

Fates Hands by Lori Ameling Book-3 The Finale' Part 2

Part 2 of 2 Two tales.

*A small story of a little girl and her bear.

(Oliver and Maggie)

Oliver was an older Bear shifter; his bear Conrad was almost 200 years old. They were getting past their prime, that was for sure. They had a mate when they were young. Elizabeth was killed in a car accident almost 50 years ago.

Oliver didn't have any family for all the world. He was the last of his family line. He had found a home with Jack's clan when it was still in its infancy.

He loved the home he had built himself, a two-story log cabin. The ground floor was primarily windows. Some were stained glass, while others opened the house to the beautiful view of the mountain forest.

The top floor and the loft attic were all bedrooms and two bathrooms. It was a vast place, and many would tease him about being too optimistic about filling the rooms.

He even made woodworking sheds to craft unique furniture and toys for the clan. He liked that his house was just outside the central area of the clan. It was a homey and peaceful place.

The cubs often would come and watch him work or "test" the new toys to see if they were ready to be given away. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com)

He even had two older cubs now as apprentices.

His life was a comfortable existence; that is what it was, though, just an existence. He knew he missed his chance at having a family of his own. He just wished that he would be given another opportunity before he got too old.

That was until that fateful night when he saw that scared little girl huddled all alone in that dreadful cage. He knew he had to help her. He watched as everyone tried to get her to come out. She was too scared of people to trust anyone.

So he asked Conrad if he would do a little dance and see if they could coax her out. Perhaps a bear could do what the human could not.

It worked. He walked her out of that nightmare place on his back, and at that moment, he was proud of himself and his bear. When he realized that he might

not see her again, he gave her the only thing he had, his dog tags from his many years in the military.

He was notified that the little girl named Maggie he saved had no one the following day.

He told them that she did, him. He would come and get her from the hospital and adopt her as his own. They discovered through blood tests that little Maggie was a brown bear shifter.

He visited her and stayed with her the three days they kept her in the hospital. He left her a wooden

bear he had made. She kept it by her bed for when he was out of the room.

Three days later, he brought little Maggie to her new home. She took to it like a duck to water. He took her shopping and got everything that she wanted. He spoiled her, but he also taught her responsibility.

Before too long, she had a lot of big burly bears tied around her fingers. Nova and other females from the clan would check on them occasionally to see if all was going well; they never found anything wrong

She never called Oliver anything but Dad or Daddy, she had lots of nightmares at first, but Conrad would take care of them.

He would go into her room and sleep next to her bed; she would always drop a hand down to him to hold on to his fur. O

They were always together, Maggie did make friends with the other cubs, and she was quite the accomplished tomboy.

Oliver taught Maggie everything he knew and then whatever else she wanted to learn. He was there for her through it all. She grew into a bright, talented, beautiful young woman.

He bought her first ball gown for the annual fall gathering ball for all the clan; He also would give a few would-be suitors the evil eye.(This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) Which always made Maggie laugh.

He sent her off to college, and she became a gifted healer and counselor; she came back to the Clan to work in the hospital. It was an exciting time, and Oliver was a very proud father.

He continued making furniture and toys, and his two apprentices had shops of their own now. Other packs and clans would petition them for work. Oliver kept his woodworking to their family only. He was getting too old to do that many items.

Then Oliver and Conrad found themselves in their woodworking shed one day, making a unique hand carved cradle for their first grandson.

He carved wolves and bears into it and a forest of all kinds of trees. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com)
His little Maggie found herself a very handsome Werewolf.

Their big log cabin with all its rooms was finally filled with the love and family that Oliver had always dreamed of having.

*Sam, the ever-wise and faithful grumpy Bear and the woodland hermit witch of the mountain caves.

Sam Tolver and his bear Klaus were patrolling the mountain edge of their territory. Sam always volunteered for this duty, it was peaceful here, and he loved being in the open areas of the base of the

mountains.

His Bear Klaus loved to explore, and several caves had not been studied or mapped yet. They intended to explore those caves today; they cleared it with Jack.

Jack knew that Sam got restless sometimes and had to go on his own for little interludes of time. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com)
Now and then to clear his mind. Though, lately, there has been no natural cure for his restlessness.

The first cave they came to was a small one that could be used as a shelter, but it wasn't huge, and inside was barely big enough to fit a bear.

The next one they explored was much bigger and had two tunnels, though both had dead ends and were damp and smelly inside them-nothing of interest there.

The third cave they came across by accident had a small opening covered with leaves and moss. He shimmied through and found that what he was now in was not a cave at all. O

The walls were smooth like glass and had tiny crystals that sparkled in the light; the light came from torches placed on the wall. It looked old medieval-like.

They decided that Sam should perhaps continue in his human form for now. However, they were not sure why they felt that way. Sam continued down the long passageway. It twisted and turned, but it didn't branch off into any opening.

He was traveling for some time when he realized something. The reason it was, all the same was because it was all the same. This was some enchantment to make him go in circles.

He stopped where he was and shifted back into Klaus. Instantly the world around them moved; it was no longer the shiny, well-lit corridor. It was a cave again. It was dark; gone was any light source. It's a good thing that Klaus could see fine in the dark.

It dawned on them that the feeling they had at the beginning perhaps was another spell to trick them into staying in human form so they would fall into the next trap.

This time Klaus could see footprints on the floor. That is what he followed cautiously. (This novel will be daily updated at www.noveljar.com) It was slow going. There were many different tunnels, and the prints would also lead down into darkness, but those footprints had a different scent than the ones they followed, so they stayed on course.

Till finally, they came to what looked like an empty cavern. Klaus stopped. Something wasn't right here. His vision seemed off. So they shifted back into Sam.

It was no longer an empty cavern; it looked like an apothecary lab and living quarters. Delicious scents were coming from somewhere. It smelled like baking bread. His mouth watered at the smell.

He stayed in the shadows of the entranceway and watched as a beautiful woman came into view. She was carrying various herbs. She was getting them ready for drying.

He-watched her in fascination; she was gorgeous, a tiny little wildflower. He was 6'7. She looked to be about 5'2. He bet that she barely came up to his mid-abdomen.

At that moment, she looked up from what she was doing, looking around, perhaps feeling like she was being watched.

Sam thought with a smile; she was right to believe that because she was being watched. He had no intention of stopping either. He did step out of the shadows so she could see him.

She stood there looking at him in stunned shock.

"How did you get in here?"

"I came through the cave entrance, my tiny wildflower. Tell me, why do you live here?"

He inched his way a little closer to her. She didn't notice.

*I live here as my mother and grandmother did before me; it is where I have always lived."

"I am sorry, my tiny wildflower, I am being rude, My name is Samson Tolver, but you can call me Sam."

He gave a polite bow.

She studied him for a little bit and then, as if deciding it was alright to share.

"My name is Fleur."

He was amused that he called her tiny wildflower when her name was french for flower. He inched a little closer. 2

"Hello Fleur, I don't mean you any harm. I was just checking all the caves in the part of the mountain range that my Clan's territory touches."

"Well, Sam, how did you get past all the safeguards?"

*My bear helped me."

After hearing that he had a bear, she seemed to relax to his surprise and delight. He inched even closer to her again.

"You're a shifter; I was worried that you were a mage come to steal my knowledge and power."

She smiled at him...

"As for your intentions, well, you wouldn't have made it past the safeguards if your intentions would have been evil."

"How do you know that I am not a mage come in disguise to steal everything?"

"Because Mr. Tolver, you wouldn't be able to keep inching your way to me; your feet would have been glued to the spot if the enchanted floor picked up on magical abilities. Still, I wasn't sure they are old safeguards after all."

The fact that she let him inch closer to her was a good sign for Sam. All he has to do is touch her just

one little touch, and if the sparks appear, he knew he found her at last.2

Fleur went about her day as she always did, gathering herbs and other plants from her secret garden for medicinal potions and creams. She sold them to the apothecary in the Mountain Clan.

She lived alone for most of her life after her mother had passed. She liked it that way; people tended to get under her nerves, she loved children and animals, but some adults should be fixed at birth. 3

She kept her tiny home hidden for many reasons, mainly to keep it away from other mages who would use her magical garden for gainful purposes or worse.

Lately, she has been feeling very lonely, but that was her way of life, and there was no going back now.

She had been feeling restless all day, even when she was doing the things she loved to do most. She was busy hanging herbs to dry when she suddenly felt that she wasn't alone in her home.

She looked around and didn't see anyone at first and then there he was standing in the doorway, he looked like a God he was so handsome. He had a comfortable, pleasant feel to him; she loved his energy at that very first moment.

Could he be the one that her mother foretold to her, her true mate?

She noticed that when he asked her questions, he would wait for her to answer and then move just a little bit closer. She smiled to herself; she decided to let him get as close as he needed to.

He was cute with his dark hair and dark eyes. She liked his build, though she thought his size was intimidating. She wanted to make herself feel safe that he was so strong; she wondered what his bear's name was.

He was finally close enough to touch her; her mother also told her about this; if he touches her and they feel sparks, they are true mates.

She was silent, praying for sparks.

Finally, she watched as he reached his hand up to caress her cheek. His fingers were warm as she closed her eyes. There they were, the sparks; she smiled and looked up to his face as he said...

"Mate"

He watched her curiously as she walked to the other side of the room and drug back a small step stool. He chuckled when he realized what she was up to.

She moved the stool in front of him and used it so she could look him in the eyes. She was beautiful, with mocha skin, long black hair, and the enormous brown eyes he had ever seen. 3

She reached out to his face and pulled him in for a kiss. It was an innocent kind of kiss, and he could tell it was her first.

He reached out to her and plucked her off the stool into his arms.(This novel will be daily updaed at www.noveljar.com)

He kissed her passionately as they parted out of breath. She tried to get out of his arms.

“Why are you trying to get away, tiny flower?”

“I want to take you to my garden, where I harvest all my plants and grow food.”

“Point the way, and I will take us there, but I don’t intend ever to let you go again.”

With that, she showed him her garden. He stared on in wonder; to call it a garden was the biggest understatement of all time.

It was an oasis in the middle of the mountains; it was as big as a valley as the mountain cliffs surrounded it all the way around like a protective wall.

It took a little time, but Sam made his home with Fleur in the mountain caves; they would bring herbs and medicines down to the Clan and bring up things they would need.

As the years went by, they would have a happy family, Twin boys and a little girl. The boys were their father through and through. The little girl was like her mother in all ways except one; she was taller.

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Thank You, everyone, for reading my stories; I will have a new book out shortly called "The Elixir" There are a few chapters posted if you want to look to see if you would like to read it.

I will also be working on another series soon. ((HUGS)) to you all. (2

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