

## ***BREAKING FATE***

***Here's a scene that I really loved but unfortunately, it didn't make the final cut.***

It was initially a part of **chapter 7** after Blaéz leaves Darci, not wanting to endanger her, and encounters mommy dearest in the club—of course, bumping into her always yanks him back to a past he prefers not to remember.

Bits of it would sound familiar because I ended up using some of it in the story, instead of this entire scene.

***Hope you enjoy this deleted segment in Blaéz's life in the Celtic Pantheon.***

(UNEDITED)

‘Yes, he was a cold-hearted bastard. She’d made him into one when she’d given him away the moment he’d taken his first breath. He would never call her *my goddess*, or worse, *Mother*. He pushed up from his seat, threw several dollars on the table and walked out, taking the stairs two at a time. People hurried out of his way as he headed for the door.

The muggy air outside was far preferable to breathing a scent that took him back to another time, another place when she made one of her guilt appearance in his present life.

He’d been twelve summers when he realized the truth—realized what he was...

*“You think because the lady goddess lets you attend her, it makes you somebody?” Finnén snarled. Another punch landed on his face. “You're nothing. No one wants you.” A kick in the ribs, Blaéz flew back. Hands grabbed him, holding him down.*

*Finnén loomed over him, eyes burning in loathing, face flushed red. “You’re the end result of somebody’s good time and dumped in the sewers. Stay away from her, vermin.”*

*Curled in a ball of pain, punches and kicks rained down on him, adding to his agony when the pounding abruptly stopped. Inhaling an excruciating breath, Blaéz peered through swollen eyelids, and when he saw who had appeared, his bleeding lips clamped together.*

*Finnén stood innocently to one side. Head lowered in deference. “Máthair.”*

*Summoning all his strength, Blaéz lurched to his feet, biting back the agony rolling through his battered body.*

*As usual, she always appeared when he’d been fighting, or getting his ass kicked, and every time over the same thing. Her. Now her own son was involved, setting the gang on him. Blaéz wished to the Heavens she’d left him with the servants where he’d been better off than as her squire.*

*Life in Unius, the subterranean island of the goddess had been good in the beginning—she’d visit him at the servants’ quarters where he lived as a child. Then he’d turned twelve and she took him in as her squire.*

*“Blaéz, why?” she asked. Her dark hair flowed over her shoulder and down her long, dark green cape. A metal disc with Celtic etching fastened the cloak at her throat. She was beautiful. Cold.*

*Not wanting to hear what she had to say, she'd probably fault him for this fight, too, Blaéz staggered away from her and that gloating idiot, Finnén, who stood at her side.*

*Finnén doubtless waited to see what the punishment would be.*

*A soldier in black and green armor grabbed him by the biceps. Blaéz clenched down on his teeth as more pain surged through his damaged arm. "Where do you stumble off to, boy?" Away from you idiots. "Her highness would speak with you."*

*He'd rather have his tongue sliced off than speak to the goddess again. He yanked at the iron-hold and when he couldn't break free, he kicked the soldier. But he still got dragged back.*

*"Why the fight?" The Morrigan asked him quietly again.*

*He didn't look up, kept his gaze lowered.*

*"Answer the goddess, imbecile!" The soldier clouted him hard across his bruised jaw.*

*Pain spread to his head. Mouth pressed tight, Blaéz remained stubbornly silent. But tears burned his eyes.*

*Finnén laughed.*

*"Enough!"*

*At the irate tone, Blaéz glanced up. The Morrigan's blue eyes glowered, she inclined her head. That meant follow her. Indeed, all this would be his fault, too.*

*In her quarters, she glanced at Finnén who flopped onto a couch, threw his leg over the armrest and eagerly awaited her ruling. She turned to Blaéz. "It is time you started your combat training. You will tutor under Magnus, my master-of-arms."*

*No! But he bit back the word that would be wrenched from him. Everyone knew of Magnus's brutality on the training fields.*

*Finnén snickered, his bloody lip already healing. Blaéz wanted to punch him again.*

*She was sending him away? What did he expect? He was just a servant boy.*

*Defiantly, Blaéz glared into eyes of the deepest blue. He wasn't scared of her...well, maybe a little.*

*Her expression stern. Intimidating. No one would dare go against her orders. Him included.*

*"I'm prepared for battle," Finnén crowed, reaching for a sweet fig in a bowl on the small table near his side, bloated with his own self worth.*

*The little prick was the same age as him but acted like he was older. "Yes, you are, Finn, but he needs training, too," The Morrigan said. Then she frowned at him. "Aren't you supposed to be on your way to your sire? He requested to see you?"*

*Blaéz looked away from the spoiled fool and stared out through the window and into the night. Darkness concealed the green hills and shrubs surrounding the palace. His attention shifted back to the mirror adjacent to him, the images of Finnén and the goddess clearly reflected there.*

*The Morrigan with her long black hair, blue eyes and pale skin. Finnén looked exactly like her, with the same lean features. He was dressed in leather trews and a jerkin over his white tunic. His pale blond hair cut short in the military style.*

*And him. So out of place in this elegant room, in his dirty, faded brown twill pants and a torn, blood-smearred cotton tunic. His long, untidy black hair he'd tied back with a piece of string. He looked exactly like what he was, a servant. He really wished he could leave and not listen to their squabbles...*

*He tuned out Finnén's protest but his gaze remained on their reflections. A frown pulled at his brow...and realized he looked exactly like the jerk. Except, Finnén was fair, more muscular—why he always beat the shit out of Blaéz. But they were the same height, had the same lean, and lightly tanned features...*

*He blinked. No—no!*

*His heart moments from exploding out of his chest, he spun around as a sulky Finnén slammed the door behind him on his way out. Blaéz met the Morrigan's blue-eyed stare.*

*"Is it true?"*

*"What is?"*

*"Me—Finnén? Are we...?"*

*She stared at him for a second, then merely said, "Get ready. You leave in the hour."*

*She walked out of the room without answering, and telling him everything.*

*His first day on the training fields and Finnén turned up. He'd made it known Blaéz wasn't to be given any quarter.*

*He wasn't. With direct orders from the young god, none dare go against him.*

*At times, Blaéz longed to slam the truth at Finnén, but she'd denied him, and he'd rather be known as a servant than an unwanted. Despite denying him, she'd pop into the training field often to see him as if unable to keep away.*

*There on the training fields, his stupidity and ignorance had been torn to shreds as the years passed.*

*After a vicious sparring with seasoned warriors on the training fields, Blaéz stumbled to his room in the barracks, his entire being throbbing in agony. Except, Finnén waited for him. Blaéz ignored him. As usual, he greeted Blaéz with a fist to the face. Blood seeped from the cut to his brow.*

*By the heavens, why couldn't Finnén leave him the hell alone? He shoved him away.*

*"What do you want?"*

*"Stay away from her, trash-spawn, or I will kill you." Jealousy rolled off him. The boys from his childhood hated him because The Morrigan favored him. Now Finnén loathed him for the same reason.*

*He would have laughed, if it wasn't so painful. Wearily, Blaéz swiped the blood from his face with his hand.*

*At the shimmer in the air, the fury in Finnén's eyes morphed and warmed, a guileless smile appeared as the Morrigan took form.*

*"Finn, what goes on here?" she asked, glancing at them both.*

*"Nothing, máthair. Blaéz and I merely jostled a little now that he's trained, but he is still too tensed." He slapped Blaéz on the back. More pain spread. Blaéz wished he could blast Finnén into another pantheon.*

*"Finn leave, I would speak to Blaéz alone."*

*He cut Blaéz a furious glare at being dismissed, and vanished. She turned to him.*

*Blaéz didn't let her speak. His expression impassive, he gave her his ultimatum. "Either tell them the truth or leave me alone."*

*She didn't. And her visits stopped.*

*Time passed. He grew older, colder, and more brutal as he'd fought enemies and battled wars all on her behalf. Even though his rank and standing grew among the*

*warrior gods, still she denied him in public. The only thing he figured was he had to be flawed. Why else would she give him away?*

*After one bloody battle, limping across the blood-drenched battlefields, he found her amidst the dead. Her hair streamed out as if floating in water, the souls of fallen immortal warriors seeping into her body. She'd keep them for a while before sending the souls off to either Elysium, the final resting place for immortals or to Purgatory, a place of utter desolation for the wicked.*

*"I imagine one day you'd be sending me to Purgatory."*

*She turned to him in confusion. "Why would you think that?"*

*"It's your choice where the souls go, right?"*

*She frowned. "No, it is not. Good or bad, when their spirit enter me, their choice of life determines their final resting place."*

*He met her gaze. "Was I that dreadful then that you gave me away?"*

*Blue eyes burned with a molten flame. Mouth tight, she glanced across the bloody fields to where Finnén and Magnus stood surveying the massacred dark fae insurgents. "Your life is a good one, is it not? You are a great warrior, and my Hand. Be thankful for that."*

*Then she was gone.*

*The next day he'd received the missive that changed his life.*

*He'd been selected as one of the protectors to a young, all-powerful goddess of life, and would reside in the Sumerian pantheon as per the Morrigan's instructions...'*