

Chapter 58

Lily

"Excuse me?" I gasped.

I could feel the shock in the air, the growing tension. The words were out there now, almost visible, yet unbelievable.

"You are my daughter." Gideon repeated sincerely.

My breath was coming hard; My mind wasn't processing his words. Finally, it clicked and I exploded.

"I can't be your daughter! I'm a werewolf!"

"It was always a fifty, fifty chance of which way you would turn out."

"You're lying!" I shouted.

"Sweetheart, he's not. He can't." Dimitri reminded me. Angrily, I turned on my mate. His expression radiated worry.

"The serum must have worn off." I said.

"It hasn't. It won't for at least another hour." Clara spoke quietly.

"Then... then he is tricking us. He tampered with it!" I continued to grasp at illogical theories, unwilling to accept that this was my fate. My friends stared at me silently, not wanting to push me further.

"I can show you proof." Gideon suddenly said.

"I don't want your proof!" I screamed at him. He flinched, obviously hurt by my words. I didn't give a fuck.

Without another word, I turned and left the room, slamming the door behind me. It had to be a trick; He'd outsmarted us somehow. He was powerful, more powerful than Clara. He had to have done something to either himself or the serum. He was lying, toying with us. With me.

"He's not." Aya whispered in my mind.

"He has to be!"

"You want him to be lying Lily, because that's easier than accepting the truth. Go back, let him show us whatever proof he has."

"I can't. I just can't."

"Why?"

I ran my hands through my hair, pulling it in frustration. "Because if it is true, that means I not only have a father, but that he abandoned me as well! And it means I have a mother who did the same! I don't want to hear how they didn't want me!"

"I understand Lily. But we need to do this. I can feel that. You can't avoid this and sweep it under the carpet like you're doing with everything else. Life has many challenges, but I'm here with you to face them together."

I hated that she was right. I also hated that a big part of wanted to see his 'proof'. I wanted to know just as much as I didn't. I practiced calming my breathing, making sure I was relatively calm, before I opened the door and strode back inside. Every pair of eyes were on me, but I only had eyes for the man claiming to be my dad.

"Show me." I demanded. My tone was harsh, hopefully covering up how scared I was right now.

"Lily-"

I held my hand up, silencing Dimitri. It was disrespectful, for sure. But if I didn't do this now, in this mindset, I would leave again and never come back.

Gideon nodded. "I will need something from home." He said.

"Make it quick!" I snapped.

He snapped his fingers, vanishing. I blinked and he was back. In his hands was a thick book, with a worn black cover and yellowing pages. He flipped halfway through before setting it on one of the tables. Curiosity guiding me, I inched closer to peek. The writing was not English. It was a series of strokes and dots and symbols I'd never seen before.

"It is the language of witches." Gideon explained. I glanced at Clara, who peered over my shoulder, nodding to confirm what he said.

Gideon placed his hand on the page and began to mumble under his breath. I caught some of it, though it made no sense to me. The words started to glow under his palm, brighter and brighter until they were a shining white gold light. Abruptly, the scene around us changed. The common room disappeared, leaving us standing in a lush meadow. A gentle breeze blew through the grass, but I couldn't feel it on my skin. I had a moment of *Deja vu*. This place oddly reminded me of my one meeting with the Moon Goddess.

"What the fuck?!"

"Where are we?"

I looked around to my friends. Everyone aside from Clara and Gideon and myself were looking around in shock and amazement. Luke reached out trying to touch the now non-existent fireplace, jumping back when he couldn't find it.

"This is way too freaky." He gulped.

"Shh! Watch." Gideon said.

He was looking out over the meadow expectantly. I followed his gaze, my heart thumping in my chest. A soft giggle floated towards us before a woman and a man appeared, chasing each other through the grass. As they

came closer, smiling and laughing, I felt tears form in my eyes. The man was Gideon, younger, livelier. His hair was pure black, no hint of grey. The goatee was missing, his face clean and happy. The woman was beautiful. Long red hair that reached her waist, pale flawless skin. Her lips were full and redder than roses. I small sound left my mouth as she turned, her eyes sweeping over us, through us. They were green, a duller shade than mine, by far, but I knew it.

This was my mother.

The young Gideon caught her around the waist, quickly pulling her in for a kiss. The love surrounding them was raw, pure. It was so obvious; anybody could see it.

"I should go." The woman said.

"No, not yet. I hardly ever get to see you Rose."

Rose? My mother's name was Rose?

"Short for Rosalie." Present day Gideon muttered to me. He was tense as he watched the scene with us.

"I know." Rose caressed young Gideon's face. "But you know we cannot risk getting caught. You know what will happen."

"I hate this!"

"I do too. I wish I'd been born a witch. Or you a wolf. Life is so unfair."

"I could-"

"No! You mustn't Gideon! I could not bear to see you shrouded in Darkness. I love you too much."

He looked heartbroken, utterly lost. I heard Clara gasp behind me.

"You were going to...?" She whispered.

"Yes."

The younger version of my parents kissed again and Gideon snapped his fingers. The scene dissolved, changed. I gave him a sharp look.

"Did you want to watch yourself being conceived?" He asked.

Oh. No thanks. I shook my head, looking away.

We were in the same meadow, but it was now night. A beautiful full moon hung in the sky, stars dancing around it. It cast a light glow over the trees, the grass, the flowers. Rose sat on the ground, crying silently. My heart lurched, and I took a hesitant step towards her. A figure stepped through me, literally right through me, making my body wave and shimmer. I jumped back with a yelp.

"My love, why are you crying? What's wrong?" Young Gideon pulled my mother into his arms, stroking her hair.

"I have ruined everything." She sobbed.

"You could never ruin anything. You are too perfect for that. Tell me what has upset you like this."

"I...I..." She hid her face in her hands. "I am pregnant!" She cried.

I winced. Pain ran through my chest as I watched the woman who carried me in her womb cry her heart out. She'd said she'd ruined everything, because of me? She hated me that much already?

"Pregnant?" Young Gideon breathed. Rose nodded.

"I am s-sorry Gideon. So sorry!"

"Don't be!" His face was transfixed with a warm bright smile. His face was full of joy. "Rose, this hasn't ruined anything. It's only made it better!"

"How can you say that?!" She hissed. The knife drove itself deeper into my heart. "My father will kill you; he will kill this child!"

Wait, what?

"I won't let him! Let's go Rose, let's run away. We will have our baby; we will love them. Together."

"You... you would do that for me? For us? You would become a rogue?"

"I would do anything for you. And for our child."

My mother stood, wiping her tears. "Yes. I will go with you. I love you Gideon." She jumped into his arms, embracing him.

A snap of fingers and the scene changed again. A large gate loomed over us, attached to a pale stone wall. Beyond, I could see a magnificent mansion with white siding and large windows. Rose bushes were planted upfront, being tended to by various people.

"You are making a mistake Rosalie!"

A loud, booming voice resonated over my ears. I finally noticed my mother was walking down the stone path, leading away from the mansion. Following behind her was a large man in an expensive looking suit. He had wavy brown hair and cold light blue eyes. He grabbed Rose by the shoulder, turning her to face him.

"You can't do this! You're throwing your life away and for what?! A witch?! You are not thinking straight girl!"

"I am not throwing anything away Father!"

I gasped. This cold angry man was my grandfather?

"I love Gideon, and he loves me. This is the surest thing I have ever done, or will ever do." Rose continued.

"Are you really that dumb! He's bewitched you, Rosalie!"

She smiled softly. "Yes, he has. There is nothing you can do Father. I won't reject my mate, not even for you."

Two separate gasps sounded behind me. I knew it was Ben and Clara.

"Y-your mate?"

"Yes. Gideon is my fated mate. I do not question the Goddess's choices. We are meant to be together, and we will be."

"If you do this, you can never come back here. I won't allow it!" My grandfather thundered.

My mother straightened her spine, lifting her chin. "I, Rosalie Lillian Green, hereby cut all ties to the Crescent Moon Pack."

"I accept!" My grandfather spit. They both winced, my mother's hand clutching her chest. After a minute, she straightened again and turned away from him.

"Goodbye Father."

"You will regret this, Rosalie! You and that witch! I'll make you regret it!"

She pushed the gate open, ignoring the threats behind her. I thought she might look sad, or even hesitant. But my mother walked proudly away from her pack, officially a rogue, caressing her belly lightly.