

## Chapter 0479


We spend the rest of our evening setting up all of the pieces for the protection spell. I was hoping that Oliver would be here to help me, but Jena is more than adequate at helping me perform the incantation part of the protection spell. I light the fire in the firepit in the backyard like I do it all the time. I think Oliver was able to unlock whatever block I had with my magic when he stopped by yesterday.

It doesn't take long for me to say the few lines of protection spell and feel the literal change in the breeze around the house. The cool night air warmed just a few degrees, but enough to be noticed. Then Jena and I set about making the woven bracelets.

We tied red strings around the smallest herb leaves I have ever seen. The process was intricate since we had to knot the strings in very specific locations around the herbs.

Then we made it more-so when we made bracelets for the guys by weaving in a piece of the bracelet they gave me for my fifteenth birthday and by adding a small chunk of a green malachite stone and obsidian stone, both with hand carved runes for protection.

It took hours. Even Martha was able to drop dinner by and Wyatt and Nathaniel had been here to eat and then left again to run patrols and we didn't even look up.



It was well after eleven when we finished, but I had to finish, we need to get these on before anything else happens. I give Jena hers and we both repeat the incantation that goes with it. She does the same with mine. Then we find Lil, who all but laughs while she repeats the incantation. Apparently the spell tickles.

We decide that Lil should follow me and Jena should wait for Wyatt and Nathaniel to set them up with their bracelets.

We start walking, taking the route that Lenny suggests to get to the forest behind the packhouse. It's been almost a month since we had our last bonfire here. Time seems to just be flying right now and yet I wish it could go just a little bit faster so we could get to the light that Elena was talking about.

Once I get to the clearing a familiar tattooed hulking form stands waiting.

"Oliver!" I whisper shout and run to him. I don't even care if anyone can smell me on him, I need the contact, need the tight bear hug embrace that only he can give. He just holds me then gives me a kiss on his spot on my temple then lets me go. He gestures with his hand over our heads.

"Do the umbrella." Is all he says and I start but pause.

"Lil, step into the clearing, I'm putting the umbrella up and I don't want you locked out."

"I'm pretty sure the direction was to come alone." He looks at me with a cocked eyebrow.

"If you were Lil, would you have let me walk from our house out into the woods with those cryptic instructions alone?" I returned his look.

"Fair enough. Did you get everything?"

"That big ass basket was from you?" Lil asks, patrolling the edge of the clearing.

"Not all from me, but there seems to be a lot of underground things happening to make sure you can do what you need to do to save this pack from itself."

"Yes, we got everything and I have something for you, and the rest of the guys really. It will just be a matter of invoking the spell that goes with them. But, I think you are close enough with the magic that you could make it happen."

I pull out the bracelet that has a single orange thread woven into the red knots. I place it on his wrist and, holding his hand, say the incantation and he repeats, then I feel a whoosh of air that throws my long hair in every direction. Then a searing pain rips up my arm and he must feel it too as he cries out, but neither of us can let go.

Then underneath the red woven bracelet, on my skin, I see a chain of black crescent moons circling my wrist. They are just the outline of a crescent and only a few millimeters in

height, but there is no mistake that I now have a tattoo around my wrist. Looking at Oliver's hand where we are still connected he has the same ring around his wrist.

"What the hell was that Bitty?" He doesn't let go, just looks surprised.

"No Idea. It didn't do that when I did the exact same incantation for Lil and Jena."

"So maybe I can't work this magic with the guys. This," He holds up his arm, "Needs to come from you."

"I know I can get Sam, but what about the rest of them? Kota looked like he wanted to kill me yesterday...this morning...whatever. He was not happy."

"I might know why. I think he might have been mad at me, because I can still talk to you."

"What?!" Both Lil and I say together.

"I told you, and after talking with Lenny, I'm convinced she has some kind of order on not talking to you at all. But if you were able to talk to Sam today and we can obviously talk it might be on only the twins or the twins and your brother, but I don't know why they would include him."

"For majority rule." Lil pipes up from the edge, not looking at us. "Having only the twin under her control still gives Midge majority rule and our resident princess can't have that, so she would pick the person she thinks is the closest to her to

cause more damage.”

“Well she chose wrong then.” I blurt, then slap my hand over my mouth. “I mean, if anyone really watches us, I’m more likely to be seen with Oliver than Mateo.” I try to back track like I’m doing my brother a disservice. ①


“It’s okay, we know what you mean, and no one ever said she was smart or observant if it doesn’t directly affect what she wants at the moment. Her stupidity will be what sets us all free hopefully. But, we have to figure out how to get you enough time to get the bracelet on and do the incantation with the rest of them. Let me think about it and I will have some ideas in the morning.”

He pulls me in for another hug and I soak up the embrace.

“Won’t they smell Midge on you? That will give this whole thing away won’t it?” Lil asks.

“The twins will no matter what I do, they are coming into all of their fully heightened senses, and frankly I don’t give a sh\*t. They deserve the torture just a little. As for everyone else ...” He steps away from me and rips his t-shirt off and throws it at Lil. “That should be enough to hide her scent. Most of it’s on the shirt anyway.” ①

“Damn, you and your tattoos! You make me almost want to test drive a guy just for fun!” Oliver and I both laugh at her outburst. “I’m keeping this, by the way, you know, for research purposes.” She waves his shirt as I let the umbrella

down. 


"Tomorrow, Bitty."

I look over my shoulder shocked and he just winks at me and walks up the path to the packhouse.

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