

Chapter 5.2

It took them three hours to finish the things they had to do before driving back to The Daire's homestead. Megan had to hand over the inn's care to one of her cousins, with a promise of a weekly update.

The mood inside the cars was somber. Rooka, Serena, Wayne, and Megan were in one car, while the twins and Kaz were in the other. The Spark was with the twins again, except for Lem who stayed with Rena.

Megan looked at the rearview mirror. Her friend was looking out the window while the man seated beside her was looking at her. He saw her observing them and gave her a reassuring smile.

"My brother will make sure Alpha Serena will be okay," Wayne said.

"You can drop the alpha thing, Wayne," Serena said. Rooka grinned.

"Okay."

Megan smiled. "She doesn't like formality. It depends on the people she is with."

"Can I give an order to Wayne?" She asked Rooka.

"Yes. But I can counter it if you will be in danger."

"Oh. Okay."

It didn't take long for them to arrive at her house. Everything looked the same.

The alpha pair were still on the porch. The front door was still open. What was missing was the smell of death.

Serena looked at her parents from inside the car. She took several deep breaths and opened the door. Rooka was immediately behind her. The others also got out. All of them looking at the house of a once-powerful pair.

"Lem," Rena called. He flew to her side and sat on her shoulder.

"I'm here, princess," he said. She nodded and started walking to the house.

Rooka wanted to go, but Wayne stopped him. He can see the tension, the sadness, the pain, and the anger in her, but when she talked, her words were calm.

"She was always slow to anger. She looks, observes, and categorizes everything. It was one of those traits that made her the perfect paper artist," Megan watched her anxiously. Something was going on in her mind, but what? No one knows.

Serena stopped when she reached her parents. She knelt and hugged them. Memorizing their face, the lingering smell of their perfume. The warmth of their skin. Somehow, the Sparks manage to keep them warm. She kissed each of their foreheads saying, "I love you", and stepped inside the house.

There was a loud boom when she set foot on the rug inside, the force made her lean onto the door frame, and the next thing she knew, she was seeing what happened that day.

Mackenzie saw his wife crying, again. This would mark the third week of him waking up with his mate quietly crying. He drew her into his arms and waited for her to stop. She looked at him and more tears fell.

"What is it?"

"We have to save her. It's time, my love," she whispered brokenly.

All Mackenzie Daire could do was hold his wife, and pray. Pray to God their sunshine will be able to overcome the events that will unravel after their deaths.

"You mom, had another vision the night before. All of us knew it was the last vision...the last death vision." Lem said. Flying in front of her. She nodded and went inside.

There were several bullet holes on the wall, but other than that, it looked normal. Her gaze landed on the sofa and walked towards it. She glided her finger on the surface and another memory was shown.

Celeste was sitting on the sofa thinking while looking at the flight of stairs. Her daughter was reading, she just finished another project and is relaxing. She felt her mate before she saw him. He looked so sad, and all she could do was open her arms and comfort each other.

"I have transferred all of our assets and accounts in her name. Even the property that we have. As for the rest, they were already in their name," he held her tight as if trying to absorb her into his being. "We don't have time to tell her, let's hope this will be enough."

"My parents were hiding something from me?" Rena asked Lem.

"No, princess, they want to tell you, but this happened."

"Do you have any idea what it was?"

"I do, but it's better if you read their memories."

She nodded and went to the kitchen. The counter still has some utensils that her mom used to bake some cookies. There were no raw ingredients on the counter. She laid her hand and saw her father on the phone.

"Clayton, it's me...yeah, a bit sudden. Say, do you have any idea where he is?" He paused, then he sighed. "Still no news of his whereabouts?... I got that, yeah, he takes after me. Listen, when you get a chance to talk or cross paths with him, tell him Serena is okay...yeah, bye."

He closed his eyes and rubbed his forehead. Two black American Express cards besides him one for her daughter, and the other was for his long-lost son. Zahir Assem.

"I have a brother?" She looked at Lem with a shocked expression. "How can they not tell me?"

"He was not your brother by blood, but he was adopted by your father before he met your mother. Your father was the youngest lieutenant of

the Daire clan when he saw Zahir. He was eighteen, while your adopted brother was five years old."

"What happened?"

"He was an Ursine Were. When the elders of the clan did some digging, they found out he was the last living were of his kind."

"What kind?"

"Cave bears."

Her eyes widened. For a cave bear shifter, to be adopted by an Alter Being, was rare. And in some cases, the kid being adopted regardless of what kind of Were they are, usually ends up in the right species. Her father had the guts if was able to raise a kid with that age.

I wish you could just tell me about him, she thought. All she has now are bits and pieces of random memories. She stepped out of the kitchen and headed for her father's office/workshop.

There were boxes of unused yarns in the corner. Sorted by colors, type, and where to be sent. There was an envelope on the very top of the boxes. She opened it and slowly read her father's instructions:

Tell Beth to deliver these to the location I have told her. These should be delivered before you burn the house, my daughter. There is a box on the top of my table, take it with you. Don't open it unless you have fully accepted your role at the Alpha of this region.

I know you have a lot of questions. And if your mother's spell has taken effect, you probably know about Zahir.

I do not know his current location. He is the lone Cave Ursine, and he is the leader of a group of rogue Weres. They are not causing trouble, however, our society sees them as trash.

I believe in his ideas, and all I can do is support him from the inside. The leader of the Lupine Nation agrees with me, the same with the Ursine and the Pantera. It is not easy for him, and with us dying, they do not have

that backup like before. I will not ask you the same thing, what I need is for you to have an open mind.

I love both of you, and I am so sorry that you never got a chance to meet up. The mobile that you are using was a gift from him. Your mom was laughing at me. Say his name and you can call him.

Stay safe my darling daughter.

Btw, leave one vial on the property. They are on your desk.

Serena sighed and shook her head. His father hated technology but enjoyed online transactions. Mom had to watch over his shoulder whenever he buys yarns because he tends to overbuy. Hence, the boxes to be given.

'The box' as her father told her to take was an understatement of the year. It was a small chest, on top of it with their family coat of arms, a wolf surrounded by rose thorns. A key with the crest of a *D* in the center of a full-bloomed rose was beside it.

How the hell am I going to carry this thing around? She thought. Surprisingly, when she lifted it, it was light. She didn't even need an extra effort to lift it. The next memory though made her stumbled.

"Are you done with it?" It was her mother. She was wearing her normal house clothes, however, there was an odd note in her voice. When Kenzie looked up, he stilled. His mate was slowly unbuttoning her dress. It was something -

Serena dropped the chest and backed away. Her face was red, and asked Lem, "how long will the memory spell last?"

"It will be gone after five minutes once you touch an object."

"And if I don't finish the memories, will it still be there?"

"No, once activated, either you finish it or not, it will disappear."

"Good," she gave a big sigh of relief. That is one memory, she needs a bleach to erase.