

Chapter 71

Lily

My heart galloped in my chest as I ran down the stairs. It couldn't be true. She couldn't be here. I'd been thinking of all sorts of different ways to rescue my mother, coming up empty. If Gideon couldn't find her after all this time, how could I? But I was willing to try, until my last breath if necessary. When I reached the entrance hall, I grabbed Bens's arm, searching for the impossible.

And, impossibly, she was standing in front of me. I blinked the tears away; afraid they would make her disappear. Her scent hit me strongly, and Aya lurched to the surface wanting to be with her mother. Our mother. Part of me, a small part, took in her gangly appearance; She looked something awful, dirty and underweight. The larger part of me was reeling from the fact that she was truly, really here. Gideon choked out his long-lost mate's name, but she barely spared him a glance. Her arms rose feebly, extending towards me.

"Lily."

Unthinkingly, I ran into her, colliding with her roughly. Sobs broke from my chest as I inhaled again and again, clutching her to me. I couldn't let her go. Not again. I opened my mouth to tell her how much I missed her, how happy I was she was here when she said something unexpected.

"I'm so sorry."

I tried to pull away, instinct telling me to back off, but she held to me tightly. And then my world was spinning; Upside down, right, left, backwards, horizontally. My stomach heaved, but I didn't know if I

vomited or not. If I did, it got lost somewhere in this crazy vortex of wind and blurriness. Finally, I landed on something hard, my arm breaking my fall. Pain radiated from my wrist to my shoulder, making me yelp. Closing my eyes, I took a few minutes to breathe deeply, trying to understand what the fuck just happened.

"Good job Rosie. I wasn't sure if that would work."

A deep voice spoke somewhere beside me; It made my skin crawl. Instantly I became alert, my eyes shooting open. The first thing I noticed was the cobblestone floor under me. No wonder that hurt so much, I probably broke my arm when I hit it. A giant fireplace was built into the wall in front of me, the fire roaring inside. Glancing to my right, I saw a large wooden table, big enough to seat at least ten people, though only two chairs were seated at it, one at each end. Beyond that was a four-poster bed, with black curtains hanging around it. Various types of artworks hung on the walls, the biggest set over the fireplace. The piece reminded me of the Celestes meadow.

"I was hoping it wouldn't!"

I turned my head to the right, where my mother sat on the floor. She was holding her head, probably trying to get her bearings as well. Standing in front of her was Gideon. No... I shook my head, the rest of the fog clearing from my head. Not Gideon, but a man who looked a lot like him. There were subtle differences, this man was taller, and his eyes were different. The aura around him was also darker, much, much darker. This was Gideon's brother.

Bastian.

Ignoring the pain in my arm, I forced myself to sit up, staring at my mother. She had helped kidnap me, taken me away from my pack, my friends. My mate. My heart shattered in my chest, leaving me gasping for air. How could she do this?

"Why?" I whispered to her. She reached out to me, but I flinched away. Goddess, did neither one of my parents care about my well-being?

"Don't blame Rosie. She only helped me because I forced her to." Bastian stepped in front of her, crouching down so we were eye level.

"You must be Bastian." I said.

The corner of his lips twitched. "Ah, so you know me. Good. Then we can skip the introductions, thankfully." He raised his hand to my face, and I slapped it away.

"Don't touch me!" I spat.

"Hmm. You truly are mother and daughter." He looked between us. "She has the same fire in her eyes." He told my mother.

Concentrating, I felt Aya push forward, ready to rip this guy's head off. Bastian looked at me with amusement before snapping his fingers. I screamed as I felt my wolf being thrown into the recesses of my mind. It was like someone punched me from inside my soul; The pain ripped through my entire body like fire. I called to Aya frantically, but she didn't answer.

"What the Hell did you do!" I shrieked.

"I simply restrained the beast inside you."

"You bastard!" Throwing my body towards him, I aimed my good hand for his face. Bastian caught my wrist easily, as if I was no more than a child lashing out in anger.

"Don't touch her!" My mother screamed.

"Back off Rosalie. You're no longer needed here, so go."

"I'm not leaving my daughter with you!"

"Very well." He snapped his fingers again, and she disappeared.

"Where did you send her?"

"Back to her room. That woman can be so stubborn." He rolled his eyes.
"Now, hold still and don't attack me."

When he grabbed my bad shoulder, I gasped in pain, immediately struggling to get away from him. He only held me tighter. His aura grew stronger, washing over me. It was disgusting, like walking through spider webs. Despite that, my arm started to feel warm; Too warm, verging on hot. Just when I thought he was going to burn me, he pulled away. I stretched experimentally; My arm was fine. He'd healed me.

Big mistake.

Without hesitation, I leaned back on my hands, kicking him under the chin. Bastian flew backwards, landing in a heap. Jumping up, I spotted a big wooden door across the room. I'd just grasped the handle when his arms snaked around my waist, pulling me back. I threw my elbow towards his face, satisfied when it connected with his nose. His grip loosened, enough to allow me to turn; Cocking my knee back, I brought it up into his groin as hard as I could.

"Fuck!" Bastian fell to the ground, hands on his jewels. I ripped the door open, racing down the stone corridor. What the fuck was this place, a castle? Old fashioned fire torches lined the walls, the windows made of thick stained glass. I ran and ran, but the hall never seemed to stop. And there was no place to turn. Eventually, completely out of breath, I stopped and looked around. Only to find the door I'd run out of six feet behind me. How was that possible?!

"So much like your mother." Bastian's voice came from behind me. I spun, attempting to punch him in the face but he dodged neatly. "She used that same move on me when I first brought her here."

"Stupid of you not to expect it then." I hissed.

"You might be right about that." Bastian stalked towards me, backing me into the room. He kicked the door shut, the lock clicking into place. Like that mattered, if there was nowhere to go?

"What do you even want with me? I won't help you; I won't let you use me." I told him.

"You say that like you have a choice. You don't. Whether you like it or not, I will use your blood to make myself stronger again." His face fixed into a sneer. "Of course, now I have to wait. Your blood is useless right now."

Instinctively, I placed my hand over my stomach. Terror shot through me as I realized my situation. I was trapped, I had nowhere to run.

"You have to let me go." I whispered.

Bastian laughed. "Why? Because you're pregnant?"

"I need proper care!" I shouted.

"Not my babies, not my problem." He shrugged.

Why was I surprised? This man was a monster. And they said Dimitri was heartless? Bastian outdid him a hundred times over.

"You're evil." I deadpanned.

Bastian smiled wickedly. "That's what they say. You'll get used to it."

"Dimitri-"

"Will never be able to find you. Your own father has wasted too many years trying, you don't really think a simple werewolf can?"

"He's not a 'simple werewolf'. He's an Alpha, and my mate. And when he finds me, you can be assured I won't stop him from ripping you to pieces." I said venomously.

Bastian's eyes darkened at my words. He was in front of me in a second; How did he move so fast? Or was he teleporting? His hand went around

the back of my neck, bringing my face inches from his. His other hand ran into my hair, pulling it back harshly. I bit my lip against the pain.

"The day I come face to face with your pathetic mate is the day I will rip his heart out in front of you. But not before I show him that I've brought you to my side, that you belong to me."

"I will never belong to you."

"You will. Either willingly or forced, but you will be mine." Something sharp pressed against my belly. I glanced down to see Bastian holding a long blade. "You wouldn't want me to cut out those babies, would you?"

I sucked in a shuddering breath. "You would kill two innocent babies?"

"You're the one who pointed out that I was evil Lily. I just don't think you realize how evil I actually am."

I shook in his arms. He wasn't giving me a choice; I had to protect my pups. A thought struck me, something to hopefully distract him, even for a minute.

"Where is Jennine?" I asked.

My question obviously caught him off guard. "Why?"

"She killed her wolf, right?"

The blade moved from my torso, allowing me to breathe a little easier. Bastian looked at me suspiciously.

"How do you know that?" He demanded.

"I have my sources." He didn't like my answer; Anger took over his features. "How did she do it? It's next to impossible to kill our wolves."

"She didn't. I did. She allowed me to."

"So, you made her a human?"

"Enough questions!" He shouted.

A tiny hint of fear sparked in his eyes. He blinked it away but I knew; He didn't like that I knew things I shouldn't. He was scared his plan was going to fail. That's all I needed to endure this, to wait until someone came for me.