

## Chapter 67

Bastian

My hands came slamming down on the table, knocking the Orb off its holder. It rolled off the table and crashed to the floor, glass shattering everywhere. A piece stuck in my foot; I barely felt the pain. Anger burned through my veins, making my vision turn red. She was pregnant. Fucking pregnant! This is not the way I had planned things! I couldn't use her now, her blood was tainted, mixed with the babies. Fuck!

"What's wrong love?"

I barely suppressed the shudder at Jennine's voice behind me. I hated her. She was annoying, stupid, immature; She never thought of the bigger picture. Her main goal was to kill Lily, take her revenge. She didn't realize I needed her alive, I needed her blood. She was useless if she was dead. Of course, I didn't tell Jennine that. It was safer to let her believe I wanted the same thing. Jennine was a means to an end, and when she had fulfilled her purpose, she would end. I could barely tolerate her now.

"Nothing." I snapped.

"You're bleeding."

"I'm fine."

"But-"

"I said I'm fine!"

"Don't talk to me like that." She replied coldly.

Running my hand down my face, I let out an exasperated groan.

"What do you want Jennine?"

She didn't answer, and I felt her irritation in the air. Like I cared. I thought she was a bitch before? Ever since I took her wolf and made her into a witch, she was worse. She acted as though I should be the one bowing down to her. As if she were the Goddess herself. If only she knew she wasn't as powerful as I told her she was. I'd given her a fraction of my magic, enough for the simplest and most basic of spells. I suppose to her, that was enough to feel invincible. If she were a true witch, a born witch, she would know I could crush her with a snap of my fingers. The thought was tempting too.

"Well?" I turned to face her. Her hair was cascaded down her back, her face plastered in cheap make-up. She wore a long black dress that was see-through, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. She crossed the room to the bed, settling herself on its dark red comforter. I knew where this was going.

"Why don't you come join me? You seem tense." She purred.

"I'm not in the mood." I turned away from her.

"You never are anymore." She huffed. I rolled my eyes.

"Jennine, I'm busy. Why don't you go down to the kitchens and-"

"Talk to your whore?" She interrupted me. I slowly turned back to face her.

"Excuse me?"

She studied her nails, an ugly smirk on her face. "I'm not stupid Bastian. I saw Layla leaving her last night before I came to bed. In my underwear. Did you think you could hide it from me?"

I'd tried. Not because I didn't want to hurt her; I could give two fucks if she was hurt. I simply didn't want to deal with her attitude or a tantrum. I'd fucking told Layla to leave earlier, but she wasn't done with me. She'd

left later than I'd planned, and now I was going to face the consequences. Fuck me.

"Well? Aren't you going to defend yourself?" Jennine asked.

I crossed my arms. "Why should I?"

"So, you fucked her."

"Yes."

"In our bed." She ground out.

"Three times."

Her hands started to glow a dull orange. Jennine had absolutely no control over her magic, and I doubt she ever would. Her emotions controlled her, making her lash out. She was as useless as a witch as she was a wolf.

"How could you!?" She screamed.

"Oh please. You think you are the only one who can satisfy me? While we're taking a ride on the truth train, I might as well tell you; I've been fucking a different girl every night since you got here."

"Son of a bitch!" A small fireball appeared in her hand. "You promised to make me your Queen! And you're sticking your dick in dirty, disgusting rogues?!"

"Calm down." I hissed.

"Fuck you!" She flung her hand out, hurling her pathetic little fire at me. With a wave of my hand, I dissolved it easily. I called the shadows, directing them towards the girl on the bed. They slithered across the floor like snakes, winding around the bedposts and striking out to wrap around Jennine. She gasped and struggled against them. Fear replaced her anger when she looked at me. Taking calculated steps, I stopped in front of her, roughly grabbing her chin.

"You did not just attack me." I spat in her face. A whimper left her lips in response. "Do you not realize I could kill you? Do you not remember that if it weren't for me, you would have already been killed? I brought you into my home, gave you power. This is how you repay me?!" I shouted.

"What about me? I've been nothing but loyal to you. And you betrayed me."

"You have other things to worry about other than who I fuck." Like whether or not I could continue to be around her without killing her.

"You promised to make me your Queen." She repeated.

"And I will. But even a Queen does not question her King. You need to learn to be compliant, or I will find someone more suitable to rule at my side."

"I won't stand by while you fuck diseased, she-wolves! You said you had no use for my kind!"

A cruel smile landed on my face. "They are no longer your kind. And the only use I have for them is to use them, in any way I see fit. If you can't live with it, tell me now and we can end this little arrangement."

Hate and resentment filled her eyes. Her lips pressed into a thin line, making her look like a pinched gargoyle. Truly, I hoped she would choose to end this. There were many more women among my army of rogue wolves that I could replace her with. I'd only chosen her because she'd been close to Dimitri and a member of Blood Moon. I needed her insight. But I could manage without her.

To my intense disappointment, Jennine jerked out of my grasp and said, "I am loyal to you. As long as I get my revenge."

Covering up my true feelings, I patted her cheek once. "Good." I straightened, glaring down at her. "As punishment for attacking your King, you will work in the kitchens for three days. Go."

Her jaw fell slack. "You can't be serious!"

"Did I fucking stutter? Get out of my sight!" I roared. "Perhaps this will teach you to learn your place, and not question me!"

Scrambling off the bed, she threw me a look of complete contempt before heading to the door.

"Oh, and while your down there, send Layla up." I threw at her casually. She muttered something under her breath, slamming the door hard as she left. She really was a child.

Walking to my cabinet, I took a replacement Orb from the top shelf, setting it in the holder on the table. My plan was falling apart already. I'd attempted to take Lily a long time ago, when I first realized what she was. Unfortunately for me, I couldn't teleport her here. I tried many times, each time failing. Finally, I concluded it was because she was a Mother Wolf. How typical, the girl whose blood I needed to live was the one person I couldn't teleport. Now I had to resort to more complicated methods, such as finding a way into Blood Moon and taking her physically. And I'd finally come up with the perfect idea.

I faced the middle of the room, concentrating on her. With a snap of my fingers, she appeared in front of me, the tray she'd been carrying crashing to the ground. Cups and plates scattered across the floor, cracking and breaking. Rosalie turned slowly, her usual cold glare pinning me.

"Why do you insist on doing that?" She hissed.

"Because I can."

"What do you want now Bastian?"

"I have a surprise for you Rosie."

"Don't call me that!"

Her thin frame vibrated with anger. Rosalie used to be quite beautiful, before I brought her here. She still I was, I suppose; She was just severely

underweight and filthy. The resemblance to Lily when she'd first arrived at Blood Moon was uncanny. However, her spirit never broke, no matter what I did. A fire lived in her eyes, undying and strong. She truly believed she would leave here someday, reunite with her family. How sad.

"I think I've denied you your family long enough." I said nonchalantly.

Rosalie raised one brow, caution in her eyes now.

"What are you talking about?"

I gestured to the Orb. "Would you like to see your daughter?"

"What trick is this?"

"No tricks this time, I promise." I grabbed her arm, pulling her to the table. Placing both my hands on the glass, Rosalie watched as colors swirled inside, slowly taking shape in the forms of people. Lily was walking with her mate and his sister, all smiles and joy; She was glowing under the sun, her life at this moment perfect. Two spots appeared on the table and I looked up to see Rosalie crying steadily.

"She's beautiful, isn't she? A perfect picture of you." I said.

"W-why are you d-doing this?" She sobbed.

"Didn't you want to see your daughter?" I walked around her, tucking her hair behind her ear. "Haven't you said over and over that she was the highlight of your life? Aren't you happy to see her?" I drew in close, my front flushed with her back.

"This is cruel. The cruelest thing you've done to me yet." She hissed. Yet her voice wavered, it had lost some of its sharpness.

"Oh sweetheart. This isn't cruelty. Not compared to what I have in mind."

Rosalie didn't take her eyes off the Orb, captivated by the images of Lily.

"I already told you. I won't help you Bastian. You'll have to kill me."

"No, I don't think so." I leaned in, whispering in her ear. "How will you see your daughter again if I kill you?"

She sucked in a breath, turning quickly. Her hand made contact with my cheek, the resounding slap echoing around the room. I laughed loudly.

"I won't help you hurt Lily! Never!" She shouted at me. The next second, I had my hand around her throat, squeezing tightly.

"You're going to help me get your precious daughter. You're going to help me bring her back here. Because if you don't-," I tightened my hold, her face going from red to purple, "-I will kill her instead. And I will take her unborn child for myself."

Despite being strangled, her eyes widened in horror. Then they shut tightly, and she gave a soft nod. I released her, dropping her to the ground where she coughed and cried. Smirking at her, I turned and walked away. Jennine wasn't going to send Layla, obviously. I'd have to go find her myself.