

## Chosen by Fate 631

### Chapter 631 - 48- Trinity – What I Have Done Part 11 (VOLUME 4)

Trinity

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I focused on the images again, trying my best to ignore the annoying presence of the other me. You know, I truly hope that I am nowhere near as annoying as she is. If I were, I would not blame everyone that knew me for secretly hating me. Because right now, I was hating that other me.

I was watching as I ran across the battlefield after Shawn had been hurt. I was running to check on him, and Reece, having seen me running away, started to follow me. Reece, however, he had to tread carefully since I had left behind a trail of ice. I also looked different, something that I had never known about until now.

As I focused on myself on the screen, I saw that my eyes were more white than usual and spinning like they were cameras zooming in and out of focus. Was that how my eyes looked when I saw things that were far away? That was kind of cool.

Not only were my eyes different, so was my body. I was covered in a thin layer of ice, and I was giving off a sapphire blue glow. Huh! No wonder I was leaving behind ice when I ran, I was covered in a magical layer of it as well.

While I was running off to find Shawn and to make sure that he was OK, I was enveloped in that purple fog that was Edmond's calling card. It swirled around me, and I remembered that it even went in through my mouth and nose. It was filling me up and made it so that I couldn't move or draw a breath. It was horrible, and tasted disgusting as well.

The fog swirled me to another place. Somewhere that looked like the battlefield that I had just been on, but it was now completely devoid of color and people.

"WAIT A MINUTE!" I shouted and leapt to my feet with a sudden thought. "Is that place the same as this place? Was I already here once before?" I started to try and remember if Edmond had said where we were, but I couldn't remember it at all. His words were all a jumbled mess from that time.

"Indeed, you were here. Or close to here at least. That place and this place are both part of the underworld. The one you visited on that day was the closest to the surface. It is the place that souls go when they leave their bodies. Only, that time, you were taken there physically and not metaphysically as you are now. That place is just the start of the underworld's many layers."

"OK, and what part am I in now? Where am I in the underworld's many layers?"

"You are in the realm of self-reflection. This is where people come to terms with their sins and learn their fate. You are not dead, so it is not your fate that you seek, but a way out."

"Great. So that is why I am not allowed out of here." I sighed and sat back down, it was the only thing that I could do.

"Exactly. Now you are starting to understand." The other me smiled and gave me a look that was, at least I think it was, supposed to be reassuring.

"You could have explained all of these things to me sooner you know. That would have made all of this a lot easier on both of us."

"But where is the fun in that?" That stupid, creepy, evil grin of hers didn't look good on my face. I just wanted to smack it off of it right away.

"Whatever, let's continue."

The images on the screen started to move again. I saw myself looking around the clearing until Edmond showed up.

"Hello there, daughter of mine." I heard Edmond's voice from behind me. I whipped around to face him with anger in my eyes.

"You." I growled at him through my clenched teeth.

"And here I thought you would be happy to have a nice family reunion with your dear old daddy."

"Don't ever fucking call yourself my dad, father, or daddy. I only have one dad and his name is Wesley."

"I hate to break it to you little girl, but I am your father, and there is no other one but me."

"You're a fucking sperm donor that kidnapped my mother and ruined her life. Then you tried to kill me as well. That makes you anything but my family, you son of a bitch."

"As if you know anything about your grandparents." He scoffed.

"When did you kill your mother, Edmond?" I asked him, unable to bite my tongue on that one.

"See, you are my child. You know me so well already. Yes, we both murdered our mothers. Your existence took everything from your mother and drove her to suicide. And me, well, I took my mother's life personally, hers and dear old dad's. I needed their life force to strengthen my magic and to create my coven. Let's see, they died a little over three hundred years ago now." He chuckled to himself.

"You're a fuckin monster."

"You haven't heard the worst of it." He chuckled to himself. "I was the leading force behind the Salem Witch Trials. I was the one who planted it all in the minds of the humans. I told them about the existence of my kind, I showed them my parents as they were practicing their magic. From there it all just took off like wildfire. It was quite fun really."

"You let all those people kill your parents?" I gasped.

"No, weren't you listening? I killed them myself. I used the hatred of the humans to fuel the witch hunts. My parents were the first to be killed in the trials, and I myself set them on fire. Of course, I had cast a spell ahead of time and was prepared to take their power into me. The sorrow in the heart of my parents, and the hatred from the humans, those delicious emotions blended together to make quite the astounding boost to my power."

"I take back what I said before."

"What's that sweetheart?"

"You're not a monster."

"See, all yo-." He began before I cut him off.

"You're a fucking psychopathic murdering asshole."

"You will talk to me with respect." He glowered at me.

"Really? Or what?" I demanded of him.

"You will live a shorter life." He laughed at me.

"You're already planning to kill me anyway."

"Yes, but I wanted to have a nice chat first. Keep acting like that, and I will just kill you now."

"Oh no, heaven forbid it, I cannot have that happening, now can I?"

"Don't press your luck, you little bitch. I'm trying to be generous. I thought you would like an explanation before you died. But you can just die now, being as ignorant as you are. If you're content dying ignorant, then so be it; I won't stop you."

"What makes you think I am ignorant of anything?" I yelled at him. "What makes you act all high and mighty, thinking you're better than me? Why do you think I do not know anything about you or your people?"

"Foolish little girl, where would you have learned about it all?" He looked at me with his eerily light-colored eyes and smirked. "I destroyed the Aerie Convento the day you arrived, taking that unborn abomination with it."

"Abomination? Abomination? That abomination was my baby, your grandchild. It would have had warlock blood coursing through it."

"Yes, but it was too tainted with beast men to be usable to me. I didn't know about, or intend to kill it, but it was an added bonus."

"You bastard. You heartless, demonic bastard." I was shaking from my anger. I was ready to kill him.

"Wait a minute. You didn't show me the battle at the Aerie Convento. Why was that? Was it not enough of a sin of mine? Did losing my baby not count for this whole self-reflection thing of yours?"

"You were the one to suffer the most from that. There was no need to make you reflect on that day because you have already done so.." The other me seemed to be employing rules that made absolutely no sense to me right now.

#### **Chapter 632 - 49- Trinity – What I Have Done Part 12 (VOLUME 4)**

8-10 minutes

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Trinity

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"Come now, Trinity, let us continue." The other me looked back at the screen and the frozen images started to move again. My sperm donor, the man that I would never think of as my father, was laughing almost hysterically for what I had said.

"How many of your children have you killed, Edmond? How many women did you destroy to get those children? Don't you feel anything for the flesh and blood that you lost?" I screamed the words at him, my fury boiling over.

"If they're not strong enough to survive, then that's on them. I feel nothing for the loss of them or their mothers. They were tools and vessels, and they were all broken. I have no need for broken things."

"Did you ever think that you were the broken thing, you asshole? Did you ever think that they would have grown up powerful and strong if you didn't torment or torture them all to death?" The wind around me and Edmond on the screen started to stir and I saw a lot of phantom eyes staring at us. Those were my dead siblings. So many children were lost to the horrors of my father. At least the other me wasn't blaming me for their deaths.

"Nonsense. They were weak and needed to be plucked from the pool. You had potential, so much potential. But your body chose wolf over warlock so you're no longer of use to me."

"You're the one no longer needed." I yelled at him. "And that's why I am going to kill you."

"Ha, you kill me. That's the funniest thing I have heard in a long time."

"Do you hear me laughing, asshole?" I snarled at him. "You're one piece of trash this world never needed, and it's time to clean things up."

"I told you to watch what you said about me, you useless little mongrel slut. I will make you wish you'd never met that mate of yours. That would have been the only way for you to have survived, you know. But now you're a tainted piece of mongrel scum."

"You're going to rue the day you decided to experiment on unborn children, you crazy fuck."

A lot of tense seconds passed as the two of us stared at each other.

"Fuck you, Edmond." I spoke one last time before I curled myself into a fighting stance.

From there the fighting started. We insulted each other several times during the fight. He called me an animal and I called him an asshole. To be honest, neither one of those were insults, they were the truth. I am an animal since I am part wolf and he truly was an asshole.

In the beginning of the battle between us, Edmond had been winning. I was still learning my powers and the changes that had been happening inside of me. Still, after a little while I had the advantage. I was pinning him to the ground, and he was glaring at me.

"If you had just left me alone, just ignored my existence, I probably wouldn't be what I am today. So, in a way, I should thank you." I laughed in his angry face.

"And what exactly are you?"

"I am the Luna of my pack, the daughter of Wesley, Eve, and Lily. I am the mate of the Alpha, the leader of the Red Springs Wolf Pack. But above all that, more than anything else, I am the Luna Queen, the new incarnate of the Goddess Nehalennia, and I have been given the title of Warlock Queen, the chosen child of Thoth. I am so far above you and your paltry little antics that I do not need to justify anything to you, Edmond."

"That's impossible. There is no way that any of that is true." He spat the words into my face with a vehemence that was all too clear. "There is no way that a worthless little girl like you would be anything, let alone chosen by any of the celestials. You're lying to me."

"You only wish I was lying to you. Do these bindings not speak for themselves?"

"But how? How did you get to be granted so much power? How did you get what it is that all we warlocks want? How?" He was hyperventilating now, angrier than ever before.

"Because of you, Edmond. If it hadn't been for you playing at being a god, then there would never have been a need for me. So, as you see, I only exist because of you. You made me into what I am today. Aren't you just so proud of me?" I held a note of laughter in my voice as I spoke, knowing that it would make him angrier the longer I spoke.

"That's impossible. You should have been just a wolf or a witch, it's inconceivable that you would be so equally balanced in both. How did you manage to learn magic?" He was grasping at straws, trying to keep me talking more and more to buy him just a little more time.

"You may have destroyed the Aerie Convento, but you did not destroy the magic council. They accompanied me to train and teach me about my other side. I know all the histories of your people Edmond, because they are my people as well. I was granted the mark by Thoth himself." With those words I pointed to where the ankh mark was on my right shoulder.

"Thoth was a stupid man and is an even more stupid god, he is too sentimental and naive, that is why he was unable to accept Hekate's true nature." Edmond seemed to be rambling now, talking would buy him more time after all.

"Thoth was a kind and generous man, and a father that cared for his children, but the loss of his wife nearly destroyed him. Hekate was the one who caused it all, she should have been punished further for her actions, but Thoth loved her too much for that."

"Shut up, you don't know what you're talking about. You're an idiotic little child, you know nothing."

"No, Edmond, you don't know what you're talking about, and I grow weary of your antics. It's time for me to end this."

"This will end when I say it does!" Edmond screamed at me. "And not a fucking minute sooner, you ungrateful whelp. If it wasn't for me and my experimentations, you wouldn't fucking exist. Remember that. Remember that it's all thanks to me that you even have a chance at life. And you need to

remember that it's me that can take all of that away from you. I gave you your life, and I am more than capable, and definitely more than willing, to take it from you." His ranting finally came to an end, along with the holier than thou tone he always used.

"If you think you're a match for someone chosen by a god and a goddess, then bring it on you psychopathic freak. I don't think you have it in you to beat me. That's the problem with you. You always let other people do the real fighting, the real dirty work, all while you sit there and threaten them like you're someone special." I watched as Edmond's face blanched, he obviously couldn't handle the truth.

"Watch that fucking mouth of yours, you little bitch. Shut it, before I shut it for you."

"Oh no, I'm quaking in my boots. Someone help me please." I pretended to shake and shiver like I was afraid, deliberately overplaying the action for comical effect.

"I regret ever making you. You're the most useless of all my creations. You've been nothing but a damn thorn in my side since day one. The mere sight of you even killed your mother. If she hadn't been destroyed just by the idea of you then I could have used her as a way to control you. She would have been the remote control for me to use wherever I might have needed to. But no, no one wanted you when you were born, not even your good for nothing mother."

"You know nothing about families, Edmond."

"Families are for the weak and simple. Families hold you down and stop you from reaching your potential. What need would I have for a family? What good would they do for me? I am too ambitious and powerful for a family."

While Edmond rambled on, the children around us solidified and became more real. They had taken form. And it wasn't just the eyes, I could see faces and bodies forming as well.. They were the ghosts of the kids he had killed, and this was where they stepped in to help me.

### **Chapter 633 - 50- Trinity -What I Have Done Part 13 (VOLUME 4)**

7-8 minutes

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Trinity

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I remember that when I first caught sight of the face looking at us, I had been momentarily terrified. I had thought that some demons had latched onto Edmond and followed him into this world, this place of gray emptiness. I thought that there might be some new enemy coming after me before I had even dealt with the last threat.

Then I looked closer at the faces, at the people surrounding us. That had been when I realized who they were and why they were there.

"Did you pay any attention to your children, Edmond? Any at all?" I asked him. I had wanted to buy some time to allow my siblings time to fully form.

"What need would I have of looking closely at them? They were mongrel half breeds."

"If you hate half breeds so much, why did you make so many? Why did you put so much time and effort into their creation? The idea of it all simply baffles me." He had to know that his words made no sense at all.

"It was simple really. Like I told you before, I needed spies, agents on the inside. I needed children born from the enemy clans that would have their trust and not be questioned. In a sense, they would be sleeper agents."

"Were there ever any of your children that survived your special attention? Were there any sleeper agents that you were actually able to implant for future activation?"

"There were a few that managed to be programmed for future activation. But they seemed to behave differently once they were sent home. So much so that they were noticed."

"Does that mean they were destroyed?" I asked this out of genuine curiosity, and to know if I had to find and deprogram all his little sleeper cells.

"Yes, unfortunately. As of this moment, you are the only living child of mine. The others have all been eliminated."

"That must have been difficult for you." I tried to sound soothing, to give words like you would to any other grieving father. Apparently, my efforts were wasted.

"Yes, it was quite the pain. I spent much of my long life preparing for their missions, only for my tools to be destroyed before I could enact even one step of my plan. It truly was an annoyance."

"You don't feel anything about them being killed? About them having died for no reason beside their affiliation with you?"

"What would there be for me to feel? Why do you keep asking me about this? Why do you keep going in circles with this?" He seemed annoyed now.

"You're stalling." Edmond chuckled as he stated the obvious. "You know you can't win and so you're stalling. This is perfect." He was smiling like a lunatic, his eyes full of some form of psycho I didn't even want to come close to analyzing. "Just give me a few more minutes, I will be out of these bindings of yours, and I will finish this for you. You obviously seem too scared to even try."

"Such a delusional dumbass." I shook my head and pinched the bridge of my nose. "How did you manage to live this long being so stupid?"

"Me, stupid? You must be mistaken, you bitch. I am not stupid in the slightest."

"Oh, you must be, there is no other excuse for you being too blind that you think I am scared right now."

"You're stalling for time. What other reason could it be than fear?"

"I was buying time for them." I answered.

"For who?" He looked confused, like he didn't understand a word I said. "None of your little friends can get here, you know. We're completely alone, and that's how you will die."

"We're not alone." I smirked at him. "I have family here with me."

"What family? You refuse to recognize me as family, remember."

"Look around you Edmond and say hello to my family." I did as I told him to, waving to the hundreds of siblings I had never been able to meet.

I watched as Edmond's face fell. The look in his eyes went from cocky and arrogant to one filled with nothing but fear.

"No, this isn't possible." His voice even cracked as he spoke.

"It most definitely is, Edmond. Say hello to your children." I grinned as he finally understood.

"How are they here? How is this even happening?" Edmond nearly screamed.

"We have always been with you, Father. We have all been with you and waiting for this opportunity." One of the boys said.

"Yes, Father, we've been waiting for you." One of the angry-looking girls spoke.

"You have played right into our hands, finally."

"Why have you attached yourselves to me, you heathens." Edmond screamed at them.

"Heathens? Us? No, Father," another sneer, "you are the heathen. You are the one who takes pride in destruction."

"You are the one who has plotted the destruction and downfall of not only your own flesh and blood but also the world." They all spoke in unison, and I could swear I heard the voices of Thoth and Nehalennia mixed in among them.

There was nothing for me to do for the time being. I just needed to listen and watch the show around me.

"You were all my tools, my experiments. You wouldn't have lived if it wasn't for me." Edmond tried claiming that stupid logic again.

"And none of our deaths would have occurred if not for you either. You are nothing more than a blight on society, and it is time for you to be eliminated." They were continuing to speak in unison, their voices sounding eerie, but powerful.

"You can't! You won't! I won't let you!" Edmond was screaming now, frantic with fear.

"It's time to face the music, Edmond. Time for you to atone for your sins." I told him as I finally joined my siblings in this conversation. "You have been judged by those who you sought to destroy, and you have been found guilty. There will be no second chances or escapes. It all ends here and now."

"No! I won't let you." He continued to try and change the minds of us all. But it was to no avail. His fate was sealed.



"Prepare to die, Edmond." Those were the last words that I said to Edmond.

After that, the children helped me to kill my father. I had made a phantom hand that swiped at Edmond's neck and the kids helped me to take his head from his body. I remember that it had been a satisfying moment for me, to see his life end. I hadn't actually enjoyed it, at least I don't think I did. But still, I had been glad that I didn't need to worry about him and his psychotic behavior ever again.

I spoke with my siblings after that, then I took Edmond's head back to the others. That was the end of the battle, the end of the fight, and the end of an era.. It had been a comforting thought. But then, why wasn't the screen disappearing this time? Why wasn't it going away like it usually did?

#### **Chapter 634 - 51- Trinity – The Life Of Edmond (VOLUME 4)**

6-8 minutes

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Trinity

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"What else is there for me to see now? I already knew about the lives that were lost during the battle. You told me about the monstrosities. What else is there that I need to know now?"

"This has nothing to do with the battle, or your sins. I just wanted you to see what the man that you killed was truly like." The other me smirked at me as if this was the most fun that she had ever had. "I think you will find that he had an interesting life."

"I don't care if he had an interesting life. He was a crazy ass son of a bitch that tried to destroy me, the world, and everyone that I love. Not to mention, he killed hundreds of his children. He was a monster and nothing about a monster is redeemable or interesting. It's just good that he is gone, plain and simple." I felt myself almost hyperventilating after that little tirade. I couldn't think of Edmond as anything other than a monster. I didn't want to see what else he was like. The thought was sickening to me.

"That is quite an evil and dark way to put it, Trinity. Personally, I like it. However, that is not how this place works. You need to reconcile and accept. And you cannot do that yet, now can you?"

"I don't want to reconcile and accept Edmond. I will accept and reconcile everything else, but not Edmond." Was that fear or anger in my voice? I didn't know which one it was at the moment, but it was there.

"Just give this a shot, Trinity. I think you will be quite surprised by the time that it is over."

When she finished speaking, the images on the screen started to play again. It was just after I left the battlefield. The children were gone as well. All that was left was the headless body of Edmond. What was so exciting about that?

As I watched though, there was this purple thread that started to come out of Edmond's neck. That thread was actually much bigger than I initially appeared, it had just been twisted to the side.

Once that thread was turned to the correct direction, I saw that it wasn't really a thread at all. Instead, it actually looked like it was a reel of film. It looked like the stuff you would find in old movie theaters. And on that film were blurred images.

"We are going to watch the movie of Edmond's life, Trinity. Would you like some popcorn?"

"Ha ha, very funny." I snapped at the other me.

"I could not pass up the joke. It was the perfect opportunity." Dammit, I would have done the same thing in her position. Maybe we were more alike than I thought.

The view focused on the film and that was when it stopped being so blurry. Now, I could see the images of a young man and a young woman who seemed to be happy and in love. A handsome man with brown hair and eyes and a beautiful woman with bright blue eyes and blonde hair. The two of them went through their wedding and were living what seemed to be a perfect, yet simple, life. The man worked as a blacksmith and the woman was happy at home, with her growing belly.

I also saw that the two of them did simple little bits of magic here and there. However, they didn't seem to be too skilled with it. It was like no one had ever taught them what to do. It was cute though, seeing them acting so innocent with it all.

When the woman gave birth to their baby, they both looked so happy and thrilled. However, when they actually looked at their baby, with his pure white hair and pure white skin, they thought that he was a monster.

That had been the end of the happy little couple that seemed like they were living the perfect life. The man spent more and more time away from home while the woman did her best to raise the baby that she was so repulsed by.

The only oddities about Edmond as a baby had been his hair and skin color. He didn't look any different than other babies. In fact, he reminded me a lot of Talia when she was first born, aside from the coloring that is.

The woman showed no love toward the baby, yet she made certain that he was fed and clothed at all times. It was like she was afraid of the baby and didn't know what he would do to her.

Not only did they hide their baby from everyone in town, they told many of the people around them that their baby had died. This was only possible because Edmond didn't truly cry as a baby. He was almost eerily silent.

One night during the movie of Edmond's life, there was a point where his mother was just standing there, watching him like she thought there was something going on. Edmond was about a year old at this time, and he seemed to be seeing something that wasn't there. It was like he was seeing a ghost or something that his mother was not invited to know about. During this interaction with the unseen entity, baby Edmond seemed to be baby-talking to someone. He smiled, cooed, and even giggled for that someone. That night, his mother felt like her son truly was a freak.

Things got worse and worse for the little family. The father would drink every night after work to avoid going home. The mother hid in a corner of the house, barely cleaning and only doing things for the baby when he needed them. She tried her best to ignore her son.

Despite his mother never teaching him, somehow Edmond learned to walk, talk, and take care of himself. By the time that he was two, he only required meals from his mother. He cleaned himself up and got himself dressed. He just could not make his own food yet.

No, the making of his own food happened when he was five. He was cooking simple meals on his own while his mother wasted away in the corner.

Another truly horrible thing that happened to young Edmond, was that from the time that he was two, every time that his father came home from work, he would beat the little boy. It was a miracle that the child didn't die from the massive blows he received from the big, strong blacksmith.

As a child, Edmond seemed to have no love from anyone at all. He was alone all the time. Yet he still spoke to someone that only he could hear. His mother and his father would often see him sitting alone either inside or outside their home, just talking to himself.

"What else can I do?" He asked the wall in one part of the movie.

There was a long pause now like he was listening to someone speak, but there was only the sound of the wind.

"Can I really do that? But how? Who will show me?"

## **Chapter 635 - 52- Trinity – The Life Of Edmond Part 2 (VOLUME 4)**

7-9 minutes

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Trinity

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As time progressed, so did the beatings that the boy got on a daily basis. The father only drank more, the mother only ignored him more. And yet, still the boy seemed to flourish. He was smart and could read and write even though both of his parents refused to teach him, his mother was illiterate and the father wanted nothing to do with him.

Aside from that, Edmond was learning more and more magic each day. I was surprised at how much that he could do when he was just seven or eight years old. He was using his magic to build little wooden friends that moved and kept him company in the woods that surrounded their home. He set fires in the trees and doused them with water before they could destroy more than the one tree that it was on.

One day when Edmond was about ten or so, his father saw him 'playing' with his magic and doing things that the man had never seen before. Even though he himself had magic he was nothing when it came to the abilities of his father.

"What are you doing, boy?" The man grabbed his son by the scruff of the neck and pulled him toward his side. "Are you getting smart with what you can do, boy?" He peppered his words by smacking the boy repeatedly across the face. "You think you can show the people around these parts that stuff, and they wouldn't get suspicious of you?" He hit the boy this time, only not with his hand open, he had made a fist that he was using to smack the boy across the face with. "If people see you doing that, they would know we're different. That is why we work so hard to fit in. That is why we talk properly and are always on our best behavior." He dropped the boy to the ground now, letting him fall onto his back with a soft moan. He started to kick him then, snarling at his son as he spoke. "I knew I should have drowned you the day you were born. I knew we should have gotten rid of you and started over. I knew that you were nothing but trouble when I first saw you."

By the time that the man's rant was over, Edmond was laying on the ground covered in blood. He looked like he was dead, and the man just left him there like it didn't matter. He never even looked back to check on the boy, not once.

Damn, that was a harsh thing to do. It was beyond harsh. It was sick, twisted, and evil. This is exactly what I didn't want. I didn't want to feel sorry for the man that killed so many people. Dammit.

When Edmond woke up from that beating, he was somehow fully healed. He was still covered in blood but there was nothing at all wrong with him. Someone, or something, had taken care of his injuries for him.

"To hell with him. To hell with him and mother. I do not need them. I can survive without them. I have my powers and I have Hekate's guidance. I do not need anything from them." At that point he started to walk in the opposite direction than the house. He was walking further into the woods and away from his parents. He paused for one moment, looked over his shoulder, and made one final declaration. "They will pay for this. They will pay with their lives for what they have done to me. That I promise."

From there I saw a series of events where Edmond struggled to move on in the world. He traveled on his own and did odd jobs, which he completed using magic, to make money. He didn't have an easy time of things and often lived like an animal in the woods. He would use magic to protect himself and got into a lot of fights as he got older.

One day, another Warlock saw Edmond using his powers. That was when he met the man that was in charge of the coven he took over. The man invited Edmond to come back with him and gave him a place to stay. That was the first time that he had a home where he wasn't constantly on the receiving end of abuse.

Edmond quickly fell in love with the idea of the coven and power. He stuck close to their leader and quickly rose in the ranks with how powerful his magic was. After maybe ten years, if that, Edmond killed the leader of the coven and took over. His sheer power level made it easy for the others to follow him. No one even thought about disobeying him.

After changing the name of the coven, Edmond started to work his evil plans into the coven's business. He was starting to corrupt them slowly, but he was so talented and charismatic that they never noticed.

And true to Edmond's word, when he got older and ran the coven, he went back to the village where his family was from. As it turns out, that village was Salem Town, Massachusetts. It was a little bit of time

before the witch trials officially started, but he still convinced everyone there that his parents were 'witches'. Despite the fact that they were a real witch and warlock, they had been respectable members of the village for a long time and it was hard for everyone to believe that this was true.

The charismatic, and powerful, Edmond used his words and his magic to make them believe. He also made his parents start acting quite strangely. They contorted into odd positions and spoke with odd sounding words.

"See, everyone, these people are indeed sinners that have consorted with the devil." He pointed at his parents. When he turned to look at them, he grinned. No one else saw it but his parents did.

From there, Edmond forced his parents to do so much more that proved that they were witches. He rushed the trial and insisted on an immediate execution. While his parents fought for their lives, Edmond relished in their misery. And he had been right about another thing too, his parents looked at him with sorrow in their eyes. Probably, because he had changed the color of his hair with magic and was hiding his appearance.

After the death of his parents, Edmond started trying to find a way to get to Hekate. He was obsessed with her with a passion that made it seem like he was in love with her. He read everything that he could, spoke to everyone that had knowledge of her. He wanted to find a way to bring her to our world. He wanted to rule the world with her at his side.

From there, things only got worse. And a lot of that part of his history, I already knew. I knew what became of him in the years after he tried to find Hekate. That was an Edmond that I could never feel sorry for.

"Do you see now, Trinity? Have you been enlightened about his past and who he was?"

"All I have found out is that he had an unfortunate childhood. So what, he wasn't the only one. Lots of people have horrible lives and they don't grow up to try to, or successfully, murder thousands of people."

"You felt sorrow and pity for him, Trinity, I know you did." The other me smirked at me with knowing eyes. "Do you at least know now why he ended up the way that he did?"

"I don't care.." I turned my head, refusing to say that I sort of did.

#### **Chapter 636 - 53- Trinity – What I Have Done Part 14 (VOLUME 4)**

6-8 minutes

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Trinity

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"Everyone has a past, Trinity. Just like everyone has a future. The things we experience and the things that we do will shape who we are but also how people look at us. If you only see one part of someone's

life, one part of their story, you will never know what they've been through or where they end up. Has seeing this helped you to understand that?" The other me was posing this question but I just didn't want to hear it at all. I just wanted to get things moving some more. I didn't want to wait around here in this purgatory hell forever.

"So, your goal here was to make me feel bad for having killed my father? Is that it? Is that what you wanted me to gain from this whole thing? Well, that is never going to happen. I may feel sorrow and pity for the boy that Edmond used to be. I may feel bad for the fact that he missed out on a good life because his parents were shitty. But I will never regret ending his life. He was a monster that needed to be stopped." My shoulders were heaving up and down now as I screamed at her.

"I did not intend for you to pity the man or regret killing him. I simply wanted you to know that even good people can change. They can grow seeds of darkness inside of themselves and it can happen either quickly or slowly. No matter who it is, someone can be just as bad as they are good."

"Yeah, I know." I hung my head and sighed as I tried to fight off the feeling of dread that was filling me.

"It is time to wrap this up, we only have a few more memories to face."

Once again, she reached into that silver bag and brought out that now familiar black dust. The fire acted the same as always and I just waited patiently for the images to start. I didn't say anything, and I didn't fight it at all. I just let it happen as it would whether I delayed it or not.

The images came without an introduction this time. It was just the scene starting. It was initially the scene when Reece and I first visited Aunt Glory at the Fae compound. It was the banquet when Grier stated that I would be the ruin of them all. I found out later that he had been controlled by Solanum and that this hadn't been something that he wanted to do. I regret not stepping in and telling Aunt Glory to spare him.

"This was the start of a very bloody segment with the Fae, was it not." Another one of those grins played across the other me's face and it made me shudder. I tried to repress it, but I wasn't able to.

"This was when Aunt Glory killed that man. That had nothing to do with me." I did my best to keep my voice even.

"Ahh yes that is true, however were you not just thinking that you regretted not stepping in to save him?"

"Th..that was because I had knowledge of things that came later. At that time, I didn't know that he was being manipulated. I couldn't have saved him." Even to my ears it just sounded like a weak excuse.

"I know you better than that, Trinity. You know that you should have stopped it, yet you chose to ignore it."

"B..b..but she was the queen."

"AND SO ARE YOU!" This was the first time that the other me had gotten angry and yelled at me. That was different and I hadn't been expecting it at all. Because of the shock of it all, I actually flinched and recoiled just a little.

"I was still learning at the time, and I was a new queen. I didn't know that we were family yet."

She wasn't accepting my words though. Instead, she just sighed and looked back at the screen.

"Let us continue, Trinity. I can see that talking to you will get me nowhere."

With that, the images changed. I watched a sped-up version of the time that I spent with Aunt Glory and Athair mòr in the Fae compound at Christmas. This was right after Reagan and Rika had turned one and we had learned that Aunt Glory and Athair mòr were actually our family.

Parts of the scenes that were passing by slowed almost to normal speed at times. Like during the balls that were held for each primary element's week of celebration. I danced with some of the Fae men during the first ball while Reece danced with some of the women.

During that first ball, Reece had grown jealous and put an end to me dancing with the other men even though there was still a long line of them waiting for me. He had acted a little childish, but I thought it was cute as well.

I hadn't, at the time, seen how upset some of the men had been when their chance was taken from them. I could see it now though. And there, at the next ball, were the same men who didn't get to dance with me. They were trying again but I refused to dance with anyone but Reece that night. The same thing happened at all the subsequent dances. I only danced with Reece.

The images sped up again and I knew where it was going. I knew what was coming. It was the banquet outside to celebrate the new year. I was having a good time and not paying much attention. However, my guard was being quite diligent. When I was about to take a drink from a freshly filled glass, Pierre stepped up and stopped me. And it was a good thing too, because the glass had been poisoned by a man that I later learned was named Finch.

"Oh, look here. This was the first time that you outright executed someone without there being a battle first." The other me smirked at the fire. "You were ruthless and did not let him have a trial."

He admitted guilt and I needed to make the people respect me."

"So, it was about controlling the populace more than anything?" The other me gave me a look that told me that my priorities were all wrong.

"No, that wasn't it. I..I..I needed to show them that I was a queen or it would happen again. I had to protect myself."

"But you did not give him a trial, did not send him to prison. No, you executed him on the spot in front of everyone. Your family was devastated about that."

"I know they were."

I remember that. I remember that everyone had been slightly afraid of me. I hadn't liked the fear from them, but there was nothing that I could do about it. That was the way that things needed to be.

"There are just a couple more to go, Trinity. Bear with me for just a little while longer. This part of the ordeal is nearly over." For some reason, I didn't quite believe her.. This felt like it was going on forever and I didn't think that I would ever get out of here.

**Chapter 637 - 54- Trinity – What I Have Done Part 15 (VOLUME 4)**

7-8 minutes

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Trinity

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For once, the other me didn't take out more dust and throw it on the fire. Instead, it just continued to fast forward the images until the next time that I visited Aunt Glory and Athair mòr. This time there was a lot of horrible things that had been happening, including a murder right after we had gotten there. That was the busiest and most hectic time that I ever had on 'vacation'.

I went almost immediately into investigation mode. I was using all the things that I had learned over the years so that I could make sure that nothing escaped my notice. I didn't fall for Hibiscus's fake stories, and I was the only one to believe that she had something to do with it all from the very beginning. Aunt Glory and Athair mòr didn't want to trust in me at the time. They were having trouble believing that someone they had known for so long, someone they thought was powerless, had turned so bad and done so many things wrong.

I guess what the other me is saying is true. Anyone could grow the seeds of darkness and turn bad. Even though Hibiscus had been manipulated by someone else, she didn't do anything that she wouldn't have already done.

"You saw through her lies from the start, Trinity. That was good. However, you were not able to see that it was not just her that was a part of all of this. Instead, you hyper focused on what you thought was the truth and followed it until the end."

"But I was right. It was all Hibiscus's fault. She killed those Fae. She was the one that had been causing all those problems. She had been the one to mind control people and make them do things that they didn't want to do."

"But she was being manipulated." The other me tried to counter my argument.

"NO! I am not letting you do this. Solanum told me that she only took away her inhibition. Those were things that Hibiscus already had in her mind and her heart. All Solanum's so-called manipulation had done was make her stop hesitating and just do it."

"I see your point, Trinity. However, is it not true that almost everyone harbors dark thoughts and desires? Is it not true that a lot of people might imagine doing something really bad, like killing someone, but they don't follow through with it? That is just the way of the human mind. Just because they think something doesn't make them a bad person. However, if someone forcibly took away their inhibition, that good part of them that kept them from behaving like a criminal, then they wouldn't stop at just thinking about something would they. They would wind up hurting people for real. So, is it truly Hibiscus's fault or was it someone else's?"



While we spoke, the images had progressed, unlike in previous visions. This time, when I looked at the screen, it was when Aunt Glory, Athair mòr, and I put together our little plan to oust Hibiscus. It went well, but it ended in her execution. It had been a very brutal execution as well.

I saw me standing there, pretending to be on trial while Aunt Glory pretended to be dead. Athair mòr even pretended to be judging me for my 'crimes'. There was a lot of stuff that had been going on. Amid it all, we were fooling the people as well as Hibiscus. I felt bad about that, but it was necessary to get Hibiscus to confess. And once she confessed, Aunt Glory, Athair mòr, and I killed Hibiscus for her crimes.

At that moment, I had felt nothing for it. I still didn't feel much for it. I was trying my best to block out the emotions at the moment. I didn't want to deal with them right now.

"So, I guess the next thing that you are going to show me is the Fae that were with Solanum. You are going to tell me how stopping Solanum from taking over the world and killing millions of people was a bad thing. I shouldn't have done what I did." I crossed my arms in front of my chest and glared at the other me.

"Not quite." She mirrored my pose and glared at me for a moment before breaking into a smile and laughing at the childishness of her actions.

"Really? And why aren't you? I thought you were bringing up everything that I had done that caused people to suffer?"

"Well, Trinity, there are a couple of reasons. The first of them is that you were there, and you know the true horrors of that battle already. And the second is because you are right, if you had not stopped Solanum, then the world would have been annihilated. There was death and destruction, yes. Thousands of people died, that is true. However, the only other option would lead to even more death. And you have been blaming yourself for the thousands of lost lives for years now. I do not need to bring that back up for you at this moment." That was the first compassion I had seen from the other me. I wonder what she was up to, this couldn't be real.

"Alright, other me, what else is there for me? What else do I need to see? I can't think of anything else, but I am sure that you have more."

"Actually, Trinity, that was the last scene that I needed to show you. Now, there is the next stage of all of this."

"Really? And what exactly is the next stage of all of this? Huh? What other horrors does this self-reflection chamber have for me? Are you going to remind me of every lie that I ever told? Are you going to bring up every time that I got in trouble growing up? I'm just dying to know." I was being way too sarcastic right now. I just knew that I was going to piss off the other me again.

Sure enough, the other me grinned evilly and leaned forward. She leaned so far forward that I felt the fire start to burn her face. I felt it because whatever happened to her happened to me. She didn't seem to feel it at all, but I sure as hell did.

"Ah! Ah! Ahh! Enough! Enough! Stop it! Stop! Please! Stop it!" I was trying to push her out of the fire but the tears from the pain were blurring my vision.

"Take heed, Trinity, I do not want you acting like that much longer. Not to me at least."

"OK! OK! OK! I hear you. Just stop! Stop already! Please. Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!" I was practically hopping up and down with the pain right now but thankfully, the other me decided to listen. She straightened up and pulled away from the fire. Finally, the pain started to subside.

I could once again smell charred flesh, even though my body was fine. I could also smell burnt hair, but my hair was still intact as well. The other me was intact as well, so the whole thing just seemed odd to me.

"Sit down, Trinity, it is time to continue."

### **Chapter 638 - 55- Reece – Consultation (VOLUME 4)**

6-8 minutes

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Reece

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The day after I got home to find my mate without her soul in her body was a hard one. All three of the kids were so miserable that they didn't want to go to school. That was to be expected though. All they knew was that their mommy wasn't waking up and that scared them. I was doing what I could to comfort them, but I didn't know what to do or say.

They weren't the only ones scared, so was I. This whole situation was scary, every part of it. And the fact that Dietrich and Shawn said that my Little Bunny's soul wasn't in her body was another thing that scared the hell out of me.

How? How did she lose her soul? Where did it go? And how could I get it to come back? The only thing that I could think to do was talk to Gabriel. He knew a lot more than most people when it came to these strange and weird occurrences.

And if Gabriel didn't have any answers, then I would call someone else. I would keep calling old leaders of different species and clans that I thought might be able to help me. I would call people until I could find someone that was able to tell me how to help my wife.

Until I could save her I needed to remain strong. I needed to be there for my kids, those that were here with me and those that had yet to be born. I needed to be the pillar of strength for them. That was my job and no one else's.

I did go ahead and let the kids stay home today. They needed a day to process everything before they were forced to spend time with everyone else. Good thing it was Friday, so they were going to have three days of resting and healing. It wasn't nearly enough, but I hoped that it would do for now at least.

Right now, the kids were all in their rooms while I waited for Gabriel at Trinity's side. I was holding her hand and staring at her face. I wanted to say that she looked peaceful. I wanted to say that she looked like she was just sleeping, and I could believe that she would wake up at any moment. And I admit that that is what I initially thought when I saw her yesterday, but not now.

Right now, it looked to me like my Little Bunny was having a really hard time. There were worry lines in her face enough though she was sleeping and there were signs of activity inside her body.

However, despite the lack of apparent life, my Little Bunny was indeed alive. Her heart was beating, she was breathing, and I could smell the life inside of her. Now that her body was rested, I could smell the babies growing inside of her. The triplets inside of my Little Bunny right now smelled like caramel, chocolate, and peanut butter. It was like they were making a dessert or something. Still, it was a unique scent when paired to my Little Bunny's natural scent.

While I was thinking about these things, there was a knock on the door, and I could already tell that it was Gabriel. He had come to my room just like he had been asked to. That was good. This meant we could talk now.

"Come in, Gabriel." I called out to him, and he immediately opened the door and came inside. I watched his eyes go right toward my Little Bunny where she laid on the bed. He was a very loyal and diligent assistant, so I knew that this was hitting him hard. He had not been there with her when she collapsed, and now he was blaming himself for everything.

"Hello, King Reece." He inclined his head in a small, respectable bow.

"Thank you for coming, Gabriel."

"Of course, anything that I can do to make things easier on you during this difficult time." I could hear the strain and the tension in his voice.

"Gabriel, this wasn't your fault. Please, don't blame yourself. You can't blame yourself anymore than I can blame myself." I felt the tension in my voice as well. Dammit, this was still so hard on me.

"Yes Sir, I understand that." He looked over at her once more with sorrow in his eyes.

"The reason that I called you here today, Gabriel, is to ask you if you know anything about the things that are happening to Trinity. In your vast knowledge, with everything that you have learned over the years, have you ever learned anything that was at all similar to what is happening to my Trinity right now?"

I could see the seriousness, the gravity of the situation, weighing on his mind. He had probably thought about this a lot since he heard what had happened. He should have expected me to ask him this question.

"N..no sir, I have not. I have wracked my brain and I have contacted the Abbey, none of them know what seems to be happening. I wish I did though. I wish that I could figure this out right now and just make things better right now. That would be the best possible outcome." I could see the water brimming in his eyes. This man had faithfully served my wife for years. He had cried tears of joy when our children were born. He laughed with us. He celebrated with us. He fought battles with us. But he has never once failed in his duties. The amount of frustration that he had to be feeling right now, probably was on par with mine.

"Do you know someone that we could call? Someone that we might consult with? Someone that could help us out, or might know where to go next?" I was loading him up with questions so fast that he wasn't able to answer any of them before the next one came.

"I will check, Sir. I will see if there might be someone in my list of connections that might know about this. I will not stop until someone is found. In the meantime, perhaps you could call Crawford and Queen Gloriana. They are both wise leaders that have been around for quite some time."

"Yes, you are correct about that. I will call them both soon. I will spare no expense and I will stop at nothing to help my wife. I need her, Gabriel. I need her to fuel my heart. It won't keep beating without her. I need her."

"We all need her, Sir. She is the center of the universe for us all. She is our Goddess Queen." There was a firmness in Gabriel's voice that told me he was going to push himself and do whatever it was that he could to figure all of this out. He would most likely overwork himself with it if I didn't keep an eye on him and make him stop to care for himself as well.

Then again, I hoped that this wouldn't last long enough for it to negatively impact Gabriel's health.. That would mean that my Little Bunny would be in this state for a long time.

#### **Chapter 639 - 56- Reece – Calls (VOLUME 4)**

7-8 minutes

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Reece

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After Gabriel left the room, it was once again just me and my Little Bunny. I wanted to just hold her and fix everything that way. A warm, loving hug would make the whole thing go away. Well, not this time. Not ever really, but it always made us both feel better.

Now, a hug didn't make either of us feel better. My Little Bunny was still trapped in that slumber and when I held her, I was reminded of the fact that she wasn't here with me. It was so hard, so painful, but I wouldn't stop being here for her. Even this was a form of supporting her in one way or another.

I had to leave her side though. I needed to call people and make some connections. And yes, I could do it telepathically, but we all agreed years ago that if it wasn't an emergency then we wouldn't invade like that. It wasn't polite for anyone to be interrupted in what they were doing at the moment.

No, instead I decided to head down to my office and call Crawford, the leader of the warlocks and head of the Aerie Convento. I know that Gloriana was more likely to have answers for me since she was much older and had a larger wealth of knowledge to draw upon, but I also knew that Gloriana would keep me on the call for a lot longer than Crawford would.

The entire way to my office, I practically dragged my feet. I know that anyone who saw me would think that I was being guided by an old and depressed ghost or something. Unless they knew what had happened, which ninety-nine percent of the staff didn't, they wouldn't understand what was going on.

Yes, I knew that I was going to be telling people about my Little Bunny's condition, but those would be people that I could trust. I wasn't going to make it public knowledge or anything.

I sat at my desk and brought up the large screen that was on the wall for video conferences. I brought up the contact information for Crawford on my computer and sent the call electronically to the device that I was facing.

The speakers were giving off a pleasant sounding soft ringing (one that I picked out personally because most rings were annoying) and the screen had a rippling effect that was showing the Trinity symbol that adorned my Little Bunny.

After less than a minute, the screen changed and I saw a high tech, sleek office that reminded me a lot of mine. I had known that Crawford had taken inspiration from me when he was forced to modernize and start running the Aerie Convento like it was a business.

"Hello Reece, how are you?"

The man on the screen was barely recognizable to the man that I met all those years ago. With his immortality and the reverse aging that a lot of people were going through, Crawford now looked like a man in his late thirties or early forties. Instead of looking wizened and old, he seemed spry and full of energy. Instead of white hair, Crawford now had a dark auburn that suited his younger, barely lined face. His eyes, once hooded and hard to see with excess skin, were shining bright and twinkled like little green orbs. He was definitely liking his new lease on life that he had gotten from Trinity.

"Hello Crawford, I hope all is well." I didn't smile but I tried to look halfway pleasant at least. Talking to people was the last thing that I wanted to do right now, but I had no other choice.

"I am doing fine, boy, but I can see that you are not. What is it that has you pulling such a long face?" Crawford could apparently read my mood very easily. That most likely went back to the days that we all spent together in the Abbey in France.

"Well, to be honest, it's Trinity."

"HAHA! What has she done now? Did she call you a new dog name or something?" He was laughing happily and that was the last thing that I felt like doing. However, I did my best not to show him how much that laugh of his was grating on my nerves. It wasn't personal towards him, I just felt so miserable.

"No, there is something wrong with Trinity, and I was hoping that you could help me."

"Huh? What is it? What's wrong with Queen Trinity? How can I help?" That shift in Crawford's mood was so drastic that I had to wonder if it gave the man whiplash or something. He went from laughing to serious in the blink of an eye.

"Somehow, in a way that none of us can figure out, her soul has left her body. That was confirmed by the vampires that we have with us." I was being vague, but I knew that he would understand what I was saying. And that he did, his response told me that.

"So, neither Shawn nor Dietrich were able to see her soul? How is that even possible?" I watched as Crawford put his hand to his head and collapsed against the back of his chair. There was pure shock written on his face.

"No, they couldn't see her. She is alive. According to Griffin she appears to just be sleeping, but we can't wake her up. According to Shawn and Dietrich, she has no soul. I am one hundred percent sure that her soul being gone is what is keeping her asleep. The problem is, where is her soul and why is it gone?"

"Yes, that does seem to be the biggest issue here. I have never seen this happen before, but I will search the archives. If I find anything, anything at all, I will call you right away."

"Thank you, Crawford. I knew that I could count on you. Oh, and Crawford." I called his name one more time when I remembered something important. "Please don't tell anyone what is going on with Trinity. If someone asks, make up a story about what is going on, alright. I don't want word getting out that the Goddess Queen has fallen ill. It would spread panic among the people."

"Yes, of course Reece. I understand. I will keep this secret with my life." He made a fist with his right hand and put it against his chest as he spoke.

"Thank you, Crawford. Again. I already thanked you, but I needed to do it again." I gave him the closest thing to a smile that I could manage before I told him goodbye and ended the call.

I knew that Crawford would throw his all into the research, the same way that Gabriel was going to throw himself into finding a way to bring my Little Bunny home. They were both good men and they did their jobs thoroughly.

I also knew that Crawford would enlist Eldrige and his men Henrich and Lionel. Not to mention all the other witches and warlocks that were at his command. He would call them all and he would call the witch doctors, the Djinn, the genies, the gypsies, all of them.. He would see to it that this issue didn't rest until it was settled.

#### **Chapter 640 - 57- Reece – Calls Part 2 (VOLUME 4)**

8-9 minutes

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Reece

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Now that the call with Crawford was done, I pressed a button on my desk that turned the screen for the video conferences into a mirror. This would allow me to call Gloriana, Trevor, or Valerian in the Fae compound. I had it installed when the system was upgraded a few years ago. And after my Little Bunny had taught me how to make the mirror calls. They weren't difficult to do, but they were hard to get used to, that was for sure.

Still, I needed to do this. I needed to call them and tell them what was going on. And most of all, I needed to see if any of them could help me with this.

I touched a piece of the mirror that had been cut off when it was installed. I had intentionally ordered it to be too big just for this purpose. To make the call, I needed to touch part of the mirror. This piece that

I was touching was indeed part of the mirror that I was looking at, but it wasn't attached anymore so it acted as a sort of remote control.

I pulled the magic, the little that I had in me, to the surface, specifically into my hands. When I touched the mirror I thought about Gloriana and Trevor so that I could make sure that the call went to one of the two of them. If I got Gloriana, good, if I got Trevor then he could go and get Gloriana so that was also good.

The glass of the mirror fogged over as it started to 'ring'. It didn't actually sound like ringing, instead it sounded like a tinkling of bells. The bells were playing out a song, but I couldn't pinpoint what it was at the moment. And I didn't care either. I just wanted to do what I needed to. Music, laughter, anything like that was just a distraction at the moment.

"Reece? This is a surprise." Trevor almost recoiled in his shock when he saw that it was me calling. Usually, both of us were too busy to call outside of our weekly family calls. "Is something wrong? What happened? What is going on?"

I knew that Trevor would be able to read my mood. He had known me since I was younger than Reagan and Rika. Honestly, I think I was about Talia's age when I met him. He and I have been friends ever since and he knew when something was bothering me.

"Yeah, there is something going on." I sighed. "Is Gloriana there? This would just be easier if I could talk to the two of you at the same time." That made Trevor's face turn pale and his eyes go wide.

"Why do I get the feeling that I am not going to like what it is that you have to tell us? Am I going to have to come there and murder someone? Did someone do something to one of the kids? Is Trinity alright? Is-" He paused then. I think that he caught the way that I flinched when he asked me if something was wrong with Trinity. "Damn. I didn't actually think that something had actually happened to her. But, if I am being honest, there is nothing else that would make you look that miserable. I'm going to go get Glory now. I will be right back."

With that, Trevor ran off to the left side of my screen as fast as he could. I didn't hear the sound of his steps since he ran as silently as I did, but I heard other background noises. There was the opening of the door and the muffled tones of his voice when he spoke to someone in the other room. I heard the sound of Gloriana's voice as well, but, like Trevor, her voice was muffled so I couldn't understand the words. I think that was just a natural thing that the mirror magic did. It helped to hide background conversations so that they weren't heard by the wrong people. Or maybe you just needed to be close to the mirror for it to actually send your words. Either way, I wasn't able to hear anything other than the sound of their voices.

It had been right about or just under a minute by the time that Trevor and Gloriana were running into frame so that I could see them. Gloriana looked scared, more scared than Crawford had. I could see that her eyes had gone wide, she was even more pale than usual. There even seemed to be some sort of yellow aura that was pouring off of her.

"Reece, what happened to Trinity? What is going on? Trevor didn't tell me anything at all."

"I told you, Glory, Reece didn't tell me anything. He wanted to wait to tell us both at the same time." Trevor sighed as he relayed that message to his wife again. "Go on Reece, you can tell us what happened now. We're both here so we are ready to hear it."

"First, is there anyone else that is there with you? I don't want anyone, anyone at all, hearing what I have to say aside from the two of you."

"W..wow, Reece, this must be serious." Trevor's eyes darkened even more as he looked at me as seriously as he could.

"No one else is here Reece, it's just the two of us. No one else will hear what you have to say." Gloriana nodded at me and reassured me that it was all fine. Good, I didn't want to even think about what would have happened if a servant had been there and spread rumors that something was wrong with Trinity.

"OK." I took a deep breath to settle myself and looked them in the eyes before I spoke. "Trinity is not able to be woken up. She collapsed two days ago, and no one knows why. She appears to just be sleeping, but that isn't actually the case at all. When Shawn and Dietrich came to see her with the rest of the guards, they told us that her soul was not in her body. Something has happened to draw her soul, her consciousness, out of her body."

"What the hell?" Trevor exclaimed loudly.

"Oh my!" Gloriana put her hand over her mouth as she gasped at the words that I had just told her.

"I am calling you now, Gloriana, to ask if you might know of someone that could help us. Or is there some experience you or someone in the Fae compound might have had that would be similar to this situation? We need to find someone to tell us how to help Trinity. We need to figure out what we're going to do."

"I..I can't say that I know of anything. But I promise that I will check into it right away." She sounded firm and determined to help. I hope that she can find something, and soon.

"I might know someone. I will give them a call as well." Trevor sounded more contemplative than I had ever heard him.

"Thank you." I tilted my head to him in respect.

"Now, Reece, tell me everything else that has happened. I don't want to be in the dark about anything." Gloriana crossed her arms and looked at me firmly.

"Well, there is one other thing." I did my best to smirk at the two people in the mirror.

"What? Nothing else bad I hope." Trevor was nervous now.

"Well, it's not the right timing with what's going on, but Trinity is pregnant again."

"Wow, that has to be hard on you right now." Trevor got that right.

"How many?" That was the first thing that Gloriana wanted to know first.

"Triplets."



"DAMN!"

"Oh my!" They both exclaimed at the same time.

"I need to protect them and Trinity. I need to wake them up. I need to make sure that my entire family comes back together and that we all stay together from now on. I don't want to lose my babies, but I definitely don't want to lose my Little Bunny. I need her, I can't live without her. She is my life." I lifted my head and looked at Trevor since he was the one that I had known that longest. "I know what my mom felt like back then, Trev. I know what it is that made her go into that state."

"Yeah, I know man. I feel that way too." He smiled at Gloriana, feeling an intense love for her like I felt for my Little Bunny.

"We will be in touch soon, Reece." Gloriana tried to smile but failed.

'There, the calls are over.' I thought the words to myself as I ended the mirror call. Thank the goddess that they were both going to help me.. I just hope that they find something.