

OH FOR MATES SAKE

Chapter 84 Rhea and Leviathan

My eyes were drawn to the building like a siren's call. The sun glinted off the top of the ivory top, making the castle look like it was a shining star. It was like looking at a beacon of hope. Maybe that is what the fairy castle really was.

As I took in the beauty of the majestic building, I was struck by feelings of familiarity and confusion. The smell of Elysium was like a warm welcome to a place I had never been before, yet it seemed almost homely. The castle itself stirred a forgotten memory. I've seen this place before... but it was in a dream. At least, I thought it was a dream. Maybe a part of me was always called to this place since I was part of the fairy kingdom?

Brian and Bella led the way, and the guards lowered their heads in respect and stood to the side. I knew

dragons and fairies were close, but this sort of reverence seemed extreme. I wondered if they were important people in the dragon kingdom?

My breath caught in my throat as we stepped inside, like I had stumbled into an alien world. Everywhere I looked was blindingly bright and beautiful; the white marble floor shimmered like a lake of glass beneath us and the crystal-clear windows magnified the sunlight pouring in, casting an otherworldly glow around us. I was transfixed by the surreal beauty of it all.

As we approached a long hall, a tall, muscular man stepped forward to block our path. He had brown hair and amber eyes that seemed to settle on Sion and me.

"Halt!" he bellowed, his voice echoing through the courtyard. "State your business in Elysium."

"Dad, quit being weird. What are you doing here, anyways?" I heard Brian say as I looked between the two men.

"I came to pick up our crystal shard. Lilly has finished making all the detectors. We place them in our kingdom, and they will alert us if anyone has nembrant glass. I'm not sure of all the details, but this is a start to fight against this." The man's eyes then moved back to me. "Who are they?"

"Rhea asked us to bring them here—" Brian began to explain, but the man he referred to as dad interrupted him.

"If Rhea asked for them, then get moving. They are all in the dining hall..." The man with amber eyes looked at Sion and seemed to study him for a moment before continuing. "I'm the Dragon King of the West... you

can call me Titus." If he was the dragon king, then Brian was the dragon prince. Why did such an important dragon come and bring us here? And on the fairy queen's behalf?

"Sion..." Sion answered and then pulled me against his side. "This is my mate, Clover." I smiled, and the man nodded at me.

"From the Sulfur pack..." Titus said, and my eyes widened as he chuckled. "I've heard about you." He turned and then nodded his head down the hall. "Shall we?" He said and then started walking without waiting for a response. "Either my aura isn't what it used to be, or you two are very interesting people."

I glanced up at Sion, my shoulders tense with confusion. His brows furrowed in response, not comprehending what Titus had just said.

"My father and I have incredibly powerful auras," Brian stated, observing our confusion, "so strong that only higher-level dragons and a select few can handle being near them." I felt a sudden surge of intrigue, wondering what it should feel like to be in the presence of such power. It was like a secret world was opening up before me, full of hidden abilities and unimaginable strength. Maybe, because Sion was Anubis, and I was his queen, their auras didn't bother us?

As we walked down the hall, I noticed the intricate carvings on the walls and the rich tapestries hanging from the ceiling. Everything was so ornate and delicate, it felt as if we were walking through a museum of priceless artifacts. The decor was unlike anything I had ever seen. The walls were covered in tapestries that depicted scenes of the fairy kingdom and fairies in battle, and the chandeliers were made of pure crystal.

I could hear voices as we approached the end of the hall. As we crept near the entrance, the hum of excitement grew louder. The voices surged in a feverish crescendo, clapping and shouting in pandemonium. A long table stood empty in the center of the room, while all around it were huddled figures, enthralled by a tall, broad figure looming near the side. Beside him stood a beautiful brunette woman with her chin raised high and pointed ears.

"You lying old bear! I can't believe it. You had a woman the whole time? You should have said something."

"I am so happy for you. This makes everything perfect." A woman with blonde hair said as she hugged the large man.

"Welcome to the ranks, old timer. I just hope you are

able to still perform for the woman... hope those hips aren't too fragile and old." A broad, muscular man teased as a woman with dark hair swatted at him.

"Cody!" the woman hissed. "You are going to make Cassie think we are all like you."

"There is only one bear like me... and you best remember that." The man said as he wrapped the woman in his arms.

"Little cub... any time you want to challenge my strength, I will gladly oblige." A deep, intimidating rumble came from the man next to the brunette with pointed ears.

"After your daily dose of Aspirin, Uncle Tristan, I'll happily accept." The younger man teased.

Another couple moved into view from another hall.

The woman was a perfect beauty; her silver hair cascading down her shoulders like a glittering waterfall. Accompanying her was a man with dark hair, his cool blue gaze captivated and mesmerized by the sight of the woman next to him. His gaze seemed to follow her every movement, like a hawk seeking its prey. In her arms, she cradled a sleeping infant, snuggled close to her warm chest. As they stepped further into the hall, the world shifted around me. It seemed as if time had frozen around them – a breathtaking moment that shone in all its unfathomable glory. There was something about them that made my heart begin to pound. The sound of my blood pumping drummed loudly in my ears. My focus wasn't on the couple, though... but on the child in the woman's arms.

Strange whispers hissed in my ears as the couple moved towards me. I kept staring at the child as a wave of nausea attacked me. I pursed my lips tightly

together as I felt Sion's hand come to steady my shoulder.

"Clover?" I could hear Sion's voice, but I couldn't look away from the approaching infant. Suddenly, Sion shifted my body behind him and growled at the approaching couple. The woman grew silent, except for the sound of the man next to the woman and infant. A soft, threatening chuckle escaped through his lips.

"Young death god... be very careful. No one growls in the direction of my mate." The man's voice was calm and low. In his tone was the promise of a swift death to anyone who crossed him.

"Lee..." The woman's sweet voice rang out as she instantly calmed the man next to her. "He is just defending the woman behind him..." Her blue eyes met with mine and she offered me a gentle smile.

"Don't mind him—"

"Yeah, a lot of people find him scary, but not to us. He is a feared tier one deity, Leviathan, but to us he is family. He is like my older brother, Levi to me and Lee to our sweet Fairy Queen Rhea." Titus said with a playful smirk resting on his face. Wow, I was meeting more and more gods of the world. Unfortunately, I couldn't even relish in the moment of being in the presence of a god and fairy royalty. My gaze was focused on the infant.

"Careful," Rhea said and my eyes moved up to meet hers. "Little Beryl here has an intense history. Looking into it will leave an imprint on you."

I didn't really have a choice. I didn't know how to control the visions that began to pour into my mind. Soon the world vanished, and scenes began to play in front of me. It was as if I was there. I watched as a

little girl stabbed a man with an injection and then ran to a cloaked woman nearby. The woman patted the child and told her how proud she was of her...Beryl. The little girl was the same as the infant?!

As I stared at the woman, I realized she looked familiar. She wasn't just familiar, but was the same. Only she looked more alive in this vision, but I knew it was Meryl. Another vision came into view, and I watched from a hidden door as Meryl was stabbed in the chest with a dagger. I watched tears stream down the little child's face as Meryl died. Beryl didn't say a word, but I could see the hatred in her eyes.

The memories of Beryl's life played like a movie in my mind, highlighting every tragedy and bitter injustice she had faced until her final breath. She was the casting agent of her own sorrows, never accepted nor loved by anyone, except Meryl.

Suddenly, a crippling pain stabbed through my chest, causing my body to shudder with unbearable grief. Agony, torture, sorrow, and despair clawed at me mercilessly as tears pressed against the back of my eyes.

I gazed, transfixed, into a void of pure darkness. The walls were oozing black tar that the souls of the damned clung to in despair. A scarlet current swirled and snaked its way through them, leeching away their life-force until all that was left were empty husks. Suddenly, I recognized one of the faces among them - it was Beryl's soul, trapped in this hellish realm, calling out for help.

Meryl, the Nycrops, swooped in and brought salvation to Beryl as if sent from the heavens. An immense swell of gratitude consumed the soul, and I was overwhelmed by its presence. Meryl promised the soul a new chance at life. That this time, she would

grow up in the fairy kingdom. She would be reborn and given an opportunity to rain destruction from within Elysium with a strong new power.

The vision ended as abruptly as it had begun, leaving me gasping for air. Sion had his arms wrapped around me, his eyes filled with concern as he looked down at me. "Are you okay, Clover?"

I nodded weakly, still reeling from the intense emotions I had just experienced. "I saw...so much. Beryl's life, her death, and then...Meryl. She saved her soul from damnation and promised her a new life in the fairy kingdom."

Sion's face twisted in confusion. "Who is Beryl? And Meryl? You mean the nycrops?!"

I explained everything I had seen to Sion, feeling a sense of relief wash over me as I spoke. It was as if

the weight of the vision had lifted just by sharing it with someone else.

As I finished speaking, the room fell silent. Rhea and her companions had been listening intently to our conversation. "Beryl is a special case," Rhea said softly. "Her past is a tragic one. She was born and taught hatred in her first life. She continued down that path and it ultimately caused her destruction. This is a new life for her... she has been given a rare second chance. She is here with us now, and we're going to do everything we can to make sure she's safe and loved."

I stared at the child and pursed my lips together. "She is a trap that was sent by Meryl. Meryl told Sion and I that she left a problematic pack with the ultimate bundle of joy."

"We know this is what she intends. However, I believe

that with the right foundation built upon love, things will be different." Rhea's blue eyes met with mine calmly.

"She has her past memories." My words hung in the air like a thick fog, settling over the room like a blanket of dread. Every eye turned to the small figure resting peacefully in Rhea's arms. I could feel the collective breath caught in their throats as they thought about what this would mean for the baby and her tumultuous past. Not a sound was uttered in the room, until, at last, a whisper broke the silence...

"She has her past memories?" I glanced up to see a woman with beautiful blonde hair walk up to the front, stopping next to Rhea to look down at the baby.

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