

## Chapter 892

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suspension of disbelief whenever she walked in the room.

"He was assassinated in his study in ourmountain home, his throat slit clean through and his body desecrated beyond our ability to resurrect him," Brianna shed a tear. This was the point where I seriously began worrying about there being a natural gas leak that was either fucking up what I was hearing, or what other people were saying.

"Wow... how sad," I tried to sound shaken bythe news.

"I know," Brianna hugged me. But wait, "Yousmell like him (deep, sensual purr)-Dad, that is." Oh God No!

"Well with Granddad gone, you seem tohave done well for yourself -Ives," I corrected. It sounded like I had aunts in the plural. I was praying for the positive, plus a quick exit.

"No, we can't move on until we find the

assassin," Brianna told me. She added in a whisper, "We know she was an Amazon." Ah, look, an invitation by my freakish, incestuous aunt to betray the insane fanatics I worked for. I began crying."I understand,"Brianna reached around and patted my back, "This must be a lot for you to take in."

"You have no idea," I sniffled. What was mymind was saying: 'By the way, Aunt Brianna, the wacked-out chick that offed Granddad is two meters away from you and you definitely didn't bring a big enough army to deal with her'.

"Why don't you come home with metonight?" Brianna offered somewhat plaintively.

Sex... worse, I wasn't coming up with any really convincing reasons to not have sex with her. We would do it with the lights off. That way I wouldn't be looking into the face of the Mother of my youth having an orgasm impaled on my cock. Maybe dim lighting would be okay too.

"I can't go home with you tonight," I lookedaway."I'm feeling vulnerable."

That was exactly why she wanted to take me home with her-confused and vulnerable would allow her to revisit her nostalgic Father-Daughter fornications.

"You need someone who loves you to lookafter you," Brianna proddedwWw.nvYe/0or@.cr@

"That's what I'm for," Pamela came to myrescue.

Glares and snippets of wra th ensued. In the end, Pamela and I made our getaway. A few blocks away-I didn't want a taxi yet-Pamela speaking voided my inspection.

"Questions?"

"Where were you hiding while Nicole and Iwere having sex?" I mused.

"Which time?" Pamela taunted me.

"You mean you followed us to the Men'sbathroom (we were reliving our first sexual encounter and then some)?" I groused.

"I am not saying I was there. I'm not saying Iwasn't. I'm not saying," Pamela smirked. Pause.

"You killed Grandpa?" I asked.

"Yes."

"You stole his soul?"

"Yes."

"You took yourself to the cliffs to destroy hissoul- and yours?"

"Yes."

"You decided not to because of his curse/warning?"

"No."

"Ummm... why didn't you kill yourself?"www.n0(r)eQwor.m.com

"He -your Grandfather-had a back-upplan. Having me kill myself was a ploy. Had I done it, I would have lost my soul, his soul would have been released and Havenstone would have thought him dead. At the last moment I gained the insight he had a body already prepared for him that no other person knew about," Pamela informed me. "You."

"My Mother didn't know?" I worried.

"I am not sure. Most likely she thought shehad escaped the Old Bastard."

"Ugh... family life around Christmas musthave been a blast," I grumbled.

"The Illuminati make a mockery of the Cultof Christ. They have influenced the Catholic hierarchy for a millennia."

"How did she get away... if she got away?" I muttered.

"Your Mother and Aunts were born to beslaves, but contained nearly all the DNA of your Grandfather-essentially female 'hims'. That meant they are all very, verysmart so your Mother figured out a way and fled. Somehow she found your Father and happiness."

"He let her get away, didn't he?" I asked.

"Don't sell your Mother short," Pamelachided me. "He most likely engineered her escape from his estate, but the rest was her. Otherwise, you would have had Illuminati watchers all this time. No, your Grandfather

wanted her to be completely free of the Illuminati, and all the other secret orders, until he was ready to make his return."

"Why did Brianna think Mom died ofcancer seven years ago?" I went for next.

"All your aunts need medication to keepthem healthy and young," Pamela related. "The only one with the formula was yourGrandfather and, after so many decades, those bitches have to be running out of it soon, if they haven't already exhausted their supply."

"Without the drugs, your Mother wouldhave aged and developed various cancers that would have escalated in their aggression until she died. For some reason, she stopped taking her medications before they ran out," Pamela ruminated.

"To have me," I lowered my head. Mom haddied because she knew Dad wanted a child - me.

"It is not impossible that she couldn't have achild while on the regimen. That sounds like something that bastard Cael O'Shea would have done," Pamela agreed.

"What?" I gulped.

"You were named after your maternalgrandfather, who I studied for weeks, and I can tell you that Cá el Nylas is a hundred times the person he ever was," Pamela assured me.

"Let's not tell my aunt that," I grunted.

"Don't worry about that," Pamela patted meon the back."All of your aunts are most likely addicted to his pheromones and you have some variant of them."

"The fuck you say!"I gawked.

"Oh yeah. He was that kind of son of abitch."

"So when I get scared, they get horny?" Idespaired.

"Or if you are your regular horny self,"Pamela chortled. "Hell, Brianna is probably humping that urinal you and Miss Lawless engaged as a... prop earlier this evening."

"You are just a cornucopia of horrificknowledge, aren't you?" I groused.

"I've never had a friend like you," Pamelaenlightened me.

"You've never had a friend before," Icountered. I hadn't known her a week and I already wanted to kill her half the time as it was.wWw.n@velwσtm.C0m

I wondered if women felt the same way about me on occasion.

"That would definitely make you my finestfriend then," she snickered.

"Thanks," I grumbled."Just for that, when Ihave Daphne bent over with her head and shoulders pressed against the wall while I slam her from behind with all this pent up rage, I'll be thinking of you."

"Really?" she queried.

"Of course not, Daphne is smoking hot.When I finally have sex with her, the only thing I'll be thinking about besides Daphne is how I'm going to have sex with her again,"I grinned.

"Good," she smiled happily. Yes, we weretalking about me boinking her

granddaughter and she was A-Okay with it. "Remember, there is no need to use acondom."

"I'm not falling for that, you evil witch," I shook my head."Sometime before that 'romantic' moment, you are going to pokeholes in all my condoms, I know it."

"I really admire your deceitful nature,"Pamela was happy as a clam."Besides, Amazons don't normally give birth to children that way, but thanks for thinking that I'd sabotage you." She sensed my confusion."Surrogates-Amazons have been using surrogates for two generations."

"The best part about meeting you is I get tounderstand why no one who knows me trusts a thing I say," I imparted. "You are very bright, eloquent and deceptive."

"You are very bright as well," Pamelacommented."Your other failings you compensate for by being an exceptionally erotic fucker,"

"Exceptionally? Not really. Any situationthat has'fuck' in it, I'm usually on board with; even if it is 'fucked-up', 'fucked-over',

and'royally fucked'." I joked. I paused."I need to warn Dad. This is a truly demented situation and I need to warn him to burn anything to do with Mom before the freak show arrives. The gift from Grandpa that keeps on giving. I almost miss not killing him myself."

"That man was an eternal foe of theAmazons, Cael. His death was necessary for peace with the Illuminati, thus peace with all the other factions," Pamela related. I began laughing.

"So my misogynistic family heritage comesfrom my Mother and my misandristic line age comes from my Father,"I clued Pamela in. She found it to be hilariously ironic too.

"We still have to be careful," Pamela nudgedme."After all, your Grandfather had plans for your body. Whether we choose to believe it was to be a vessel for your Grandfather's essence-or, if you prefer, he put something in your Mother's DNA that, when combined with the machinery he used to store his memories, would bring him back to life; Cael O'Shea always was thinking three steps ahead."

"Why didn't you kill me when you figuredthis out?" I stared at herwww.Nvε&wσrM.c0m

"You hold the fate of House Ishara inside ofyou,"Pamela smiled warmly."Besides, I like you. No one really understands me like you do. Everyone else thinks I have a sick sense of humor."

"I wish you had been my Grandmother," I nodded.

"Wait-wait," Pamela held me back fromcontinuing. "Because if I had been your Grandmother, you would have known to avoid a nut-ranch like Havenstone."

"Are you like my psychic twin?" I teased her.She was right, of course.

"I had a twin brother," Pamela turned sad."Ihave always wondered what path his spirit traveled once they took him to the cliffs."

"The fact that you still recal I him withempathy speaks volumes for you, Pamela," I hugged her.

"I felt the same way, you know," Pamela drew comfort from my warmth. I was

uncertain of her meaning. "When they told me what happened to boys-I couldn't accept it. Their reasoning rang hollow and I saw their denial of their own blood to be self-defeating."

"I have always wanted to believe my brotherwaits for me in the Hall of Ancestors so I can finally see his face and tell him I'm sorry that I was the one that was spared," she confessed.

"You weren't spared, Pamela," I comfortedher. "You had children and grandchildren so that way your brother will have grand-nephews and great grand-nephews whose actions are recorded in the deeds of your house and their names inscribed in the roster of the Host."

"That's my hope anyway," I added.

"Let it be so," she whispered.