

Missy's Choice

a Wolf Affair [Book Three]

a novel by

Eileen Sheehan

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** This book offers a three chapter sneak peek of Vampire Witch, book 1 of the Vampire Witch Trilogy

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One

It was a week since I'd accepted Godwin's proposal to marry him. I was still coming to terms with the fact that I was engaged.

My mother spent every moment that she could manage to steal me away from Godwin to converse with me about the reality of the commitment I was making. She reminded me that I was only eighteen years old with a very long life as a hybrid ahead of me. Godwin was four-hundred years and this was his first marriage. She felt I was rushing things. In a way, I had to agree with her. Marriage hadn't been on my 'to do' list after graduating. It had been my plan to take a year off school while I decided on a major for college. I'd graduated high school so confused about who I was and what I wanted that, had I entered college right away, I would have entered as a Liberal Arts student. Not that it was such a bad thing to go that route, but, after watching my mother fumble for a grasp on reality for a few years after my dad died, I wanted to have a bit more focus before I entered a new chapter in my life.

Godwin, on the other hand, was adamant that it had taken him far too long to find the right woman to settle down with. He reminded my mother that she was about my age when she married my father. He felt cheated and was eager to make up for lost time. He assured me that I'd still be able to go to college and study whatever it was that I wanted to study before we started a family. I saw some sense in that as well.

I felt like a favorite toy being fought over by two children who each had a valid claim to me.

In the meantime, Kenton avoided me as much as he could. We were forced into each other's company once when he had to report to Godwin about Association business, but, for the most part, I didn't see him. It was better that way. Seeing him only brought pain and confusion to an already confusing situation.

My world got so twisted in my mind that I insisted on sleeping alone in my bed while I sorted things out. Although, not happy with my decision, Godwin respected it. That didn't mean that he kept away completely. He'd slip in when he was confident that my mother was unawares and would make passionate love to me until my body was practically worn out and then scoot off to his own bedroom with mom none-the-wiser.

There were a few mornings when I awoke with him inside of me. It frustrated me that he could climb into my bed and make use of my body for his own pleasure and release without me being aware of it. I mentioned this to him and he finally came clean and admitted that it was all part of the turning process. Not his habit of morning sex with a half-corpse, but the fact that I couldn't wake up very easily. The morning sex was something that he simply craved and, since he insisted that I was animated and verbally consenting -even though I had no recollection of it- he wasn't going to stop. I settled for his assurance that I would eventually wake up when he entered the room and be aware of every moment of our love making.

I have to be truthful. I wasn't sure how I felt about his morning sex attitude, but, at the same time, I didn't feel compelled to make a big deal of it. I found it to be more of an irritant than an offense.

It was then that I remembered how Cindy practically slept around the clock when she was first turned. He said that, although I was more tired and in need of sleep than usual, I didn't sleep like Cindy because the transition was being done in a slow and easy manner through the transference of vampirism by way of his semen. Because it was a life and death situation for Cindy, she didn't have the luxury of a slow transition. Kenton was forced to introduce his venom into her system in order to save her life. That was a much harsher way of doing things.

Poor Cindy. Her life had been a series of harsh events that she didn't deserve. I was hurt and troubled that she tossed our friendship into the trash and insisted that I wronged her with telepathic messages claiming she that deserved having her fangs ripped out and being gang raped by those werewolf boys, but it didn't change the fact that she held a special place in my heart.

She was serving time for going against vampire law and drinking my blood without my consent while a guest in my home. I never would have told on her, but she foolishly volunteered the information during the inquest with the conclave while under the assumption that they would excuse her because she was still new at vampirism. She was such an innocent and confused girl who'd been thrown into a strange world that she was struggling to deal with and understand.

Maybe it was because of the few years where I had to grow up and step in to fill my mother's shoes while she checked out of life with a bottle of Jim Beam, or maybe I was just more adaptable. I couldn't

say. But, I seemed to be understanding, and coping with the changes and discoveries of a hidden world better than my bestie was doing.

Godwin assured me that the sentence that was cast on Cindy was a much easier one than would normally be delivered, but I felt bad anyway. I was of the opinion that she'd suffered enough at the hands of Michael and his minions. Unfortunately, the Association looked at things differently. They insisted that, no matter what someone outside of the Association did to make her suffer, it was their law that she broke and, therefore, it was up to them to cast punishment.

It was clear to me that the Association and I weren't in agreement on things. I questioned how that would impact my life down the road, but quickly pushed the thought from my mind as I remembered my mother's words the night she helped me flee my house to escape being captured by Michael, 'Let's get through one ordeal at a time.'

On this particular morning, I'd awoken to find only me in my bed and my body feeling refreshed. Godwin had been called away the night before on Association business and had yet to return. I have to admit, it felt good to have that little bit of 'space' from him.

It was this realization that prompted me to really think about what I was doing. If I was feeling stifled this early in our relationship, what would I feel like after a few years of marriage? I'd either have settled down into it or be out of my mind wanting freedom. I didn't know which.

Don't get me wrong. I thought the world of Godwin and felt lucky to have his love. Who wouldn't? He was off the charts

handsome with a killer body, he was kind, funny, witty, adept at fairy magic, a considerate provider and a badass leader of a vampire legal system. So, what was my problem?

I couldn't say, but somewhere in the back of my mind I was haunted by Kenton's words the night Godwin proposed to me, 'You still love me. I can feel it.'

I didn't know if Kenton would ever forgive me for accepting Godwin's proposal of marriage. Theirs was a volatile relationship with a highly competitive tone to it. For me to accept Godwin's proposal only minutes after Kenton told me that he still loved me had to have been a major blow to him. I know it would have been for me.

I heaved a sigh as I got out of bed. Never in my life did I think that an average looking girl like me would win the hearts of two hot and sexy men. What were the odds? I thought back on my life in the suburbs of Chicago where average looking guys asked out the average looking girls. The hot guys stuck to the hot girls. I fantasized with my average looking girlfriends over something that was now my reality. The funny thing was that it didn't feel as wonderful as it did in my fantasy. In fact, it felt kind of awful.

What didn't feel awful was the fact that Godwin hadn't been in my bed to undo the shower I'd taken just before climbing into it by getting me all sweaty and sex soiled. For the first time in so long that I couldn't remember when, I was able to hop out of bed feeling fresh and clean and simply get dressed. I kind of liked it.

The rich, aromatic smell of freshly brewed coffee wafted up the stairs as I headed down for breakfast. Since Godwin wasn't in the house, it could only mean that my mother was up and busy in the

kitchen. That was one of the things that I missed the most when she was off wandering Wolf Mountain in her animal form. There was nothing better than walking into a kitchen in the morning to the smell of fresh coffee and the sight of a good, hearty breakfast waiting for you.

This particular morning, not only was breakfast on the table when I entered the kitchen, but a strange, middle-aged man was already partaking in it. A quick look at the clock told me that it was barely seven in the morning. Who came visiting at that hour?

I stopped walking as soon as I entered the kitchen and stood in place while I took in the sight of the stranger's short, cleanly cropped dirty blonde hair, broad back, and muscular arms that strained against a tee shirt that looked fresh and new while I waited for my mother to make the introductions.

"Good morning, honey. Take a seat. I heard you coming down the stairs so I put your eggs in the pan. They'll be done in a second," my mother said in her usual, bubbly morning voice. As I hesitated next to the chair she'd directed me to – which was right next to the strange man who was eyeing me curiously- she added, "Oh, where's my head? Honey, this is your grandfather, Ebenezer Cramby. He's your father's father."

Ebenezer's blue eyes twinkled as he smiled a friendly smile while washing down his eggs with a huge gulp of coffee. For a brief second, I thought I saw my father smiling at me. He extended his hand for me to shake while saying, "I'm sure you don't remember me. The last time I saw you, you were a babe at your mother's teat."

I smiled and quickly shook away the image of my father as I politely slipped my slender hand into his oversized one while my mind reeled over the horrible saying that just came out of his mouth. I felt a warmth surge through my body as his long fingers engulfed my entire hand as he pumped it up and down in greeting. It was a cozy kind of feeling that conflicted with the cold attitude that I was sporting over his early morning interruption. Somewhere, in the back of my mind, I knew that if I allowed myself to like this man, I'd like him very, very much.

"Your grandfather has come for a visit. Isn't that nice?" my mother asked as she slid fried eggs out of the fry pan and onto my plate. "Help yourself to some pancakes, dear. It feels odd not serving you bacon, but both Godwin and Kenton insist it's bad for us." She giggled, "More you than me, since I'm wolf now."

"They're absolutely right, my dear," Ebenezer said while he took the liberty of putting a few pancakes on my plate for me. "I understand that you've got a good handle on your magic, Missy. We wouldn't want you ingesting anything that would impair that, now would we? Especially in these troubled times."

"Troubled times?" I said.

"Why, what's going on here on Wolf Mountain certainly qualifies to be labeled as troubled times. Don't you think?" he said.

"The war is over," I said firmly.

"The battle may be over, but the war has only just begun, my dear," he assured me.

I looked at my mother and scowled. The warm cozy feeling that I'd experienced while shaking his hand was gone – replaced by an

attitude of cold annoyance. Who was this man who sat at my table eating breakfast at the crack of dawn while claiming to be my long lost grandfather and calling me his dear? He looked to be about my mother's age, yet he had to be much older in order to make such a claim. Who was he to say that the war had just begun? Where was he when my father died? My head was reeling with questions of who, what, and where.

I listened to my grandfather and mother ramble on about the horrible Michael Jefferson and his outrageous and disgusting method that he planned to use in order to increase the size of his pack while I ate my breakfast. Once my plate was clean, I politely excused myself so that I could tend to the horses.

Two

I was brushing the mud off of Peter's muscled rump when my grandfather entered the stable. He stood at the doorway leading to the pasture and said, "I've always loved this view."

"You've been here before, then?" I stupidly asked.

He chuckled. "Many times, my dear girl. Many times." He grabbed a brush and started to groom Daisy. "I gifted these horses to Pinky during my last visit about five years ago."

"Pinky?" I said with confusion.

"Your great grandmother Westinghouse," he said with a wink. "Her nick name was Pinky." With a chuckle, he added, "It's a long story."

"You'll have to tell it sometime," I said with a giggle. I couldn't imagine how my great grandmother managed to acquire such a nick name, but I was certain that the story would be interesting.

"You look like her, you know. Like Pinky."

"I've been told that," I mused.

"Let's hope you have as good a life as she did. At least as long a one, preferably longer."

It suddenly struck me that my grandmother was a supernatural and a very old one at that when she passed on. "How old was she?"

"Well, she never did admit to her years, but I'm guessing she was around three-hundred."

I scowled. Godwin was four-hundred years old and he looked to be in his late thirties. My great grandmother died around the age of

three-hundred years old and she looked to be around the age of ninety. Why was that?"

My grandfather studied me, thoughtfully. "You're wondering why Pinky aged like she did and died so young?"

"You're telepathic?" I said with surprise.

"Honey, I'm pure fairy. Of course I'm telepathic," he said with a gentle smile. Then he added. "I'm truly pure fairy and not a hybrid vampire-fairy claiming to be different."

"Like Godwin," I said with hesitation.

"And soon, you," he said, softly.

"Yes," I choked out.

"There's no shame in being a hybrid. Don't let his belief rub off on you. The shame is in denying it. Never deny who or what you are, my dear. Your great grandmother lived her life to the fullest. She had fairy, wolf, and elf in her blood. She chose to honor the wolf. In doing so, she kept the diet of a wolf – as has your mother. Thus, she aged early and died young. It was her choice and I respect that."

"I ate a lot of meat - especially bacon - until recently," I confessed.

"We've caught it in time," he said, jovially. "It shouldn't affect your quality or longevity of life as long as you don't continue. It's the meat and the part of the pig that it's taken from, not the flavorings that you shouldn't have. For the most part, meat in general isn't good for you, but some body sections are worse than others. Each body part carries a different vibration that you ingest when you eat it. Although not ideal, fowl is better than pig. I understand that they also make a bacon from turkey meat. I wouldn't like to see you making a

habit of eating it, but on occasion, if you must, it would be better than the pork bacon. I never got into eating it, so I can't comprehend the attraction, but there seems to be a widespread appreciation of the flavorings. They tell me that vegetarians have come up with a tasty substitute. If you find that you miss it too much, perhaps that will satisfy you. It's worth looking into."

"Can I ask you where you've been? Dad died three years ago, you know."

He looked away and wiped at the corner of his eye, as if to catch a tear before it escaped. "I got word of his death. I also got the message that there would be no funeral due to the nature of his demise. Your mother wanted to protect you kids. Hap brought his remains to me and I took them back to my home."

"Josh killed him," I hissed.

He shook his head. "I warned Walter, repeatedly, to be careful. Taking a pure werewolf into the home of a pure fairy is dangerous business."

"You should have seen what he did to my mother," I said, bitterly. "He's the reason that she's a wolf now. He brutally chewed on her like she was a stick of beef jerky. She's lucky she wasn't killed. She stayed in wolf form to avoid the pain until Godwin came and healed her with fairy magic. Now, she only changes when the mood strikes her, not because of any pain."

He wore a grim look as he said, "She didn't tell me that. I was under the impression that she brought forth the wolf gene in her willingly. It must have been a heartbreakingly painful ordeal; both

physically and emotionally. I'm very sorry to hear that a son could do such a thing to his mother."

"He wasn't her son. You know that," I spat.

"She raised him since he was in diapers. She may not have given birth to him, but he was her son. I should speak to him."

"He's dead. Mom killed him when he tried to kill me."

He looked at me with shock and surprise. "That had to be hard for both of you."

I shrugged. I was still processing my hate and anger to feel much of anything else where Josh was concerned, but I was certain that it ate at my mother that she'd killed him. I decided that we were treading down a very depressing road and changed the subject.

"Do I have a grandmother Cramby?" I asked.

He laughed full belly. "You most certainly do. She's a cantankerous old bird, but I love her."

"Why didn't she come with you?"

"Oh, she'll be along. We don't exactly live separate lives, but we do a lot on our own. Interests and tastes tend to change over the centuries, you know. I've been in the fairy realm, while she's been living it up in the California wine country. Your grandmother loves those grapes."

"There's a fairy realm?" I said with surprise.

"Indeed there is. And here's one for you. I'm their king."

"Is this a joke?" I asked with a furrowed brow.

"It's no joke, my dear. I'm the fairy king. Your father was a prince and you're a princess." His face took on a look of sorrow.

"Walter never wanted to be prince. There were too many

responsibilities with the job, I guess. His only desire was to be allowed to live as a human. If he'd had his way, you would have done the same."

"Why is this the first I've heard of this?" I demanded in a none-too-friendly tone.

I'd woken up feeling light, fresh, and happy. Now, I was beginning to feel overwhelmed.

"Maryanne wasn't sure how to go about telling you. After all, at the request of your father, she'd already withheld so much from you. I think it was too much for her."

"So, she sent for you?"

"I wanted to come. I've been meaning to visit for a while. It's just not that easy to get away."

"Because you're a king," I said, flatly.

"You see how busy the Association keeps Godwin. Just imagine what an entire kingdom can do."

I rolled my eyes while I rested my forehead against Peter's neck. The entire story sounded so farfetched. I decided that, although he looked and behaved in a young and chipper way, he was centuries old and, therefore, senility must have set in. That was the only explanation for his telling such a farfetched tale.

I decided to change the subject.

"Have you met Godwin?" I asked as I admired the ring that he'd placed on my finger to signify our engagement. I'd intended on taking it off while working with the horses, but it slipped my mind when I was surprised by my grandfather's company. I made a mental note to clean it thoroughly once I was finished working in the stable.

“I had the pleasure years ago, when he attended your father and mother’s wedding, but not since. But, that doesn’t mean that I haven’t kept up with his activities. We leaders need to know what’s happening, you know. Godwin is an influential hybrid in charge of a powerful law enforcement group. We communicate often.”

“He’s never mentioned you,” I said with a tone that I hoped didn’t give away the fact that I didn’t believe a word that he said.

“Well, as king, I do more dictating than anything else. He’s actually been dealing with my secretary of state, Morton Billingsworth. Not me.”

I raised a brow, but said nothing as I finished grooming Peter. Since my grandfather was knowledgeable around horses and Daisy hadn’t taken the same mud bath that Peter seemed to feel was necessary, she was much easier to groom. He was in Roger’s stall and brushing him down before I was able to finish up with Peter.

“Be careful, grandfather,” I warned. “He’s pretty high strung.”

“I’d expect nothing less from the young fella. He was foaled from my own Wilma. She’s as high stepping and temperamental as they make ‘em.” He scratched Roger behind the ears and the horse snorted his pleasure. “I broke this guy. Did you know that?”

“Seriously?” I said with surprise.

“I sure did,” he said with pride. “I’ll bet you didn’t know that your old grandpa was a horse whisperer.”

I wanted to say that, not only did I not know that I had an ‘old grandpa’, but I was having trouble believing the tales he was spinning, but I held my tongue. I saw no sense in being rude. Especially since

he was really trying with me. Instead, I said, "Maybe we can go riding sometime."

He leaned across Roger's back and smiled that warm smile that I was already beginning to expect from him. "I'd like that. Who rides this young fella now?"

"I do," I said with pride. "We're pretty bonded."

"Ah, so you did inherit something from this old man, then," he said with a broad smile. "Good. That's very good."

"Hey, beautiful, did you miss me?" Godwin bellowed as he bounded into the stable.

He scooped me into his arms and twirled me around before kissing me long and hard. I had no chance to warn him about my grandfather being there. When he finally released me, my grandfather cleared his throat and caught Godwin's attention.

"Hello, young fellow," my grandfather said in a tone that sounded mildly condescending.

Saying that Godwin wore a look of surprise would be an understatement. It was more of a mixture of surprise, shock, and annoyance. I saw no pleasantness in it at all, which concerned me.

"Hello, err, I'm sorry, have we met?" Godwin replied.

"We did at my son's wedding. I'm Ebenezer Cramby."

"Missy's grandfather," Godwin mused as his body posture visibly changed. He looked a bit taken aback and stiff at first, but, then, his demeanor softened and he said, "I've heard about you, but I had my doubts if you were real. You're an elusive fairy to find."

My grandfather chuckled. "I am at that." Then, with a sigh, - that had I known him better I would have realized meant that Godwin

had offended him - he added, "So, now you've met me. The Mrs. will be along shortly and you'll meet her too."

He continued brushing a sheen into Roger's coat as if Godwin was no longer there. We stood in an uncomfortable silence until Godwin finally made his excuses to leave.

I was unsure whether I should follow my fiancé or remain in the stables with my new found grandfather. Since he was older and deserved more respect simply for that fact alone, I opted to stay in the stables.

"He's an arrogant pup, isn't he?" my grandfather sputtered as he lifted one of Roger's hoofs to clean it out with a hoof pick.

"Why do you say that?" I asked.

Before he could answer, Kenton entered the stables. He stopped short when he saw me with a look on his face like you'd find on an animal that was backed into a corner and trapped by a predator.

"I was looking for Godwin," he said, hesitantly. "I thought that I saw him come in here."

"You did, young man," my grandfather called from inside the stall.

Kenton gave a curious look and approached Roger's stall.

"Excuse me?"

My grandfather released Roger's hoof and stood up to stretch his back. "The arrogant little shit was here, but he's left."

"Grandfather!" I gasped.

Kenton looked from my grandfather to me and then back again. His brows furrowed in thought and then a look of comprehension and recognition consumed his handsome face. Without a moment's

hesitation, he dropped to one knee and placed his hand over his heart. “Your majesty.”

My grandfather chuckled with pleasure as he walked out of the stall and placed his hand on the top of Kenton’s head. “Now, here’s a hybrid who hasn’t forgotten fairy protocol. Rise up, young man.”

My eyes practically rolled out of my head at the scene before me. Kenton had actually paid homage to my grandfather and called him “your majesty.” Was he telling the truth? Was Ebenezer Cramby – my grandfather - truly a king?

Kenton slowly rose, but kept his eyes lowered. “It’s an honor to be in your presence. It’s something I never thought I’d have the privilege of experiencing.”

It was clear that my grandfather was loving the attention and equally clear that Kenton meant every word of what he was saying.

“Why would that be, young man?” my grandfather asked.

“I’m not ranked high enough for such a privilege,” Kenton explained.

“So, you think that only those of rank have the right to speak with me?” my grandfather asked. Then, before Kenton could respond, he raised his hand and said, “No, don’t answer that. Of course you do. They keep a pretty tight barrier around me back home.” He took a deep breath and slowly let it out. “This is the only time that I’m really free. Not that I mind my job, mind you, but it does tend to keep me a bit isolated.”

With Kenton still bowing his head, my grandfather placed his hand on his shoulder and said, “Look at me, son.”

Kenton was so filled with emotion over the fact that he'd found himself in the presence of the fairy king that his eyes resembled pools of chocolate on a hot summer's day when he raised them up and looked at my grandfather.

"You seem like a nice young man. You certainly understand the meaning of respect and I appreciate it. With that being said, I want to point out that we're not in my kingdom. I'm on a little vacation from kingdom ruling. I'd be grateful if you'd push the fact that I'm a king into the back of your mind and just think of me as Missy's grandfather. And, please, call me Ebenezer from now on. Do you think you can do that?"

"Yes, sir, err, Ebenezer," Kenton choked out.

My grandfather slapped him, lightly, on the back and said in a jovial tone, "Good. Now, how about telling me your name?"

Kenton offered him a broad and friendly smile. "It's Kenton. Kenton Walters."

"Walters, eh?" my grandfather said with a raised brow. "So, you're related to that arrogant ass, Godwin Walters?"

Kenton chuckled. "We're cousins, several times removed."

"I think I'd focus on the removed, if I were you," my grandfather said with a grin. "Tell me, Kenton, do you ride?"

"He has a stallion named Maximillian," I offered.

The two of them looked at me as if they'd only just remembered that I was there.

"Well, then, let's go riding," my grandfather said.

"Now?" Kenton asked.

"Now?" I mimicked.

Grandfather nodded. "It seems as good a time as any."

"I don't have my horse here, sir," Kenton said, apologetically. "My place is on the opposite side of the mountain."

"Then, go get him," my grandfather said with a hint of impatience. "We'll meet you up at the fork in the path. And stop calling me sir. I told you my name. Use it."

"Yes, sir... Ebenezer," Kenton said as he hurried to do my grandfather's bidding.

I stood staring at the space where Kenton once occupied as I tried to absorb what just happened. "I didn't know," I said.

"You didn't know what?" my grandfather asked.

"Am I supposed to be bowing to you?" I asked, nervously. I'd never been in the presence of a king and had no idea what was expected of me.

"You're my granddaughter and a princess. Of course not," he said with a huff, "but that snooty fiancé of yours sure should have. It wouldn't have been so bad if he hadn't known who I was, but he knew. It was an out and out slam."

"I can't imagine Godwin would deliberately dis you," I offered with more conviction than I felt as I remembered the look on Godwin's face and his body language as he addressed my grandfather.

"Dis?" my grandfather said with a chuckle. "I like that." He shook his head. "You need to read people and listen closely to their words. Your arrogant ass of a fiancé wasn't happy that I was in here with you and when he discovered who I was, he was quick to make mention that I've been unapproachable. He obviously feels that he deserves to deal with the king himself instead of his lowly secretary of

state even though the rest of the world is more than happy to let Billingsworth do his job. Your fiancé has a very high opinion of himself.”

I had no response to that and, even if I did, I had no desire to have a verbal altercation with my grandfather over my fiancé. So, I shrugged and suggested that he ride Roger while I started to tack up Daisy for myself.

“Didn’t you say that young Walters rides a stallion?” my grandfather asked in a calm and steady voice. When I confirmed that fact, he said, “Daisy’s starting her heat. It might be better not to tempt fate and ride Peter instead. Stallions can become incredibly unruly when they smell a mare in heat. There’s no sense in making things more difficult for young Walters and we certainly want no budding romances while we’re on their backs.”

“How can you tell that she’s gone into heat?” I asked, since I saw no signs of it.

“When you’ve been a fairy and a horseperson as long as I have, you know the signs. You’ll lose some of your fairy traits once your vampirism comes into play, but you’ll learn to recognize the signs even if you can’t sense with your fairy abilities.”

“Godwin has managed to maintain a good deal of his magic,” I said, defensively.

“Has he,” my grandfather asked, “or did he start out with an overabundance of magic so that when he was poisoned by vampirism there was still a good deal remaining?”

“Poisoned?” I gasped.

“I’m aware that you find vampirism appealing, but, in my kingdom, it is anything but. We pity and pray for the victims of such an evil affliction.”

“You just said that there was no shame...” I began.

“There is no shame in who you are as a result of circumstances beyond your control. There is, however, shame in deliberately doing something that will damage you forever.”

“I didn’t deliberately start the process of being a vampire,” I said without thinking.

My grandfather’s eyes went wide. “My information was that you requested being turned.”

“I did. I asked Kenton, but he refused. I had no idea that Godwin was turning me and Kenton said nothing because I’d begged him so much to turn me. Plus, other reasons, I’m sure.”

“What other reasons?” he persisted.

“Kenton was convicted of killing another vampire. He’s on parole now and is walking on eggs not to get thrown back in jail,” I admitted. “There seems to be a bit of tension in his relationship with Godwin. They sometimes back each other like family and then, at other times are super competitive. Since Godwin sits at the head of the committee that sentenced him, I’m guessing that Kenton didn’t want to rock the boat by sticking his nose in Godwin’s business; especially when he knew that I’d been asking to be turned. There’s also the fact that Godwin is much older than him and is a far stronger vampire and fairy because of it. Kenton is a brave man, but he’s no fool. He knows when to pick a fight and when not to.”

“Hmmm,” my grandfather mused. “Parole, eh? I’ll have my people look into that. He may be afflicted by vampirism, but it’s clear to me that he values the fairy world. That can go a long way.”

I had no idea what he meant by that, so I let the topic drop. I was feeling a little saddened and resentful about the fact that Godwin was turning me into a vampire without my prior consent. It didn’t matter that I’d begged Kenton to do it. I still should have been consulted first. How did Godwin know that I didn’t change my mind?

It was a struggle to keep a smile on my face and my mind off my troubles as we mounted our horses and headed off for an early morning ride, but, somehow, I managed.