

Trying to be better

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Trying to be better

by [FakeJ3llo](#)

Summary

A story of a parent trying to better himself and to reconnect with his children. Will he finally break through his own barriers to open himself up for them or will he stick to his old ways?

Notes

Takes place after 'Wing it like Witches'

I got this idea when i saw saw the response Dana Terrace did about Amity's parents and how she enjoyed writing about her dad. It got me thinking maybe juuuuuust maybe he isn't that bad of a parents just not very good at being one.

Also since we don't got names for the parents yet I just thought of something for them.

Update: We got us the actual name for Amity's parents and hot dog I like this SOOOO much more than the one I was using.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

The sound of footsteps echo through a large hall as a purple skinned girl rushes towards a set of dark oak doors. All around her are paintings of various individuals with large gargantuan creatures of ooze and slime.

She stops herself when she finally reaches the door, giving herself a quick once over taking a quick breath as she mentally readies herself.

Pushing open the doors, she finds herself in a large room with a ceiling far too high causing any noise to echo. The sound of steady scribbling can be heard throughout the room with the occasional sound of sliding paper.

Just like the hallway the room is covered in paintings of individuals but this time they are all portraits. To the side of the room stood a tall window showing a vast forest on the other side and just off the horizon the town of Bonesborough can be seen.

Making sure not to make too much noise, the young girl made sure to be careful with her steps as she approached a lone desk in the middle of the room. A towering stack of paper sits on one side of the desk while a smaller one sits to its opposite. Between the two sits a man with his sole focus on the sheet of paper in front of him. He takes no notice of the girl approaching him as his quill keeps scribbling on the paper.

A wooden name plate sits at the front of the desk.

Alador Blight

Even from this distance she can see his empty blank stare of his eyes to the emotionless expression on his face. His sleek dark brown hair almost matching the color of the desk he's sitting in.

Once in front of the desk, she waits a second for her presence to be known. The room stays silent with the expectation of the feather's nib going against paper.

"Um...excuse me sir?" She waits for a response.

The man before her doesn't seem to notice as he just continues to work.

"Excuse me sir." She says a little louder this time which seems to get a response. Though it almost makes her jump back as dark blank eyes stare back at her.

Without even lifting his head, the man meets the young girl's eyes.

“What is it miss,” he ponders for a minute trying to search for a name in his head. “Miss Petunia?” His voice was cold and devoid of any emotions. “I’m quite busy if you haven’t noticed.”

Mentally shaking herself, she composed herself straightening up with her hands behind her back.

“My apologies Magister Blight, but I’ve received some news from Hexside.” She says shaking a little because of how nervous she is. “One of your children has received an injury.”

This catches his attention, making him look up from his paperwork his gaze still showing no signs of emotion.

“I see.” Is all he says as he stares back at her. “Is that all?” The girl named Petunia nods her head. He waves his hand for her to leave. She takes a few steps back before turning around and heading towards the door the sound of her footsteps resonating in the room.

Once she left, the elder Blight let out a deep sigh pinching between closed eyes. He sets his quill down to bring up his hand to draw a spell circle, its magenta hues sparkling before him.

An abomination as tall as the paperwork on his desk form next to him sporting three bright orange eyes, its droopy expression staring down at its creator.

“Abomination, make your way towards Hexside and find out which of my children is injured,” he ponders for a minute his eyes moving around as he thinks to himself. “Make sure they are taken care of then return and report back to me.”

The gooey golem lets out a gurgled moan and marches out of the room.

Once again alone in his office, he lets out another sigh leaning back onto his chair. He looks up at his paperwork, annoying him that he’s only scratched the surface of completion. Turning away he sees a portrait of him and his family.

Standing in the back is his wife and next to her stands himself. In front of them are their three children, his two eldest standing in the middle while in the very front is his youngest. It is an older portrait of them since his youngest daughter still has brown hair almost similar to his but only lighter in color. The entire family wore a matching set of dark red clothes with him and his son wearing a suit while his wife and daughters wore similar looking dresses. Barely anyone in the photo was smiling with only the exception of his wife though one could consider it more of a mischievous smirk than a genuine smile.

Below the photo attached to the base of the frame on a golden plate says the words *The Blights* .

He stares at the name for some time, his eyes tracing each letter.

The name Blight.

He wasn't born with it, no, he was part of the higher part of society, but compared to the Blight name he might as well be considered lower class. The only reason why he even has the name is because the current matriarch of the family took a strong liking of his ability in the abomination coven. Ever since the day she decided to have his talents he's been by her side for as long as he's known. From the day she found him in Hexside to the present day today.

The sound of his doors opening breaks his trance.

His abomination walks back into the room letting out a gurgle as it approaches its master.

"Well," he looks up at its droopy eyes. "Who was the one that got injured?"

Without saying anything, the abomination morphed a portion of its body to take shape. It wasn't a perfect image, but a father can recognise one of his children.

"And how did Amity get this injury?" A gooey mold of a grudgby ball replaces his daughter. "I was to believe that Amity ceased all of her grudgby activities." He ponders on this for a bit. "Is that all?" The abomination reforms to its original self and just stares back at his master.

Nodding his head, he despells the golem and turns back to his paperwork.

The day goes by and by the time the sun begins to set, Alador has arrived back to the Blight manor with his abomination in tow carrying a few boxes.

With a quick spell circle he pushes open the manor and walks inside to be only met with silence. Though it seems quite odd since he would at least hear one of his children causing some sort of noise whether it be with their training, or their questionable...practices. The image of his twins pop in his mind at the last part.

"Ah welcome home master Alador ." A servant greets the father who only responds with a nod. "Lady Blight wishes to speak with you." He gives him a quick bow before walking away.

"Abomination, take that to my studies." Alador commands as he walks up down the hall towards his wife's study room. Walking through the halls he passes by paintings all of them portraying individuals most noticeably with green hair each displayed with power and grace. It isn't until he comes up to a picture of his family that he stops in front of large red oak doors.

Alador takes a minute to look at this family portrait which was completely different to the one he has in his office. In this painting his wife sits in the middle while he stands behind her left and with Edric to his left and their daughters to her right. All three of his children have matching green hair similar to their mother's.

The servant opens the door for him giving him a small bow.

Upon walking in the room, Alador is met with a room filled with rows upon rows of bookcases. There are no windows so the only light source in the room is from a fireplace. At the center of the room was a single chair with a nightstand next to it. And sitting in the chair is his wife who has her attention on a book.

With the door closing behind him, Alador could feel a slight cold chill run down his spine. Even with the large fireplace he couldn't help but feel his feet running a little cold. Now standing before his wife, he waits a few seconds standing quietly before her waiting for her to finish reading.

After a couple of minutes, she finally places a bookmark on the page she is on and closes her book.

"I'm sure you heard about what happened to Amity, yes?" She asks, going straight to the point. Alador responds with a subtle grunt. "And I'm sure you know how she got herself in this situation?"

"In a sense." he says, noticing his wife clenching her hands into a fist.

"Of all the things to happen to her it had to be from that red hair manipulating witch's child." She says with venom in words. "I can hear her now, oh did you hear my daughter bested yours in a grudgby match, your daughter who was the previous captain of the team."

"Well, Amity did decide to stop playing such barbaric games in order to focus more on her studies, did she not?" Alador points out.

"What does that matter? She still lost to HER daughter." his wife covers half of her face with a hand and lets out another sigh. "Perhaps we should enforce a stricter training practice for her can make sure this won't happen again." Her hand slides down to her chin as she ponders on a solution. "Why don't you go have a talk with her? I've already said my piece to her."

"Your piece?" He asks, raising an eyebrow.

"Oh course, what kind of mother would I be if I just let her be without telling her what she's done wrong?" she says, almost sounding surprised. "Honestly, you would think our children would understand by now that if you make a fool of yourself you make a fool out of the Blight name."

"Oh course dear." Is all he says as he turns to leave.

She nods her head at him and brings up her book again to start reading again.

Leaving the room, Alador walks back to the main entrance and makes his ways towards the stairs that lead up to where his children's rooms are.

Upon reaching the top, he notices the twin exiting out of their sister's room trying their best to stay quiet.

"Edric, Emira what are you two doing?" The twins both jump at the sudden voice and turn to face their father. Their nervous eyes meeting his cold ones.

“Oh, hello father.” Edric says, trying his best to sound normal.

“Did you just arrive home?” Emria asks.

“Is there a reason as to why you’re...sneaking out of your sister’s room?” Alador asks walking up to his twins his expression still cold and empty not answering their question.

Both twins look at each other trying to figure out what to say.

“We were just...” His eldest daughter starts.

“Checking up on Amity.” Her brother finishes. “She got hurt after pla...practicing a new spell.”

Their father raises a brow looking between the two of them.

“I...see,” he turns to Amity’s door. “And this new spell has something to do with grudgby?” Both twin’s jump a little as they keep their eyes away from his. “Both of you head back to your room and continue your studies.” he says nodding his children towards their bedrooms. “Oh and children,” he stops them as they reach their door. “Try to refrain yourselves from lying especially when your mother is present.” his gaze doesn’t leave theirs and he can clearly see the fear in their eyes at the mention of their mother.

Without a word the two of them nod their heads and quickly rush into their room. Alador watches as they close their doors leaving him alone in the hallway. His attention goes back to his youngest door.

He steps over to open the door, but stops himself when he hears something from the other side. It was faint but it sounds as if she’s crying. His blank expression falters a little as he quietly listens to his youngest cry to herself.

This isn’t the first time he’s heard this from her or from any of his children. Being the next generation to carry on the Blight name they’re expected to uphold it, and with a mother like theirs who is completely dedicated to her family name it can be quite straining on them mentally and emotionally.

Raising his hand he knocks on the door three times.

“Amity.” he calls out and from the otherside he can hear a small gasp. He gives a couple minutes to ready herself before entering her room. Walking in he sees his daughter sitting on her bed with a cast around her right leg slightly elevated by a pillow.

With her face slightly red and puffy, she looks up at her father with worry as she waits for him to speak.

“Your mother has told me of your...situation.” he looks down at her and can clearly see her shaking a little. She nods her head as she looks at her cast. He feels his eye twitch as he tries to think of something to say. Seeing as his wife has already said her piece there’s not much he can say other than reinforcing her words. He watches as Amity wraps her arms around herself clearly nervous by his presence.

“Are you in any discomfort?” he asks, immediately he can see a surprise look come on her face. He frowns a little at her response to his words, his ears falling back slightly, but quickly shrugs it off as she looks up to him.

“Um-no I-I’m fine.” she quickly says not wanting him to wait too long for a response, her ears shooting up.

Alador gives her a nod and gives her another look once over.

Another awkward silence.

“...Very well then...” he says, turning to leave. “Make sure to call a servant if you need anything.” He opens the door to leave, but stops. “Amity,” he hears her jump a little, “remember you are a Blight which means you mustn’t show weakness,” he pauses for a bit. “Make sure whatever you do you do so that this injury never happens again.”

Amity stares at her father for a few seconds a little confused by his words.

“Yes father...I will.”

Nodding his head he turns to open the door, but when he did he found his two eldest fall over in front of him as if they were leaning against the door.

He raises an eyebrow at the two as they rub their injuries from the fall. Once they realize that they are being watched they both give him a sheepish grin. His cold stare running chills down their spine.

“Father we-” they both start in union but are quickly silenced with a raised hand.

Letting out a sigh, Alador just points to their room.

“Your sister needs her rest,” he says. “You may attend to her later.”

The twins quickly get up and rush over to their rooms not wanting to make him repeat himself and closing the door behind them.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Hi guys chapter came out a lot faster than expect! I'm just having a really fun time writing this story.

Hope you enjoy the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Alador walks through the halls of the manor with papers in hand, his abomination following close behind him.

Today was a fortunate day for him, being the head of the Abomination coven does have its perks, one of those being he can choose a day where he may work from home every once in a while. Being able to work at home meant he could stay in his studies with no one to bother him and with his wife out meeting with others it meant he could keep to himself for most of the day.

The sound of running footsteps catch his attention as he looks up to see his twins running towards the stairs.

“Children,” he calls out not so as a yell but with tone it might as well have been because it gets them to stop in their tracks. “What has your mother and I say about running within the manor?”

The twins turn to look at their father with apologetic faces.

“Sorry father, but Amity called us to get to her room.” Emira says.

“Yeah and it sounds pretty urgents.” Edric says as he looks from his father to the top of the stairs.

Judging from their expression, they seem to be telling the truth so he lets them go. He watches with a raised brow as the twins rush up the stairs and the sounds of opening and closing echoed all the way down the stairs.

Alador turns his attention back to the papers in his hands walking off to his studies to keep to himself.

Finally, he’s in his studies, papers displayed all over his decks ink and quill dipped and ready. He looks up to see his door closed and lets out a satisfied sigh.

“Hmmm.” a small tinge of grin forms on his face.

His studies was one of the few places where he could keep to himself and just relax.

Picking up his quill, he brings it over the paper and begins to write. The room is quiet with only the sound of his scribbling.

Over an hour passes by, Alador is still sitting in his studies enjoying his time alone as he slides over another form. He looks at the two piles of papers on either side of him and nods.

“Mittens, come on!” Came the shout of his children from the other side of the door.

Alador looks up from his work and stares at his door as his children’s voices echo towards him.

“You honestly don’t think you can do something do you?”

Taking a pause, Alador looks back down at his work and tries to continue telling himself his children are just doing their typical shenanigans.

“Ed do something!”

The sound of loud groans echo causing the father’s ears to perk up, soon after the sound of a vase breaking.

Letting out a groan himself, Alador stands from his desk and marches over to his doors. Thrusting his doors open, the eldest Blight is confused to find the twins trying their best to hold back an abomination with his youngest sitting on top of its shoulders.

Edric is clinging onto the legs trying his best to hold it in place even though his arms were just sinking into its goo. His twin tried her best to shove the golem back, her hands also sinking into it.

Amity sat on top of the abomination yelling at her siblings to let go as she commanded it to push forward.

“Children,” Immediately all three Blight children cease all shouting as they turn their heads towards their father. “All of you in my studies now.” Without the need to even raise his voice he turns around and enters his room leaving the door open for the three children to follow.

They stand before him, all three of them keeping their eyes on the ground. His youngest was leaning on her sister for support.

“Explain.” Is all he says staring down at all three of them. He lets out a sigh drawing a spell circle summoning a couch behind the children. “Sit.” he commands as he spells over his own chair.

The family sits silently with the father waiting patiently for anyone of his children to say something.

“Father we...”Emira starts but stops as she tries to think of the right words to say.

“I need to go to the Confirmatorium.” Amity says finally gathering the courage to look her father in the eye. Both Ed and Em give her nervous look, their eyes switching between Amity and their father.

“And why is it you want to go to the confirmatorium?” Alador asks, raising a brow at her. If he remembers correctly today should be the day that The Owl Lady would face her punishment for defying the Emperor.

“It’s my friend,” Amity’s gaze falters a little as her cheeks turn to a slight shade of pink. “Luz, she planning on doing something, I don’t know what, but I want to be there to-”

“To what? Help her?” Her father interrupts which causes her to look up at him with wide eyes her courage from before disappearing all together. “You have an injured leg,” his gaze grows even colder but his tone stays the same. “You may be very skilled in magic but you’re no match for what the Emperor can do.” He straightens up staring down at her. “Don’t forget you’re a Blight, think of how this would affect the family? Your mother would be furious.”

“But I just can’t sit here and do nothing!” She almost jumps out of her but is stopped by her siblings who hold her down making sure she doesn’t injure her leg. She goes on about how she has to be there for her friend saying whatever she can to help her persuade him. It wasn’t until she said something that caused a tiny twitch on his eyes. “I won’t let you make me abandon another friend!”

“Enough!” Alador almost shouts, but raises his voice louder than his children has ever heard him. This immediately makes Amity jump back in fear. Her siblings respond by leaning in front of her making a makeshift barrier between her and their father with fear all over their faces.

The memory of forcing Amity to abandon her friendship with Willow was not a good one. Being a Blight it’s never easy making friends since... *Blight only associate with the strongest of witches*. His shoulders slump a little at those words, he knows it was for her own good though because as his wife says the family name is everything no matter your actions. He was no exception since he’s done the same in his youth when he met his wife during his time in Hexside. It was for the best...is what he was told.

Yet after all that she’s able to be friends with one of the most unlikely of beings on all of the boiling isles. The human, Luz is her name if he remembers correctly, a rather peculiar individual when elder blight saw the reports of a human being able to cast spells he was caught rather off guard. Judging from what he’s heard about her from the other families it seems she’s quite a name for herself within the school. Defeating Grom albeit with the help of his daughter, fending off a Slitherbeast and even going toe to toe with the current grudgby team again both of those times with the help of his daughter. He’s starting to see why she is so adamant to help this human...this friend of hers.

He looks back at his children who all seem to be cowering in front of him. Letting out a sigh as he rubs the spot between his eyes.

“Amity...I,” he pauses for a second thinking of the right words to say to her. “I know you’re worried about your friend, but you must understand.” He quickly raises a hand to stop her

from saying anything. “A blight only associates with the strongest of witches.” His daughter’s face glows red with anger, but that’s quick to change when he continues. “So have faith in your friend and if her mentor is none other than The Owl Lady herself then you should have nothing to worry about.”

Amity looks up at her father, her eyes wide once again, but this time instead of fear it’s shock.

The twins both have mixed expressions on their faces as well but it seems that Emira is the one to understand what he means and her eyes grow wide understanding what he’s saying.

The room falls silent as the four of them begin to awkwardly stare around the room as no one has anything else to say.

Their father is the first to speak letting out a cough as he’s staring at the clock to the side.

“Now if you would please head back to your room and rest, dinner should be ready in a few hours.” He stands from his chair walking over to the door. “Now hurry your mother will ask questions as to why we’ve been causing a ruckus.” Opening the door he waves for his children to leave.

The twins quickly help their sister up and walk on over to the door. Both of them give their father a small bow as they walk through the doors.

“Father I’m-” Amity stops them wanting to turn around to face him but is stopped when he raises a hand.

“A blight does not need to apologise for speaking her mind.” Is all he says slowly closing the door in front of them. “And for what’s right.” he whispers mostly to himself, but the little flick of his youngest ears causes him to stare for a little longer before finally closing the door.

Once he hears his children walk off and the other side of the door goes quiet Alador walks back over to his chair. Upon reaching it, he falls back into it, his elbows resting on his knees. He takes in a deep breath and after a few seconds lets it back out. The emotion he’s feeling is so foreign to him he’s trying to do his best to calm himself.

Talking to his children like this was so sudden, he’d usually keep their conversation to a minimum only asking the bare essential relating to their studies and if they’re keeping up with their training. His wife is usually the one to question them of their actions and be the one to correct their mistakes.

Though as their father he too should be responsible for dealing with their problems. He sits like this for some time as he just thinks back at the times when his children were in such distraught throughout their lives. His actions were the same no matter the situation, he would look to his wife for the answers and what she would say he would say to them.

Amity’s friendship with the girl Willow. The twins wanting to pursue their own goals. Everytime when anyone of his children would come home with “failures” as his wife would

call them. The moments when his children would wallow in their sorrows alone without a parent to comfort them.

He looks back at his desk still having a large pile of work to finish. Letting out a sigh, he draws a spell circle and summons a crystal ball. He turns it to the channel that caused him to be in this situation. As soon as he does he hears the sound of the onlookers shouting out *let Eda go*.

With curious eyes he watches as multiple people say the various things that Edalyn has done for them some were...questionable but most were good.

Within time though the crowd begins to gasp as the petrification soon takes place. Even Alador couldn't help himself flinch at the sight of another being slowly turned into stone.

His eyebrows raise at the sight of the human girl as she casts a spell to cause roots to wrap around the petrifying machine causing it to cease and stop the process. In a matter of seconds she frees her mentor along with her sister and something tiny beast and they fly off into the sky.

Shutting off the crystal ball, Alador lets out a breath he didn't realize he was holding.

The sound of his door opening catches his attention. Looking to the side he sees his wife entering the room with a tired look on her face.

"Dearest, you won't believe the day I've been having." She whines as she strolls over to him with her hand stretching out for him.

"Some trouble with the other mothers?" he says quickly composing himself as he stands up from his chair to grab onto her hand. He gently leads her over to the couch and sits her down.

"Did you hear the news of The Owl Lady?"

"No, I'm afraid not," he lies as he eyes the crystal ball and quietly casts a spell circle to hide it. "Did something happen at the conformatorium?"

"My gods you won't believe it." she says as if trying to egg him on to ask her for more. His response is a raised brow. "That human that everyone has been talking about went up and defied the emperors and freed the witch!"

"Did she now?"

"The reason they allow such a thing in Hexside is beyond me." She says shaking her head. "They're lucky that the emperor allowed them to go free." She looks up at her husband. "Can you believe that you were associated with that criminal of a witch?"

His ears twitch at the last part and for some reason he could feel his hands shaking, but he quickly pushes this feeling aside.

His wife gets up from the couch stretching as she stands.

“Hmm I suppose they’ll get their just desserts eventually,” she says. “hmm dear?”

Alador only nods his head in response watching his wife head towards the door.

‘Well I’m going to head off to bed,’ just before exiting she turns to face him and an oh so familiar smile on her. “Will you be joining me?” She says tilting her head to the side.

“I’m afraid not dear,” he answered, shaking his head. “Unfortunately I still have much work to do tonight.”

Nodding her head she walks out of his heading off to their bedroom.

Once again he left in his studies alone. He places a hand on one of his ears as he tries to figure out that sudden feeling from before. No matter, he looks back at his table, hopefully doing some work can help him calm down from such an...eventful day.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading I hope you enjoyed this chapter.

It's a bit Amity and dad centered but not to worry the next chapter will be more with the twins and pops.

Again thank you reading :D

Chapter 3 Part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hexside School of magic and Demonics.

A place where young witches study magic and choose a coven to join.

Alador reminisces his old memories of his young life here walking through the empty halls of the school. With it being after school hours, most of the students are either out doing whatever it is they do or are in their various afterschool programs.

At the moment he's making his way towards Principal Bumps office.

Earlier that day, his wife contacted him about how Bump wanted to discuss a situation relating to his children. And with Odalia gone from Boneborough to the next town over for business, it falls onto him to meet with the principal.

When he begins to approach the office Alador sees his two eldest standing on either of the doors both with a sour look on their face.

By the sound of his echoing footsteps, the twins look up with surprised expressions as instead of their mother they meet with their father.

"Father?" Emira says walking over to her father.

"We thought mother would be the one to meet with us?" Her male twin says following her side.

"Your mother is away," he says looking down at his children. "So I am here in her place." He looks up at office doors and then back to the twins. "Care to explain why I was called down here?"

"You see we uh..." Edric starts.

"There was this little accident." Emira finishes.

Alador raises an eyebrow at their vague answer.

The sound of the office doors opening the three blights look to see the principal of Hexside standing with an annoyed look on his face.

"I'm glad you could make it Mr.Blight." Bump greets look up at one of his former students. "It's been a while since I last saw you in my office." Alador takes notice of the rips and tears on his robe, a few tufts of feather hanging in various areas.

The twin's ears flicker at the last part and take a quick peek at their father who lets out a sigh.

"I prefer we stick to the reason why you called me here instead of discussing past...incidents." Alador glares at the principal who in return shrugs his shoulders as he gestures the blight family to enter.

Taking a seat, Bump casts a quick spell circle bringing three chairs over and placing them in front of his desk.

The eldest blight takes a seat in the middle with the twins taking up spots on either side of him.

"Now the reason I've called you down here," Bump starts looking at Alador. "Edric and Emira here thought it was a good idea to cause a griffin feeding frenzy." He frowns at the twins who try their best to act nonchalant with both of them whistling and looking elsewhere. "Now they've shared their fair share of pranks and tricks, but this little ruckus of theirs is going to cost the school quite a bit of money." Drawing another circle, two rolled scrolls fall in his hand. "This is the cost in damages and the other of the cost of supplies for the beast keeping coven.

Taking the scrolls, Alador uncurls them and begins to read the damages. His eyes slowly scan the paper, a frown slowly forming on his face as the number gets higher. He gives both of his children his typical blank stare trying to see if he can find any answers from them. He closes his eyes as he mentally sighs at the absurd price for the repairs.

The twins with a nervous interest try to take a peek, but quickly pull back as their father curls the paper back.

Taking in a deep breath and releasing through his nose, Alador spells away the two scrolls and looks back at Bump, his iconic blank expression on his face.

"I apologise for my children's behavior," Alador says as he gets up from his chair, he motions for the twins to do the same. "I'll send the proper snails to repair the damages and recover any lost supplies within the coming week."

The principal gives him a nod and gets up from his chair. He follows the family out opening the door for them.

"Well I'm glad we got this solved," Bump says with a smile. "It makes me remember all the times when you were a student here."

Alador raises a brow at him confused at what he is implying.

"If I remember correctly, I have never done anything to warrant me a fine from the school."

"What about that time when you started that riot for not having enough extra sweetened apple blood in the cafeteria?"

Both twins look up between the two adults with surprised expressions. They eye their father who gives the principal an annoyed look.

“You and I both know I was not the one who started that.”

The smile on Bump’s face soon disappears as the real culprit of that disastrous day pops in his head.

“Oh yea...” the old witch scratches his chin in thought. “Well one thing that’s like the old days is that you’re always the one bailing out whoever the culprit is.” He eyes the twins who give him a sheepish smile from behind their father.

“It would seem so,” Alador sighs. “Let’s hope this sort of thing never happens again.” He frowns at his children at the last part as he begins to walk away signalling for them to follow him.

As they begin to exit the school the twin begin to bicker between themselves.

“You just had to knock over all those feed buckets didn’t you?” Ed asks his sister, giving her an annoyed look.

“How was I supposed to know they would put them there?” Em whispers, raising her hands in the air. Her short hair twin rolls his eyes crossing his arms over his chest.

“Well maybe if you had the guts to talk to her-ack!” he doesn’t get to finish his sentence as his sister shoves an elbow into his side. She gives him a glare as she uses her eyes to point at their father who is walking in front of them. Ed rubs his side as he half apologises and whines at how hard she hit him.

“Edric, Emira,” calls out Alador. The twins stop their bickering to look up at their father whose back is still to them. “Once we get home I’ll have to think of a proper punishment for you two.”

“Yes father.” The twin’s say their ears tilt down following their father.

“I hope you both understand that the amount of snails I’ll be paying to fix your mishaps is no little feat.” He turns to face his children with his typical cold stare.

The three blights quietly walk with the father leading the way with his children sulking. Eventually the three of them make their way through the town's marketplace.

Just like any other day it’s filled to the brim with customers and sellers. Stands ranging from food, clothes, potions, and random nick nacks, various vendors yellings out their “amazing” prices in hopes to real in the most customers.

The sound of his son letting out a gasp catches Alador’s attention as he sees him running up to a food cart of some kind.

“Ed what are you doing?” his daughter calls out running after her brother.

Stopping to a halt, Alador watches as his children stand before a food vendor selling...crownut butter bars. With a subtle gulp, he follows his children towards the cart and just as he gets close enough a faint familiar aroma begins to assault him. Finally catching up to his children he can barely hear them bickering with one another once again as he is mainly focusing on the treats in front of him.

“Oh come on Em,” Ed begs as he tries his best to give his sister puppy dog eyes. “Might as well get a quick snack before we get in trouble.”

Emira is shaking her head letting out a grumble. She looks up to glare at her brother placing a hand on the side of her face while using her other arm as a makeshift armrest.

“You do realise that we could get in more trouble for trying to pull something like this?” she asks. “And you do realise father is literally...right...there?” Her frown disappears as her eyes grow wide and her mouth slightly ajar

Her brother gives her a curious look confused by her sudden change in attitude. He follows her gaze and what he sees causes him to mimic her face.

Alador stands in front of the food cart in an almost trance like state staring down at the treats. How long has it been since he’s had one of these since the time he got married...no...since his time during Hexside if he remembers correctly. The nutty smell of the butter fills his nostrils with a sort of euphoria like none he’s felt in a very long time.

It wasn’t until he noticed his children and the cart vendor giving him a surprise look that he pulled him out of the trance. He straightens himself up and lets out a cough or two turning to his children.

Both twins look up at their father with confused looks, neither of them quite understanding what they just saw. To the twins their father is the symbol of stoicism and seeing him like this was something out of the ordinary.

Alador tries his best to keep his embarrassment hidden, but the slight hint of twitch can be seen on his left eyes, also his ears sticking straight up didn’t really help him. He turns away from his children to face the vendor pulling out his wallet.

“I’d like to acquire three orders.” Alador asks pulling out the right amount of snails to purchase the treats. Perhaps buying them this treat will stop them from staring and also perhaps it’s been ages since his last taste.

“You sure about that buddy cuz it looks as if you’d like to buy the whole batch.” The vendor jokes as he places the three treats in a bag. His smile is soon to disappear as he looks up to see the elder blight staring down at him with a cold dark glare. Feeling the color drain from his face, the vendor quickly takes the money and places the bag in Alador’s hand giving him a quick thanks for the purchase and running off pushing his cart as he goes.

Turning around, Alador begins to walk through the market with his new bag of treats in hand.

The twins quickly follow after him and keep up with his pace from behind.

“Did you see that?” Edric whispers to his sister leaning towards her.

“Yeah, I definitely have never seen that before.” she whispers back.

“He’s been acting...weird these past few days.” Edric looks up at their father making sure he’s not too loud for him to hear.

“I know what you mean,” Emira responds, a confused look forming on her face as she looks at their father. “Father’s been talking a lot more than usual...like more tha-”

“Edric, Emira,” the voice of their father makes both of the twins jump. “Perhaps it is best suited to eat these before we return home.” Alador says motioning towards a bench near a large fountain. “Your mother doesn’t approve of these sorts of...treats in the house as you know.”

Slowly nodding their heads, the twins follow Alador towards the benching taking a seat on either side of him.

An awkward silence soon takes hold as the three blights begin to realize that they have no idea what to do in this situation.

For Alador, this is only the second time that he's been alone with the twins like this before. It also doesn't help that last time they were together like this they acted as a makeshift barrier between him and Amity whomst he was arguing with at the time. Now here he is, on a bench right after he picked them up from the principal's office a bag of treats in hand.

Clearing his throat, Alador opens up the bag causing the sweet nutty aroma to spew out causing both him and his son to let out a hum. He offers both of his children a bar before taking out a piece for himself.

The awkward atmosphere seems to have dissolved as both Alador and Edric seem to be now focusing more on the bar in their hands than each other.

Emira on the other hand was never a fan of eating street food like her brother watched as her father and brother bite their bar simultaneously. They chew for a few seconds both male blights closing their eyes from the pleasure. A moan escapes both of their mouths as they take another bite.

As Alador recovers from his little high, he takes notice of his daughter staring at him. He quickly swallows whatever pieces of the bar that are in his mouth.

“Emira it’s not polite to stare at another when they are eating.” Alador says lowering his bar towards his lap hoping to not take another bite and embarrass himself even more.

“Apologies father,” Emira quickly looks away though after a few seconds she looks back at him with a curious look. “What did principal Bump mean when he thought you were the one who started the riot?”

Alador coughs up his bar using his hand to cover his mouth from stopping any unwanted bits to spew out. Recovering, the elder blight draws a spell circle summoning a napkin and gives

his mouth a quick wipe.

“Why would you want to know about false accusations?” Alador asks, spelling away the napkin and turning to look at her.

“I’m just curious and was wondering if we,” she motions to her brother who is now finishing his bar licking his fingers to get any remaining bits. “Could hear more about it.”

“Your mother is quite clear on prying into personal matters.” He says staring down at her with his typical blank expression.

“Oh course father,” Emira says staring down at the ground, her ears tilting back. “Apologies.”

Taking notice of her sulking demeanor, Alador lets out a sigh closing his eyes.

“It was during my time at Hexside,” Alador starts catching his daughter’s attention. She looks up at him with wide eyes surprised he’s actually sharing this. She sees Edric about to say something, but she quickly tosses him her crowbutter bar who takes it no questions asked. “I believe I was around your age.” Stroking his beard he begins to think back to that day.

Past

It was a typical day at Hexside that day, various students going to class, casting spells, and learning to better themselves.

Being so close to lunch Alador sits in the cafeteria with a lunchbox displaying a generic meal; sandwich, a fruit, a drink, but a little bonus being his crownut butter bar. Simple yet satisfying just the way Alador likes it.

Though before he could partake in his lunch someone calls out to him.

“Yo! Aladog save a seat for us?”

Hearing this Alador’s ears fall back as he looks up to see a familiar puff of orange marching towards him and her sister following behind her.

Chapter End Notes

Heya folks this will be a two parter chapter.

Also I just want to say thanks for the love! To be completely honest I didn't think people would enjoy this, but I'm glad to see people enjoy this.

So again thank you SOOOOOOO much!

As always I hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Chapter 3 Part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Yo! Aladog save a seat for us?”

Hearing this Alador’s ears fall back as he looks up to see a familiar puff of orange marching towards him and her sister following behind her.

“Edalyn how many times have I told you not to call me that.” The young Alador asks, glaring at the witch who takes a seat from across the table. Her sister Lilith sits down next to her pulling out her own lunch.

“Sorry Alador, but you know how my sister is.” Lilith says giving him an apologetic smile. Eda shoves her face next to her sisters squishing their cheeks together a cheeky smile on her face.

“Come on,” Eda says looking down at her sister’s lunch. “It’s not like I’m wagging a chew toy in front of his face.” She makes a pout as her sister slaps her hand away from her bag.

“Hands off,” Lilith orders as she slides her lunch away from her sister. “I told you to make sure you packed your own lunch today.”

Eda looks at her sister with puppy eyes with her bottom lips quivering. Unfortunately for the younger witch her sister is immune to this fake charade.

Alador watches from across the table slowly munching on his lunch as the Clawthorne sisters begin wrestle for the lunch bag. To him the current situation is a dinner and show and he has no intentions of stopping the show anytime soon.

Eventually, the two sisters end their little fight with Lilith coming out as the winner. The Younger sister frowns as her sister begins to eat her lunch. It also doesn’t help that the glasses wearing witch is over exaggerating her bites.

Edalyn blows her sister a raspberry who in turn sticks out her tongue. The youngest Clawthorne turns her attention to Alador who is peacefully eating his lunch and she notices that he hasn’t even finished half of it yet. With a toothy smile, she places her head on her hands letting out a few coughs to catch his attention.

No response.

She lets out an even louder cough making her sound like a ragged old dog. Her sister gives her a disgusted look as she coughs up a storm spraying spit all around.

Taking a small sip from his bottle and placing his sandwich down, Alador finally looks up but raises an eyebrow as he watches Eda coughing up a storm red faced.

“Yes Edalyn?” Alador questions giving her a minute to regain herself.

Calming herself, Eda goes back into her original pose albeit a little breathless.

“Hey...Aladog.” The youngest Clawthorne croaks between haggard breaths.

“You...wanna...be a sport and spare me som-”

“No.” Alador interrupts her taking another bite into his sandwich.

Lilith tries her best to hold back a snicker so she doesn’t spit out her food.

Eda's expression falls slightly before going back to cute and innocent.

“Oh come on, buddy ol pal of mine.” Eda tries to convince him, rapidly blinking her eyes.

“You wouldn’t leave a friend to starve would you?”

Alador gives her a blank stare as he picks up his sandwich. Keeping eye contact with her he shoves the whole thing in his mouth taking long over exaggerated chews. And just to put the cherry on top, a rare grin forms on his face causing the bright orange hair witch to frown.

Plopping her head on the cafeteria table, Eda frowns at the other two witches as a low grumble comes from her stomach.

“You both suck.” Eda pouts as she tries her best to ignore the two eating. As she sulks on the table her eyes fall on a single crowbutter bar sitting a wee bit too far from the rest of Alador’s lunch. A mischievous grin grows on her face as she tries to inch a little closer, her fingers doing a tip toe motion towards the bar.

“Don’t even think about it.” Alador almost growls slightly baring his teeth.

Eda quickly moves back with her hands raised up. If she knows something you never do is get between Alador and his crowbutter.

“Jeez okay,” She gives him a sheepish smile. “Down boy.”

Alador lets out a small huff as he reaches over for his dessert.

“Guess I’ll just go buy something.” shoving her hand in her pockets Eda spends a minute or two trying to fish out any cash. Her ears fall back seeing as she only has about two snails and a ball of lint. She looks over at her sister who gives her a shrug.

“Don’t look at me you already took my money earlier this week.” Lilith says taking a sip out of her juice box.

This meant the only one she could ask is the grumpy dog.

“Hey Al can you spot me two snails?” she pushes out her hand towards him with a smile.

“Don’t you still owe me,” Alador thinks for a minute then gives her a deadpanned look.

“Thirty snails?”

“Yeah, but you’re rich, so you literally sneeze that amount daily.” She jokes. Her tone changes to a begging one as she claps her hands together. “Please? I just want to buy some appleblood.”

“A box is only a snail.”

“Yeah but the extra sweetened ones are four snails.”

Not really convinced as to why a more highly sugared drink tastes better than the original sugary drink, Alador lets out a sigh and plops two snails in front of her.

Seeing this, Eda quickly swipes the money and dashes off not even a word of thanks.

The male witch watches her with a blank stare. He turns to her sister who gives him an all knowing look with her brow raised.

“You know she won’t pay you back anytime soon right?”

He stares between Lilith and the spot her sister stood at and shrugs his shoulders.

The two remaining witches begin to have small talk about various school related things. With both of them being top students in their respect covens they have a good amount of things to relate with.

“So grudgby season is coming soon.” Alador says.

“Yeah, but I’m not all too worried,” Lilith nonchalantly responds as she packs her trash into her bag. “It’ll probably be like last year, us winning and whatnot.” She drinks the last of her juice and gives him a curious look. “You know having an abomination witch as skilled as yourself could make this year’s season all the more easier.”

Alador shakes his swallowing the last of his lunch.

“I’m not really one for sport,” he says, giving her a blank stare. “Beside I can only imagine all the jokes and pranks your sister would pull on me.”

“What not a fan of fetch?” Lilith teases giving him a toothy smile.

Alador lets out a grumble as he glares at the older Clawthorne.

“I’m sorry, I just had to do it.”

As they begin to wrap up their lunch the sound of someone shouting catches their attention. Unfortunately for them they know all too well who it could be. Quickly throwing out their trash they rush over to find Edalyn standing on top of a trash can staring eye to eye with the kitchen staff of the school.

“What do you mean you’re out?” She shouts.

“Kid what can I tell ya?” the staff shrugs annoyed that he has to deal with the teen. “We ran out of the appleblood stuff earlier this morning.”

Eda gave the staff member a death glare as she turned around to face the various students watching the fiasco.

“You see this?” She says pointing at the kitchen staff. “This is what happens when the system can’t be trusted.” Her shouting brings in more students as they slowly begin to gather around her.

Both Alador and Lilith watch with annoyance as she goes on how the school is out for their money or how it has too much control. As to how this relates to her current predicament neither witches have no idea. To them this was a typical first day of week kind of thing.

“I’m surprised she’s gotten a crowd this large and fast.” Alador points out as he looks around the now filled cafeteria room.

“Only took her a few minutes too.” Lilith says pulling up her wrist to look at a watch. “I think it’s a new record.”

Murmurs from the students begin to rise in volume as for some reason people find the actual reason behind Eda’s words.

“Who’s turn is it?” Lilith asks turning to look at Alador. He only shrugs and raises a fist at her who in turn does the same. They shake her fists in unison and at the count of three Lilith lets out a trumpet laugh while Alador grumbles as he stares at her hand. Giving her a quick report he marches towards his protesting companion.

Pushing students to the side, Alador makes his way towards Eda who is now trying to make the students chant something not really caring what. Once he reaches her he barks at a few students to make room so he can draw a quick spell circle.

“Abomination rise.” He commands and within seconds a large purple gooey golem appears in front of him. It’s tall enough that it can grab Edalyn off the trash can.

The young witch sees this and smiles, dodging it’s purple slimy hands.

“Good thinking Aladog.” She scoops up a rather small student and climbs up the golem her feet squishing into its gooey flesh.

“Eda what are you-”.

Standing on top of the abomination's shoulders she raises the small student above her head and begins to pump him up and down.

“RIOT RIOT RIOT!” She shouts and in no time other students begin to shout and chant with her.

Both Lilith and Alador smack their face with their hand not looking forward to the upcoming chaos that is Edalyn Clawthorne.

Present

“And then the other students began to throw food and notebooks around.” Alador says stroking his beard. “After certain demands were met Principal Bump made sure to always have every option of drinks stocked up at Hexside.”

“So you and the owl lady were friends back at Hexside?” Emira asks.

Her father stops to think for a minute his eyes looking up at the sky. Friends? Would someone who was continuously a thorn on his side be considered a friend? She teased him, pranked him, and always mooched off him. Though there were times when they did have a good time. They’d go off in a little adventure all over the boiling isle...correction Edalyn would drag her sister and him along.

“I suppose you can say...” he takes a second to think of the right words. “We were good acquaintances.”

“I see,” Emira nods her head as she smiles at her father. “Thank you for sharing father.”

His eyebrows raise slightly at the words, but are quick to return to normal as he gives her a nod.

“Perhaps we could do this more often?” she asks with a smile tilting her head. “I would like to hear more stories of your time during Hexside.”

Alador for his part is a little taken aback by her words. His blank facade slightly falters as he tries to think of a response.

“Perhaps we could...spend some time together...once in a while.” He looks away embarrassed that he’s fumbling his words with his daughter. “Of course that might be a little difficult due to my work.”

“Of course,” Emira nods her head giving him an understanding smile.

He feels he should say something, do something, but everything feels so foreign to him.

Unfortunately, the sound of coughing catches both Blight’s attention causing the moment to be disrupted.

Edric coughs up crowbutter and spit as he tries his best to clear his throat.

Both father and daughter give him a disgusted look as he wipes away the spit from his mouth.

“Really Ed?” Emira scowls upset that her brother ruined the moment she’s having.

“What? It’s not my fault the stuff tastes so good.”

Alador watches as his two children argue with each other both of them accusing the other. Though with all this going on a small hint of smile can be seen on his face. Never has he ever spent time with his children on a more natural level. There's no restrictions, no one watching their every move to make sure they aren't making a fool of themselves.

Noticing another vendor selling drinks, Alador gets up from his seat.

The twins stop their arguing to watch him walk over to a stand.

"Father?" They both call out a little confused.

"It's always proper to have a drink after a sweet treat such as crowbutter." He says, giving his children a nod. "Now would you like to choose what you'd prefer to drink or shall I choose for us?"

Both Blight children look at each other with raised brows. Emira is the first to smile which gets Edric to do the same. They get up from the bench to follow their father towards the stand.

"Also a drink is always useful when thinking of a punishment for misbehaving children." Alador says turning around grinning to himself as he hears his children groan and mumble with one another.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed this chapter.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The sound of quill against paper echoes within the large office of the Abomination coven. Just like any other day, Alador Blight sits in his office alone and completely focused on his work.

His ears flicker at the sound of distant footsteps approaching his door, but he doesn't care to look up. The father just simply dips his quill in his ink and continues to work.

The young witch Petunia enters the room with another tall stack of papers trying her best not to topple over. When she finally makes it to Alador's desk she lets out a sigh of relief as a happy smile seeing that she hasn't lost a single sheet. Curiously, she looks around the stack to see the elder Blight focused on his work. A nervous look forms on her face as she always hates to disrupt him when he's working. Having little choice, Petunia lets out a sigh as she steels herself.

"Magistrate Blight...sir?" She feels a cold chill go up her spine when she sees him let out a sigh and place his quill down. A surprise look forms on her face, he's never responded this fast usually she would have to call him out at least two more times to get his attention.

Alador raises an eyebrow as he looks up at his assistant waiting for the reason why he's being interrupted.

"Apologies, sir," Petunia bows at him. "But you're needed at the local town library."

"For what reason?" Usually he could send a representative in his place for minor tasks so what reason would they need the head of a coven?

"They said that they need you to check certain documents that you sent in earlier." Petunia magics out a slip of paper and hands it over to him.

Taking it, Alador skims the sheet and it seems they got the Emperor's approval to call him in and to personally inspect the documents. Letting out an annoyed grunt, Alador gets up from his seat and begins to walk towards his door.

"Make sure my work stays organised and ready for my return." Alador says just before he leaves the room.

The trip to the library is a rather quiet one; it wasn't until he got closer to the market area hearing the hustle and bustle of its patrons.

Once he arrives at the library, Alador is met by the head librarian.

"Ah, Magistrator Blight I'm so happy that you can make it."

The head of the abomination coven greets him with a nod and follows his lead. The procedure itself didn't take long as he's shown the documents and to his annoyance there weren't any problems just a smudge distorting the writing. The head librarian gave Alador multiple apologies promising that something like this won't ever happen again.

As the two made their way towards the exit, Alador noticed a crowd of children huddling around the entrance of the children section of the library. His ears flicker at a familiar voice speaking out loud, changing in pitch every now and then.

Noticing him stopping, the head librarian does a backtrack and stands next to the brown haired witch.

"Ah I see you have taken notice of our children's department." Leading the way, the librarian walks him over behind all children who have their focus on the voice in front of them.

Upon closer inspection, Alador now sees his youngest daughter sitting up front with a book in her hand. With a soft smile on her face as she reads out loud for the children to hear changing her voice to match the characters in the book.

"This is a once a month program where we host a reading session for the children for half the day." The librarian says a big smile on his face. "Free admission and we provide snacks and activities for the children." Another librarian comes from behind and whispers something to the head librarian. "Oh I'm very sorry Sir, but it seems I have some important matters to attend too." He gives the elder Blight a small bow before rushing off.

Not really caring for what he said, Alador keeps his attention on his daughter. Seeing how she hasn't noticed him just yet, Alador stands a bit to the side to watch. It surprises him that Amity is putting so much effort in her acting. Occasionally she would look down at the children using her other hand to act out certain scenes.

The children are loving it, each of them enthralled by the story and his daughter.

Feeling a tug on his robe, Alador looks down to see a one eyed child grabbing on the cloth with a thumb in her mouth. She seems to have unconsciously grabbed onto him as she listens to the story.

The elder blight was a little confused by this and tried to pull his robe free. Unfortunately the child seems to have an iron grip on him and unless he wants to cause a scene it looks like he's stuck here.

He turns his attention back to his daughter who has finally taken notice of him.

Her eyes grow wide and it seems her words have gotten caught in her throat. The many children all give each other a confused look as to why she stops

The youngest blight child tries her best to continue with a nervous voice. Though due to this, her acting wasn't as spot on as it was before. Her eyes keep switching between the book and her father.

Eventually she reaches a point in the book where she can pause.

"Alright everyone," Amity says, forcing a smile on her face. "Why don't we take a little snack break? The library was kind enough to get you guys some yummy treats." To her relief the kids all get up from their spots and rush over to where the snacks are.

Many of the children rush up to the young witch telling her they can't wait for her to continue and thanking her for telling the story. The youngest Blight gave them all a happy smile patting some of their heads and nudging them over to the snack table.

Closing the book and placing it down on the stool she is sitting on, Amity looks up at her father with a nervous look on her face.

Alador approaches her stepping over various books and toys left all over the ground by the children.

"Hello father," Amity greets her eyes staring at the ground. "What brings you here?"

"I was called in to check on some documents that were," he looks over his shoulder at the spot where the librarian stood with a blank look. "Supposedly altered, but it seems that everything is just fine." He turns his attention at the children who are swarming the snack table like a bunch of rabid animals. "I wasn't aware that you do this."

Amity cautiously looks up to see her father staring at the crowd of children.

"I, Um yes, I usually do this for extra credit for school." Amity says but then quickly adds. "I've told mother about it and she approves since it'll be good for my background and references."

Alador stares down at his daughter with a raised brow and is upset to see her with such a worrisome expression. Looking past her, he notices the book behind her and leans over to pick it up. His ears flicker as he hears a small squeak come from her as she quickly moves out of his way. He does his best to ignore her action and focus on the book in his hands.

"Otabin and the wrinkled pages." Alador reads the title out loud.

"It's a story I...the children enjoy." Amity says as she stares at the book in her father's hands.

Her little slip didn't go unnoticed to him as he stared at the strangely familiar picture of the Otabin, but he just couldn't figure out where he's seen it before. Shaking the thought away he hands the book over his daughter.

"It seems you're quite good at reading to the children." Aldor says, causing Amity's ears to perk up at his words as she stares wide-eyed at him. "How long have you been doing this?"

"Um...I...for a few months now." Amity answers.

"I see then perhaps I should leave you to it then." Alador gives his daughter a quick nod as he turns to leave. Though as he turns around the sound of rumbling tiny footsteps approach him as the herd of children swarm around his legs to take their seats in front of Amity once again.

Like a single tree on an island, Alador found himself surrounded by children unable to find a spot to step over them. Looking around He tries to find any openings for him to escape, but to his discomfort none can be found.

Looking back to Amity, he sees a worried look on her face as it seems she's trying to figure out this predicament too. Unfortunately it seems Alador will have to stay where he is unless he wants to walk on children which is not an option.

Letting out a sigh, he magics his scroll and begins to call someone.

"Miss petunia?" He says. "No I have not returned," he looks around at the children on the ground. "It seems that I'll have to continue my work another time."

Amity looks up at her father with a surprised look.

"Yes file them for me and send them to the manor." He hangs up and magic his scroll away turning to his daughter. "I hope you don't mind my presence here?"

Amity for her part stares at him for a few seconds before shaking her head.

"Um...I...no."

Alador feels some of the children grabbing onto his robe like a blanket as they make themselves comfortable. He lets out a sigh as this is one of his favorite robes.

One of the toys a child is holding catches his attention though. It was a stuffed doll of Otabin, the same character that Amity is reading about. It is then that he remembers why this character was so familiar to him.

Many years ago when Amity was just a few years old a very similar doll was bought for her. From what he could remember she very much loved that doll with it being the only thing she would play with night and day. It wasn't until she was told she was getting too old for such childish things and was forced to get rid of it.

Alador sighs as he slowly lowers himself on the ground, but unfortunately due to the amount of kids around him the best he can do is sit on his knees.

To Amity the scene in front of her is something she would've never thought she would see in her entire life. Her father sits on the ground surrounded by children some using his long robe and cape as a blankie, their snot and drool coating the fabric.

Alador looks up to his daughter with a very annoyed look obviously upset with his situation, but his expression falters when he sees her face. Her face is twitching as she tries to hide her smile. A snort escapes her making her place a hand on her mouth from stopping her from continuing. A small grin forms on his face as he sees his daughter smile, but being that he doesn't want to stay in this situation longer than he has too he lets out a few coughs to catch her attention.

Hearing her father, Amity finally calms herself a little blush on her face as she opens the book and begins to read.

So that's how Alador spent the rest of his day, instead of sitting in his office and filing and signing documents he's here sitting in the children section of the library listening to a story told by his youngest surrounded by a hoard of children. And to be honest it feels quite nice, a similar feeling from when he spent a day with twins seems to have found itself in him once again.

Within time the children seem to ease up to him as they get comfortable listening to Amity's story telling.

Alador seems to be on the same boat. The way she would act out the characters and make noises based on the scene from the book.

Eventually the story ended with most of the children letting out boos and disappointed cries, but Amity calms them down as she promises them next month for another session causing many to cheer up. She dismisses them since their parents are now waiting for them outside.

Like a stampede the children charge out of the room all the while yelling out thanks from some of them giving her a hug before leaving.

The young witch gives the children a soft smile waving them goodbye. She turns to see her dad in a rather weird position. He has his hands on the ground to his sides trying his best to push himself up. It seems sitting on his knees for such a long time has left him in a terrible predicament.

To his annoyance his legs have both fallen asleep and he is trying very hard to stand up, but with his legs out of commission at the moment it's quite hard. Noticing Amity walking up to him she offers him her hand. His hands pause a little halfway, her gesture a little odd to him, but when he looks up to her soft smile his hands grab onto hers.

It's a bit of a struggle, but the two Blights are successful in both standing though Alador has to lean on his daughter for support being that his legs are still both asleep.

"Um..." Alador is a little short for words right now being that this is the closest he's ever been to one of his children since who knows when. "Thank you Amity."

"No problem at all father." Amity doesn't meet his eyes as she probably feels just as awkward as he does at the moment.

The two of them quietly stand there as they wait for Alador's legs to come to.

"Your story telling skills are quite impressive." Amity's ears flick up at this making her look up at him. He didn't meet her eyes, his ears falling a bit of embarrassed expression on his face.

This makes the smile on her face grow leaning a bit more into her father giving him a pseudo hug not really sure how he might react.

Caught off guard, Alador whips his head down at her as this feeling felt so weird to him. Though to be completely honest a part of him is enjoying this interaction. Unconsciously, her

hands begin to lower itself on her shoulder giving her a few small pats.

“Ahem,” he coughs as he gently pushes her away making her look up at him with a worried look. “My legs are feeling better. I suggest we head on home before it gets too late.” A small blush can be seen on his face which doesn’t go unnoticed. He motions for him to follow him as he makes his way towards the exit.

“Of course father.” Amity responds with a grin following after him.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed the chapter!

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Make sure that we have enough pastries and drink at all times.” Odalia commands to a butler. “I don’t want anyone complaining that there isn’t enough anything.” She pulls out a clipboard and spells a pen to her hand. Various sets of china and flora are displayed all over the dining room table with large platters of food and drinks. “Darling?” The head Blight turns to her husband who is talking to one of the maids.

Alador turns to his wife, he motions for the maid to leave and walks over to her.

“Yes dear?” He doesn’t get a response as Odalia leans her head on his shoulder and lets out a tired sigh.

“All this preparation is going to cause my hair to grow gray.” She moans.

Raising a brow, Alador looks down at the checklist and it is quite extensive.

“Perhaps you would like me to take over?” he asks.

“No...” Odalia looks up at him and rolls her eyes. “Think of the rumors if anyone found out that the matriarch of the Blight family gave all her work to her spouse?” She pulls away from him and walks away looking down at the checklist. “Why don’t you go check on the children and make sure they’re ready for tonight.”

Nodding his head he turns to leave.

“Oh Alador?” Odalia’s voice stops him before he reaches the door. “Please make sure the children behave themselves tonight. We have one of most of the largest family coming to this dinner tonight.” She looks down her checklist and frowns a little her eyes skimming the whatever is written on it. “They have an elder daughter I’d wish for Edric to meet and if all things go well then we just might find ourselves some new influential friends.”

Giving her a small nod, Alador leaves the dining room and makes his way towards his children’s room. All the servants in the manor are busy cleaning and organising the halls and many rooms. They give Alador a respecting bow as he passes them with him returning a curt nod to each of them.

When he finally reaches the stairs leading to his children’s rooms he is surprised to see all three of them at the top...arguing? He would’ve called out to them, but stops himself as he steps a bit to the side to not be seen.

“Guys, you need to calm down.” Edric says waving at his twin and younger sister.

“How can we?” Emira barks. Amity stands in the middle of the two with her eyes on her brother a frown on her face. “How are you so calm about this?”

“What it’s not like anything’s going to happen tonight.”

“But you don’t know that.” Amity chimes in.

Edric shrugs his shoulders with a smirk but he doesn’t meet his sister’s eyes. Rubbing his hand on his arm the smirk falters a little, but he quickly covers it up as he drapes an arm over his younger sister’s shoulders.

“Aww it’s so nice to see you guys caring so much about me.” He rubs the side of his face against Amity’s causing the younger Blight to groan and push her brother off of her. “Besides it’s not like it’s an arranged marriage or anything I’m just going to have to say a ‘hello, nice weather, nice dress, and goodbye’ and that’ll be it.”

Fixing her hair, Amity glares at him crossing her arms, but her expression softens as she sees her brother giving her a rather large smile.

“Are you really not going to say anything about this?” Amity asks.

“Like I said it’s going to be alright guys really.” Edric says with a smile.

Both Blight girls give their brother an unconvinced look, but let out a sigh in defeat. Emira wraps her arms around her brother who raises an eyebrow with a grin. He looks as if he’s about to say a snarky comment, but stops with his eyes growing wide as Amity hugs him from the side. A frown finally appears on his face as he adjusts himself so he could hug back both siblings.

Letting out a cough. Edric pulls out of the hug and pushes his sister’s to his and Emira’s room.

“Well if that’s all settled you two should go get ready.” He says giving them a small wave goodbye. Ignoring his sister’s protest he scoots them along closing the door as soon as they’re in the room.

Finally alone in the hallway, Edric lets out a sigh looking down at his hands, his eyes growing wide realising that they are shaking. Grabbing a wrist, he takes in a few deep breaths before walking down the away deeper into the manor.

Alador who was listening in on the discussion walks back into view at the base of the stairs.

Slowly walking up the stairs, Alador looks around to see that his son is nowhere to be seen. His ears flicker by the sound coming from his twin’s room and walk on over.

Once in front of the door he can hear the voices of his daughters.

“But you know how mom is.” The voice is muffled but from what Alador can tell it is Amity who is speaking. “Ouch! Hey don’t pull too hard.”

“Sorry Mittens,” the other voice being her older sister. “I know, but Ed is right he’s not being forced to be with this girl.”

“For now.” Amity mutters. “Ow!”

Alador steps back from the door and gives it a few knocks. He waits a bit hearing the shuffling of feet and some sharp toned whispers.

Finally the door slowly opens revealing his eldest daughter poking her head out of the room.

“Oh, hello father.” Emira greets him with a forced smile.

“Emira,” Alador nods his head. “Your mother told me to check up on you.” He looks a little past her to see Amity sitting on a chair without her little ponytail on. She gives him a small wave to which he nods in return.

“I’ll be helping Amity get ready for tonight.”

“Good,” Alador nods as he starts to look around and down the hall. “What about your brother?” He notices his daughters flinch at the name, but Emira is quick to hide it.

“I believe he’s getting ready himself,” Emira quickly says. “Probably just getting his attire ready for tonight.”

“I see,” Alador turns to walk down the hall. “It seems that you both are having no problem then I’ll see you both later tonight.”

Emira gives him a nod goodbye before closing the door leaving him alone in the halls.

Making his way down the hall, Alador ends up in front of a large set of doors which leads to a balcony.

True to his words from a while ago, he and Emira have been having their father and daughter time here as they would sit down together with some tea and small treats. It wasn’t much being that they would only do this once in a while and it would only last for an hour or so, he would be lying if he didn’t enjoy it.

Opening the door, Alador looks out to find his son sitting on one of the outdoor chairs staring off at the distance. He’s slouched over with his arms resting on his knees the sound of snuffle can be heard on the quiet balcony. Occasionally, the young Blight would rub his wrist against his face letting out a small cough.

Trying to stay quiet, Alador slowly walks over to him making sure not to make too much noise. When he’s finally close enough, he lets out a cough to make his presence known.

Edric jumps at the sound and quickly wipes at his eyes standing up to turn around.

“Father!” Eyes pink Edric gave his father a surprised look. “When did you get here?”

“Just now,” Alador says. “Shouldn’t you be getting ready for tonight?”

Rubbing a hand behind his neck, Edric’s eyes fell on the ground at the mention of tonight.

“I...uh...I just needed to get some fresh air.”

The older Blight wasn't buying it, as he can read his son's distressed look. Letting out a sigh, Alador magics over a chair and places it next to the one Edric was sitting on. He motions for his son to sit next to him as he walks over and sits down.

Edric for his part is a little confused, but he knows better than to make his father wait. He slowly sits back down his eyes never leaving the older Blight.

The two of them sit in silence as they both eventually stare off at the horizon. Edric fiddling with his fingers because of how nervous he is being alone with his father. Usually Emira would be with them to start conversation, but Edric finds himself at a complete loss.

Little do both Blights know from an outside perspective both had the same body language while the younger is nervously fiddling with his hands the older is lightly tapping his index finger. Both father and son take turns to stare at each other with the other looking away.

“I was forced to do and say many things when I was your age.” Alador finally says causing his son's ears to flicker and turn to look at him. “I was told it was for the good of the family and that I would learn to deal with it eventually.”

Edric looks away with a sunken expression.

“But what if I'm not because she's a...” Edric doesn't finish stopping himself from continuing he could feel his eyes forming a tear.

“My father would always tell me that my own needs can never outweigh the families.” Alador looks to stare at his son who now has his hands in a tight fist. His own hands twitch against his leg as his son's posture and expression reminds him of his younger self when his father would talk to him about the family and how he would be called selfish for wanting to choose his own life. Ears falling back, Alador lets out a quiet puff from his nose.

Edric sits quiet for a few seconds trying his best to calm himself, but his body just wouldn't listen as his fist tightens. Though, within seconds his eyes grow wide as he feels a hand on his shoulder. Looking up, he's baffled to see his father placing a hand on his shoulder and staring directly at him.

“Do you want anything to happen with this girl?” Is the only thing Alador says as he looks down at his son giving him a soft look.

Edric for his part is a little lost for words as he stares up at his father who has been a rather rare influence in his life. Even at a young age his father was usually away or working leaving him and his sisters with the servants of the manor. Here he is now sitting and talking to him, not lecturing, not scolding, but actually talking and trying to console him.

“...No...” his son says with a shaky voice staring back at him.

Alador closes his eyes and lets out a sigh nodding his head.

“Very well,” Removing his hand from Edric’s shoulder, Alador gets up from his chair and motions for him to follow. “Come, you need to get ready your mother won’t be pleased to see you like this.”

“Father I...” Edric is stopped by the older Blight raising a hand.

“I’ll take care of everything.” Alador says not turning around to face him as he talks towards the doors. “Now follow me we don’t have much time to prepare.”

Later, when the sky is dark, various guests have arrived at the Blight manor all of which are from noble and rich families throughout Boneborough.

In the dining room all the adults are conversing with each other discussing politics and affairs. Odalia laughs with head members from the other families with a drink in hand.

“Odalia.” Alador calls out his wife.

“Alador darling you finally decide to show yourself.” walking over to him a large fake smile on her face. “I was just telling our guest here about our son, Edric.”

Alador looks over to see a large plump orange colored man with a single horn protruding from the side of his head. Behind him is a young girl perhaps the same age as the twins.

“Ah Magistrate Blight it’s so good to finally meet you.” The man greets bringing up a hand to shake his.

With his typical cold blank expression on his face, Alador shakes the man’s hand and greets him.

“Where is your son?” the orange man asks looking around. “My daughter is dying to meet him.”

As if on cue, Edric appears next to his parents garnering a suit and tie. He greets the father and daughter with a small bow and offers his hand to the daughter.

With the children conversing, the parents move away to give them some space.

“My aren’t they just lovely together?” the man asks, turning to Odalia. “We should arrange a little get together for them later this week.”

Odalia is about to agree, but to her shock is interrupted by Alador.

“I’m afraid that isn’t possible.” Alador says causing the other two adults to look at him in shock and confusion.

The man frowns for a second but quickly goes back to his fake smile and laughs.

“Well is there a problem, because if time is an issue then I could always personally arrange a more suited time for them.”

Alador giving him the cold look shakes his head no. Looking up, he can see a small vein pumping on his wife's forehead as she smiles at him.

"Hahaha darling whatever do you mean?" She asks him obviously, trying her best not to raise her voice.

Looking around, Alador places a hand on his wife's and slightly pulls her.

She complies as she gives the orange man a quick apology as she and her husband excuse themselves for a few minutes.

Odalía follows Alador out of the dining room so they can be alone.

"What do you think you're doing?" She asks in a whisper, her tone very hard.

"Apologies dear, but I didn't want to cause a scene in front of all of our guests." Alador says, staring at her as she crosses her arms, Odalía gives her husband an annoyed look and waits for his reasoning. "It seems our new 'friend' has a rather muddy background." This catches his wife attention as she raises a brow.

"What do you mean?" she asks, not sounding as harsh as before.

After a few minutes the two Blight parents return inside and walk back over to their orange guest.

"Apologies, but my husband and I had to talk about some rather important matters." Odalía says with her typical fake smile.

"Oh not at all," he says waving his hands. "But I assume that your husband has changed his mind about our children?"

"Oh unfortunately I have to agree with my husband." Odalía says tilting her head a smile still covering her face.

"What?" He is trying his best to control his volume. "But Odalía you and I have discussed this."

"Yes and I have decided to change my mind."

He's baffled and seems to want to say more but is quick to stop as Odalía gives him a rather terrifying smile while behind her Alador stares at him with his cold one.

At a loss, the orange horned man backs away and storms off leaving the two Blights.

Later that night when all the guests have left, Alador is standing outside taking in the cold night air.

"Father?"

Turning around, he sees Edric standing at the entrance.

“Hmm?” Alador stares at his son who seems to be in deep thought, his eyes not meeting his.

“I...um...I...” The younger blight seems to be at a loss for words, but he does get out what he wants to say. “Thank you.”

His eyes grow a little wide, but go back to normal as he nods his head to his son. Without saying anything, Alador motions for his son to stand next to him.

Edric walks over and takes the spot next to his father.

The two Blights stand silently staring up at the night sky both with a small smile on their face.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys hope you enjoyed this chapter!

I will admit I had a hard time writing this, but I think I like the way it came out.

As always thank you for reading and hope you have an amazing day :D

Chapter 6 part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Within the largest room in the town hall sit all nine coven leaders each of them having an underling standing behind them.

All around the room are pictures of nine individuals standing side by side each of them garnering their own colors of their respected covens. A large window sits in front of the group displaying the town square filled with various carts and stands.

Alador sits with his arms crossed between leaders of the bard and potion covens with his assistant Petunia standing behind him who looks a little nervous. His ears twitch a little at the sound of her shuffling causing him to sneak a glance at her. He gives her a subtle wave of his hand to help her relax.

Petunia is a little surprised by the action and looks to see him peeking a glance at her. She lets out a breath she didn't know she was holding and gives him a smile as thanks.

The head of the illusion coven draws a spell circle dropping a single file to each other patron in the room who's seated.

"If you would all look into this folder it has all the detailed information for the Haggie moon festival next month."

Everyone looks into their folder and reads through the event list and the multiple shops and stands that'll be attending the festival.

Alador reads through the list of performances and is a little surprised to see that the students of Hexside from the illusion coven. A list of all the names who will be performing are written down and the names of his two eldest catch his attention.

A hint of a prideful smile can be seen on his face, but he's quick to hide it.

"How much is all this going to cost us?" Asks the head of the potion coven. "I'm not quite sure that all these acts can be affordable with our budget."

"Worry not most of those acts will actually be done by our local students from Hexside." Says the head of the illusion coven giving a little flare with his hands. "The top students under the illusion coven will be taking charge of the performances." The illusion witch stares at Alador and gives him a cheeky smile. "Two of your children will be leading most of the acts and might I say they are becoming a rather promising member of my coven."

Alador only responds by nodding his head as he stares at his fellow coven leader with a typical blank stare. Though unbeknownst to everyone other than his assistant he is happily tapping his foot.

“How are the preparations for the food?” The Bard leader asks with a hand raised.

Alador leans back listening to his fellow coven leaders as they discuss the upcoming festival. It wasn't until he noticed something from the window that caught his attention.

From his spot he can clearly see a familiar puff of white hair sneaking along one of the buildings with the human Luz following after copying her mentor's movements. The two of them are staying low with some rather overexaggerated movements. Though it wasn't the two that he's staring at no, it's the person behind them that has his full attention.

Amity? He thinks to himself as he ignores the meeting as he stares at his daughter who is casually following the two with a confused look on her face. Although even from this distance he could see the dark shade of red on his daughter's face.

Alador looks at the clock, it seems that there's still another hour before this meeting is over. He tries to refocus on the meeting, but his eyes keep darting back his daughter.

“Well then Alador?”

The call of his names brings him back as he turns to find all members looking at him with a curious look.

His eyes grow a little wide realising that he has no idea what they've been talking about. A light tap on his shoulders from his assistant causes him to look up allowing her to whisper the missed information.

“They're asking about the wendigo trouble around the festival grounds...um sir.”

Giving her a nod Alador turns back to his fellow coven leaders.

With the festival taking place around the base of the knee the Emperor tended to send a large security force to keep watch for the local wendigo packs. Nasty creatures, their bodies pale with mismatched patches of dirty white fur spread along them. Sharp boney claws and teeth, their heads resembling skulls of various animals each with a set of horns like tree branches.

Unfortunately, this year it seems the Emperor is short on witches to do security so it's up to the main nine coven to decide on how to deal with the wendigo issue. And so it was decided that the Abomination coven will be in charge of security this year.

“Well sir Alador,” The oracle leader asks. “How do you plan on keeping those monsters away from the festival grounds?”

He motions Petunia with a hand signalling her to spell in a map of the festival grounds.

“I'll have my top witches keeping watch here,” he points to a spot and then to another. “And here, I'll also have four groups doing back to back rotation of perimeter checks.” he then draws to long lines circling the grounds. “This should be enough to keep the beast out.” Alador turns to the potion leader. “If your coven could provide some potions to help my witches replenish themselves that would be quite helpful.”

The potion leader gives him a nod and the rest of the meeting goes by rather quickly. They go through the rest of plans for the festival and after an hour of discussion they all leave either heading home or to whatever plans they have.

Alador and Petunia are one of the last pairs to leave.

“That was your first time here wasn’t it?” Alador asks as the two of them walk down the stairs of the town hall. His assistant smiles at him as she follows him. “What did you think?”

“It was quite nerve racking,” Petunia says as the two of them get to the base of the stairs. “I’ve never seen all the coven leaders in one room like that.”

“I appreciate your assistance earlier.” Alador nods at her causing her blush.

“No no no not at all,” Petunia quickly says waving her hands. “It’s my job to make sure to listen to all the information given.”

“Well either way well do-” He doesn’t get to finish.

“MAMA!” A voice calls out making both of the witches look up.

From across the street stood a tall green woman with a few bits of seaweed in her hair. In her arms is a little boy waving his arms as fast as he can a big smile on his face.

“Apologies sir,” Petunia says, giving a small wave of her own. “I promised my family that I would take them out to dinner tonight.”

Alador nods his head as he motions for her to go.

“It’s fine, our work is done here.” This causes her eyes to grow wide as she looks up at him.

“Are you sure sir?” She asks as she looks down at her watch to see that they have at least another two hours.

“Go on, think of this as a thank you for earlier.”

Giving a quick thank you his assistant quickly runs over to her family. A small grin forms on his face as he sees her give them both a kiss wrapping and around her wife’s waist walking off.

His ears flicker at a sudden realization as he raises a hand and places it on his grinning lips. He’s been doing this more often than he usually does as he traces his jaw. Though he won’t really complain about the reasons why as images of his children pop up in his head.

The sound of a crash takes him out of his thoughts as he turns around to see a cart racing at him. His ears fall back as he sees the driver’s big toothy smile, her white hair waving from the sheer speed of her cart. Behind her sat two children both screaming one with fear and the other with excitement.

In the split second that the cart passes him it’s as if time itself stopped.

The owl lady herself sticks her tongue out at him, her gold fang poking out from the sides.

The Human name Luz gives him a wave, a giant grin on her face some spit trailing the side of her mouth from the speed of the cart.

Next to her is his youngest, her eyes wide and her mouth literally dropping. She is clinging onto the human as if her life depended on it. Her eyes meet his and the sudden look of dread forms on her face.

“Ami-” He doesn’t get to finish as the cart zooms off leaving a trail of screams.

Alador stares off at the now disappeared cart as it rounds the corner. If this happened a few months ago he would’ve just walked away and dealt with it when they both got home, but for some reason something deep down is telling him to go find his daughter and see what is going on.

Letting out a sigh, the elder Blight begins to walk in the same direction as the cart.

It doesn’t take him long since all he has to do is follow the wheel marks on the ground. Eventually it leads him into the woods and within a few minutes he enters a clearing showing the Owl House itself.

He takes a minute to look as this is probably his first time seeing it in person and to be honest he’s a little disappointed. Knowing Eda he at least expected there to be a vicious monster guardian the place or at least some traps.

Letting out a sigh, Alador was going to approach, but the sight of an owl head catches his attention. He raises a brow, it looks as if it is looking directly at him, the black of its eyes trying to look deep into his soul.

Closing his eyes and letting out a sigh he shakes his head, *of course she would have such a weird looking door* he thinks to himself.

Upon opening his eyes something seems a little off because he could’ve sworn that the owl 's head looks a little closer now.

Blink.

It’s getting closer.

Blink.

And closer.

“Perhaps I should sleep early tonight.” Alador says rubbing his eyes.

“Yeah, I tend to see things too when I don’t get my beauty sleep.” Says a voice right next to his right ear.

His eyes shoot open, he slowly turns his head to see...nothing....absolutely nothing.

“HI I’M HOOTY WANT TO SEE MY SLUG COLLECTION?”

Alador nearly jumps back a finger ready to cast a spell as the owl head he saw pops right in front of him. He stares at the thing called “Hooty” who’s giving him a dumb smile. Looking behind it, he noticed that it extended itself from the house.

“I suppose this does suit her style of...weirdness.” Alador whispers to himself.

“Hmm what’s that?” Hooty asks, slowly pushing his face against Alador causing his hair to ruffle. Some feather’s got stuck in his beard and hair causing a sour look to form on his face.

Alador pushes him away a bit too roughly as he straightens himself plucking out the feathers off of him.

“I’m here to find my daughter,” Alador says. “Amity is she here?”

“Amity, Amity, Amity...” Hooty takes a minute to think. “NOPE! But I do have some cute looking dirt mounds lying around somewhere.”

“Then is the Owl lady here?” He asks.

“Who?”

“Your master?” Hooty shakes his head no. “Edalyn?” another shake. “Edalayn Clawthorne?” again, another shake no.

A vein can almost be seen on Alador’s face, but with his many years of emotional restraint he takes in a deep breath and lets out a sigh.

“Then who lives here?” He asks, giving the owl thing a stone cold look.

“Oh Eda The Owl Lady of course.”

That did it, somehow this tube of an owl has somehow broken decades of mental and emotional fortification. It hasn’t even been ten minutes and this...Hooty has caused all restraint to just disappear within Alador.

No more words are said, no spell was casted, it happened all in an instant. Like an angry wild beast, Alador bares his teeth showing off his rather sharp canines and clamped down onto

Hooty, his face red with anger. He bit down so hard that he could feel the tube indent.

“HOOT!” Hooty cries wriggling in the Blights grasp. “HOOT!” Eventually he’s finally able to squirm his way out. “Okay JEEZ...OWWW.” He began to slink his way back towards the door. “Now I see where she gets it...OW!”

Alador is huffing and puffing with his hair a mess and with clumps of feather in his mouth. He’s literally staring daggers at the owl thing, it wasn’t until he hears a voice behind him that he pulls his eyes away from Hooty.

“Alador?”

Turning around, Alador looks to find Lilith standing behind him carrying a basket her eyes wide in shock.

Quick to tidy himself up, Alador spits out the feathers and fixes his hair. He does a mental meditation by breathing in and out before regaining his composure.

“Lilith,” he finally says as he’s back to this old self. “I take it you’re here to see Edalyn?” He sees the worried look on her face as she slowly approaches him.

“Are you here for something?” She asks as she places a hand to her side, a finger at the ready. Noticing this, the elder Blight is quick to raise his hands to show that he comes to cause no trouble.

“I’m here to find my daughter,” he says, his tone neutral. “It seems she was caught in one of your sister’s...shenanigans.”

Lilith lets out a sigh herself shoulders relaxing as she walks up to Alador.

“Well you know how Edalyn is,” She says with a tired smile. “Always prone to cause problems wherever she goes.”

As if it was rehearsed the two let out a low grumble rolling their eyes placing a hand on their foreheads. Eyes growing wide, they look at each other for a minute before Lilith lets out a small laugh while Alador nods his head.

“It seems we’re both still too aware of my sister’s mishaps.” Lilith says a smile on her face. “Well if you’re here to find Amity then I’m sure she’s inside with everyone else.” She motions towards the house with her hands and leads on.

The two walk up to the house neither saying a word, it's been years since they actually had a conversation that wasn't related to work of any kind. The last time he spoke to her was when he found out about her fiasco with her sister at the coven convention. Though it was mostly Odalia berating her for using their daughter to embarrass the Blight name by cheating. They haven't had a real conversation since...their final year at Hexside together.

“So how have you been?” Lilith asks breaking the silence and pulling him out of his thoughts.

“I’ve been fine,” is all he says. “You?”

She rubs a free hand on the back of her neck letting out a sigh.

“I suppose you can say I’ve been...alright.” She says running her hand on the silver strand of hair. “Not being part of a track is quite...strange.” Turning around she a hint of a smile grows on her face as she notices a few feathers still stuck in his beard. “It seems the darn Owl got through to you too hmm?” She picks out the remaining feathers from his beard.

“If that bird...tube thing ever talks to me again...” he gives her a dead serious look. “I’m going to destroy it.”

“Well I know I wouldn’t mind that,” Lilith says muffling a laugh with her hand. “Though I think you’ll have to talk to Edalyn about that, but I think with enough convincing I’m sure she’ll agree.”

When the two reach the door Hooty is quick to open the door so he wouldn’t feel the wrath that is Alador.

The two witches enter the house only to find a rather strange sight before them.

The room is silent as four individuals are pointing finger guns at one another each having a rather serious look on their faces.

Eda holds up two hands pointing a finger at the Human and Alador’s daughter.

Luz the Human is doing the same, but has her fingers pointing at a little creature with a skull for head and her mentor.

The tiny furry ball is pointing at Amity and Eda his tail flicking side to side.

And then there's Amity who didn't look as serious as the other three, really, she looks more confused than anything. She awkwardly keeps her fingers pointing at the creature and Eda standing next to the human.

Before the two other witches could signal their arrival the oldest person in the circle begins to talk.

“Alright so who drank my extra sweetened apple blood.” Eda’s voice sounded a little too serious.

Hearing a cough come from Lilith, Alador looks over and sees her with a fist raised around her waist as she puts it between them. He raises an eyebrow as he stares at her and then her fist.

This simple gesture brings back many...many memories of their past.

“Whose turn is it?” Lilith asks, giving him a small grin.

He takes a few minutes to process this, but eventually he shrugs his shoulder and raises a fist to match hers.

They shake their fist in union and at the count of three one of the two has a triumphant smile on their face.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys hope your all doing well! This chapter is going to be another 2 parter so I hope you guys will like it.

As always thank you for reading and hope you have an amazing day :D

Chapter 6 part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Alador grumbles to himself as he walks over to the four individuals still pointing finger guns at each other. Looking behind him, Lilith is giving him a thumbs up with a grin on her face as she watches. He gives her an annoyed look, his ears flat and eyes glaring. Nevertheless a “sacred” match has taken place leaving him the loser, thus he must be the one to confront the madness that is...Edalyn.

Amity is the first to take notice of Alador letting out a small squeak her face growing red in embarrassment. She quickly slaps her hands to her side praying to the titan that her father didn't just see what she was doing.

He takes notice of a tipped over empty cup with a few drops of apple blood near the top. Another low grumble comes from him, that accursed drink has caused so many problems in his past.

It doesn't take long for the rest of the group to notice Alador's presence. Luz gives him a curious look as she looks at Amity who is red as a tomato looking as if she wanted to disappear. The next person to notice him is the Owl lady herself, her finger guns resting on her hips as she points at the fellow adult who has now entered the circle.

“Well well well.” she says with a raised eyebrow raising her finger guns to point at the elder Blight.

“Edal-”

“WELL!” Eda interrupts him. “If it isn't the big stoic dog himself.”

Both Luz and Amity give the owl lady a confused look. Amity has a look of horror and shock from the way she addresses her father and the total “relaxed” (or from what she can tell) expression on his face.

“That joke wasn't funny then and it isn't funny now.” Alador says giving the Owl lady a cold stare. “So I would appreciate it if you would stop with the childish nicknaming.”

Eda's eyes scan him and then the floor, her eyes light up as she finds something on the ground. She quickly bends over and picks up a random stick on the ground and begins to waggle it in front of her.

“Don't you dare.” Knowing where this is going Alador squints his eyes at her.

“What do you possibly mean?” Eda asks a cheeky grin on her face. Her eyes grow wide as she looks at the stick in her hand placing a hand in front of her mouth. “Oh what's this?”

A single vein can be seen on Alador's forehead as he watches her.

“Is this a stick? Is it?” Eda taunts shaking the said stick in her hands, her voice sounding like a parent teasing child or in this case dog. “You want the stick?”

“Edalyn I swear to Titan,” he threatens. “Don’t you dare.”

“You want the stick boy?” She continues completely ignoring his threat. “Go get the stick boy!” Reeling back she throws the stick past him towards the door.

“Ow!”

Looking past him, Eda sees the stick on the ground and her sister rubbing her left eye.

“Whoops, didn’t even notice you there sis.”

While watching all this Amity’s jaw is literally touching the floor staring at her father and the way Eda is interacting with him. Emira has told her about their father’s history with the owl lady and her old mentor, but she didn’t think it would be anything like this. Her stoic stern father, usually the one to cause a room to fall into order with a single command is being taunted like some...dog.

“You’re still as immature as ever.” Alador says his expression turned cold and harsh. To any normal person this would make them cower in fear and repent their sins. To the Owl lady this is like a typical afternoon for her...or atleast back in the day.

“And you’re still stiff as a board.” Eda returns, crossing her arms over her chest. “What are you even doing here? I know for a fact I don’t have any doggy treats here.”

The little furry creature jumps at the word treat and starts to jump and pull at Eda.

“Treats? Where are they?” He gets on all fours and begins to sniff around the ground looking for said treats. “The King of demons demands treats!” His tail waggles ruining his whole authoritative tone and causing Luz to coo and gush at him.

“I’m here because you dragged my daughter into one of your...schemes.” He says through gritted teeth.

“Scheme? What do I look like? Some kind of criminal?” She asks, placing her hands on her hips.

Almost immediately everyone in the room responds by either nodding their head or saying something.

“Is that a trick question?”

“Is a con artist considered a criminal?”

“You did smuggle in some illegal potion materials last week.”

Frowning, Eda looks at everyone in the room as they’re all still listing off her various illegal activities, she lets out a raspberry crossing her arms.

“Alright alright I get it.” Eda says loud enough for everyone to stop. “Yeesh, why don’t you just steal my left leg while you’re at it.” She sees Alador giving her a look waiting for an answer. “We were just out meeting a friend of mine.”

“Friend?”

“Okay fine,” Eda says, rolling her eyes. “More like a dealer I needed some new potion materials and he’s the only one that sells the best stuff.”

“That doesn’t explain the cart.”

“Never said the materials were legal.” She says with a shrug. “Does it help that we...”

“We?” Both teens ask, looking at the grey haired witch.

“I! Stole a cart from a criminal who was trying to swindle me out to another criminal?”

Alador doesn’t answer as he’s trying to figure out how to explain that what she is saying is making the entire thing even worse.

Lilith finally decides to walk on over next to Alador a frown on her face from getting hit in the face by a stick.

“What was the whole finger pointy thingy about then?” The older sister asks as she replicates the finger gun with both her hands. This got almost everyone in the room to point their finger guns at her minus the youngest Blight in the room. Lilith’s eyes grow a little wide as she stares at her sister and her student pointing their fingers at her. A tap on the leg makes her look down to see King pointing a finger up at her. Slowly raising her hands up she looks at Alador next to her.

“Don’t look at me, you’re the one that,” he says wagging a finger gun at her, a ghost of a smirk on his face. “Seems to have provoked them.”

“Well if you really want to know, someone...” Eda says eying the children and King in the room. “Someone drank my extra sweetened apple blood.” She points to the tipped over cup on the table.

“Then get another cup.” Alador says giving her a blank stare.

“Well da doi,” Eda says twisting her head sideways. “I would if there was any left in the fridge.” For added dramatic effects, she points her arms at the open fridge empty of any extra sweetened liquids.

“Are you really going to cause a scene over some sugary drink?” Alador asks, raising an eyebrow which makes her squint her eyes at him. “Ah sorry, over an even more sugary drink than it’s originally sugary self.”

Before they could continue the sound of someone or rather something burping. Everyone turns to the door to see Hooty burping a storm.

He's burping so much that he begins to a tune while he's humming.

"Well it seems we found your thief." Alador says taking a small sniff in the air.

"How do you know he isn't just burping from a random stick off the ground?" Luz asks him.

Taking another sniff, Alador's ear falls back as a very strong sugary aroma fills his nostrils.

"That's because Aladog here got a nose like no other," Eda says. "Isn't that right boy?" Her tone is a mocking one as she gives him a pat on the head causing him to grumble.

He slaps her hand away from him glaring back at her. In return she gives him another cheeky grin before storming off towards the door. A murderous aura coming from her causes everyone to feel just a little bit sorry for the demonic being that is Hooty...well that's what at least three people are feeling.

With the door slamming open and shut, everyone stays silent waiting for all hell to let loose from the other side of the door. Within Seconds they begin to hear the sound of death and destruction coming from the other side of the door. The door itself shaking and banging the of hoots shrieking here and there.

Rolling his eyes, Alador turns to his daughter who to his surprise seems to have lost all the color in her face, her mouth looking as if it's trying to make a crater on the ground for how hard it's dropping right now.

"Is something wrong?" he asks.

Amity shakes herself back to normal looking up at her father rubbing her eyes a few times.

"You sure seem close to Eda." Luz says next to Amity placing a hand on her shoulder. It doesn't go unnoticed to Alador his daughter's not so subtle reaction to it.

"I wouldn't say close," Alador says looking at the human from head to toe. "We were classmates back at Hexside."

"Please we were glorified "get out of jail free cards" for her." Lilith says walking next to the elder Blight. "Remember that time she caused half the school to be filled with craggle slug slime?"

"Don't remind me," Alador says with a frown forming on his face at the memory. "Bump had all three of scrubbing the floors and emptying rooms for a whole month." He turns his head to Lilith. "Do you remember the horrid stink potion she dropped in the front lobby?"

"Ugh, how can I?" A sour look can be seen on her face. "What's worse is that I still had to smell it back at home with her." She makes her way towards the kitchen, the basket still in her hands. "I was planning on making some tea. Would you care to share a cup?" She stops and turns to him. "Unless you're busy?"

He takes a minute to think of an image of his desk back at home covered in mountains of paperwork. Perhaps he should take a page out from his twins book and take a little break

from work. He turns to Amity who seems to have recovered as her face is no longer red and is conversing with Luz.

She gives him a side glance noticing him staring and gives him a subtle smile as she continues her conversation.

“Hmm that does sound quite nice actually,” he says looking at Lilith. “Do you have any other arrangements?” Turning back to his daughter he sees her shake her head no which sparks something from the human.

“Do you still prefer Elderwood?” the older Clawthorne sister asks, receiving a nod from Alador.

Seeing her leave for the kitchen, Alador makes his way towards the couch to take a seat. He sees Luz whisper something in Amity’s ear causing her to blush once more. She’s dragged up towards the stairs, her “kidnapper” going on about a new spell he wasn’t really sure.

Taking a seat, Alador waits quietly with his hands on his lap not really sure what he should be doing at the moment. Looking around, he takes in the various decorations spewed across the walls.

“Sorry that it took so long,” Lilith says walking in the room with a tray holding a kettle and four little cups. “Once again I’m left with doing the dishes...again.” She places the tray onto the table and pours tea into two of the cups offering one to Alador.

“It’s fine.” He says, giving her a small nod in thanks. “So I’m guessing you’ve been staying here ever since the whole...event at the Conformatorium.” taking a sip from his cup, he looks up to see a rather sunken look on her face. “I’m sorry if that brings up unwanted memories.” He’s quick to add, placing his cup down.

“No no, it’s fine,” She says putting on a fake smile. “Honestly it’s not all that bad.” a hand begins to stroke the grey streak of hair. “I suppose this is more than I deserve.” Her tone falls at the last part. “It does help that Edayln isn’t being hunted as the most wanted criminal of the Boiling Isle anymore.”

“Oh? Has the Emperor fully pardoned her?” Alador asks with a raised brow.

“Don’t get me wrong she’s still a criminal to an extent just not the most wanted so the authorities aren’t as determined to capture her.”

“I suppose that’s good to hear.”

“It should be.” Lilith says letting out a tired sigh.

“Should be?” Alador asks, before the realization hits him. “She preferred being the most wanted criminal doesn’t she?”

Lilith doesn’t respond, only shaking her head in annoyance.

The door to Owl House slams open revealing a still grumpy Eda. Marching towards the two others in the living, she drops herself on the couch next to Alador causing him to jump from his seat from her harsh impact.

“Feeling better?” Lilith asks, taking a sip from her cup. She pours her a cup and places it on the table in front of her.

“No...” Is all she says crossing her arms and pouting.

“It’ll help you calm down.” Lilith says.

“Would you prefer we add a whole box of sugar for you?” Alador asks in a mocking tone. This got him a glare from the grey haired witch to which he returns with a smirk.

The three adults begin to discuss tales of their past, some recent and others back when they were children. They groaned from the embarrassing stories and laughed at the various situations they found themselves in.

Taking another sip from his cup, Alador realises that his entire body feels so calm right now. His shoulders are relaxed and he isn’t straining his back to stay straight. He watches the two Clawthorne sisters bicker with one another about who started what in their past. This all felt so normal to him and yet very foreign.

Memories of his younger years at Hexside swarm his mind. He was the top student of his track, he studied hard and got the top marks on almost all of his tests and assignments. His family was a noble one though not as influential and well known as some of the others, he was still given a very heavy responsibility for the sake of his family. Yet even with him busying himself with his school work and training somehow these two always found their way to squeeze themselves into his busy simple life.

From the teasing, to the many pranks and sabotages, the three of them were always found together. As cold and stern as he is that never deterred the sisters away from him. Titan, they were even there for him when he needed help and he vice versa for them.

“Aladog? Yoohoo? You there buddy?” Eda says pulling him out of this thoughts snapping her fingers at him to catch his attention.

He blinks a few times before shaking his head. He looks back at both sisters who are giving him a confused look.

“Thought we lost you there.” Eda says her arms crossed as she leans on her sister’s shoulder.

“Apologies , I didn’t mean to space out like that.” He finished his cup, placing it down on the table in front of him. When looking back at them a sudden question pops in his head as he looks at both sisters who each have one grey eye both opposites of each other’s. “If I may there’s been something I wanted to ask you since the moment I noticed.”

“What? Who you want to ask out to Grom?” Eda snorts. “Sorry buddy but that ship sank years ag-ack!” She was interrupted by her sister who gave her a rather hard and rough jab to

the ribs a slight shade of pink on her face. Eda looks back at her sister with a frown. “ *Wheeze* , so...what’s the question?”

He stares at them for a minute not really sure what that was all about, but he shrugs it off as being one of their shenanigans.

“I don’t mean to be rude, but is there a reason why your eyes are like that?” He asks. “If I remember correctly, Lilith your eyes weren’t like that the last time I saw you.”

Both sisters go a little stiff from the question sparking more curiosity from the Blight. They look at one another with a nervous look having a silent conversation with one another.

“It’s a terrible story really.” Eda says in a joking manner, her sister’s shoulders slumping her eyes falling to the ground.

“Ah...I see then I shouldn’t pry into it...”

“I cursed Edayln.” Lilith says making Eda give her a nervous look.

Alador eyes grow a little wide knowing exactly what she means. He turns to look at Eda who stays quiet for once sad expression coming on her face.

“Dang Lily way to kill the mood.” Eda says trying her best to cheer up her sister, but unfortunately it doesn’t. “Hey come on? We talked about this.” She places a hand on her sister’s shoulder. “We agreed that it’s all in the past and we would both work together to cure it.”

“I know, but I still feel terrible.” Lilith says. “It’s still something completely unforgivable and look where it got us.” her voice almost sounds very strained.

“It got you out of the hands of that whackjob Belos and we’re back together.” Eda gives her a small smile.

“So you both have the curse then?” Alador asks, bringing their attention back to him.

Both sisters nod their heads as they look at him with a sad expression.

They stay quiet letting the situation calm itself down neither of them having a decent response.

Memories of the when the curse first affected Eda comes to Alador’s mind. It was field day at Hexside close to the end of their final year at Hexside. He sat next to current wife, Odalia in the stands to watch the sisters duel one another to see who would enter the Emperor’s coven. Even with them...no, even with him cutting all relations with the sisters didn’t make it any more nerve racking. Due to his commitment to his family certain rules were made in order for him to grow favor with the stronger family that would be assimilating his own.

When it happened he had to use all of his will power not to jump from the stage to help them, but the voices in the back of his mind kept him still. With the many years of his emotional training and fortifications he disguised his inner turmoil with his cold outer shell.

“I’m sorry.” he says out of the blue causing both sisters to look up.

“For what? You didn’t do anything.” Eda says, giving him a confused look.

“I should’ve done something that day.” He says. Both Clawthornes realize what he means and gives him a look of regret. “I...wanted to do something...anything, but I just couldn’t. I was...” he stopped himself, not being able to finish his sentence. For the first time in his life, he doesn’t dare look them in the eyes.

Once again the room is quiet with neither of the three saying a thing, but eventually the two sisters make their way towards him.

Alador’s ears flicker as he feels a hand on both his shoulders causing him to look up to see both sisters sitting next to him giving him a soft smile.

“Jeez when did you get so emotional?” Eda asks, giving him a toothy grin. “Who are you and what did you do with the real Alador?”

“I’m going to have to agree with Edalyn on this one.” Lilith adds. “You’re a lot more expressive than you used to be.”

“Well I suppose we could thank my children for that.” A smile of his own grows on his face as he thinks of the moments from past few months with his children.

“Well if you ask me it’s a whole lot better than when you act all prim and proper.” Eda says picking her ear with her pinky making the other two have a disgusted look on their face. “It’s all boring and too fake for my liking.”

The trio spent the rest of the time discussing past punishments that they had to take from Bump. Taking turns to say what they thought was the worst one. A small debate went on for which was worse, unclogging all the bathrooms of werebat mucus or cleaning the flaps of a herd of overgrown puffer slugs.

Eventually the sun starts to fall signalling the elder Blight that it was time to go. Getting up from his seat he calls his daughter down and prepares to leave by walking towards the door. Both Eda and Lilith follow him and wait by the exit as they wait for the children to come down.

“Well that was pretty fun.” Eda says leaning on the door frame.

“It was quite...refreshing.” Alador nods his head. “Perhaps we can do something like this again in the near future.”

“Well you know where the Owl House is now.” Lilith smiled at him.

Alador nods to her and looks behind them to see his daughter and the human walking down the stairs. A warm feeling growing within him seeing how happy she looks as she walks and talks with her friend.

“I hope you didn’t wait too long.” Amity says as she and Luz approach the adults by the door.

Alador shakes his head as he motions her out the door. He watches her turn to Luz and whispers in her ear causing the human's eyes to sparkle. He hears something about a book club, but shrugs his shoulders as he walks out the door giving the sisters a word of goodbye. Amity gives both witches a quick goodbye before rushing over to follow him.

"Don't be a stranger!" Eda calls out just as he and his daughter are about to reach the forest's edge.

Stopping, Alador turns around to look at the three occupants of the Owl house smiling back at him and his daughter. He gives them a small nod before turning around and walking away making sure Amity is right behind him as they walk through the forest back to the manor.

Chapter End Notes

Heya guys this chapter a bit longer than usual and that's really only because I enjoyed writing this chapter and had a lot of fun with it. I really hope you guys like it as much as I did.

Also another thing, I might've point out a crush of some kind in this chapter, but be aware this story isn't really going to focus on any romantic stuff. There will be the occasional romance scene here and there, but not as much.

As always I hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Alador stands in the auditorium at Hexside alongside his fellow coven leaders from the Illusion, and Bard track.

Many students of the illusion track are busy at work preparing decorations and discussing their routines for the festival. They spend their time detailing stands and constructing the various game booths.

Alador's eyes catch a familiar pair of green hair who are leading a small group of illusion track students each of them holding a clipboard. He sees them guiding and pointing at the many preparations around them. To say he's a little surprised is an understatement, he's never really seen his twins so focused and in charge. A small part of him is keeping on the lookout for any mischievous pranks anywhere around the room.

A student with a large stack of papers rushes over to the twins and hands them both one half of the stack. To which they quickly scan through their eyes going through the pages in sync. Nodding their heads they turn to look at each other smiling at one another. They say something to each other and hand the papers back and give each other a high five.

Eventually they take notice of their father and wave over at him. They say a few other things at their fellow students making them disperse. They turn back to Alador making their way over to him.

"Hello father." They both greet in union as they stand in before him and the other two coven leaders giving them both a respectable greeting.

"What are you doing here?" Emira asks, tilting her head to the side.

"Your lovely father came here to check on your track's hard work for the festival of course." The Illusion leader says making Alador frown. "And might I say these preparations are all coming along nicely."

"Thanks, we have most of the props and game stands done." Edric answers using his thumb to point at the crowd behind him. "We just need to practice the performance and make sure the games are fun."

The sound of rushing footsteps catch the group's attention as another student runs over.

"Um we have a slight problem." drawing a spell circle a bundle of white roses appear in his hands. "I think the plant track gave us the wrong flowers to use."

Emira looks at the plants, a small frown forming on her face as places her hand on her chin.

“Ed, I thought you said you’d handle the plant decorations?” she turns to her twin with a raised eyebrow. Edric walks over and looks over the flowers. “Don’t tell me you got to...distracted...”

He gives her a nervous smile rubbing the back of his neck causing his sister to let out a sigh.

“Hey it’s no biggie,” Ed says as he begins to run off to the exit. “I’ll go get the right flowers won’t take too long.” He shouts the last part as he leaves the room.

Emira stares at her now gone twin and lets out another sigh as she shakes her head.

“He better not get distracted again.” she grumbles.

“Is something the matter?” Alador asks, making Emira jump slightly and turn back to him.

The other two coven leaders are busy discussing the rest of the plans allowing the two Blights to have a little privacy.

“No no, it’s just that Edric got the wrong order of flowers nothing to worry about.”

“I see,” Alador takes a minute to look around the room. “Are you and Edric both responsible for the illusion track’s festival preparations?”

A big smile grows on her face as she looks around at the busy students.

“Yes, I’ve been more in charge of the entertainment and games and Edric’s been in charge of decorations and the performance.” She says a proud smile on her face. “We’ve both been busy making sure everything is going all according to schedule.”

“Well this all looks quite impressive,” Alador says nodding his head. “I’m sure the people of Boneborough will enjoy what you and your brother have in store for them.”

“Thank you father,” Emira says with a slight blush growing on her face. “I hope we make you proud with our work.”

The two of them continue their conversation as they discuss the festival and maybe a few other personal things. Mainly it was just Alador listening in on what she and her brother have prepared.

It wasn’t until both of their ears flicker from the sound a high pitch squawk echoing in the room.

Alador turns to see a young witch with a multicolored uniform walking into the room with a griffon following behind her dragging behind a cart full of blue roses. A small squeak comes from Emira making Alador to look down to see her with wide eyes and completely red in the face.

As the young witch approaches, Alador is a little taken back by how much his daughter is sweating and shaking and it only gets worse the closer the girl gets.

“Hey there...Emira right?” the girl asks, stopping in front of the two Blights. “Your brother sent me here to drop these off for you.”

“Oh hey Piney I-I-I mean Viney!” Emira almost shouts causing a lot of heads to turn her way. “Yeah, yup I sent Emira to go get the right flowers for our decorations.”

Viney raises an eyebrow as she turns to look at Puddles.

“Uh...you mean Edric right?” She asks.

“Yeah duh that’s what I meant ahahahaha.”

Alador watches in quiet amusement at the disastrous state his daughter is in as she talks to this multitrack witch and her...griffin. It’s a little surprising to see her like this since out of the three she’s usually the most well put together...well that is if she’s not causing a ruckus with her brother.

It didn’t take long for her to notice her father’s gaze to which she immediately makes herself more presentable...well tries to at least. Straightening herself up, she lets out a few coughs in hopes to calm herself though her face is still red as a tomato.

“Well...V-viney I really appreciate you bringing all these for us.” Emira says with a shaky voice doing her best to keep her cool. Unfortunately she tries to lean against something, but it seems she’s forgotten that she was standing in the middle of the room.

Alador’s eyes grow wide as he watches his daughter fumble onto the ground with a loud thud. Everyone in the room stops what they’re doing and looks to see the mess that is Emira Blight.

“Woah there.” Viney crouches down to help her up which only causes the poor girl to grow even more red. “You aren’t looking too hot.” Puddles tilts his head in agreement. “Why don’t we stop by the healing room to see if you’re okay.”

“No no no I, uh, um, I can’t leave everyone here alone without me we uh.” She stops her stuttering as she feels a hand on her shoulder. Looking up, Emira sees her father giving her a rather unreadable face. She doesn’t know why, but something in her just sinks as she feels her hands go cold.

Before Emira could say anything she feels herself being dragged away by Viney who plans to get her checked.

Alador watches as his daughter is dragged off as many thoughts are swimming in his head right now. He places a hand on his chin and a frown forming on his face. The sound of the student's worried voices fill his ears as he’s pulled out his thoughts and hears the questions and worry they all have.

“Um Mr.Blight sir.” A student with a clipboard approaches him, his tone shaky and nervous. The young boy jumps when the blank stares of the elder Blight falls onto him. “Um by any chance do you know why Emira left with the multitrack girl?”

“She was feeling...under the weather,” Alador tells him. “If I remember correctly I believe Edric is in the plant track rooms discussing your decorations.” He begins to walk towards the exit. “I’ll go see what is taking him.” Not waiting for an answer, Alador leaves the room and makes his way towards the plant track.

It doesn’t take him long to find the main room for the plant track and upon entering he’s a little surprised to see the room empty. Looking around, he tries to find any signs of his son.

“Can I help you?” asks a voice from behind him.

Turning around, the elder Blight sees a light green haired girl standing behind him with a potted plant in her hand.

“Have you seen Edric Blight anywhere around here?” he asks.

She nods her head and guides him towards the window. Her finger points out at a large greenhouse outside.

Giving her a quick thank you, Alador heads on outside to the greenhouse to hopefully find his son. Reaching the door his hand grabs onto the handle to open the door, though as soon as he cracks it open he could hear voices not too far inside.

“Eddy come on,” a voice whines. “You need to head back before your sister gets upset.”

Eddy? Alador raises an eyebrow as he just barely holds the door open, his ears perk up when he hears his son’s voice soon after.

“Aww come on, there’s a reason why I asked Viney to deliver the flowers.” Edric teases followed by a small laugh. “Besides it’s been awhile since we spent some time together.”

“I know,” the other voice says with a sigh. “But we both have a lot of stuff on our plate right now especially with the festival coming up soon.” The sound of shuffling can be heard as if two bodies are moving around each other.

“Yeah, but we can always have little moments like this hmm?” Edric says cheerfully.

This makes the other person laugh which eventually made Edric laugh.

Listening to this, Alador gently closes the door letting go of the handle. Thoughts from a few minutes ago fill his head again making a frown grow on his face. Counting to three in his head, he raises his hand and knocks the door. Immediately he hears the sound of running and some sounds of the pots falling followed by a sharp curse.

After a few minutes the door slowly opens with a boy with brown hair poking his head out.

“Hello,” He’s sweating a little, a small hint of a blush forming on his face. “Can I help you?”

“I’m looking for Edric Blight.” Alador says. “Is he in here?”

“Ed,” the boy looks behind him. “Someone is here to see you?” He opens the door wider revealing Edric not too far behind. His eyes grow terribly wide as he sees his father standing at the entrance.

Alador stares back with a raised eyebrow clearly taking notice of his son's expression.

“Jerbo,” Edric says with a forced smile. “This is my DAD.” he says, putting a bit more emphasis on the last word.

The witch named Jerbo eyes grows wide as he starts to go a little stiff forcing a toothy grin to form on his face.

“Oh um hello...Mr.Blight...sir.” the boy says raising his hand to greet him.

Alador stares down at his hand for a moment before grabbing hold of his hand giving it a very firm shake. He looks behind the boy to his son who he gave a similar look that he gave his twin.

Just like Emira, his face goes a little pale as he stares back at Alador.

“Father I was just about to...” He stopped halfway as Alador raised his hand.

“Hurry and return back to your classmates as they’re in need of you.” Without another word the older Blight turns to leave.

Edric is left standing with a worried look on his face. Deep down he feels a sense of fear filling his gut as he watches his father leave.

Alador left the school rather sooner than expected giving his fellow coven leaders a fake excuse as to why. Without even returning to his office he heads straight home and sits in his studies. His wife left him a note stating that she’d be out discussing with the other heads of the major families about the coming festival and various plans. To be completely honest he’s rather happy she’s not here to see what he’s about to do.

He stares out his window deep in thought and how to deal with a situation like this.

“Sir.” Alador looks up to see a servant. “Both Edric and Emira have arrived, should I send them in?”

Alador nods his head and gives the servant a silent command with his hand. Letting out a sigh, he walks back over to his desk and takes a seat.

It doesn’t take long for the twins to enter his studies both wearing a nervous smile.

“You wanted to see us father?” Emira asks a little sweat forming on her head.

The older Blight motions for them to sit and without another word the two of them rush over not wanting him to wait.

“Now I’m sure you both have a small idea why I’ve called for you both, no?” He frowns at his children’s rather fake confused look.

“We’re not really sure what...you mean?” Edric says letting out a nervous chuckle.

“Does it have something to with the festi-” Emira doesn’t get to finish as her father raises a hand.

“You both know how I feel about being told such childish lies.” he says, causing both twins’ ears to fall back and their eyes falling onto the ground. “Now would either of you care to explain your...relationships with those two multitrack witches?” This hit it, both Blight children turned almost pale white their hands curling up into fists. He sees them look at each other, the two of them conversing in silence. His son looks the most terrified out of the two of them.

“Honestly father it’s nothing to worry about,” Emira finally says looking up at her father trying her best to hold up a fake facade. “There’s been this running joke about Ed and me and we...” Once again she doesn’t get to finish as she receives a very cold stare from her father, one that she hasn’t seen directed towards her in a very long time. She immediately scooches back in her seat causing Edric’s eyes to grow wide as he stares up at his father growing the same expression as her.

“Your mother would be furious to see you in such relations with another witch of that status not to mention witches partaking in multi-tracking.” He asks. “You are to cease all interactions with anyone like that and your whereabouts would be monitored.” This got both twins to flinch. “You are to wait until a more suitable partner is to be ‘picked’ for you.” He keeps his stare for a few more seconds before he finally closes his eyes and lets out a sigh. “Is what your mother would say.”

The color seems to flow back onto the twin’s face as they both give him a very VERY confused look.

“Wai...we...wha?” Both twins stammer, but stop as Alador raises a hand.

“I’m disappointed that you both feared the worst of me.” He sounds a little hurt, but it is hard to tell with his typical emotionless tone.

“We just thought that you wouldn’t have approved of our...preferences.” Emira says followed by her brother nodding his head.

“Emira...I have no problem with what or whom you have feelings for,” Alador says, his expression finally softening. “I only want you both to be happy and have the choice to choose who and what makes you happy.” The twins’ ears perk up their eyes growing not from fear, but from shock. “I’ve never had the choice to choose my life,” a sad look comes on his face, but it soon changes into something more determined as he stares back at his children. “But I want you to be happy.”

“Does this mean you won’t be telling mother?” Edric asks, his shoulders relaxing as he sees Alador shake his head no.

“I think it would be best to keep your mother out of this,” the father says. “Knowing her she won’t be pleased to hear this news.” The twins nod their heads in agreement. Alador gets up from his seat and walks over to the door motioning for the twins to follow.

“Father?” Emira calls out making the older Blight turn around to face his children.

“Hmm?”

“We just...thank you.” Emira starts.

“For understanding and not wanting us to change.” Edric finishes.

“I may have a duty to uphold the family’s best interest, but I am a father first and it’s my job to help and make sure my children are happy.” He says nothing more as he walks through the doors. His children soon follow after feeling lighter than before as if a weight of some sort is lifted from their shoulders.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys sorry this chapter took a little longer than the usual, but for some reason I had a hard time writing this one not really sure why. I feel this chapter is a wee bit rushed, so I hope you all still like it.

And I'm sure you all can tell this a Emira/viney & Edric/Jerbo world. Honestly I don't understand where the ships come from, but it's just one of those things that "hmm feels pretty good". Eh oh well am I right :3

As always I hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Hey folks sorry for the later than usual update been busy :P

Brace yourself this chapter may be a bit rough (Odalía is walking in on this one so brace yourselves.)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It's a rather dreary day at the Boiling Isle with the sky grey and the sound of distant drums signaling its denizens of the soon approaching rain storm.

Alador is in the local market with a small bag in hand as he makes his way back home. The smell wafting from the bag almost too unbearable, but he holds in his temptation at least until he makes it back home.

Today is a rather relaxing day for him, with the festival only a few days away many of the coven leaders were given time to relax for all the hard work they put into preparations. So with today being Alador's day off he decided to stop by the markets and pick up some of his favorite buttery treats and some for his children.

Perhaps he should do something with the kids with it being the Haggie Moon Festival students are given the week off so that they could celebrate and enjoy the festivities. And hopefully if all things go well perhaps he could find the time to spend with his children.

A small smile creeps on Alador's face, his two eldest are both working so hard to make sure their contributions to the festival are running smoothly. Amity is also contributing being part of the top student programs; she's been quite busy with any other extra preparations for the festival requested by the Principle Bump.

"A little reward like this should lighten their spirits." The father says in his head as he looks down at the small bag in his hands.

He reaches Blight Manor just as the burning rain begins to pour. Thankfully the servants have already formed a barrier to protect the manor from the scolding rain.

Upon walking through the large oak doors, Alador is met with silence. The lights weren't even on, nor a single servant in sight. The elder Blight raises a brow as he looks around with mild confusion before bringing up an index finger and with a quick motion lights up the lobby around him.

"Strange, perhaps the children will know what has happened to the servants." He says to himself as he begins to walk up the stairs.

Once again he's met with a confused sigh as the both room doors are open and dark. He pokes his head inside each room and sees them empty.

Walking back to the top of the stairs Alador finally spots someone.

One of the maids stands in the center of the lobby with her hands together in front of her as she stares up at him.

"Sir, Madam Blight asks for your presence in the library." She says giving him a quick curtsy and walking off.

His hands clench onto the bag and he begins to walk down the stairs. He does his best to keep his composure as he quickly walks instead of runs to his wife as his mind begins to put two and two together.

When he reaches the library doors, the father doesn't even take time to make himself presentable as he quickly opens them. A chill goes down his spine as he sees his three children standing to the side with their hands to their sides.

All three Blight children give their father a worried look who in turn does the same.

"Ah, I see that you've finally made it home darling." All eyes turn to the matriarch of the Blight family. "Please come join us. We were just discussing some important matters weren't we children?"

Alador slowly enters the room closing the door behind him as he stares at his wife.

"Odalia...what's going o-"

"Do you know that words travel quite fast between co-workers especially those that work as servants?" Odalia questions cutting off Alador. "And by Titan does word travel fast around here."

Alador does his best to make a cold exterior, but the sight of his children scared expressions causes his features to crack ever so slightly.

"And what pray tell is the word that is spreading around...dear?"

Odalia squints her eyes at him before closing them as she turns to the only chair in the room. She takes her time as she walks over and takes a seat. Placing her hands on her lap, she opens her eyes and gives Alador a deadpan stare.

"The word is that a certain someone thought it was best to lie to his wife." her expression never changes with each word that comes out of her mouth. "A lie that mind you caused this family to lose a rather very big and very important asset."

"Odalia I assure that I-" Again he's cut off by her.

"Your assurance cost the Blight family a very powerful ally." she says. "Do you know what I had to do and say to get him to agree with our children meeting?"

“Mother please he was just-” Edric starts, but soon stops as a magical circle forms around his mouth causing him to go mute. Both his sisters stare at him, their eyes growing in fear as they begin to hear their brother struggle.

With a finger in the air, Odalia turns to her son, her eyes almost staring daggers into him.

“What have I said about children disrupting a discussion between adults?” She asks, staring at her son who seems to be growing a little blue as he struggles. The matriarch lets out a very loud sigh twirling her finger once again releasing Edric from her spell.

Once free, Edric falls to his knees placing a hand on his neck as he begins to take in deep breaths of air his face returning to its original colors.

All the other Blights can feel their bodies twitch wanting to help him, but with Odalia there the only thing the other three can do is stare.

“Get up and behave like your sisters...quietly.” Odalia emphasized the last word as she watched her son get back in line with his sisters, his hands at his side. “Now my dear husband,” she says turning back to Alador, her expression changing into an innocent one as if what just happened never occurred. “Care to explain yourself?”

Alador stares at his son who’s face begins to return to normal, the grasp on the bag at his side tightening.

“Odalia you need to understand that what I did was for the better of our children and.”

“I Understand that you didn’t take into the matter of what you cost the family.” Odalia glares at him. “The Blight legacy is the only thing that will keep this family going.” She raises a hand to the children but doesn’t take the time to look at them. “Wait outside, your father and I must speak alone for a little bit.”

All three Blight children quickly listen, but before they give their father a worried look. Alador only responds with his eyes following them without turning his head.

Once the door closes behind him, Alador returns his full attention back to his wife who in turns is staring directly right back at him. The two of them stare down at each other for a few minutes neither one of them making a move or saying a word.

Odalia twirls a finger causing a small bubble to form around the two of them. The purpose? To keep their conversation concealed from outside ears.

“There’s something else you’re not sharing?” Alador finally breaks the silence causing Odalia to raise a curious brow at him. “Something like this wouldn’t bother you...if one opportunity falls from your grasp you’re always quick to move on to the next.”

She doesn’t say anything, but responds with a grin as she stares at her husband.

“Odalia,” Alador starts. “What is the real meaning behind this?”

“As I said before,” the matriarch finally speaks. “Word travels fast at the workplace...any workplace.” This makes Alador raise a curious brow not really understanding her words. “It also helps that one has eyes and ears everywhere...darling.”

Alador begins to feel his fingers go cold as he slowly understands what she’s trying to say.

“You’re right that fat orange fool honestly means nothing to me,” Odalia says waving her hands nonchalantly. “There’s always another just like him right around the corner.” She gives him another deadpan stare, her voice low and dark. “What bothers me is how the people who share my family name drag it through the dirt.”

“Odalia...”

“First I have my children interacting with those of the lower class whose families greatest achievements are based on if you can make a living off scraps.” Odalia clenches her fist her voice cold as ice. “Both Edric and Emira are too focused on their foolish lesser magic and don’t get me started on the rumors on who they’re seeing.”

“It’s a...”

“Amity who is seen with the human child on multiple occasions, my prodigy child! What would the members of the Emperor’s coven think when they hear about her kinship with the human and her...mentor.” Odalia says the last part with venom in her voice. Immediately her eyes look as if they could shoot daggers at Alador at the mention of the human’s mentor.

“And you,” The room falls cold as the wife stares down the husband. “I’ve seen your occasional discussions in town with those damn Clawthornes.”

Alador finally breaks contact with his wife as his eyes fall to the ground.

“I thought I made it quite clear that your interaction with them is to cease?” She questions. “Yet what do I hear? Hmm?”

“You have to understand I-”

“You what?” Odalia cuts him off for what seems like the hundredth time her voice is almost shouting. “Have I not been kind? I brought you into this family and what has that gotten you? Titles, power, money all of this is because of you taking the Blight name!” She calms herself down and fixes a few strands of loose hair that fell out during her speal. Taking in a long breath she clears her throat and gathers herself as she looks at her husband. “I’ve been rather patient Alador especially with allowing you to influence our children, it seems the charade must end.”

“What are you trying to say?” Alador asks.

“All I am saying is that you go back to being the good dog you were and leave the child raising to me.” Odalia says.

“You can’t be serious?” Alador almost shouts.

“Oh I am,” Odalia says in a mocking tone. “As I said, I’ve been quite patient with all of you, but that patience is running thin.” Once again a grin forms on her face. “All this,” she says slowly waving an arm around. “Your power, your status...your children...will be left alone unless an opportunity arises which only means proper actions will be taken for the better of this family.” Clasp ing her hands onto her lap, she smiles up at her husband with devilish eyes. “All you have to do is go back to that cold harsh self of yours...do you understand?”

Alador for one is a lost for words. Knowing his wife if he does anything, but agrees she could make his and his children's life a living hell. He’s been put in a figurative corner and he sees no way out of it. His heart is rapidly pounding in his chest, but not from the fear of his wife, but the fear of what he must do to ensure some sort of happiness for his children.

He can’t remember his life as it was before the recent months with his children. And for the first time in a very long time...he’s scared, scared of returning to his cold life, scared that he can’t be there for his children.

“Well dear?” Odalia calls out bringing him out of his thoughts. “Will you be a good dog and listen?”

He stares back at her still at a loss for words. Perhaps this is the best outcome he begins to tell himself. It’s his duty as a father to protect his children...and if this would be the best choice for him to ensure their...safety then this is just something he’ll have to endure.

For Amity.

For Emira.

For Edric.

I’m sorry.

“Fine.” Alador finally says in a low tone his eyes closed. Slowly and painfully Alador begins to build his walls once more.

“Excellent!” Odalia says, giving him a big smile while clapping her hands together. She magics away the small barrier around them and calls back to their children.

Alador takes his spot to the left of his wife standing behind the chair she’s sitting in.

“Now children,” Odalia starts, her tone completely changed from before. “With all this festival fiasco going I think it’s time for all of you to contribute to the family.” All Three Blight children give their mother a confused look not really understanding what she’s saying. “So your father and I have agreed that after this troublesome event it's time for all three of you to start doing what is expected of you.”

Emira raises her hand to ask for permission to speak to which her mother nods yes.

“Um would you mind clarifying mother?” The long hair twin asks.

“Well my dear Emira what I’m trying to say is that you three will finally be acting like real Blights.” This immediately makes all three have a worried look on their face. “To clarify, you are to keep to yourselves or with the assigned individuals I assign you and you must start focusing on your futures and join a more...dignified coven.” She stares at her two eldest as she says the last part.

“But mother we...we enjoy the covens we’re in and wouldn’t it be better to stick to a coven we excel in?” Emira asks, giving her a very nervous smile, but that smile vanishes with the wave of her mother’s hand.

“Nonsense, never in all of our family history is there ever a witch that isn’t in the Abomination coven or the Emperors.” Odalia says.

Amity is the next to ask for permission to speak.

“But our friends...we...mother please don’t make us do it again.” The youngest pleads.

“Amity, Blights only associate with the strongest of witches and believe me those children you call friends are not what this family needs.”

“Father?”

Alador is finally taken notice of as his family discussed and to be honest he wishes he could stay unnoticed. The immediate look all three of his children give him as soon as they stare at him nearly destroys him as his outer image is similar to something from months ago. His face cold and stoic with his head not even looking down at them, but instead only his eyes stare down at them showing as if he’s glaring down at them.

“Alador?” Odalia asks in a testing tone.

If one was to listen carefully they could hear the chipping of teeth as Alador does his best to keep his mask on.

“Do not talk back against your mother.” He finally says his tone cold and harsh. He holds back a twitch daring to show in his eyes as he stares down at his now terrified children who are looking up at him in horror. “After this entire festival is over you are to listen to your mother and do what is best for this family...understand?”

Tears could be seen forming on their faces, Emira is the only one able to hold in her tears while her two other siblings can’t help but allow a few to trickle down.

“Of course...father.” Emira nearly chokes and she bows at her parents and pulls her siblings out of the room leaving the parents alone.

Odalia lets out a sigh and looks up at Alador.

“Well it seems everything is in order hmm?” She asks as he watches her husband walk towards the door. “Where are you going dear husband?”

Alador pauses for a second his hand on the doorknob and his back to her.

“My studies.” Is all he says as he exits the room leaving his wife.

The walk back to his studies is a rather difficult one as he’s dragging his feet all the way there. Once he reaches the lobby he looks up at the stairs and his ears perk up at the sound that causes his entire being to shatter.

Quickly he rushes to his studies slamming the door behind him as soon as he enters. He could feel his hands shaking as he made his way to his desk. It dawns to him that he’s still holding the bag of pastries in his hand.

Pulling up the bag he stares at it for a few minutes only for him to bar his teeth and crumble the bag with its contents with both hands. He slams it on his desk and this only makes him see red as he begins to swipe away everything on his desk.

Paper and quill fly around along with books and ink vials slamming onto the floor and making a mess. He doesn’t stop there as he rushes over to the other chairs and couch picking them up with strength he’s never known he throws them against the walls and tears open the cushions.

Eventually he calms down taking a seat at the only non-demolished chair in the room behind his desk. He drops his face into his hands with haggard breath. Unbeknownst to him his body created something rather foreign to him as he keeps his face hidden in his hands.

A glimmer of a single tear rolls down his face and drops down onto the floor.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys hope you guys enjoyed this chapter cuz like I think this story going to be ending soon maybe in like 5ish chapters? Not sure yet still trying to get a rough outline how I want to space it. That's probably why this one took so long to write because I needed to figure out how I want to do the rest of the story and how I want to end it. Here's hoping that I don't screw it up too badly.

As always I hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Chapter 9 part 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

At the base of the knee preparations for the festival are in full swing as many stands and decorations are in their final stages. With only a few hours till the festival grounds open everyone is hard at work. All seem to be in high spirits as many witches from various covens are doing their part to get things done.

Being that the festival is taking place at the base of the knee a spell was cast to keep the surrounding festival grounds a decent temperature so as to not be too cold to enjoy.

Around the outer ring of the festival are witches of the abomination coven each one of the keeping a watchful eye at the surrounding shrubbery. Even with the positive atmosphere all around them the abomination witches can't help, but stay alert for any signs of a wendigo.

Petunia is on a routine patrol with her group of witches as it was instructed that a three groups of witches would rotate patrols for extra measures. Almost all of the witches wore a thick coat to protect themselves from the cold.

Feeling her fingers go a little frigid, Petunia pulls out a potion bottle courtesy of the potion coven, she uncorks it and takes a quick sip. Within seconds she can feel the coldness leave her hands and a wave of warmth fills her body. Letting out a relaxing sigh, Petunia looks to her fellow witches.

"Alright it's time for the switch." She says. "Head back to the festival our next patrol will be in two hours so in the meantime enjoy yourselves."

The other witches give her nod and hurry back to the warm festival grounds. Before heading back herself, Petunia looks back at a hill to see a single figure causing a worried look to form on her face. Bracing herself, Petunia makes her way towards the figure standing alone.

As crazy as it sounds the closer she gets the colder it gets and not even the potions from the potion coven could stop this unnatural freezing temperature.

"Um...Sir?" She calls out once she gets close enough.

No answer.

He's been like this for the past couple of days keeping to himself acting like his old self, but only this time everything felt more...cold.

"Um perhaps you would like to joi-"

“Miss Petunia your job is to keep watch and make sure everyone stays safe.” Alador cuts her off turning his head to look at her with a dark expression. “Not to question.” This gets her to freeze up as she quickly drops her eyes to the floor.

“Of course...Sir.” She’s quick to leave, but not before giving her superior a sad look.

Alador for one couldn’t stand to be anywhere near the festival especially not now. He can’t stand to be anywhere near all the happy faces...near his children.

The past few days were probably the hardest of his life. Just being in the same room as his children makes it unbearable. His only solution was to seclude himself in his studies or to stay at work, but that does little to nothing to heal his wounds.

It doesn’t help that whenever he looks at his children they always have this look of hope in their eyes, but only for it to always break whenever he turns away from them.

He clenches his fist as he walks over to a large stone and takes a seat and watches. Time goes by as the yellow sun soon turns orange and the sound of music and cheer begins to erupt in the distance. Seeing this only makes him frown even more as it reminds him what could’ve been.

The sound of crunching snow catches his ear making them flicker. He quickly turns around with a finger midcast ready to deal with whatever beast that is foolish enough to sneak up on him. Though to his surprise he finds none other than the Owl lady herself with her hands up.

“Wow relax there!” She shouts.

Alador slowly lowers his finger, but keeps up his cold demeanor.

“What are you doing here?” Alador asks as he does his best to sound harsh.

Eda walks on over to him taking a spot to his left as she stares down at the festival.

“Oh you know just taking in the view.” She says nonchalantly. “I also noticed a stray dog sitting alone up here.” a little laugh escapes her, “I left Lilith at the stand since this’ll be her first time helping out you know.” A snort comes from her as she turns to give him a cheeky smile, but to her disappointment he’s walking away from her. “Hey! Where are you going?”

Alador doesn’t answer her as he leaves, but his ears pick up the sound of crunching snow this time a little faster than last time.

“What’s up with you today?” Eda asks catching up to him though she’s only answered with silence. A frown grows on her face with a feeling of dejavu creeping up on her. “Oh I see, so you’re just going to tuck tail and run away again?” She stops and crosses her arms. “Just like all those years back at Hexside hmm?”

The Blight elder stops in his tracks hearing this his hand forming into a fist.

“That’s it then? You’re just going to let it all go again just because SHE says so?” The youngest Clawthorne emphasizes the last part letting both of them know who she’s talking

about.

“You don’t...understand.” Alador whispers through grinding teeth.

“What was that?” Eda taunts clearly seeing how this is affecting him. “And here I thought you were back to your old self.”

“You don’t...” Alador starts again sounding a little louder, but he’s cut off.

“But when I saw your kids a few days ago you sure proved me wrong.” She says. “I guess all those titles and power are really more worth it huh? Enough you make your own kids cry yeah?”

Like a rabid beast, Alador sharply turns to face her, his eyes red and his teeth bared. “What do you know?” He roars stomping towards her. “You don’t know what I had to do?” His voice grew louder with every step. “You don’t understand what’s at stake!” His expressions grow dark. “The things I had to do? The things that will happen if I don’t.” Alador is finally standing before the Owl lady, his furious eyes meeting her unconvinced ones.

“Huh,” she crosses her arms. “So that’s it? You’re just gonna let it happen then? Not going to even try to stop it?” She watches his demeanor drop at her words. “Fine.” She turns to leave “But you should really think hard on what you’re doing and if it really is the right thing to do.” And with that Eda walks away stuffing her hands in her pocket leaving Alador who is once again left alone.

He watches her leave his anger slowly leaving him.

“This...this is for the best,” He says to himself...honestly it’s more like trying to convince himself. This is the only way for his children to live a decently happy life without their mother’s complete control.

Then it happens, like a flash of light within his mind memories and images of his moments with his children flood his mind. From the time when he would spend his calm moments with Emira both of them sitting out on their balcony and enjoying tea with one another. To Edric who would enjoy eating the various treats around time with him with the occasional moments of the two of them bringing whatever it is to share with each other. Then there’s Amity who would share her day whether it be about school or a hectic day with her friend Luz.

Alador soon falls to his knees as his mind is filled with these thoughts. With deep breaths he clenches his head as the voice of his children echoes within his head.

Little droplets of liquid begin to fall onto the snow making small indents.

“I’m sorry...” He chokes. “I’m so sorry.”

“If you really want to help your family then you’ll listen like a good dog.”

He freezes. Looking around to see that he's still alone with no one else to be seen.

"Those friends of yours will only get in your way of succeeding."

"Odalía." Alador says. Since the day since she met him his life has never been the same. At first he thought that she was interested in him and his skills, but unbeknownst to him she only had one thing in mind. Her promise of a better future for him and his family, he clenches his fist as he wished he figured out her true intentions all those years ago. Better future for him and his family he could almost laugh, no it's been about her family and hers alone he was just another trophy for it to display. Even their children are nothing more than a means to an end just as long as the end Blight name and its reputation.

Reputation. Power. Titles.

Those are the three things that all noble witches want and those three things are all that they care about.

Those are not the three things that he wants...even when he was younger all those things were never that of an interest to him. His family was the one who enforced those wants and goals onto him and before he believed that it is what he wanted too.

Alador looks up at the festival as it is now in full swing with the lights and music and its multitudes of entertainment. The has turned dark save for the bright lights emanating from the festival.

Finally picking himself up, he brushes the snow off his clothes and begins to march towards the festival with new determination. The three things he truly cares about right now need to know what their father has to say.

Crunching through snow he does his best to quicken his pace wanting to reach his children.

His ear twitches as it causes him to come to halt. Looking around Alador notices subtle movement within the forest around him as if something is stalking him. Eyes narrowing, he draws a quick light spell and pushes it towards whatever he's hearing.

The small orb illuminates the area revealing a tall long figure whose long arms touch the ground. Patches of dirty and rotten fur are scattered across it along with bony spikes protruding all around its body. The most disturbing thing about the creature is the skull with long sharp antlers. Mist spews out of the opening of its skulls as it releases a howl that starts low but raises in sharpness causing Alador's ears to flinch from the high pitch.

“A Wendigo.” Alador gasps his eyes growing wide at the sheer size and disturbing creature before him.

Suddenly more of the same howling can be heard coming off front the distance as well as the sound of crunching snow and growls. Slowly more and more red eyes begin to form within the dark forest. Soon more wendigos begin to reveal themselves some walking on two legs while others are crouched and creeping towards him on all fours.

Within seconds Alador is surrounded by the pack with no way out. His eyes grow wide at the sheer number of wendigos surrounding him. From what the reports said there would only be a small pack of five or six, but this pack is at least twenty strong. The sudden realization of the underwatched security around the festival causes an eye to twitch in worry. He extends his arm out to draw a rather large spell circle dropping it onto the ground and raises a hand up.

“Abomination rise.” There is no fear or worry in his voice as he stares down at the creatures. His spell circle rises and in its wake grows an abomination about three times his size its purple body swelling with power. It groans as it stands next to its creator awaiting its orders.

“Abominatio-” Just as Alador is about to say his command the night sky begins to erupt in the cascade of bright lights illuminating his surroundings and causing a few of the wendigos to flinch from the bright lights.

Unfortunately this catches most of their attention and with a bony finger the tallest of the pack lets out another howl pointing directly at the festival.

Alador watches in horror as the pack begins to rush over to the festival with only a few stragglers staying behind as their focus is still on the abomination leader.

“No...” Alador whispers. “Abomination seize!” He commands the purple goliath who in turn rushes over to the wendigos directly in front of him.

Meanwhile at the Festival

Behind the curtains of the illusion students stage are many witches busy at work as a group of them fire off fireworks signaling the rest of the show that is soon to start. While everyone else is running around making sure everything is up and ready the two witches in charge of the show are sitting around at the back alley of the stage.

Edirc leans against the wooden walls of the fence opposite of the stage walls while his sister is sitting on top of a box with her legs hugging her chest. They both stay silent. The sound of the festival sounds dull and muffled to them.

Emira looks up at her brother with a sad look, she waits a second and opens her mouth to say something, but she can’t form the words. She looks back down onto the ground giving up on trying to say anything.

These past few days have probably been the hardest for them and even with the festival going on it doesn't help with filling the void they all share at the moment.

The sound of approaching footsteps cause both the twins to look up to see their younger sister walking up to them. She gives them a similar expression while giving them a pleading look.

Her sister drops her legs onto the ground and scooches over to give her some space on the box.

Amity is quick to take the spot next to her sister giving her a thankful nod before sitting.

It takes a few more minutes before anyone says anything, but Amity is finally the first to speak.

"Do you..." She pauses before looking up at her siblings. "Do you really think dad is going to make us do what mom said?" Her voice was nervous and scared. Both Emira and Edric give her a worried look not really sure how to answer her. They hoped that it wasn't true, that their father would do something, but from how he's reverted back to his old self neither of the three can see it happening.

"Why aren't you with Luz?" Emira asks doing her best to form a smile and to change the subject. "Pretty sure today would be the perfect day to spend with her."

"She's helping Eda and Lilith run the stand and won't be free until later tonight." Amity says. "It's alright though...I'm not really feeling it for the festivities right now anyways."

Emira nods her head, she can't really blame her since both she and Edric are probably feeling the same way.

"Five minutes until the show starts people!" A voice shouts causing the three Blight children to look up.

"I guess we should get this over with." Edric finally says pushing himself from the wall. He gives both of his sisters a hand pulling them up from the box. "I guess we should make the best of today...well best as we can I guess." He looks at them with a similar forced smile leading them to the back of the stage.

The sound of the howling causes all three siblings to stop in their tracks, their eyes growing wide.

"Was that a..." Emira doesn't get to finish as a bony claw rips through the fence behind her making her fall to the ground.

The claw reels back into the darkness only to be replaced by an animal skull with bright red eyes. It turns its head to stare directly at the Blight children.

Emira stares back at with horror as its red eyes fall onto her.

"Emira!" Amity shouts as Wendigo reaches out with bony claws for her sister.

A ball of fire flies past Amity and Emira hitting the skull of the creature causing it to howl and spazz.

“Come on!” Edric shouts, grabbing a hold of both his sisters' wrists and dragging them down the alleyway.

The wendigo is quick to brush off the flames and quickly begins to tear apart the fence to allow it to creep through and chase after the Blight children on all fours.

The sound of screams and howls can be heard all around as the pack wendigo begins its assault.

“Everyone please hurry to the immediate exits.” Calls out a voice through a spell.

“We need to get out of here!” Edric says holding onto his sisters.

“How did they get through?” Amity questions trying her best to keep in pace with her siblings. “Weren't there supposed to be witches posted on watch?” They stop to a halt just as another pair of claws rip through the fence in front of them.

Edric watches in horror as another wendigo pokes its head through the hole. Looking behind them he can see the other creeping up thankfully the narrow alleyway limited its speed.

“We're stuck!” he says, placing a protective arm in front of Amity while Emira does the same but behind her.

Emira looks around for a way out to which her eyes fall to the ground and notice the opening near the bottom of the stage.

“This way hurry!” She shouts as she brings Amity down and pushes her into the small gap below. Edric fires another fire spell and soon follows after Emira.

Amity crawling as fast as she could, but turns to stare at her siblings to watch in horror as the two wendigos begin to reach out for them with their long arms

“Look out!” But it was too late as one of the wendigos grabbed onto Edric's leg and if it wasn't for a nearby support leg he would've been pulled in by them.

“Edric!” Emira goes to help her twin pulling his shoulders in hopes to free him.

Amity quickly summons a small abomination and without even a command it runs at the wendigo holding her brother and jumps into its eyes, splattering its entire body within the sockets.

The beast lets out another howl as it releases Edric to rid of the gooey purple sludge in its eyes.

Amity crawls back to her siblings to help pull Edric and within seconds they crawl out from under the stage. Though as soon as they make it out they are soon met with the sight broken

tents and crumbled stands. Screams and howls can be heard all around, various witches are doing their best to deal with the wendigos using every spell imaginable.

“Argh!” The sisters look down at their brother’s leg and look in horror at its mangled state.

“We need to find you help.” Emira says kneeling down to inspect it, but unfortunately touches a very sensitive part causing him to cry in pain. “Sorry!” She attempts to help Edric stand, but the pain and his weight is too much.

“You guys get out of here,” Edric groans, sitting himself up. “I’ll find a place to hide until everything dies down.”

“Are you out of your mind?” Amity shouts.

“We’re not leaving you here idiot!” Emira does the same all the while trying to pull her brother up again.

The sound of large hooves approaching them casting a large looming shadow over them causes the three of them to freeze up in fear.

Looking up, the Blight children’s eyes grow wide in horror at the sheer size of this wendigo. Unlike the others all around them this one has a lot more bones protruding out of various parts of its body and its antlers longer than the others.

“Guys get out of here.” Edric says pulling himself up using the stage floor to pick himself up a finger at the ready.

“Shut it Ed.” Emira says, raising a hand to cast a spell.

“We’re going to get out of here together.” Amity adds already casting a spell circle.

The large Wendigo seeing their movements begins to move on the three with white fog streaming out of its skull.

“Abomination Devour!” Before the beast could lunge at the three its entire being is quickly swallowed by purple ooze. It lets out a howl as it begins to thrash and squirm within the substance. “Emira! Edric! Amity!”

All three Blight look behind the engulfed beast to see their father running towards them. His clothes torn and slashed all over with scrapes and scratches all over his body.

“Father!” all three cry out.

Alador skids up to them falling to his knees before them looking them over.

To say that they are at loss for words may be an understatement, the amount of emotion coming from their father is out of this world.

“Are you alright?” He asks, but his eyes grow wide at the state of his son’s leg. Without even looking up at the three of them, Alador wraps his arms around them and pulls all three of

them into a hug.

Eyes growing wide, all three Blight children can't help but be completely shook at what's happening right now.

"I'm so sorry," Alador finally says. "For being such a coward and causing you three so much pain." He hugs them a little tighter. "From the day you all were born...it must've been so hard and I should've done something sooner...I..." He pulls away from all three of them and looks them all directly in the eyes. "I promise you I won't let you go through this alone anymore."

Unfortunately the sound of gurgles causes the older Blight's ears to twitch and immediately he shoves his children back and turns around only to feel a sharp pain in his stomach. He looks up at a bony arm sticking out of his abomination's matter along with a portion of the wendigo's skull. Barring his teeth, Alador twirls his finger causing his abomination the swallowing the creature even further and into whatever abyss awaits it.

Eyes growing heavy and body going cold, Alador slowly turns around to look at his children who all are on the verge of tears.

"Father!" Came the cries of all three children as they rush over to Alador.

Chapter End Notes

Hey Hey guys hope you enjoyed the chapter!

Chapter 9 part 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The world comes in a blur as Alador slowly opens his eyes, but he squirms from the bright light above him. He tries to move his arm to block the light though he doesn't move it that far as a large pain begins to form from it.

A warm hand gently places itself on his arm eventually followed by a voice.

"You shouldn't be moving." Alador turns his head to the voice, but unfortunately his vision is still a little blurry. He can barely make out the figure with only the distinct color of dark blue registering for him. "How are you feeling?"

"I...it hurts to move." Alador grunts out his voice rough. He sees a spell circle being formed in front of him, and within seconds he begins to feel the pain slightly dwindle just enough for the pain to not bother him as much.

"This is the best I can do," says the voice apologetically. "Never really learned a proper healing spell."

Alador's ears perk up hearing this and with his hand slowly rubs his eyes.

"Lilith?" He asks. Removing his hand, he looks up to see the eldest Clawthorne staring back down at him. She offers him a cup of water to which he graciously takes. Letting out a sigh, Alador looks around the room and notices the rather bleak colors and the not so comfortable fabric that is his blanket. A crystal ball on the nightstand next to him making a beeping noise every few seconds, a few cards and a single flower. "Am I at the hospital?"

Pulling over a chair, Lilith takes a seat next to Alador.

"You've been here for almost three days." she says, giving him a sad look. "After you got rid of the Wendigo pack leader the rest soon ran off."

"My children." He croaks his eyes growing wide. He tries his push himself up to look around for them. "Are they alright? Where are they?" The crystal ball begins to beep at a faster rate.

Lilith is quick to gently push him back onto the bed.

"Your children are with Edalyn." She says to calm him down. "They've actually been staying here waiting for you to wake up." She nudges towards a set of pillows and blankets sprawled around a few chairs. "She thought it would be a good idea to get them cleaned and some fresh air."

Alador lets out a sigh and soon enough the beeping seems to slow down back to its original pace.

“Has...has Odalia come by?” Alador asks as he feels his hands give off a slight twitch.

A frown grows on Lilith’s face at the mention of said witch making her clench her hands into a fist.

“She did,” she says “She came to tak...to pick up your children.” Alador gives her a confused look.

“She came to get the children and yet you say they’ve been here the entire time.”

“Her option was to either let them stay here or deal with my sister and I.” Lilith says with a shrug. “Though I’m pretty sure Edalyn would’ve gone after her if I didn’t hold her back.”

Alador stares up at the ceiling nodding his head at her words.

“I’m happy you were able to make up with your children.” Lilith says giving him a soft smile causing his ears to flicker getting his attention.

“Well I suppose you could thank your sister for that.” Alador says letting out a small snort. “A little rough, but I’m glad she knocked some sense into me.” He scrunches up his face, his eyes falling onto his friend’s hands. He stops himself for a few seconds before he places a hand on hers which gets the witch to stare at him with wide eyes. “It may be rather late, but I’m sorry I was such a coward.”

“I’m not sure fighting off an alpha wendigo and half its pack is cowardly.” She says with a slight blush on her face not even trying to remove her hand from under his.

“You know that’s not what I mean.” Alador yes giving her a fake frown. Her smile falters as she stares back at him placing her other hand on top of his.

“I know,” Lilith says. “It’s alright we both made terrible choices when we were younger.” The two share a quiet moment together both of them giving each other a small smile. “but thank you.”

“Father?”

Both of the witches look towards the door to see three Blight children staring back at them in disbelief not really sure if Alador is actually awake.

Without saying anything Alador opens his other arm to them signaling for them to come to him. He doesn’t even attempt to move his hand away from Lilith's who in turn is staring back at her hand and her sister. She quickly moves her hand and body away from Alador to allow his children to rush over to him and scooches over next to her sister.

“Geez lilly,” Eda says, giving her sister a very cheeky smile. “I’ve never seen a healing spell like that before.”

Her older sister doesn’t say anything as she only gives her younger sister a glare a light shade of pink on her face.

Meanwhile as the two sisters silently bicker with one another the Blight family are quiet as the children hug their father.

Alador has both of his arms wrapped around all three of them, his children doing the same to him while making sure not to be too hard.

“Are you all alright?” Alador asks, pulling away from them looking them over on at a time. His eyes grow wide at Edric’s heavily bandaged leg, a healing sticker marked on three different positions.

“Don’t worry the healers said that nothing important was torn so my leg should be healed in no time.” Edric says, noticing his father’s gaze.

“How are you feeling?” Amity asks, giving her father a worried look and her siblings soon doing the same.

“I’m fine,” he says, giving the three of them a rather rare soft smile. “I’m just happy you’re all okay.” He gently rubs his youngest head to reassure her.

To say that the children are a little surprised by the way he’s acting would be an understatement. They would’ve guessed his massive emotional burst during the festival was caused by the dire situation, but seeing this much emotion from him is still a little strange to them.

“Amity, Emira, Edric.” He calls to make them stare up at him. Getting a good look at their faces, the memory of his confession and his apology slowly coming back to him. “I’m so very sorry that I wasn’t the father you needed when you were younger.” He rubs the cheeks of his two eldest while giving Amity a soft apologetic look. “You’re all becoming such amazing witches.”

“Thank you father.” They say softly as they take in his affection.

“I hope you will allow me to be your father to properly care for you.” he asks. The looks he gets from them nearly burn his heart as all three of them give him the biggest smiles he’s ever seen.

“Yes father.” They say together giving him a wholehearted smile.

Another smile begins to form on Alador's face as he stares down at them.

“Thank you,” he says. “I am so proud to be your father,” he places his hands on the twin’s shoulders. “So very proud.” The amount of sincerity at his last three words can be felt by all three of the Blight children.

They stare back at him with wide eyes all three of them blinking rapidly turning to look back at each other and then back at him. They seem to squirm against one another rubbing their arms and scratching the back of the heads.

Amity is the first to break as she stares up at her father, her eyes tearing up. She begins to snifle and quiver as she tries to hold back her tears with little to no success.

“Oh...um...father we...” Emira is the only one who is able to talk though she’s only able to stutter a few words out. It doesn’t take long but soon her brother begins to break as well.

Edric turns his head to the side as tears begin to stream down his face. A smile forming on his face as he begins to take in deep breathes. With shaking shoulders he places a hand over his mouth to try to control his emotions.

Amity all but gave up on holding back her cries as she began to cry and ball her eyes out her wrist planted against her face in an attempt to stop the tears. Her brother soon follows in the cries as he begins to sob and whimper.

“We uh...we uh...” Emira tries to say with trembling lips trying her best to keep up her expression, but she too breaks like her siblings. Without saying another word she drops her face into her hands. She tries to hold back her sniffing and ragged breath her body shaking.

It only took a matter of seconds for the entire room to be filled with the cries of all three Blight children. Their wails vibrated throughout the entire room.

The two Clawthorne sisters who have been quietly watching the family quickly and quietly left the room in order to give them the space and the moment the family needs right now.

Alador stares at the three of them, his body trembling at the sight before him. Though it wasn't because of their cries that's causing him to be sad, no, it's the thought that this is one of the few and maybe only times that either of the children has ever received such affection from one of their parents. He gently brings them into another hug, his eldest burying their faces in his shoulders while Amity does the same in his chest. With a firm hold, he puts a bit more pressure on the hug causing a sharp pain to course through his body, but that means nothing to a father who just wants to hold his children.

Eventually their crying dies down as they all seem to have run out and are now just clinging onto to their father.

Alador holds onto them the entire time as if fearing if he lets them go he'll lose them forever. It wasn't until a single thought...well more so a single person pops in his head.

Odalia.

A frown forms on his face as his wife's face forms on in his mind. He needs to do something to prevent from doing anything to his children.

A few hours pass by and with the help of the two Clawthornes, his children are taken out by Lilith so the healers could do their tests and check up on Alador's vitals. It seems after all the healing and heavy surgery Alador will be able to leave the hospital in a week or so.

Lilith offered to take the three Blight Children back to the Owl house leaving Eda and Aldor alone.

With a tray of food on an extended table in front of him Alador makes a scrunched up face as he pokes at a rather unknown purple glob that is his dinner.

“Would you prefer I get you a doggy biscuit?” Eda teases.

“TO be honest I’m sure dog food would taste better than this...slop of...whatever.” Alador agrees which catches the Owl lady off guard.

“Wowhoho,” She almost shouts. “The Alador Blight agrees that he rather have dog food than actually fo-” she stops herself as she stares down at the hospital meal. “Alright...maybe the dog doesn’t sound like a bad idea.”

Sliding his tray away, the elder Blight falls back onto his bed and lets out a loud sigh. A silence falls over the room as the two witches sit quietly.

He lets a minute pass before he turns to Eda who is trying to dig something out of her hair.

“I suppose I should be thanking you.” Alador says catching the witches attention.

“Huh?” she gives him a confused look.

“For the wake up call you gave me during the festival.”

It comes back to the Owl Lady as she stares at her friend. Crossing her arms and leaning back into the chair she gives him a smirk.

“Well someone needed to stop you from making the same mistake as before.”

“Hmm.” Alador stares back up at the ceiling in thought. “You’re well versed in the criminal arts right?” He stares back at Eda who gives him a frown.

“What are you trying to say?” She asks, squinting her eyes.

“By any chance you think you’d be able to...“ *acquire* ” a certain set of documents for me?” Alador asks.

“Is the uptight, rule following, paper pusher, by the book Aladog asking me to commit a crime for him?” Eda says in a mocking voice which makes Alador give her a blank expression. He rolls his eyes knowing that she wants a little favor in return.

“Name your price.”

A toothy smile forms on the grey haired witch as she looks at the bedridden witch next to her.

Immediately Alador begins to regret asking, but he knows in order to have any sort of chance against Odalia he’ll need Eda’s help.

Chapter End Notes

Hey Hey guys hope you're having a wonderful holiday!

Hope you all enjoyed this chapter!

End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed the first chapter!
Let me know what you think.

Hope you all have a great day.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!