

**The Dragonlings' Haunted Halloween 2:  
Night of the Demented Symbiots**



**By S. E. Smith**

## **Acknowledgments**

I would like to thank my husband Steve for believing in me and being proud enough of me to give me the courage to follow my dream. I would also like to give a special thank-you to Sally, Julie, Debbie, Jolanda, Christel, Laurelle, Jackie, and Narelle, who listen to me, read my stories, and encourage me to be me.

—S. E. Smith

Science Fiction Romance  
The Dragonlings' Haunted Halloween 2: Night  
of the Demented Symbiots  
Dragonlings of Valdier  
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Summary: The Dragonlings and their best friends are once again on an adventure when the Queen of the Demented Symbiots threatens to take the newest babies back to the Land of Halloween with her.

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## **Synopsis**

The Dragonlings and their besties are excited about the preparations for another Halloween holiday. As the night of the festival draws closer, the Dragonlings, Roam, and Alice discover a threat to the newest members of their families; the Queen of the Demented Symbiots plans to send her minions to capture the newest babies and take them to the land of Halloween where she lives.

With their parents busy organizing for the huge festival for the people of Valdier in the underground cavern, the Dragonlings and their friends are left with no choice but to prepare for the ultimate battle – to save Morah, Leo, and Hope from the Queen of the Demented Symbiots!

Join in a holiday adventure that you won't forget as the little ones use their special skills to protect their friends and family in...

## **The Dragonlings' Haunted Halloween 2: Night of the Demented Symbiots!**

### **Author's Note:**

For those who have not read the Dragon Lords of Valdier, here is a little background.

The Valdier are dragon shifters who have a golden symbiot, yes, symbiot, just the way I want them to be called as they are characters all to themselves. The Valdier consist of three parts: the dragon, the man/woman, and their symbiot companion. They are friends with the Curizan (a species able to harness the energy around them) and the Sarafin (a cat shifting species). The following is a character guide for those new to the series:

Zoran Reykill, Leader of the Valdier **true mate to** Abby Tanner: one son: Zohar

Mandra Reykill **true mate to** Ariel Hamm: one son: Jabir

Kelan Reykill **true mate to** Trisha Grove: one son: Bálint

Trelon Reykill **true mate to** Cara Truman: twin daughters: Amber and Jade

Creon Reykill **true mate to** Carmen Walker: twin daughters: Spring and Phoenix

Paul Grove **true mate to** Morian Reykill: new daughter: Morah.

Cree and Calo Aryeh (Twin Dragons) **true mate to** Melina Franklin: one daughter: Hope.

Vox d'Rojah: King of the Sarafin **mated to** Riley St. Claire: one son: Roam; twin daughters; Sacha and Pearl.

Viper d'Rojah **mated to** Tina St. Claire: one son, Leo.

Asim **true mate to** Pearl St. Claire

Ha'ven Ha'darra, Prince of the Curizan  
**mated to** Emma Watson: one daughter: Alice.

Aikaterina: Unknown species; accepted as a  
Goddess to the Valdier, she is the oldest and  
most powerful of her kind.

Arilla and Arosa: Unknown species, still  
young for their kind, they are twins and  
thought to be Goddesses.



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## Chapter 1

“Trelon!” Cara called out in exasperation from the small office she had set up on the other side of the kitchen. “Have you seen my new tool cloner? I know I put it in my bag this morning.”

“I haven’t seen it,” Trelon replied as he carefully juggled the items in his arms and tried not to drop the small truck that was precariously balanced on top of the pile of mangled dolls, misshapen stuffed animals, pink shorts and shoes, and a dozen other artifacts that he had collected so far.

The triumphant grin starting to curve his lips died when he stepped on the small, square, plastic building block that Cara had insisted was a fun learning toy for the twins. Pain shot through his bare foot and up his leg, causing a loud curse to explode from his lips

when he lost his balance. A cascade of tumbling toys and clothes fell around him as he hopped around on one foot.

With a grunt, Trelon sat down on the floor and rubbed his offended heel with a tired sigh. His gaze swept over the cluttered living room. The toys he had picked up were once again strewn all over the floor. From this vantage point, he could see even more blocks and the missing sock he was searching for earlier under the couch.

He released his foot and rolled onto his stomach to scoop the miscellaneous objects out from under the piece of furniture. Never in his life would he have imagined that he, a mighty Dragon Lord, would end up on the floor trying to locate a missing pink sock and a pile of toys from under the couch of his once immaculate living quarters.

In all honesty, he would not trade his life now for all the riches in the universe. As far as he was concerned, he was the luckiest warrior alive. Well, almost the luckiest, he thought when the pain in his heel reminded him of the small blocks the girls loved to leave lying around. He grimace when he felt his dragon chortle in delight and suddenly perk up. A silent chuckle shook Trelon's shoulders.

*You are just as bad as the girls. You know that, don't you?* He grimaced.

*You like, too,* his dragon growled back.

*Where are they?* Trelon asked, trying to motionless while he listened.

In the background, he could hear Cara grumbling under her breath that she knew she had replaced the cloner in her tool bag earlier. He focused, trying to pinpoint any unusual sound. The girls were getting better, he

thought with pride. Raising his head, he tried to see if he could catch a glimpse of them.

*Up!* His dragon warned.

Trelon jerked his head up at the same time as Amber tumbled over the back of the couch. Before she rolled off the front of it, he rose up on his knees with a deep, husky laugh and opened his arms to catch her. At the same time as his arms wrapped around Amber, he felt Jade sliding her arms around his neck.

"We got you's, Daddy!" Jade giggled in his right ear.

"Hi, Daddy," Amber laughed, staring up at him with bright, golden eyes.

Trelon's gaze lit up with delight. He would never, ever get tired of seeing the glowing faces of his daughters. His eyes lifted when he saw a movement on the other side of the couch. His gaze locked on Cara's face, flushed from her frantic search. She was staring at him

with an expression that he greedily held onto – love. The warmth of it surrounded him, causing everything else to fade for a moment.

“Have you girls seen my new cloner?” Cara asked with a raised eyebrow, pulling her gaze away from Trelon to stare down at Amber.

“Mommy, you’s looking at daddy funny again,” Jade answered.

Cara placed her hands on her hips and shook her head. “You’re, sweetheart – You’re looking at daddy funny again is the correct way to say it and I always look at your daddy funny. That’s because I love him,” Cara stated with a grin. “So, what did the two of you build today?”

Jade rested her chin on Trelon’s shoulder and brightly smiled. “Amber wanted to see’s – see – how the robot worked. We put its back together when we’s were done with it,” she said with a mischievous expression.

“Yeah, we’s had funs playing with them,” Amber said with a happy nod.

“Them?” Trelon repeated, interrupting Cara when she started to correct Amber. His eyes widened in alarm. “Where is the robot?”

“In Mommy’s big working room,” Amber replied in confusion. “We’s put it on the charger likes you told us.”

“What’s wrong?” Cara asked as he awkwardly pushed up off the floor and to his feet.

Trelon knew his face looked grim. Well, not exactly grim – more like resigned. It didn’t help that his dragon had broken down into a fit of laughter and was rolling around inside him like a lopsided ball.

“I only built one robot,” he muttered, holding Amber on his left hip while his right hand reached around to steady Jade, who was still clinging to his back.



“Uh-oh,” Cara whispered, her eyes widening as his words sank in.

‘Uh-oh’ was right, Trelon thought with a combination of amusement and resignation. The girls had received a double dose of creativity when it came to their love of tinkering and building things. It was really his own fault. He should have known they would disassemble the robot he had given them earlier this morning in an effort to figure out how it worked. They did that with all of their toys. He just hadn’t expected them to do it so quickly. A part of him couldn’t resist seeing what their creative minds came up with next; while the other part cringed knowing this was just the beginning.

He was almost to the kitchen when he heard the sound of a knock on the entrance door. He turned, throwing Cara an exasperated look before wincing when the

sound of a muted crash echoed from Cara's larger workroom attached to her office.

"I've got this. You go see what the girls built," Cara said, tossing her head toward the back room. "Don't destroy it, though! I want to see it too!" She hastily called out, heading for the door.

"They's just little robots now, Mommy," Amber said, peeking over Trelon's shoulder.

"Yeah, and they's gots lots...." Jade's voice faded and her eyes grew larger when another loud crash came from the workroom. "Uh-oh," she whispered. "I's thinks we should have turned them off."

Trelon's shoulders shook with mirth. The expression on the girls' faces was priceless. Their large, golden eyes were filled with wonder and excitement – and possibly a dash of trepidation – their cheeks were rosy, and

their small mouths mirrored each other with an 'O' shape.

He carefully lowered Jade to the floor and watched with pride as she shifted into her dragon form. A moment later, Amber's red dragon scurried after Jade's pink one. He vaguely wondered if he should shift as well when Symba, along with Amber and Jade's smaller symbiots, flashed by him, almost knocking him over. It should have been his second, third, and fourth warning that he was going to be in trouble.

## Chapter 2

Cara shook her head when she heard Trelon's loud groan followed by the click of the door. It must be pretty bad – again. Her lips quirked as she pulled the door open. Leaning against it, she grinned at Trisha, Kelan, and Bálint. She saw Kelan's eyes narrow and he looked cautiously over her head into the living room.

“Hi Cara, where is Trelon?” Kelan asked, in a hesitant voice.

“He's in my workroom with the girls,” Cara replied with a huge grin. “I see Bálint's hair is almost grown out again.”

Trisha chuckled. “Yes, I think he learned his lesson,” she said. Her eyes widened when she heard a long, loud stream of curses from the other room. “It sounds like Trelon needs help, Kelan.”

“Doesn’t he always?” Kelan muttered under his breath as he held Bálint out to Trisha. “It might be safer if he stays with you.”

“Oh, he can’t hurt anything,” Cara exclaimed, tickling Bálint’s belly and causing him to laugh.

“It isn’t Bálint that I’m worried about,” Kelan retorted as he strode across the living room.

“I see he still hasn’t forgiven the girls for your hair,” Cara laughed as she held her hands out for Bálint.

She swung the small toddler around in a circle, laughing with him when he squealed. A familiar longing tugged at her. Amber and Jade were three years old now and getting into everything. She and her dragon were ready for a little boy to join the girls.

Unfortunately, every time she thought about bringing up the subject, it invariably

seemed to coincide with the same time that Amber and Jade would get into mischief – like now.

“Trelon! On your left! No, your other left...,” Kelan yelled in exasperation before his voice became muffled.

Trisha chuckled and shook her head. “What did the girls do this time?” She asked, following Cara into the living room while the sounds of loud curses, childish giggles and squeals, and several crashes could be heard in the background.

“Trelon built a robot for the girls. They took it apart, but not before they found my new cloner,” Cara replied with a happy sigh. She sank down on the floor and released Bálint, who was intent on the basket full of toys Trelon had just picked up. “Trisha, did you ever think you could be so happy?”

Trisha shook her head and turned to watch her son play with the assorted toys now scattered around him. "No, I didn't. Kelan and I are talking about having another baby," she suddenly said, glancing at Cara with a wry grin. "Now that Bálint is older, we were thinking it would be nice to have another."

Cara nodded. "Every time I think about mentioning having another child to Trelon, the girls get into something," she winced when she heard a low howl and glanced back over her shoulder at the workroom. "Or, he's passed out from chasing them," she added with a wry grin. "Carmen and Creon have offered to babysit the girls for the weekend. I might have to take them up on it."

Trisha laughed. "Well, Kelan and I'll be happy to watch them as well," she offered.

Cara choked back a laugh when Bálint swung around and stared daggers at Trisha as

if daring her to keep her promise to watch the girls again. She couldn't really blame him. A month ago the girls decided Bálint needed a haircut. So they found Trelon's shaver. Poor Bálint ended up with a partial Mohawk. That wouldn't have been so bad, but they also found her purple hair dye. In the end, Bálint needed to have the rest of his hair shaved and all three of the kids were a delightful shade of purple for the next several weeks until the dye finally washed off.

Another burst of smothered curses pulled her attention to the door and she sighed. Maybe tonight wouldn't be a good time to bring up having more kids. Maybe she would wait until after the fall festival at the end of the week.

"How is the new ride coming along?" Trisha asked.



"I'm almost done....," Cara responded in a distracted voice to Trisha's question before she blinked and turned her attention back to Bálint who was driving a small truck up her leg. "You are going to love it, little man," she laughed, wrapping her arms around him and twisting to blow on his belly.

"You really should talk Trelon into having more. You, at least, have as much energy as the kids!" Trisha laughed, sitting back against the cushions of the couch. "Morian and Paul say that Morah is crawling and getting into everything. I swear Daddy will have to tie the guys up if they don't quit telling him how to keep her safe!"

"I know. I have to keep reminding Trelon that Morian raised him and his brothers and they all survived just fine! He isn't even overly protective of the twins so much anymore. Of

course, I think he's given up and just focuses on damage control," Cara retorted.

"I told Dad that was what he and Morian got for having a little girl when she already has five grown, over-protective older brothers," Trisha replied dryly. "I have to keep reminding Kelan that Dad raised me just fine. Of course, all he does is growl about that being different because he wasn't there to protect me."

Cara laughed as she lay back on the floor and rested her head on her arm. She glanced at Trisha and shook her head. She felt sorry for Paul and Morian. Ever since Morah was born the guys had been like a pack of circling dragons, hovering to the point that Paul had finally threatened to take them all out in the woods and kick their butts if they didn't leave their mother and him alone so they could raise their sister.

Cara turned her head and sat up when she heard the door to her office open. She rolled to her feet and watched as Amber and Jade bounded out, both still in their dragon forms. Symba was right behind them, the two smaller symbiots belonging to Amber and Jade were attached to him. One was attacking his massive golden paws as he tried to walk while the other clung to his tail. Both were in the shape of tiny Werocats.

“I told you to look up,” Trelon said with a slightly defensive tone.

“I couldn’t,” Kelan snapped and ran his hand through his hair. “I was too busy trying to grab the damn robot crawling up my leg. Son of a...”

His voice faded on a loud hiss when he jerked his hand out of his disheveled hair. Cara watched as a small flash of silver flew through the air when he shook his finger. Reaching out,

she snagged it in mid air and closed her fingers around the object.

“Daddy says a bad word,” Bálint whispered with wide eyes.

“Kelan,” Trisha started to reproach before she shook her head. “You look like you’ve just been in a battle – and lost.”

“I feel like those dam... those things are still crawling all over me,” Kelan retorted with a shudder before he turned and pointed a finger at his brother. “Stuffed animals, Trelon. You promised the rest of us – stuffed animals only until the girls were grown.”

Trelon chuckled, even as his face contorted with a flash of pain. He reached up under his shirt and pulled out one of the silver robots along with a few chest hairs. Holding it up, he studied the small electronic toy. It really was remarkable.

“They were complaining that they didn’t move and were stuffing their symbiots in them,” Trelon explained as he reached up to touch the tiny robot. “Come on, Kelan, you’ve got to admit these are pretty impressive. I can think of half a dozen different ways they can be used to help protect our world.”

“The only ones that our world needs protecting from is Amber and Jade, Trelon,” Kelan replied dryly. “How in the dragon’s balls did they create these things?”

Cara watched as Kelan scratched his butt-cheek before he reached into the back of his pants and pulled out another robot. Dropping it to the floor, he stepped on it before it could escape under the couch.

“We’s used Mommy’s new cloner,” Amber said, shifting and toddling over to sit down next to Bálint. “If you turns the knobs, it makes

things smaller. We's puts the parts together just like Uncle Dulce showed us."

"Uncle Dulce?" Trelon growled, raising an eyebrow at Cara.

"What?! You know I love hanging out with the guys at the repair shop. You aren't still jealous after all this time?" Cara exclaimed in exasperation.

Trelon's expression turned dark. "You were checking out his..." He pursed his lips together and he glanced at the kids who were staring up at him in fascination.

Cara's expression softened and she stepped closer to her mate. Lifting her free hand, she ran it along his jaw. His lips finally straightened out and he gave her a sheepish grin.

"They are just as smart as you are," he muttered in a rueful voice.

“And as inventive as their father,” she teased back.

“Well, now that we know that both of you are to blame for endangering our world, are you ready to go? Paul and *Dola* are waiting for us. Mandra was telling me that Paul has already been teaching Morah which plants she can eat and which to stay away. We are all going to have a talk with him about that,” Kelan grumbled.

“Kelan,” Trisha laughed and shook her head before she reached down and quickly picked Bálint up before Jade could tackle him. “He started teaching Bálint when he was even younger than that.”

“Yeah, but Bálint is a boy,” both men started to say before Trisha raised her eyebrow at them.

“O... kay! Who’s ready to go see Morah?” Cara asked in a cheerful tone, knowing if she

didn't Trisha would show both men what a woman could do.

"It's ready," Jade excitedly exclaimed with a nod of bouncing brown curls. "Cans Amber and I goes as our dragons?"

"Yes, we just need to wait for daddy to get his boots on," Cara replied, looking at Trelon's bare feet with a grin.

"How about we take the girls and meet you there?" Trisha asked.

"That sounds wonderful," Cara said with a grin. "It will give me a chance to put this little guy up so I can study him later," she added, lifting the clenched fist with the tiny robot in it before opening her fingers and quickly turning it off before it could escape.

"Take Symba," Trelon warned with a wave of his hand at the golden symbiot lying passed out on the floor. At the moment, he was tempted to join the golden Werecat.



“Symba, horsey!” Both girls cried in delight, hurrying over to where the symbiot rolled to his feet and shifted into a small pony, complete with a triple saddle.

“Dad is going to love this!” Trisha laughed, lifting up Bálint and placing him behind the girls. “Hold on.”

“You two behave,” Cara said sternly before giving both girls a kiss on the cheek and whispering into Symba’s ear. “Make sure they don’t fall off this time.”

“Let’s go see your cousins,” Trisha laughed, shaking her head and looking at Cara with a mischievous grin. “See you in a few minutes.”

Cara closed the door and turned to look at Trelon. He was holding up one of his boots, a look of resignation on his face. Her gaze moved down to his boot. There was a line of teeth marks all along the upper rim.

“They’ll grow out of it,” Cara laughed, walking toward him and wrapping her arms around his waist. “At least they have learned to control their fire when they sneeze.”

Trelon wrapped his arms around Cara and released a deep sigh. Cara rested her cheek against his chest, enjoying his warmth and the sound of his heartbeat. Her fingers played with the front of his shirt. She was about to mention how nice it would be to have another child when she saw a slight movement under his shirt and heard his loud hiss.

“Oh! I think you have another robot,” Cara breathed, trying to slap her hand over it as it moved. “Hold on.”

“I can’t! The damn thing is pinching me,” Trelon yelped, wiggling. “It’s moving down.”

“I know it’s moving down,” Cara giggled, slapping her hands along the path. “It’s fast.”

"I... Oh, Goddess, no!" Trelon swore, grabbing the fastening to his pants when the tiny robot disappeared below his waistband. "Don't... Ah, that hurt," he groaned when Cara accidentally slapped the front of him.

"Oh, sorry," she choked out, fighting back a sympathetic laugh.

"Just help me get my pants off," Trelon muttered in a hoarse tone.

Cara quickly jerked Trelon's pants down while he frantically tried to catch the tiny robot crawling over his flesh. He snagged it, pulling the wiggling metal object away from him and tossing it across the room. It hit the wall with a soft ping and dropped to the floor.

"Well, that wasn't too bad," Cara replied with a pleased grin, staring up at him.

\*.\*.\*

Trelon glanced around the living room, before looking down his body. His shirt was hanging down, his pants were around his ankles, his boots were lying on the floor – partially eaten – the living room was once again a cluttered mess of toys and varying shades of little girl clothing and – he couldn't be more content with his life. Returning his attention to Cara, Trelon's expression softened when he saw her searching gaze. He lifted his hand and cupped her soft cheek.

"No, it wasn't so bad," he agreed, bending to brush a kiss across her lips. "How long do you think we've got before the others send out a search party for us?"

Cara's seductive chuckle mixed with his. "Long enough," she replied, wrapping her arms around his neck. "What do you have in mind?"

“More babies,” he remarked with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Oh!”

*Yes!* Her dragon whispered with glee.

### Chapter 3

Paul Grove walked over to open the door to Morian and his living quarters when he heard the knock. His gaze swept over his beautiful mate as she teased their young daughter who was trying to crawl up onto the couch. Morah had learned that trick this morning. It was hard to believe that this tiny girl with midnight black hair, rounded cheeks, and twinkling golden eyes was already close to a year old!

He drew in another breath when he heard a second knock, this time louder, and braced himself. Zoran, Mandra, Kelan, and Trelon had taken their 'big' brother position to the extreme. The only one who was being good at the moment was Creon. The other four had been a pain in his backside ever since Morah had been born. Their constant suggestions of how he and Morian should care for Morah had become a source of entertainment for him and his mate as well as an ongoing battle between him and the other men.

Taking another deep, calming breath, he opened the door. His gaze softened when he saw Trisha's glowing face. Opening his arms, he waited until she stepped into them before wrapping them tightly around her. He rested his cheek against her curly hair before releasing her and stepping back.

"Hi, honey," he greeted. "Welcome, everyone."

"Hi, Daddy. Did you guys have a good trip?" Trisha asked, stepping into the room, followed by Kelan.

"Yes, all the flowers are blooming on the mountain," he said, watching Symba trot into the room with the twin girls and Bálint. He chuckled when he saw the straps holding them on. "Saddles with seat belts, good idea!" He reflected as he waited for Abby, Zoran, and Zohar to enter as well when they came up the hallway behind the small group.

"It's ride, too!" Zohar demanded, looking frantically around for Goldie. "Goldie, comes here. I's wants my own horsey."

Goldie, Zoran and Abby's symbiot, shook and shifted into a huge Werebear instead. Zohar squealed with delight and wiggled. Zoran lowered Zohar to the symbiot's back and waited until his son had a good hold on the thick reins that formed.

"Hold on, son, you don't want to... Dragon's balls! Morah!" Zoran started to say

"Don't even start! She's doing fine," Paul Grove warned. He gave Zoran a pointed look when he and Abby entered the room and Zoran's gaze automatically started searching for Morah. He shot Zoran another sharp glance when the huge warrior's eyes widened before he started forward. "Let her do it."

"But...," Zoran started to growl before he released a frustrated snort and glanced once again at his baby sister as she crawled up onto the couch.

“Why don’t you go rescue Zohar?” Abby suggested with a soft chuckle. “I think Amber and Jade are already stalking him and Roam.”

Zoran turned to look toward his young son where he had rushed over to play with Vox’s and Riley’s son. Roam was in the middle of making a fort out of a box and bed sheet that Morian had brought out for the kids. Sure enough, the twins had circled around the furniture and were closing in on the boys.

“Kelan!” Zoran called out in exasperation.

“I know, I know,” Kelan answered, heading around the couch and wrapping an arm around Amber’s red dragon just as she was about to pounce. “Jade, don’t you dare!”

“Aw, Uncle Kelan! It’s funs,” Jade complained after she shifted back to her two-legged form. “They’s don’t minds.”

“I knew you’s were there,” Roam growled, twisting and lifting his little butt up in the air before he wiggled it and shifted into his tiger form.

“They’re okay, Kelan,” Riley called out from where she was standing next to Vox near the windows. “Roam is used to Vox sneaking up on him. He’ll be fine.”

“I’m teaching him to be a warrior,” Vox growled before returning his attention to the comlink he was holding.

Jade squealed and took off running across the living room, Roam charging after her. Kelan cursed and quickly set Amber’s squirming body down on the floor. She started after Roam and her sister only to get



tackled by Zohar. The two rolled across the floor, knocking the sheet off the box and disappearing under it.

Zoran ran a hand down his face and shook his head. He couldn't say anything to the girls when the boys were just as bad. He turned his head and glanced at Kelan when his brother slapped him on the shoulder.

"Be thankful that you aren't Trelon and Cara. When we stopped by, Trelon was trying to capture the girls' newest invention. I have to admit, they were pretty remarkable," Kelan muttered under his breath, watching in amusement as Vox paced back and forth in front of the window as Riley danced beside him, trying to keep her eyes on the communicator and Roam at the same time. "Vox looks almost as tired as Trelon."

"It sounds like he is having separation anxiety," Zoran replied.

"He is," Mandra said with a grin. "This is the first time that he and Riley have been away from their twins. He has been talking to his father for the past hour. His mother finally gave up trying to console the poor cat."

All three men chuckled. "It won't take him long to get over that. When Amber and Jade were first born, Trelon swore he'd never let them out of his sight. Creon said they asked if the girls could spend the night with them and Trelon asked how long could they stay. I think he was hoping for a few years," Zoran said with a grin.

“Did you ever think our lives would be like this?” Mandra suddenly asked, watching when Ariel knelt down next to their son, Jabir. Love and pride filled him as he watched her tenderly run her hand over Jabir’s plump cheek. “Goddess, I love that woman,” he suddenly muttered and started across the room.

Zoran and Kelan watched as their huge brother sat down on the floor next to his mate and son. Both of them could see a reflection of themselves in the scene before them. Their gaze followed Mandra when he picked up the small pet Grombot that Jabir had brought with him and held it while Jabir hurried over to play with Morah.

“Do you think we look like that?” Zoran asked Kelan with a critical expression.

“Worse, brother. I think we both look much, much worse,” Kelan chuckled before he released a sigh. “It looks like Jade has a new target.”

“I see that Bálint’s hair is finally growing back,” Zoran observed.

Kelan shook his head. “Don’t even get me started on that! By the way, I reminded Trelon that he had promised us he wouldn’t give the girls any more toys that could become mutated monsters,” he said with a glance over his shoulder before he refocused on Jade and Roam. This wasn’t going to end well because Roam was Bálint’s best friend. “Jade, how about some cookies?”

Zoran couldn’t keep the grin from his lips when Jade released Roam’s tail which was hanging from

her mouth. Roam and Jabir both perked up as well. Roam quickly shifted, his eyes wide with excitement.

“Does you have the chocolate ones?” He asked with a hopeful expression.

“I don’t cares what kinds they are,” Jade responded. “It’s gots to taste better than your tail.”

“Milk, too?” Jabir asked.

Kelan nodded. “Milk and cookies, it is,” he replied, shooting a glance at Zoran. “You get to find out where Amber and Zohar have disappeared to.”

Zoran groaned and glanced around the room. He turned when he heard Morah squeal. He chuckled deeply when he saw Amber, Zohar and Abby playing peek-a-boo with his little sister. His throat tightened at the unexpected emotion. Once again, he thanked the Goddess for leading him to Earth.

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