

## Chapter 7

GABRIEL

"We never go to those parties unless you're going. You know that we find them lame without you to entertain us with your epic pranks on the unsuspecting partygoers," I said with a mischievous grin.

That seemed to relieve her some, and she matched my grin with one of her own.

"I know. Maxine had just overheard that you guys had been invited by a couple of the senior girls. Doesn't matter. I'll see you guys later. Thanks again."

She gave us both a hug before taking off down the stairs.

I crouched down and started picking everything up. I was fucking furious, and I was trying hard to keep myself under control unless I wanted to just pop on over to the party and then pop her to somewhere in the fucking Arctic.

Maxine had indeed had something to do with Angel's tears. It was no wonder that she had tried to get us to the party, because it would have sold her lie. Neither of us had been invited to the party because everyone knew that we always turned them down and made it known that we would go to one if we wanted to, but we did not want to be asked.

What the fuck was she playing at? It was likely that it had been her who said something to Angel this morning. I would bet that it was relating to us, given what we had just heard and the fact that she had refused to make eye contact with either of us at Lunch.

Footsteps were coming back up the stairs. We could already smell

who it was.

Denny shoved his hands into his pockets as he walked over to us. His eyes took in the scene before he looked at us keenly, giving nothing away.

"Is she okay?" he asked quietly.

"She had an off-day at school, so we brought over all-things chocolate, hoping to cheer her up," I started by waving to all of this. "It was a good thing that we were here because she had a vision of the past or something similar where she saw her biological mother's death. It did a number on her. Aunt Ziyah had given us a bracelet that should help with whatever happened."

He scrubbed his hand over his face and frowned. Denny had always been the best big brother to her and was always her protector.

"Thanks for being here for her." He rubbed the back of his neck and stuck us with a serious expression. "I want to ask you something straightforward and want an honest answer, okay?"

That did not cause anxiety to race through me or anything. Lie. We nodded and waited for him to continue.

'You're birthday is coming up when you can sense your mate or mates. I've known how close the three of you have always been and how much she means to you two and you to her. Do I have any reason to worry that she might possibly get hurt?'

We held up our hands in surrender and shook our heads.

'We trust you to keep this to yourself, but no. We know what we want, who we want. It'll be her choice either way, and we'll respect whatever that choice might be,' I told him resolutely.

That caused a bright smile to form on his face as he gave us one-armed hugs.

'Good because I couldn't imagine anyone better suited for her than you two. I've been asking the Goddess to grant that pairing for years because I see how incredibly happy you both make her. Our parents see it to.'

He gave us one-armed hugs and took his leave. That was probably the most encouraging fucking thing he could have said to us. I prayed that the Goddess did indeed grant his request as well as the millions that the two of us had sent up.

'Are you still awake?' I linked Aunty.

It was only ten, but I knew that there would be no fucking sleep unless we got some guidance on what she had seen.

'Of course, I am. Why don't you two come on over.'

I told Grant what she said, so we popped on over. The door opened before we could even knock. She waved us in and brought us to the home office since it was soundproofed. Uncle Dante was sorting through some documents and was surprised to see us.

"How's Angel feeling? I only got a couple of brief glimpses," she said as she had us take a seat, handing us some water.

"She feels a little bit better and definitely appreciative of the cuff. We were just talking when she gripped her head in pain and cried out. Then she broke down once the pain was gone. Somehow, she saw her biological mother's death. It wasn't vampires that killed her. It was some guy who Angel said felt truly evil because she could feel what her mother had felt. He sliced her throat and went to grab Angel, but the vampires from the coven had come across the scene

and fought him. He had to leave, but he looked at her possessively. Then the vampires concocted the story that Mom had been told about her mother cloaking her as human."

There was utter silence when I stopped speaking. They were trying to process it just like we had. It was not an easy thing to do either.

"If she's willing, I'd like to witness it because I would have a better understanding of the clues hidden within it. It takes a strong seer to see visions of the past. My sight is from a previous Vessel, making it strong enough. I'm not certain if her intuition is possibly evolving or not."

She massaged her temples while she thought for a minute. Then she hopped up and went over to the desk, sitting down on our uncle's lap.

We just waited as patiently as possible while she did her thing. My brother snuck a couple of blondies out of the container, handing me one of them.

"I just had to verify something before I said anything. There are all types of seers with varying levels of power. Vessels and Prophetesses are the highest two. Not all seers are created equals. Typically, seers are seers. That's their power. However, there are rare individuals that can have seer abilities without being seers, for example Vessels," she explained to us.

She got up and went to the large filing cabinet and rifled through the files until she found what she was looking for.

They were both perfect to go to if you needed information on all things supernatural. They were also officially the Imperial Duke and Duchess of the Precoza coven. Their roles were to be ambassadors of interspecies relations for the coven. Not only was there a wolf-shifter King of the vampires but also a wolf-shifter and Light Fae in



those roles. It was great to see how diverse things were.

"Aha. Here we go. There's not an official name or anything, but one such ability is a type of self-preservation. So, if this is what is going on with Angel, she's not going to have visions or anything else that doesn't concern her. However, she won't see every single thing that could harm her or impact her. If we consider the last episode and this one, it seems highly likely that something like this is what she's experiencing. It's extremely rare and extremely powerful."

I pinched the bridge of my nose and blew out a long breath. I could not fucking sit any longer, so I got up and leaned against the wall. What I was about to say is something that I wished I did not have to.

"She had said that the man looked at her possessively. What if he knew her mother personally and had an invested interest in Angel? Angel has power within her. I know that we all have felt it at times. What if this fucker has something to do with the vision that Grenza saw?"

My brother's face paled when I asked that. Perhaps he had not connected the dots in the way that I did. I felt his panic through our twin-bond. Right there with you, brother.

"Honestly? It's possible, but we have nothing to go on yet," Uncle Dante responded, frowning as he said it.

"Angel had seen her mother's reflection in a window during the vision. I told her that we could see if it you thought it was clear enough to pull the image from her, possibly allowing us to find out more about her mother. Besides the fact that she seemed really happy to potentially learn more, it would also help us to see if there were any clues on who that man might be. If he did know her personally, then perhaps we might find something if we look hard enough," I said, shrugging my shoulder.



Aunt Ziyah's eyes lit right up with that suggestion, so she went to the whiteboard and made a note there so that she would not forget.

She came over and reassured us, hugging us both tightly. She promised to do her best to get to the bottom of this. If anyone could do it then it was her.

I grabbed a shower once we got home and dragged my ass to bed even if I was not tired. My mind just could not fucking shut off. All we had ever wanted was to keep her safe. We felt fucking helpless to do anything because there was this huge as mystery and nothing concrete to go on.

'Psst. Are you awake?' a sweet voice filtered into my mind.

I swore that it was like she had a sixth-sense when it came to us being stuck in our heads. Four simple words helped my body relax.

'Psst. Yes. What's up?' I asked her, laying my head on my hands and found myself smiling at the ceiling.

'Will you two keep me company for a little bit? I just don't want to be alone right now even though it's just through the link," she said shyly.

Normally, only Alphas and Lunas could mindlink more than one person at a time. We were not Alphas just yet, so it should not be possible, but something about the twin-bond allowed me to do like a three-way call. So, I added Grant into the link.

We talked about anything and everything for the next hour or so until she fell asleep. Hopefully, it was restful for her.