taunt me, "Haley will eventually see you for who you are. You will hurt her, and she'll run. I trained her to hide her feelings and run away. To retreat into her solitude. It is what she deserves."

I laughed, "Oh she did that once. We had a nice long talk about it. Now she fights the inclination to do so as she promised me. You didn't do a very good job training her. See at her core, my mate is fiercely independent. She did what she had to do to survive you, and she did. We are both new to relationships, but we are working on it. Your concern for us is greatly appreciated. Don't you worry, I'd never let her go. You only managed to take her from me because I wasn't here. It wasn't even your plan. It was Damon's plan."

Fabian rolled his eyes. Honestly, it looked rather odd and moderately unsettling because he was missing eyelids. Fabian muttered, "I am here because of the late vampire king. Eventually, with my plan, we would've captured my niece. Exposing Arion as a mole was a mistake." I shrugged, "Yet, here we are. You do realize even pumped full of iron carrying our children, your forces couldn't take her down."

Fabian glared at Marcus and Bjourn. He spat out, "Yes, they ruined my delicate little broken doll. They made her fight back." Bjourn spoke, "She was always capable of fighting back. We just gave her the tools and knowledge how to use them. She could've used any of her fairy powers to defeat you. She wisely didn't show you she had them. She waited, she was patient, then she fled, and you couldn't find her because we got to her first." Fabian sputtered, "She has more powers than making people stay in place, healing, and being the truth seeker?" I laughed, "Did you not notice she conjured the iron dagger to remove your dick? She can also snap, pop, control the elements, remove the air, create a tornado. I feel like there's more, but you get the point," Fabian's jaw dropped. He stared at us for several moments then whispered, "When I get out of here, she will be my greatest weapon." I growled at him, "You won't be alive to use her. Over my dead body will you touch her ever again."

Before Fabian could reply Marcus added, "Your lifespan is much shorter than you think, fairy. Once Eric is done, I'm speaking to my father about Haley's request to have you marched through our streets and stoned. I want it to end with you being blood eagled beside your dead son. I would like to play with you for decades, but my little sister needs this to end sooner rather than later." Fabian hissed, "We turn to dust when we die. You couldn't humiliate my son like that." Marcus smiled at him, but it was Bjourn who answered, "We know a witch or two who owe us favors. His body remains perfectly intact to be taunted by our people as we speak."

Fabian wheezed. I decided to taunt him for a change, “Just think, had you left my wife alone, if you had never tortured or raped her; you’d be with both your sons now.” Fabian smiled, “You keep saying I raped her. Are you jealous she had me? I hear you swing both ways. Is she withholding her that tight ass from you? She calls it rape, but she wanted it.” He was delusional. I ripped the tub with the lemonade that his feet were soaking in out from him under him and threw it in his face. His screams delighted me.

I told him, “My Angel never wanted you. I wouldn’t touch you with my worst enemy’s dick. She pleases me in ways you couldn’t imagine.” Jackson spoke, “You aren’t very bright, Fabian. You know werewolves are possessive of their mates. You encourage your own torture with your words.” I scoffed, “Nothing could stop me. He took her from me. I was without her for too long.” Fabian hissed, “She was promised to the vampire king first. My nephews had no right to give her to you.” I snorted, “You had no right to give her away at all. Neither did they.” Marcus spoke, “He’s right. Haley is ours. Your people turned your backs on her. Then you try to use the fact that you are family to manipulate her into doing what you want. It’s sick.”

Fabian laughed, “Well, until she met your band of misfit assassins, she was desperate for love and affection. Just like her brother, Arion. Tell me wolf, does it upset you he’s out of your reach?” I smiled at him, “Not unlike you, Arion lacks vision. Aiden is the brains of your family. Arion will mess up and come here. Then I’ll have him.” Fabian laughed, “That will turn Haley against you. She’d rather walk across hot coals than see either of her brothers die.” I shrugged, “We’ve already discussed it, and she understands. Hot coals? That’s inspired. Jackson?” Jackson nodded, “On it!”

He left the cell quickly. I couldn’t help but smile at the worry on Fabian’s face when Jackson came back with a bucket of hot coals. I instructed my brother, “Lay them out on the floor.” Jackson did as I said. When I ripped Fabian up off the spike he hissed in agony. I jeered, “It’s not so fun when you’re the one in pain now, is it?”

I forced him onto his knees on the coals. He gasped for air. I callously threw him down stomach first onto the coals and we all listened to his skin sizzle. I looked over the instruments on the table and saw the scalpel. I picked it up and put it in my pocket. I walked over to Fabian’s feet.

I asked him, “Did you know that a Lisfranc foot injury is where the mid-foot is broken or ligaments that support the mid-foot are torn apart? Basically, it separates your toes from your foot along with the ligaments. If not corrected it causes permanent damage.” Fabian ground out, “Thank you for the anatomy lesson, wolf.” I smiled and picked up a mallet and swung it down onto his foot. He howled in pain. I laughed, “That was not a bad howl for a fairy. I think I may have broken



more than just the Lisfranc. Do you think so brothers?” Darrin spoke, “Well, it looks like you may have brother. It happens. You just applied too much pressure.” He stepped forward and grabbed the mallet explaining, “For the Lisfranc I think you need a little less force, like this.” He slammed the mallet down on Fabian’s other foot.

Jackson grinned as Fabian screamed. Jackson spoke first, “Looks like you hit a little too hard as well, little brother.” Darrin shrugged, “In the words of my sister-in-law... Oops?” Fabian just couldn’t help himself, “Why do any of you even care for her?” Darrin whirled on him, “You mean besides the fact that she’s a good person who within a day and half of meeting us healed our mates so they could have pups? She saved our mother’s life, which was in danger BECAUSE OF YOU! Not to mention she is our older brother’s mate.” Fabian sighed, “Oh, so she healed for you. Of course.”

Jackson kicked him in the ribs. He spat, “We don’t like her because of what she did for us. She’s a kind person despite your best efforts.” Harold added, “She’s our big brother’s whole world. You put our family through hell. It was torture watching him be without her.”

Jackson continued, “Do you have any idea what watching him stand at that stupid enclosure with hope in his eyes waiting for her to come out to see him was like? He asked me to take over for him if she died. Seeing the look in his eyes when he saw what was done to her somehow made what you did to her body worse.” Darrin joined in, “We all swore that anyone who tried to take her from him would pay.” I clapped each of them on the back and gave them meaningful looks.

Fabian spoke with sarcasm, interrupting the moment, “How moving.” Jim froze then said, “Alpha, I need to go to Miley.” I nodded and he took off. I picked Fabian up off the coals. His skin had burned away in places down to the muscle. I smiled, “Oh good. There’s less work to get through the fatty tissue for me.” Fabian tried to lift his head, but the spell wouldn’t allow him to. He asked me, “What do you mean?” I smiled, “Well, I have some organs to remove.” He cried, “No! Don’t do that!” I laughed, “If only your cries made the slightest difference to me. Sadly, for you, they mean nothing.” Bjourn came up next to me and began retracting Fabian’s skin with instruments as I cut it.

I looked over at him asking, “Do you do this often?” Bjourn smiled, “I do. I studied medicine so I could learn how to do such things. It makes my torture sessions very informative. I am the most adept at torture among my brothers for a reason, Eric. Marcus and I are both doctors in this realm.”

With his help I made it to Fabian’s kidney. I poured lemonade on it and watched; slightly disturbed and fascinated as it literally melted inside him. I touched his appendix with an iron dagger. It shrunk and seemed to cause him the most pain.

Bjourn “slipped” and knocked a little lemonade into his bloodstream. It clearly burned Fabian. Some of his blood even turned black.

I turned to Bjourn asking, “Oops?” He smiled agreeing, “Definitely oops.” I had Bjourn stitch him back up. Fabian jeered, “Done already, wolf?” I laughed, “Not a chance.” I inserted the pear of anguish up his ass. Which was already thoroughly shredded from the spike. I grabbed a pair of sheers from the table. Fabian lost it, “No, you’ve taken everything from me as it is. Don’t take my dignity! Not my hair!” I laughed, “You’ve never had any dignity, but I suppose I could start without the sheers.”

I grabbed his hair and yanked out what I could. I pulled his hair out in patches and clumps as he cried. I stepped back and thought about it, “Hmm, sheers would be too kind for you.” I grabbed a sharp knife with a long blade and made several semicircular cuts along the connective tissue along his scalp. Once they were placed perfectly, I yanked it all off, scalping him. I grabbed a spike and stuck it on the wall in his eye line so he could see my trophy. He was inconsolable. Marcus smiled mentioned nonchalantly, “I haven’t seen a scalping for a few years. That was very well done.”

I went over to Fabian and pulled his broken thumb, so it was as far away from his index finger as I could get it. Then, I used an iron scalpel to cut through the tendons in that space between the fingers. I repeated the action on his other hand. I had Jackson hold him down for no other reason than he needed something to do. I forced Fabian’s shoulder out of joint. I went to the table, grabbed a gun, and held it up to Fabian’s other shoulder. I lined it up explaining, “Now, this bullet is going to go through your ball and socket joint. When I planned this, I thought you’d be remaining in the Hackura realm for a few months. I planned to say think of me when it rains, asshole. I suppose I could have my wife make it rain the pain would remind you of me in the hours before your death.” I shrugged and pulled the trigger.

Fabian hissed, screaming an inhumane scream. I shrugged, “Oh, did I not mention I had a bullet made of iron especially for you? I was without my Angel for so long, I had lots of time to plan your torture.” I then grabbed the cat o’ nine tails Marcus had taken from the King Damon’s home. Darrin and Harold flipped Fabian onto his back, and I finally unleashed Thor. He whipped him so hard that I was getting blood all over my face and upper torso. Thor went at him for what felt like hours. Eventually Jackson put a hand on my arm and handed me a towel.

Fabian’s cries were music to my ears. Once he calmed down, I covered him from head to toe in honey, then I poured milk on him. I told him, “Enjoy the flies and maggots that come for you until Marcus takes you to their realm. There are quite a few down here. Not to mention the rats.”

He screamed in annoyance, then he laughed, “It seems that I’ll have the last laugh, wolf. I felt another fairy’s presence here and they left quite suddenly. I’d imagine your mate is long gone again. Weren’t you just saying you’d protect her? She’ll probably die with your mutts inside her this time since I’m not there to look out for my new test subjects. Release me and I’ll send you one pup.” My entire body turned cold, as though there was ice in my veins. I hit him in the temple where I had seen Haley bleed the night before. After making sure he was passed out, I took off like a shot out of the dungeon.

I linked Liam, “Get a guard posted outside Fabian’s cell. Right now.” Liam replied, “Of course, Alpha.” I took the stairs practically four at a time as I ran into the main room. I entered and found complete chaos. Again.

I asked, “What’s going on?” Titus looked grim. Veronica was holding a sobbing Miley rubbing her back. Titus spoke, “Miley had to go run an errand. Haley was sleeping when she left. When she came back, Haley was gone. In our bond I can feel she is somewhere nearby, but it feels murky. I’m unable to pin her location down.” I checked my bond to discover the same thing.

I swallowed and announced, “Fabian said he felt a fairy here. He said they probably took her.” Titus looked murderous declaring, “If they did, I won’t spare any of them this time.” I nodded “I will help you.” Miley wiped furiously at the tears on her face. Veronica kept playing with her hair. She spoke soothingly, “It’s not your fault, Miley.” She was still inconsolable.

Jim came bursting in the door, “I can’t get her scent, we need to get Eric.” I spoke, “Eric already knows. Take Miley and go drive the route along where we saved Saied. Haley went for a run there one day. Jackson, Darrin, Harold, we are going to run the border perimeters. Link me the second she’s found.”

Bjourn jumped up, “I’ll come with you. If one of us finds her, you’ll need someone with a phone.” Titus asked, “Is there a body of water nearby? I know you don’t have an ocean, but she loves the calmness of the water.” I told him, “There’s the lake by the chapel.” Veronica nodded, “We will check there as well.” Marcus stood, “I’ll check her treehouses again. She could’ve made another one we didn’t know about, but I made her promise to include me in the fairy charm. That way I could always find them. I’ll search the forest myself. I know what kind of spaces she likes.” We all went our separate ways.

We started to run the borders trying to pick up her scent. I would’ve commented on how impressive Bjourn's speed was as he kept up with us as we shifted, but I was too preoccupied. Jackson linked us all, “She’s probably just confused. Fabian is messing with you.” I growled, “Even if she’s confused... how did one get near her?” I shifted back and asked, “Bjourn, what about Haley’s guard?”

He looked astonished then texted someone. We waited a few moments before his phone beeped a reply. He angrily told us, "Sasha was guarding Haley. She's asleep, and they are unable to wake her up. Can you send Bexley to them? The rest of her guards were stationed around the area said she hasn't come outside." I growled, "Unless a fucking fairy popped her outside and left her wandering around the territory confused. That's the best-case scenario too. That involves them leaving her here. Why would they take her again?"

I shifted back without waiting for a reply searching the air for her scent. Darrin linked, "I hate to say this, but what if they took her because they want Fabian back?" I growled, "I'll tear them all to pieces." Bjourn's phone beeped again, we all paused so he could read it. Bjourn's facial expression turned from concern to relief. He announced, "Marcus has her. She's in the kitchen eating pizza." Relief flooded me. I practically flew back to the house. Jackson threw shorts to me as I ran inside to the kitchen.

I barely registered Marcus staring at Haley in shock. Haley asked if anyone wanted pizza. I would've laughed if my heartbeat wasn't sputtering in my chest. I understood she was confused, but I needed a smoke signal next time or something to know she was alright. I explained to her what happened. I was going to have to assign a pack member to discreetly watch her from now on.

Haley got really angry and said she wasn't in the main room, that she couldn't be that far from me. She said her mother had done something to Miley. I frowned. She only referred to Alania as her mother; she called Veronica her mom. She must have had a dream the Queen showed up and they were together.

I linked Liam, "We need Bexley in the kitchen." Bexley immediately popped to us. She grabbed Haley's arm and immediately calmed her down a little bit. This situation was confusing and making me internally curse fairies. Damn the SIMS.

Haley slammed her hands on the counter with such force that I worried she would hurt herself. She screamed in frustration and my eyes pricked with tears. My poor Angel. Bexley tried to get her to calm down again. Haley shouted she hadn't done anything wrong. I felt horrible. She hadn't done anything wrong. I didn't mean to make her feel like she had. I didn't know what to say. Miley would've noticed if the former Fairy Queen was here along with what room they were in. I didn't want to upset her any further though, so I stayed silent.

Miley joined us. Bexley sided with Haley's version of events. I was completely stunned. The Queen had placed a charm on Miley to get her to leave Haley's side. I linked Jackson, "This is it. This is the last straw. Haley is going to have to banish all full-blooded fairies, except specific ones. I can't have them popping in and out, charming the people guarding her away from her. They are there for her protection." Jackson sighed, "I understand."

Marcus rendered us all speechless when he mentioned that Haley banished her mother. My mouth couldn't have been picked up off the floor if someone paid me. I knew how much Haley loved her mother. What had Alania done to piss her off that badly?

Out of nowhere, I felt Haley's anguish come flooding through our bond. Sobs wracked her body. Titus came over to us and held out his arms. I begrudgingly let her go into them. Haley just sobbed, "She always said she loved me, but she doesn't. It hurts dad." All of us were confused. We had no idea what was going on.

Bexley frowned deeply. She spoke quietly, "Grant Freetra Meerseta Sechen Dinko Yeut Zre may Kekkel still (Grant my cousin peace so that she may be still)." Haley calmed down instantly. I narrowed my eyes. I was picking up a little Fealish. I asked, "What did you do?" Bexley sighed, "I asked the earth to calm her down." I nodded. Secretly pleased I'd understood Fealish.

I asked, "Angel, what did your mother want?" Miley scoffed, "Yes, pray tell us what did her majesty want that required me to be charmed out of the room? She caused pure pandemonium for us trying to find you so she could have this discussion. It BETTER BE the most important discussion of all time." Haley sniffled quietly stating, "She came to ask me to appeal to Eric for Arion to be able to be in this realm with his mate, and..." She trailed off. Titus held her and petted her hair, "It's all right Princess, just take your time." Haley nodded. Eventually she continued, "She wanted me to talk to Eric and Dad and appeal to them, for Fabian's..." She choked out a sob, "Release."

I cannot recall a moment where I have been at a loss for words more than this one. All the Hackura's eyes were blazing gold. My mate's devastation echoed in our bond, pulsing with pain. I imagined it did throughout theirs as well.

Jackson spoke first, "You have got to be fucking KIDDING ME. Bexley, could she have misunderstood because of a SIM's she's been put through? She's confused, right? SOMEONE, tell me that's what happening right now." Haley spoke so softly, "I wish I was." Bexley frowned admitting, "No, she's right. If there had not been charm on Miley, I would've hoped it was a dream; however, since Miley is charmed... Haley's not confused about this. Did anyone ask Fabian...?" She trailed off. I was about to lose my patience with her.

Bexley spoke softly to Haley, "Cousin, why don't you go splash some water on your face." Haley reached back and grabbed my hand. She began to shake her head no. Bexley continued, "There's a bathroom off the kitchen. You will not be far from him. You can still see him." Haley considered that. Finally, she left Titus's embrace to go to the bathroom.

Bexley spoke softly to the rest of us, “Did anyone ask Fabian if his and Aunt Alania’s life forces are tied?” Jackson sighed, “No, we didn’t ask him that. Why would we ask that? What does that even mean?” Bexley shrugged, “It would make this all make sense. Aunt Alania’s protection of Fabian makes more sense if he tied their life forces. It basically means that she will live if Fabian dies for a time, but if they are bound her life will be much shorter.”

Darrin asked, “We are whispering because?” Bexley glared at him, “Because on top of everything else she’s suffering, I’ll not have my cousin take on the knowledge that her mother could die because Fabian is going to die. It’s not because of her, it’s because of him; however, Haley will believe it’s her fault.” Marcus replied, “The fairy is right. Haley would blame herself.” I sighed, “We will find the answer to your question, Bexley. Discreetly.”

Haley came back in. I asked her, “Are you done eating? Would you like to get to bed? It’s pretty late. Actually, it’s early.” She practically inhaled another pizza and some breadsticks then nodded. Titus spoke before we left the kitchen, “We will be taking Fabian tomorrow for his stone walk, and his blood eagle. I want you and your husband to come with us, princess. I don’t want you to be far from at least one of us right now. Your brothers, cousin, mom, and I need to be there for Fabian’s death. I think you do too.” I sighed. He was right. Haley and I both need to see Fabian die.

I linked Jackson, “We do need to go.” Jackson linked back, “We’ve got this brother. You need closure, and Haley definitely does.” Titus looked at me. He said, “You will only be gone a few hours in this realm. It will be an overnight stay in ours. Time is not the same there as it is here. We can even introduce you as the new prince while getting justice for my little girl.” I looked at Haley asking, “A few hours in this realm?” Titus answered, “You will miss, at most, four hours here.”

I nodded. I turned to my mate and asked, “Haley? Do you want to go?” She tilted her head, “That’s such an odd question. I both do and don’t. I need to go though. For our children and for myself. I need to see him die to know it’s truly over.” I looked at Titus and asked, “When do we leave?” He shrugged, “We are flexible. When would be best for you?” I looked at Caleb. He offered, “After dinner.” Titus nodded, “Then that’s when we will leave.”

I picked Haley up and carried her upstairs. I nuzzled her neck and whispered, “I’m sorry I didn’t believe you.” Haley sighed admitting, “It’s understandable. It’s just frustrating because my mind isn’t clear. Which means I’m wrong about things sometimes, and now everyone has to question what I say.” I frowned, “You will get better, Angel. Your mind will clear eventually.” She sniffed, “When?” I sighed, “That is unclear.” She snorted, “Of course it is.”

She kissed me and we lazily made out. I was going to keep it at that, but she reached under my shirt. She slowly pulled it off of me, looking into my eyes. She told me, "I need you Eric, so badly. It was so hard to leave the dungeon without you. We were apart for hours. I need you right fucking now." I flipped her onto our bed. I took off her pants. She had denied me the last time I had tried, but I needed to taste my personal heaven. I parted her lips with my fingers, inhaled deeply and groaned. She smelled delicious. I tentatively stuck out my tongue and flicked her clit. She moaned as I growled. I made her come three times before I could leave between her thighs.

I kissed her hard on the mouth. I told her, "I missed your taste." She smiled. I flipped her onto all fours. She giggled. I smacked her ass, and she moved back towards me. I smiled again. I entered her slowly holding her hips as she tried to increase my pace. I started us slow and built us up. She didn't want to stop for hours. Her chest was still glowing gold and not pink. I wondered how long until her fairy side was fully healed from our separation. We needed to speak to Bexley about several things. Probably when we got back from the Hackura realm.

She slowly drifted off to sleep. I gently pulled out of her cleaned us both up. I settled back into bed pulling her into me. I rubbed her tummy and spoke to her stomach, "Hello my little pups. Tomorrow mommy and daddy will make sure a very bad man will never get near you. I love you all so much." I felt three pats on my hand and smiled. I closed my eyes. I was still a little stunned that tomorrow evening I would be in the Hackura realm. Not just as someone invited there, but as their Prince.