

Werewolf's Heartsong by Dizzy izzy

Chapter 263



Chapter 79: Meeting their father for the first time

It was just as they heard the footsteps of two beings walking on the bridge, that Selena suddenly ran and hid behind a bookshelf. The emotions coming to Xena and Alora from Selena were many and complicated. Although they wanted to go to Selena and comfort her, they were not given the time to. They could only turn back towards the bridge and watch as two large males entered their space through the dark mist.

They were both tall regale looking males. The taller one of the two males looked almost exactly like Selena. Only without the regalia and stars in the hair. His eyes were inner rings of violet with outer rings of silver. His skin and knee length hair were black as night. His body was broad, and his tightly packed muscle tone was in between lean and thick. His facial features were nearly identical to the male next to him.

The male next to the first one, although tall as well, stood two inches shorter at seven foot ten. His white-blond hair was waist length and bone straight. His dual-colored eyes were inner rings of white with outer rings of ruby red, the outer corner tilted up. He had elegant but strong male features, a high brow over a straight nose. High well-defined cheekbones and a full mouth. His body structure identical to the taller male. His skin was the same color as Alora's.

It was very clear that they were their father, both his humanoid form and his Sprite. It was because they were here in a metaphysical space that they were able to appear side by side. Outside the metaphysical space in the physical world, they could only be visible in one or the other form. It was making for an interesting first meeting so far. Especially when you added in Selena hiding behind a bookshelf.

"Why are you hiding?" Alora asked Selena through their shared mind link.

"I don't want them to see my scars." Selena replied, tears in her voice.

"Oh...Selena." Xena crooned, her voice full of caring and sorrow.

"They are our father...eventually he'll have to know." Alora told her sadly.

"I know. I just...I just need a moment. Just a moment." Selena pleaded.

"Okay. You don't need to force yourself now. Come out when you're ready." Alora said, understanding.

Once the two forms of their father stood in the black sand of the shore, they all studied

each other. Alora and Xena noted the silver marks on the Sprite form of their father. Many of them looked like the ones Selena carried.

"Our father's Sprite carries scars just as you do." Alora told Selena, hoping it would make her feel better about her own.

Selena was sitting with her back against a shelf, her knees drawn up. Her arms were tightly wrapped around her legs, and her tear-streaked face was buried in her knees. Alora's words had her lifting her face off her knees. "He does?"

"He does." Xena confirmed.

Sebastian and Deimos were both at a loss of what to say when they came face to face with two of his daughter's three forms. There were many questions running through their minds, but for some reason they were unable to voice them. Finally, Sebastian settled on just introducing who they were.

"I am Sebastian Silver Dayblood, and this is my Sprite, Deimos." He kept his voice low, trying his best to put his daughter at ease. "We are your father."

The wary gaze his daughter's humanoid form gave them was expected. The twinge of hurt in their hearts, however, was not. The humanoid form was the first one to speak.

"I am Alora, and this is Xena." His daughter's humanoid form said. Gesturing first to herself, and then to the enormous wolf sitting next to her.

Sebastian was struck by how much she looked like him and Deimos. Her skin was dark like his and his father's. Her hair was black like his mother's. Her eyes were the same violet and silver as Deimos's. Her facial features were a combination of his and what had to be an

ancestor of Bettina's.

He didn't see anything of Bettina in his daughter's face. Based on the old pictures of Bettina's wolf form, there was nothing of Bettina's wolf in his daughter's wolf. It made him wonder what ancestor of Bettina's had given his daughter the features that were not of him, Deimos, or of his family.

"What is your Sprite's name?" Deimos asked, his deep voice ringing with thousands of deep sounding bells.

"Selena. My name is Selena." A soft voice came, tinkling with thousands of tiny bells.

Deimos and Sebastian looked in the direction of the voice, but the one it belonged to continued to hide behind the shelf. Sebastian and Deimos looked at each other, their expressions showed their concern.

Sebastian turned to address his daughter's humanoid form and her wolf. "As soon as I felt your life chain again...after thinking it severed by your death...we sent out our Intelligence Officers to gather information on you."

Alora and Xena looked at Sebastian and Deimos with frowns. This information seemed to make them more wary of them. "What we found suggests that your living situation with your mother was...horrific."

"Horrific..." Alora said the word while nodding. "That's one way to describe it."

"But the word horrific, does not fully describe it either." Xena stated.

"Selena?" Alora said the name like it was a question.

The experience of meeting their father this way was undefinable to Alora. Xena didn't know how to feel about it anymore than Alora or Selena did. Selena felt like a mess, she didn't know what to do. Selena couldn't decide if she should keep hiding or stand up and reveal herself to their father. Alora felt a little angry at their father and didn't know why. None of what happened to them was his fault.

After hearing Alora call her name, Selena closed her eyes tightly and forced herself to stand up. With halting steps, she moved out from behind the bookshelf. She heard their shocked gasps and flinched. It took everything in her to raise her head and open her eyes. What she saw in their eyes had tears spilling from her eyes.

They didn't look at her with disgust as Selena had been expecting. Their eyes and facial expressions were very emotional. Alora and Xena turned their heads to look back at her. After meeting their gazes, Alora held her hand out. Selena felt so grateful for that one small gesture of solidarity. Selena walked forward and grabbed Alora's hand. Standing between Xena and Alora, Selena faced their father's forms.

Just by the emotions on the faces of their father's forms, the three were able to tell their father would never have voluntarily abandoned them. If their father had known they were alive, they never would have been left with Bettina. Their father would have taken them. from Bettina the second he knew she was not only facilitating her abuse and torture but was a full participant. The Black Magic Spell that was placed on them may have been released,

earlier than it had, without the necessity of a rejection.

At the same time, the three were fully aware of why things had to happen the way they did. "As you can see, our life with Bettina was...a little more than horrific." Alora said.

If heartbreak and utter devastation had a face, it would be the expressions on the faces of their father's forms. "We had hoped that the information we obtained had been exaggerated." Sebastian's voice broke. Swallowing around the painful lump of emotions in his throat, he continued. "Now it's obvious to us that is not so."

"You are so powerful, little one. How were you prevented from contacting us?" Deimos asked Selena, sorrow filling his voice.

Selena startled in Alora's arms. "Were you told about the spell placed on us at birth?"

"Yes." Deimos said.

"That spell..." Tears started to fall from Selena's eyes, and her voice trembled. "I was trapped here by that spell. Bound by chains that kept my presence from being known to Alora and Xena. I was made invisible to them. They couldn't see or even hear me."

Deimos dropped to his knees, his eyes wide with horrified understanding. "I'm so sorry little one." He cried out in a deep hoarse bell laden voice. The bells in his voice made the air around them vibrate with his sorrow and regret.

Sebastian stumbled forward a bit, a look of anguish on his face. "If only..." he stopped and shook his head. He closed his eyes tightly and his face was scrunched with pain. When he opened his eyes, there was a sheen of moisture across them. "Please... can I hold you." He

choked out.

They were startled by this request, but each of them felt it was cruel to deny this emotional request from Sabastian. Deimos came back to his feet right then. The look on his face was pleading as he, like Sebastian, was holding his arm out in a silent request for a hug.