

## Chapter 168— The Ritual

\*JET\*

My gaze narrowed on her aware that even if she was putting on a brave face, I could smell the hint of fear mixed with her aura. I have deal with a fair share of people to recognize fear when I see it. My mate continue to whimper and cry in pain as I bone twist in every direction.

Listening to her going through this was making me feel like crawling out of my own skin. A clear sign that if I don't get it together, everything was going to spin out of control.

"Stop there!" Her hands flew out between us, using it as a shield to stop me from coming any closer. As if that would stop me but it good to know that the witch was terrified of me. "I'm a witch Jet, meaning I'm stronger than you." She informed me.

"Debatable. Let's assumed you managed to cast a phantom of spell on me, Hunter here will rip off your head without thinking twice about it." She might take my words as threats but I do not threatened people.

Threats are unsure words full of maybes, you may or may not carry them out. I, for one, it has never been my nature to bluff which explains why I don't do threats. What mainly do is play nice and warn people of the consequence if they defy me.

"I'm not the Killian here Jet, incase you've forgotten I'm trying to help her! Do you think it's wise to threaten me?" She fired her, not masking the glare she was shooting in

my direction.

"I'm a man whose mate is in pain and on the verge of losing control, do you think it wise to provoke me?" I said far too calmly than I was feeling.

The more furious I get, the more quiet I become. It was not something I do intentionally and my mate has made it known to me on several occasion that It scares her when I act like that. Even if it was not something I could control.

"Okay, that's enough." My Beta ever the loving peacemaker interrupted stepping between us. "Let's listen to her solution first before we get angry and start fighting each other, Trisha please continue."

She nodded clearing her throat. "Like I said earlier, I had a feeling that she would be too weak for her first transformation. Unlike the rest of you, she was born a human and it was only by chance that she has the wolf gene in her system. So, I was thinking, why not make her a temporary vampire to help her complete the transition? It a very ancient spell that my mother taught me before she passed away, I can bind it to the moon..." I cut her off right there.

Just the thought of her turning my mate into a blood sucking monster disgust me to the core. It's no news that Vampires and werewolves have been sworn enemies since the beginning of time, the tale is as old as time.

The first thing we think when we face each other is to rip each other head off. If Freya become that, she would no doubt hate me! It the natural order of things, I may be strong enough to fight it but... I shook my head not wanting to think about it any further.



"Before you say anything Jet, you must hear me out. The next full moon is a month away, she has a month to choose what she might to become. Not per say, if her personality aligns with vampirism trait then it will become dominant and completely take over her genetics leaving her as vampire. But if it aligns more with being a werewolf, her werewolf gene will take over and the spell will be broken leaving her as an hybrid instead of a shape-shifter." She paused.

"Half-human and half werewolf."

"Isn't that the same thing as a shape-shifter?" Hunter beat me to it by asking.

Up until the Councils started turning everything upside down, we never knew being a shape shifter or should I say a were-shifter was possible.

"No." Trisha muttered in a small voice. "Her human side will be more dominant, she will exhibits traits of the wolf genes but I'm not certain if they are enough to transform her into an actual wolf like werewolves and were-shifters. It will make her a super human, someday she might become a were-shifter or even a werewolf!" Her voice was suddenly filled with excitement as if finding a loophole.

"So...she will basically be how Claire is now?" Hunter spoke again with a hint of sadness.

I was too stunned to say anything because all this would only be possible if the vampirism didn't dominant her—whatever the witch called it. Witches knew so much, no wonder the Councils kept them close.

As they said, Knowledge is power. I looked at Trisha knowing I would have to come up with a cleaver deal to

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make her stay. The Councils already have the witches on their side, those who refused wind up dead, it wouldn't hurt to at least have one on our side.

"So, what do you think?" Her voice brought me out of my brooding thought. "Freya is a strong girl, I believe she will suppress the vampirism, I mean look at the clever way she took that rogue down." Okay, that had me smiling inwardly.

My mate was too headstrong to be a vampire, I thought. "A super human..." I hummed.

"Hybrid," She corrected chuckling. "She will have the hearing abilities, her sense of smell will also be heightened like the rest of you but the only thing she won't be able to do is transform or shift regularly like the rest of you. It will also slow her aging, meaning she also age like the rest of you." She empathized so much on her last sentence causing me to frown.

"You have my permission, go ahead." I swallowed hard, watching her walk away.

Trisha muttered some words that I'm guessing are spells because her bones stopped breaking a few seconds later and she collapsed on the floor.

"Help me carry her into the circle." She addressed me, taking out the knife Freya used on the rogue before she also starts dragging him to the circle, Hunter joined in to help.

She split his wrist harshly with the knife, pouring the blood into the circle before pushing him away. I felt relieved when the same treatment didn't apply to Freya, she gently took her wrist and cut it, splitting the blood on the circle



too.

"This is to ensure that her transition state is complete, now..." The rest of the words were whispers of spells.

The circle suddenly flame up into fire, drawing itself around all the lines in the circle like running waters. My mate was in the middle of it and yet, the fire didn't touch her.

As the flame burnt brighter, so did the sky darkened. The moon turned pure red, Hunter glance at me, a silent question in his gaze. I shrugged off my shoulders, also silently replying him that I had no idea what the hell was going on—except that it did felt like hell.

A few minutes passed and the fire started to dimmed, the moon turned back to it usual colour immediately the fire completely went out. Trisha stopped murmuring to herself and stood up, a lazy smile appearing on her face.

"I did it..." She coughed staggering a bit. "I think I might have lost a fair amount of energy because I feel faint—" She collapsed then, Hunter hurried over to her side before she reached the ground and I went to pick up my mate.

Her body was so cold as if she was taken out of a cooling room instead of fire. Her face appeared a little pale but she was breathing just fine. I held her close and kiss her forehead, repeating to myself over and over again that everything was going to be fine.

As soon as we stepped foot inside the pack house, we were swallowed up by ton of questions with Claire taking the lead. I untangled myself from the crowd and make my way upstairs to our bedroom to ensure Freya get enough rest.

In as much as I want her to open her eyes already, I understood it would take her while. She has been through quite an ordeal today so, there is no doubt that both her mind and body are exhausted. I gently dropped her on the bed and she didn't even stir, sighing I left giving her the time she needed to rest.

I stopped abruptly, seeing the familiar faces in our private room. I didn't really expect them to wait until tomorrow for some news seeing how worried they are. "Everything went well, she just needs a couple hours of rest. Hunter should be more than happy to tell you in details." I informed them, trying to shoo them out.

"That's such a relief! We have been so worried sick! When do you think she will wake up? I need to give her a hug." The corner of my mouth quickened up at her words.

"I don't know yet but you will be the first person I tell when she wakes up." A couple of disapproving 'hey!' filled the room.

"Thank you!" She gushed before rushing out of the room, Camille followed her saying something about bugging Hunter for details.

I stopped Kale when he was about to leave. "Have a drink with me, I'm in desperate need of company." I told him not having to really look before sensing the surprise glance he briefly sent my way.

"Was it that bad?" He inquired minutes after we settled in the salon with a glass of strong wine.

"No, but I truly believe the worst is yet to come in a few days. If Freya ends up being a vampire, I can't imagine how different things are going to be for us." I took another long


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swallow before I reluctantly told him everything.

"Whoa!" He said startled after I finished my tale. "Are you afraid, you won't be able to love her as a vampire?"

I closed my eyes, relaxing into the arm chair. "I'm afraid she won't love me as a vampire." I admitted the root of all my worries and fear. 1

TBC

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