

Reviews

WOW! what a book! I thought that the 1st and 2nd books were great, but this Author just keeps getting better every book. Once you pick this book up, you can't put it down. Mystery and time travel together. LK Kelly really knows how to write about us Vampires. A must read and love story. Someone needs to make a movie after these books.

Happy Nightmares Deadgar Winter.



LK Kelley has created another masterpiece! Scroll of Time is a multiple mindbender with twists, turns, and plots – and is brilliantly captivating to the hilt! Revisiting, remembering, and merging times pasts and repeating events that were previously lived, while reminiscing over recurring love spells, in which love and timings are impeccable! Deja vu runs rampant throughout this book and moreover throughout the entire trilogy folding over into multiple layers of alternate realities. The bad guys will play, but good always prevails in the end. The main character Kaitlan is more powerful than ever, both wolf and wizard, and has a key role in the Scroll of Time. Time for the final chapter in the book -- time for the epilogue -- time for the end of everything -- merging the old with the new and the beginning of yet another chapter into something even greater and newer! A grand replay of the old to set things right again. A definite mind engaging read!

Author Anita Meyer -
Criminologist
Cryptologist
Religious Procurement Specialist

Reviews

Other books

The White Wolf Prophecy
~ Mating ~
Book 1

The White Wolf Prophecy
~ Hall of Records ~
Book 2

The White Wolf Prophecy
~ Scroll of Time ~

Book 3 of The White Wolf Prophecy Trilogy

By LK Kelley

DragonEye Publishing

The White Wolf Prophecy – Scroll of Time – book 3
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Cover by LK Kelley

First Printing February 2015
ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-059-3 Paperback



Other Formats
ISBN 13: 978-1-61500-068-5 Ebook

Visit our website
www.DragonEyePublishers.com

Published by Wolf's Moon, an Imprint of DragonEye
Publishing

~ Prologue ~

In the Hall of Records the Scroll of Time waits, which is an ancient, and the single most powerful scroll ever written by the Wizards. So powerful that they even fear it. However, their arrogance would not allow them to destroy it, so they hid it in the Hall just hoping that no one would ever find it. Unfortunately, Zanack found it quite by accident, and it's just what he needs.

While everyone begins suffering from repetition, a surprising secret has been kept from Kaitlan, and her family, since the beginning, and the discovery of who she really is will stun her beyond belief. Dahll warned her about a power so great, that she could not give into that power, or she would become evil. Kaitlan had no idea what he meant by that, but she won't let it happen. But, this power is beyond anything she has ever felt. Will she give into it, or not? And, what happens to the world if they succeed in stopping Zanack? Will any of them have been born? Exist in some form? Or, will Kaitlan take what she feels is her right?

“It has been found, Ali'on?” Sandra asks.

“It has.”

“What now? It should never have been found,” she says with horror in her voice.

“Perhaps. However, we have another problem,” Ali'on says.

“What?”

“Kaitlan.”

“I do not understand, my love?”

“It is who she is, Sandra. What she really is. And, the power that is hers.”

“I thought she already had the power of The White Wolf?”

“True. She does. But, that is not the power I mean. She is about to inherit a power than can destroy her. Could make her evil. Zanack is not the worst thing that could happen. If Kaitlan embraces that power, Sandra, she could be seduced to use it. And, if that happens...” he stopped.

“What?” Sandra was shaking with terror.

“Let’s just say the evil would be far worse than any that has ever been unleashed on this world, or all the others,” Ali’on told her, and his face told her enough to scare her to death.

And, thus...

The White Wolf Prophecy Concludes...

~ 1 ~

Stall, Stall, Stall...

Six months! Zanack had waited *six, damn, long months* to recast his curse! What the hell had happened? He had it planned down to the second, but it would seem that fate was interfering with his triumph! The trouble was that he had not factored any interference into his plans, because he anticipated nothing happening of any lingering consequence. The Supernatural world rarely, if at all, didn't change! Granted, it was a mistake on his part, but it wasn't his fault. It was theirs! How had his plans gone so wrong?

Zanack shoved his hands down into the pockets of his jeans as he walked to an abandoned warehouse just outside the city limits. Months earlier, he had been lucky enough to find it, and buy the building. He had an unending supply of money stashed all over the world. Since supers lived so long, they all had amassed great wealth over thousands of years. And, Zanack was no different. As he walked, his mind worked overtime on his dilemma.

The discovery of the hiding place where he stored his food scraps put the first crimp in his plans to recast the curse. Unfortunately, the scroll he had used the first time was forged, and he had no idea that anything was wrong. At least until the appearance of the White Wolf in the form of Kaitlan Seneca O'Hara, daughter of Canaan O'Hara, leader of the O'Hara Clan. The curse had begun unraveling due to an obscure Prophecy known to the supernatural world as The White Wolf Prophecy. And, why? Because, the Earth Elemental had been ripped from the other three Elementals in which all four of them were necessary for casting the curse. But, he had proceeded anyway

with the curse not knowing it could unravel time itself.

Zanack huffed as he walked along. According to the real scroll, he had recently found in the Hall of Records, he was required to cleanse his body by gorging on blood and flesh followed by fasting for seven days. Unfortunately, the scroll also said that he had to recast it not only in the very same place as he did thousands of years ago, but he had to do it in the *same time period* as well. In addition, it mentioned something about another scroll with a time travel spell! He had yet to find that scroll, and this had also delayed his plans.

He kicked a rock on the sidewalk sending it sideways into the road. He had collected live beings, draining their blood, and using their flesh for his food storing them in a basement of an old, deserted building in downtown St. Louis, Missouri. That was his next complication. The building was bought by a corporation, and they would be tearing down his building. Before they imploded it, though, they had revealed his monstrous habit to the authorities. At least that's what the papers had said. Zanack clenched his teeth, and growled. People passing him looked up at him in surprise, but he just smiled sheepishly, and continued walking. With his food supply gone, he had been forced to find a new hiding place, and he had to work faster in order to replenish his needed food. That just posed another problem. What had taken him years to accomplish had to be replaced in just a few months. No one really noticed a few missing people over the years, since he hadn't hunted anywhere but in the red-light districts. He was always cautious, and gathered his food slowly choosing them from prostitutes, drunks, and criminals.

However, now he was running out of time, and time was his biggest enemy right now.

Seizing more food was imperative, and that meant Zanack had to branch out into neighborhoods. However, he had to bring that to a stop temporarily, because the police were noticing the missing people. Zanack, then, decided to take people from the slums of downtown combined with his original stomping

grounds. And, that worked - for almost three months. No one cared, or noticed that anyone was missing. At least he was almost finished, but with more people missing, the authorities were very worried, and put out bulletins telling people to be vigilant. Zanack knew he was taking far too many people, far too fast. Therefore, he had no choice but to bring his kidnappings to a virtual standstill, causing him to waste even more of his valuable time.

If that wasn't enough, other complications began to appear. Three months earlier, the vampire leader, Stefan Rico, had decided to step down. He had declared Anteros de Angelis his successor whose induction would take place on the first day of celebrations in Italy, and that was more time lost. Whenever a new leader of the supernatural world was chosen, the Master Council consisting of the four leaders from their world were required to attend the festivities in the country of the new leader. Thus, Cordone and Kaitlan, as well as Sam and Sarah, would be leaving for Italy today for the week's celebration as was custom. More crimps in Zanack's plans! As long as they were in Italy, he couldn't proceed! He had to time his gorging and fasting down to the second according to what he had read! There was no room for errors, and he had made several already!

Making things even *more* difficult, Richard and Lynne had disappeared over a month and a half earlier, and Zanack had no fucking idea where they were! All he knew was that they had still had not returned, and no one seemed to know where they were - or they just weren't telling! His guess was the latter, and that Cordone was not telling the council. The only way he could keep up with what was happening was because he was on the council. Zanack began to suspect that Cordone believed that someone on the council was not to be trusted, and therefore, he was keeping secrets from the council. Zanack didn't know what they were up to, and without that knowledge he, and everyone else on the council, were in the dark.

Dan and Anita were running the company and the Clan in everyone's absence. The more Zanack thought of his delays, the

angrier he became, and made no effort to be nice to people if he bumped into them as he walked. Ignoring the grumbles of “Hey!” or “Watch it jerk!”, Zanack continued on his way. His entire life was a mess, and he had no idea how to make everyone come back home! How could he if he didn’t even know where anyone was? And, Cordone and Kaitlan sure weren’t coming back any time soon! He had heard Anita tell Dan that after their trip to Italy, the two of them were going to spend several weeks traipsing about Europe visiting new authors! Since when did they do business that way? The answer was...“What is they didn’t?” Alex for \$2000 - his favorite show being Jeopardy. It was just another stall tactic, and he had to come up with some sort of plan to get them to return!

Zanack turned down the side street that led to his warehouse. It was musty, filthy, cobwebs everywhere, but he didn’t care. He thrived in this environment, and it was “home” to him. Walking across the dirt-strewn floor, he reached the padlocked door hiding the stairs to the basement. While he almost had enough corpses, there were still not quite enough to gorge on for the curse. Now, he was forced to be patient against his own will. He had no choice but to wait until the Elementals came back home. If they were trying to stall him...well, let them! They didn’t know he couldn’t cast the curse yet, anyway, so that just gave him more time to build his stores. Therefore, he was going to have to kidnap more people faster than he wanted. Fuck! If he just had a bit more time, maybe he could enjoy a couple of them. He had been terribly horny for over two months. His sexual desires were a distraction, and he had to end it by burying himself inside a woman soon!

It was still harder to get his food where he was at the moment. Unlike his former hunting grounds in the red-light district, the location of the warehouse had little foot traffic. While it was not as convenient as before, he had to knock the person out in the middle of the night in order to carry them back to the warehouse, and he had to use his two idiots, Beta and Mu, to help him.

He threw the padlocked door open, slamming it against the wall, and stormed down the stairs. As per his instructions, his minions had strapped a girl to the metal table, which he had acquired in the basement of a nearby hospital. They were such cowards! They never had the stomach to stay around to watch him play and feed! Well, he wouldn't need them much longer.

Zanack was done with his "cloaking" magic for the day. He'd just thought of the word after watching an episode of the old "Star Trek" series the other day. He thought it was apropos. Anyway, without enough food, it was getting harder and harder for him to maintain his "cloaking magic". Keeping his human form constant was getting harder by the day. It required a great deal of energy, and he had to expend more energy that he just didn't have any more. And, right now, he had to take out his anger and need for sex on someone. This woman was the lucky winner! So, he let her see what he really was as he approached her. Human women never wanted to play with him, and he had no idea why! He was gorgeous, and his cock was amazing! His mouth drooled when he saw her eyes widen in terror, screaming bloody murder as he approached. He was about to give her something she had never had on this Earth, and at least that gave him a huge boost of pleasure only increasing the size of his penis. He stalked toward her holding and rubbing it so that she could see what he was going to give her. His long, slimy tongue slipped out, and she screamed louder. Too bad, she was wasting her breath. But, still she screamed.

"That's right, baby. Scream all you want. There is no one to hear you, and I'm going to give you a thrill that other women enjoyed!" he hissed at her while licking his lips.

She screamed even louder. Hmmm. Zanack had a thought. Maybe this area had its attractions after all. After all, no one could hear his prey scream here! His elongated mouth grew wide with glee as he began to rip off her clothing, so that she lay before him naked. Then, savoring every second, he crawled onto the table between her legs, and thrust into her.

The best thing the Clan ever did was to buy a second jet. Cordone had two bedrooms and baths installed into the new one a few months earlier. The flight to Italy would take several hours, and the children would definitely need to rest. Milon and Muriel had delivered Canaan and Tara to the airport. Cordone and Kaitlan seized every moment they could to be with the twins. It had been almost a year since they were born, and Kaitlan was missing them constantly. They were already just about to hit the two-year-old mark by human standards, but their minds were equivalent to the age of six, and they were absolutely adorable. Even though they loved their great aunt and uncle, they were totally thrilled to be with their Mom and Dad, as well as Aunt Sara and Uncle Sam, again.

Before they boarded the plane, Kaitlan picked up Tara, and Sara took Canaan. The children kissed Muriel and Milon, before they left. Even though Sara was still sad at having lost her child, she loved these little devils unconditionally. They were so darned hilarious! Sara and Sam always enjoyed entertaining them, making them roar with laughter, tickling them, and playing games with them. That was good, because Kaitlan and Cordone still had work to do. Kaitlan sat in her chair editing, while watching the four of them play together. After Zanack had killed Sarah and her baby, Kaitlan found her heart had expanded larger than even she ever thought possible. Because of it, she didn't mind sharing her daughter and son with them.

A shuffle from the front of the plane, and Tim entered the cabin tearing Kaitlan's eyes away from her editing. He was transferred to this jet for the flight to Italy, because he was their best pilot. Along with both Cordone and Sam, who could fly as well, he would be able to take a few breaks during the long flight.

"Hey, y'all!" he drawled exaggerating his southern accent. "Time to buckle the youngsters up! Oh, and that means the kids, too!"

Canaan and Tara broke out into wails of laughter, because

he called the adults kids! Kaitlan and Sarah buckled them into the cushy, leather seats. Well, they *attempted* to buckle them into the seats! They wiggled and squealed.

“Will you two wiggle warts stop squirming?” Sarah’s face was trying to be stern, and she failed at it miserably!

“No!” they both said together giggling.

“Uh, Aunt Sarah?” Canaan asked.

“Yes?” she answered while finally succeeding in buckling Canaan in the seat.

“What’s a ‘wiggle wart’?”

Sarah just stared at him, then looked at Kaitlan who just grinned and shrugged. Just what *was* a “wiggle wart”? She’d never given that a second thought!

“You know? I don’t know what one is!” she laughed, and the kids joined her.

But, trust Mommy to rain on their parade, and to make sure they were on their best behavior. And, if it took threats, well....

“OK, you two. Do you want to stay home, or go with us?”

“Wanna go with you, Mommy!” Tara said for both of them.

Canaan just glared at her. Tara was always speaking for both of them, and he didn’t like it. However, Canaan had a lot to learn about when talking to a girl. And, like most men, he couldn’t keep his mouth closed, and decided to say something. It began an argument that might have lasted until they grew up - if there was to be a tomorrow.

“You just wanna get on Mommy’s good side!” he complained.

“Do not!” Tara answered back.

“Do too!”

“Do *NOT!*” yelled Tara.

“Do *TOO!*” Canaan yelled right back at her.

“You’re just an ole’ poo-poo!” Tara squealed.

“Am not!”

“Are too!”

“*AM NOT!*”

“*ARE TOO!*”

Oh, great! Kaitlan rolled her eyes at Sarah, while biting her tongue to keep from laughing. Like most adults who really want to laugh out loud at some of their children’s antics, Kaitlan and Sarah struggled to keep their faces straight. OK. So. At least they *tried* to keep their faces straight. Kaitlan and Sarah were biting their lips from turning up at the corners.

For about three hours, Cordone and Kaitlan worked on Publishing House business while Sarah, Sam, Canaan, and Tara sat on the floor playing a game of monopoly. A plus for being a werewolf was that their minds developed quickly, and it didn’t take them long to understand the game. It took about ten minutes of Tara and Canaan arguing about who was going to get what token, before Sarah settled it by making them use two tokens they didn’t want. And, she and Sam, of course, took the ones the kids did want!

Finally! A couple of hours later, Sarah and Sam’s plan worked! The children’s eyes fluttered as they tried to keep awake. Sarah and Sam scooped up both of them, and placed them in one of the bedrooms, so they could sleep for the rest of the trip.

The jet landed earlier in Rome than they had expected, the children were still asleep, and the de Angelis cars had not yet arrived to take them to Anteros’ home. Tim walked into the cabin.

“Ya sure you don’t need anything, Boss? Help? Whatever?” Tim asked before he left to go to the Excelsior Hotel.

“I don’t think so, Tim. We’ll be here for a week or so. Why don’t you take a vacation while we’re here? Anything you need, just let me know, and we’ll take care of it,” Cordone told him.

“Wow! Thanks, Cordone! Italy has places I haven’t explored yet!”

“Great. You have a good time. Don’t get in too much trouble, and there is a car waiting for you at the airport counter, so you can go anywhere you want. I’ll call you when we are ready to leave.”

Tim made a mild salute, muttered “Y’all have fun!”, and waltzed off the jet to claim his car. There were definite perks working for Seneca Publishing, and this was just one of the biggest! He loved it! And, his paycheck was damn good, too!

As he drove away from the airport, he hummed a tune, and made plans where he would go in the next couple of weeks. He pulled out his phone to make a call to someone he just happened to know.

“Hey, gorgeous! I’m in Rome!” he paused to listen to the woman on the other end. “I didn’t tell you, because I wanted it to be a surprise. So, baby. Are you up for some real fun? Gonna be here for at least a week!” He paused again. “Now?” he asked in surprise. The other party said something, and Tim’s eyes bugged out at what she said to him. “I’m on my way, baby! Set the wine on to chill!”

He steered his car in the opposite direction with a great big smile on his face! He was going to get some tail tonight!

A couple of hours passed, and finally, the cars arrived to escort them to Anteros’ “castle” (so christened by Canaan and Tara after seeing it for the first time). It was a three hour drive into the countryside outside of Rome. Once in the car, Sam took it upon himself to keep Tara and Canaan busy, and the two shot all kinds of questions at Sam while Kaitlan, Cordone, and Sarah spoke.

“How long have you known Anteros, Cordone?” Kaitlan asked.

“A long time. A *very* long time! He and Canaan’s Dad were great friends. Of course, that was long before the countries existed, but it’s how Canaan and I met him. Sam and Dan as

well.”

Kaitlan turned to Sarah.

“Don’t know about you, but do you ever get the feeling that you and I have missed a whole lot?”

Sarah nodded. “Yeah. Almost every time any of the guys open their mouths!” she answered with a grin.

Kaitlan laughed, rolled her eyes, and that just made them both laugh stopping when Cordone narrowed his eyes at both of them.

“Do you two want to know about Anteros, or not?”

Both girls gulped, nodded, and then broke out into laughter again. They’d had so little to laugh about, for so many reasons, this just struck them as hilarious.

“I-I’m sorry, honey, b-but my giggle box must have turned over!” Kaitlan gasped between laughter.

Sarah erupted into gales of laughter when she heard Kaitlan say ‘giggle box’, and Kaitlan followed right behind her.

Cordone kept staring at them. They were such girls! He tapped his fingers against the door handle waiting on them to finish! Finally, he just had to say something.

“You two done, yet?” Cordone complained, raising his right eyebrow signaling he was getting annoyed.

They both nodded with a hint of amusement in his eyes. He knew it wasn’t over. Not by a long shot! The girls broke out into all new gales of laughter knowing it would be a long time before their “giggle-boxes” would turn right side up, again. Cordone leaned his head back, and closed his eyes in a huff.

The girls tried to catch their breath after their “laugh-a-thon”. Kaitlan finally found a way to talk - but not without sucking in air between her teeth as she tried to stop laughing.

“We’re sorry, honey,” Kaitlan apologized as she swallowed. “Go ahead. Now, tell us. Why did Stefan choose Anteros for his successor?”

Raising his head, Cordone looked at the girls to see if they were ready to listen.

“Well, he was always the choice. He is Stefan’s adopted,

step-nephew.”

“Wait. What the hell is an adopted, step-nephew?” Sarah asked while gasping for breath, still trying to get her laughter under control.

“Well, it’s a really, really complicated story.”

“Give it a try anyway,” Kaitlan told him rolling her eyes. Geez, Cordone’s stories were always “complicated”.

“I’ll simplify it, if I can.”

“*Yeah, babe. You get right on that one!*” Kaitlan thought, when oops!

“*Watch it, mate!*” Cordone growled at her, then aloud, “OK. So, I was already great friends with Nico Ricci who is Anteros’ adopted brother from another mother.”

He stared at the girls whose mouths just gaped. He grinned wickedly.

“When I met Nico and Anteros, neither had been sired, yet, and both were grown men. Nico introduced me to his Mother, Nicola, and his Father, Carlo, as well as his friend, Anteros de Angelis. Anteros had been an orphan, and he was a bit older than Nico. Nico begged his parents to let him live with them making them not only friends, but brothers. Nicola was also Stefan’s baby sister. A vampire named Fawn, turned all of them, and afterwards, Nicola Ricci became mate to Carlo, even though she was still his wife. Stefan considered Anteros his ‘step-nephew’. Now, Stefan, in the meantime, took Fawn as his mate. Fawn became Nico and Anteros’ step-aunt.”

Cordone leaned back in his chair completely oblivious that Kaitlan and Sarah were already totally lost with what he was telling them. They glanced at each other seemingly in a daze, while Cordone continued down his own memory lane.

“What no one knew was that Fawn was crazy as a loon. She was insane. She killed Nicola about six hundred years later. Carlo became hysterical, and accused Stefan of letting his mate kill Nicola, which made no sense whatsoever. Since a sire’s blood courses through their veins, it was inevitable that insanity was going to come sooner or later. Carlo wanted retribution on

Fawn. Stefan was furious at Fawn, and stood aside to allow Carlo to enact his revenge. Both inherited her crazy gene. To keep them safe, and before she was killed by Fawn, Nicola begged me to hide Nico and Anteros from all of them. They came with me, and I hid them well. I was glad that they never showed the same insane behavior. But, unfortunately, that was not the case with Carlo and Nicola, as I said. The two of them killed each other, and Stefan was finally free of Fawn. It was discovered a few years later, that Nico was not really the son of Carlo and Nicola, nor was he the nephew of Stefan. They had adopted him the same as they had done with Anteros. At that point, Stefan didn't care, because he cared for both of them equally. Anteros was older, so naturally, Stefan named him his successor. Nico agreed. They wanted nothing to change, and they have been brothers to this day."

Cordone ended his story, and looked at the girls noticing their eyes were glassy. Well, they had asked for it, right? Sarah and Kaitlan's eyes had glazed over about half way through his diatribe. Now, their eyes were totally glazed over. They both blinked.

"Huh?" Sarah finally had a comment. "Nothing you said made one bit of sense!"

"Well, I told you it was rather complicated. It gets worse, though, but that is the best explanation, and the easiest. Er...want to hear the rest of it?" Cordone asked as he laughed at their confusion, knowing their answer.

Kaitlan shook her head.

"OK. That was so not helpful, Cordone!"

"Let me try to explain," he continued, his eyes crinkling in laughter.

But when he opened his mouth to explain further, she held up her hand.

"Never mind. I have enough in my life without adding more confusion!"

Sarah just nodded in agreement, and Cordone dropped the whole damn subject with a huge snort.

The drive was almost over, and it took them ten minutes to reach the house after they turned into the gate! As the car approached Nico and Anteros' home, the girl's eyes widened to a point Sam was certain they were going to roll out of their sockets!

"There's the house," Sam told them unnecessarily while pointing at the huge castle in front of them.

"House? What do you mean house, Hunkalicious? Hells bells! Who, in their right mind, would call that a 'house'?" Sarah squeaked.

Cordone and Sam watched the girls and the children gape in astonishment as they drove up to the house that belonged to Nico Ricci. If they only knew the truth about who he really was, they would pass out from the knowledge!

"What the hell? That's not a house! That's not even a mansion! It's a frickin' castle!" Kaitlan exclaimed.

Tara crawled onto her Mom's lap pressing her nose against the car door window with her eyes wide.

"Frickin' Princess castle!" she squealed in delight.

Kaitlan slapped her hand over her mouth when she heard Tara's parroting, and Cordone turned to look at her! She really needed to curb her language! A second later, she rolled her eyes. Right then, she decided to shut her mouth, and let Cordone take over.

"Does a frickin' Prince live there, too, Daddy?" Canaan asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact, a Prince does live here, Canaan. He is our host and owner of the 'frickin' castle', Nico Ricci. I wish you could meet him, but he is out of town. I think you would have liked him."

Kaitlan huffed, and stared at Cordone for using the same word. He just laughed at her fake outrage.

Both Canaan and Tara's faces fell. Especially Tara. She had so wanted to meet a real prince! She sighed with what seemed like disappointment. She liked his name, too. It sounded so "princey"!

“Don’t worry, Tara. I’m sure you will meet him someday. It’ll be hard for the two of you not to meet at some point.”

He glanced at Kaitlan knowing that wasn’t going to happen. He could never see a reason for Tara to meet Nico Ricci at all.

Well, that wasn’t good enough for Tara, but she filed it away for the future in her mind - somewhere. Her excitement at getting to stay in a real castle couldn’t be contained. When she got out of the car, she started bouncing up and down with unlimited energy. Canaan just rolled his eyes at his sister. She was *such* a girl! This despite the fact that he was just as excited, and bouncing as well. But, *he* would *never* admit it!

The double door opened, and a huge man almost floated down the stairs. Tara and Canaan stopped bouncing to stare in awe! Cordone and Sam were amused at their reaction, and saw that their mates were staring with the same, stunned look as the children.

He was commanding in his stature, and gorgeous. Not just gorgeous as in man gorgeous, but gorgeous as in an ethereal-god gorgeous! How did a vampire look like that? Neither woman had ever seen a vampire like this one.

His hair was coal black without a speck of gray! His skin was heavily tanned with an olive complexion, sporting a slight glow. His neck was long, sleek, and his lips were absolute perfection. Dark blue eyes, the color of the night sky, held flecks of various colors of “glitter” that reminded them of stars. Taller than any other vampire they had ever seen, he had to be six foot six at the very least!

Cordone approached with his hand out, and he clasped forearms with Anteros.

“My friend, it is good to see you again. It has been too long.” Anteros deep voice spoke in a formal tone.

“It has been, Anteros. Far too long. I want to offer my congratulations on your new status,” Cordone replied just as formally. They never knew who might be listening, so they continued their charade in public.

Turning to Sam, the two men also clasped forearms.

“Thank you, Cordone. Sam, it is also good to see you as well, my friend.”

“As am I, Anteros. Cordone is right. It has been too long.”

“What is it with the formality?” Sarah wondered. “It’s as if we stepped back in ancient times!”

“Is there some reason why we should not use formality, Tink?” Sam asked her.

“I guess not, but it’s just damn weird to those of us who never lived back then!” Sarah sighed.

They released arms. Anteros turned back to Cordone, and smiled. If the girls were not enamored before, all three dropped their mouths when his smile lit up his face. The three couldn’t help but stare at him.

Cordone covered his mouth to keep from laughing, and introduced the women. Anteros had always had a way with women - married or not, young or old. Guess he still had it!

“Anteros, may I introduce to you my mate, Kaitlan Seneca O’Hara Valon.”

Still smiling, Anteros bent at the waist, and took her hand to kiss it. Sam and Cordone’s lips twitched in amusement as they watched Anteros charm both Kaitlan and Sarah.

“It is, indeed, a great honor to meet the daughter of Canaan O’Hara. He was a great man, and a great friend. May I call you Kaitlan?”

Kaitlan stammered so badly, she was almost tongue-tied.

“S-sure. T-thank y-you.”

Grinning with amusement, Cordone continued.

“And, this is Sam’s mate, Sarah Collins Knight.”

Again, Anteros took Sarah’s hand.

“I am most pleased, and happy, to meet Sam’s beautiful mate,” and like Kaitlan, he kissed her hand.

Sarah couldn’t speak, but her eyes held a dreamy expression. That’s when she made the same, dreamy sound as the Widow Paroo did in “The Music Man” when Professor

Harold Hill had charmed her.

“Uhhhh!” she groaned.

Anteros grinned at her when he felt a tug on his pants, and looked down at a tiny little girl. Tara held out her hand, too.

“*How charming!*” Anteros thought in amusement, and knelt down. This tiny little girl was a beauty!

“Hello,” he said.

“Hi! I’m Tara!” she said to him.

He took her tiny little hand just as reverently as he had Kaitlan and Sarah, and everyone around them broke out into huge smiles watching him charm even a one-year old as he stared into her brilliant green eyes.

“And, most especially, it is my great honor to meet Tara, granddaughter of Canaan and Tara O’Hara, daughter of Cordone and Kaitlan Valon. It is so nice to meet you, little one,” he told her, and gave her a tiny little kiss on her hand as well.

Tara copied her aunt. “Uhhhh!”

Laughter and happiness trickled over everyone while Canaan just rolled his black eyes at what he thought was just stupid.

Anteros, then, turned to Canaan, and held out his hand. Canaan automatically held out his, and Anteros grasped his small forearm as he did the grown men while Canaan’s hand barely sat on top of Anteros’ massive arm. Canaan perked up, and pretended to be a grownup.

“You are Canaan Valon, grandson to Canaan and Tara O’Hara, and his namesake. It is truly a great honor to meet you, young sir!”

“Thank you, Anteros. It is an honor to meet you as well,” Canaan said in his most grownup voice,

Tara narrowed her eyes. She would never - ever - let him hear the end of this!

Cordone was never more proud of his children than right then, and Kaitlan grabbed his hand with a teary smile.

“*That’s just so cute!*” she used her thoughts to Cordone

who just nodded.

After the formalities were over, Anteros led them into the castle behind him.

Again, Kaitlan, Sarah, Tara, and Canaan stopped as they walked into the entry. Stopped and gaped, again. It was huge with a capital *HUGE*. Multiple staircases led to multiple floors, and two large Duncan Phyfe tables were in the center of the entry with at least four large Waterford crystal vases sitting on top of them holding fresh flowers.

“As you know, the castle is half mine, even though it rightfully belongs to my brother, Prince Nico. I do wish he was here to meet all of you, but he was called away for business last week, and I fear he will not arrive home in time. Please feel free to explore the castle all you want. Especially Tara and Canaan.”

A man with dark brown hair entered the room, and bowed.

“Ah, Gio!”

Introductions were made to Giovanni and his mate, Millicent Morisi who had followed behind him. They were more than servants to both Nico and Anteros. Giovanni was a great friend, and was like a Father to both Nico and him.

“Will you please show our guests to their rooms, Gio? Millicent?”

“Of course, my lord. We are very happy to do so,” he replied bowing to Anteros, again. Turning to the guests, he asked them, “Please, follow us.”