

## Ghost Eyes~

"You want to do what?" Kaileen asked incredulously, staring at me as if I had sprouted three heads. His eyes were wide, and his face was flushed, as he looked at me in disbelief.

"I want to find my mother." I repeated casually.

I had just finished telling Kaileen everything that I had found out yesterday, including the part where I planned on tracking her down and saving the world. I could tell that he didn't agree with my plan, but it's not like I was leaving him a choice.

He didn't get a say in what I did when it came to my psychotic mother. Yet, he still voiced his opinion to my dismay.

"Yeah, there's no way I'm letting you do that."

"Yeah, there's no way you're stopping me." I retorted, knowing I was in for it the second his eyebrows darted up in surprise. I knew that telling an alpha that he wasn't in control was the dumbest thing to do, but I wasn't afraid of Kaileen. I knew that no matter how mad he got at me, he wouldn't ever physically hurt me.

That didn't mean he wouldn't get mad at me.

"The fuck did you just say?" He snapped, crossing his arms. I could tell that he blatantly saying I was going to disobey him probably awoke his wolf, which meant I was in for a bigger argument than I thought.

I still wasn't going to back down.

"I said I'm going to find my mother."

I saw Kaileen suck in a few deep breaths, and I knew he did this when he was seconds away from exploding. Taking a few deep breaths and waiting was something that his anger management therapist had taught him to do, and most of the time it worked. But I wasn't sure how well it would work this time.

He closed his eyes for a second, before he spoke in a somewhat calm manner.

"Estrella, there is no way in hell I am letting you hunt down a psychopath who killed her own lover. What's to say she won't kill you?"

Kaileen did bring up a valid point, I knew that the possibility of my own mother wanting me dead was greater than the possibility of her wanting me alive. But I wanted to do this. I wanted to find her.

"You're right," I answered, "I don't know if she wants me dead. She very well could. But I need to take that risk."

I grabbed his hands, and stared up at him.

"Kaileen, let me do this."

His jaw clenched as he looked at me, and I could practically see the war that was going on in his head. He was conflicted. I knew that every rational part of him was telling him to not let me do it, but there was a part of him that I believed was wanting me to do it.

I wasn't sure if I was right about that or not, but that's what I imagined he was conflicted about. As the silence passed, I began to worry that I would have to put up more of a fight. I started to believe that he wasn't going to willingly let me do it. And then he spoke.

"The only way I'm going to say yes to this is if you promise me that you won't leave my side. I want to be there to protect you."

This stipulation didn't seem crazy, so I agreed to it almost instantly.

"I promise."

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About an hour later, Kaileen and I sat in the pack house, waiting for the witches to arrive. I knew that Van and Kyla still didn't know that Calypso had told me about my mom, but I was sure that they would know by the time they got here...Especially since I asked them to help me with my mom.

I hoped that there wouldn't be any awkwardness between them, since I kind of forced it out of Calypso and Esma. It wasn't necessarily their fault that they told me, but I wouldn't be surprised if Van and Kyla got annoyed over it.

I knew I was about to find out when the door to Kaileen's office opened, and in stepped Calypso, Van, Kyla, and Esma. I could see the irritation written on their faces, which probably meant that they had spent the entire car ride arguing.

When they saw me, they all frowned. None of them said a word, and for a second, I thought nobody would speak. But thankfully, Van decided to cut to the chase.

"What is this about?" Van questioned, immediately taking a seat in the chair across from Kaileen and I. I glanced at Kaileen, who looked way more calm than I did, before I responded.

"Well, I was hoping that you guys could help me find my mom."

Their mouths dropped as if this was the last thing they expected me to ask, and as if it was the craziest thing. Which it probably was the craziest thing that I would ever ask to do, but who gives a shit.

I had already expected some repulsed reactions. After all, I was asking them to help me track down a witch responsible for the mass murder of other witches. Why wouldn't they look at me like I was insane?

Even Calypso, who had told me about my mom, looked startled and scared. She looked at the other witches, who seemed to all be having a silent conversation with each other. I didn't know if witches could communicate with each other like wolves could, but it seemed like that's what they were doing anyways.

Van, after looking at his fellow coven, looked back at me.

"May I ask why you'd like to find her?"

Though I could tell he and everyone else was completely against the idea of finding my mom, I was grateful that he was at least asking what my reason was. It meant that I might have some sort of a chance at getting them to do this.

"So I can stop her from hurting anyone else."

Van squinted his dark eyes, staring me down as if this was an interrogation.

"What makes you think that you, a wolf, could stop the strongest witch that our world has ever seen?"

"Because I know she'll let me get close enough to do so. She won't let anyone else get close to her, I know it."

Van was about to say something back to what I had said, but Esma beat him to it.

"So basically what I'm hearing is that you're willing to risk your life, and ours, just because she's your mom?"

Esma sounded irritated as she spoke, which didn't come as much surprise to me. She always had some agitated twang to her voice when she spoke, so the fact that she kept up this demeanor was comforting.

"I mean why not," I replied, "You yourself said she was close, Esma."

"Yeah, but that doesn't mean I plan on meeting her anytime soon."

I knew that Esma was strongly against finding my mom, and I respected that. But that doesn't mean none of the others would help me. All I needed was one witch to help me. And if they weren't willing to help, then I would find her myself. One way or another, I would find that bitch.

"I don't think we're going to have a choice." Kyla spoke up, glancing at her girlfriend, "Tessandra is close, and we know that if she gets here before we find a way to stop her, then we're all dead. We need to know where she is, so we can prepare."

Esma was glaring daggers at Kyla for going against her, and I knew that it must've really stung to know that her lover wasn't on her side. I mean if Kaileen went against me, I'd be pretty pissed. But the fact that Kaileen wasn't against me, while Kyla was against Esma, spoke volumes.

I could see the hurt and betrayal on Esma's face, despite the fact that she was glaring at Kyla. But Kyla didn't back down, and this seemed to make the betrayal much worse.

"You know what, fine," Esma paused, "If you guys want to be slaughtered like goats then be my guests. But I'm not sticking around for it."

Esma, without another word, spun around quickly and left. She was followed out by Kyla shouting after her, but it didn't seem like Esma planned on stopping. She was really angry.

Oh well.

We didn't have time to stop and sulk over Esma's fit. We had to find my mom.

I looked back to Calypso and Van, who both sat and stared at each other awkwardly. Once they caught Kaileen and I looking at them, Calypso opened her mouth.

"They fight a lot, it's nothing new," She paused, "But anyways, I'll help you find your mother. It's an easy spell unless she has a cloaking spell on. Then I won't be able to."

I saw Van glancing sideways at Calypso, who only looked at him briefly. I knew that Van didn't like the idea of finding my mom too much, but since Calypso agreed to it, I guess he felt obligated to help.

"Well then, I guess I'll help too."

His lack of enthusiasm really made this whole thing more gloomy. They were acting like finding her would cause imminent death. And the more they made it seem that way, the more I began to worry about them being right.

I glanced at Kaileen, grabbing his hand in order to try and calm my nerves. Though he didn't say anything, he did squeeze my hand gently and kiss it, which made me feel slightly better. At least my mate was here with me.

No matter how bad this situation could get, I felt safe when Kaileen was with me.

I looked at my mate for a couple more seconds, before I looked back to Calypso.

"So where do we start."

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Twenty three minutes and two pricked fingers later, Calypso was ready to find my mom. Ethan and I sat next to each other on the floor, in a circle with Kyla, Van, and Calypso. Calypso had insisted that Ethan be here since the spell would be easier with two of Tessandra's descendants, and Kyla had returned soon after Esma left.

She wasn't able to convince her to do the spell with us, which was unfortunate. I knew that the more witches we had on our side, the better our situation would be. But I had faith that three witches would be enough to help find my mother.

I glanced at Ethan, who looked skeptical as Kyla held out her hand for him to grab. I knew he had no trust for witches, despite the fact that him and I were both part witch, he didn't believe that they were on our side.

He looked at me for reassurance, and when I nodded my head, he grabbed her hand. Kyla held out her hand for me to grab as well, and I did. I watched as the other two witches put their hands on Kyla's shoulder, which was supposedly a way to channel their powers. Since Kyla was the more powerful witch out of the three, the witches all agreed that she'd be doing most of the spell.

Which was completely fine by me.

Kyla looked between Ethan and I briefly, as if she was secretly waiting for either of us to back out. But I didn't either of us did, she began to chant words in a language that I didn't understand.

I knew that having second thoughts now wasn't an option, so when I got them, I kept them to myself. Backing out of this now would do nothing but anger everyone, including myself. I wanted to find my mom. I needed to find her. And this was the best way to do so.

And just as my nerves started to calm, the room began trembling slightly. I looked around it, and at Kaileen, but none of the witches seemed phased by this. I guess things falling out of the walls during a mini earth quake wasn't anything out of the ordinary for witches.

I continued to have a mini heart attack as the room began to shake harder and harder, until eventually everything just stopped. The room was completely still, and it was so silent that a mouse could be heard within the walls.

And then Kyla opened her eyes. But what I saw, was not what I expected.

Her eyes weren't calm like I thought they'd be. They were filled with fear, and her face was pale like a ghost. She looked at me like she was on the verge of crying. And when she spoke, I understood why.

"She's..." She snidely, "Behind you."

My head had never turned so fast, and when I locked eyes with ones that were almost identical to mine, I nearly passed out.

There she was, hands folded in front of her, a small smile playing among her lips. She looked the exact same since I had last seen her, despite the fact that she was almost fifty. She didn't look a day over thirty.

Her resemblance to me was startling, and the more I looked at her, the more terrified I became. I was frozen where I was. I couldn't move. It was like I was staring at a ghost...And this ghost was the ghost of my mom.

She smiled when she saw me.

"Estrella, how lovely it is to see you again."

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Hope y'all liked it. We got three chapters left...So enjoy.

Continue reading next part