

Chapter 72

Lily

Bastian had left me, promising to have someone bring me food later. That around six hours ago. And as promised, food had arrived, delivered by a young girl with curly blonde hair. She'd kept her head down, placing the tray on the table and leaving quickly. And that's where it still sat now. I wasn't touching anything he had made for me; For all I knew it had poison in it. Even if he didn't want to kill me, Bastian had been very clear how he felt about my children. I wasn't going to risk something that would harm them. Sure, I was starving, but I ignored it as best I could.

Instead, I passed the time trying to contact my wolf. I could feel she was there still, just very deep down.

"Aya, if you can hear me, focus on the pups. Protect them. I can bear anything he does, but I'm counting on you to look after our babies."

Nothing. No hint of acknowledgment, not even a whisper. I could only pray she heard me, and would do what I asked. Curling up on the bed, I eventually fell into an uneasy sleep. Dreams of my mate and friends plagued my mind; Even in sleep, my heart ached. I missed them so much. I just wanted to go home!

I woke up crying, my tears staining the pillow. I wouldn't claim it as mine; Nothing here belonged to me, and I didn't plan to stay long enough for that to change. The smell of potatoes had my stomach rumbling loudly, and I sat up to see a very unwelcome sight. Bastian was sitting at one end of the long table which was now covered in different food. He had his hands clasped under his chin, staring at me intently. Fucking creep.

"Why didn't you eat lunch?" He asked.

I lay back down, turning away from him. "Not hungry."

"Yes, you are."

"I'm not eating that food."

His chair squeaked as he pushed it back. I listened to his footsteps as he approached the bed, coming to stand in front of me. I simply turned my back to him, just wishing he would make the mistake of touching me. He'd have one less arm.

"So, your plan is to starve yourself then?"

I didn't answer.

"There is nothing in your food. I'm eating it too."

Still, I remained silent. Could he not take a hint?

"What would be the point of killing you? Honestly."

"It's not me I'm concerned about." I said.

"I gain nothing from killing your babies."

That got my attention. Reluctantly, I looked over my shoulder at him. "You didn't seem to have that mindset when you held a knife to my stomach." I hissed.

Bastian crossed his arms. "I've been thinking about it. What are the chances your children, even one of them, are as special as you?"

My face paled, all the blood draining to my toes. He smirked.

"I'd rather wait and see if I'm right. If so, you're of more use to me than I first hoped. Now, come eat."

He walked back to the table casually. I stared after him, wanting nothing more than to drive a knife through his twisted, dark heart. Over my dead body would he ever use my pups that way! I was about to go off on him,

maybe shove a hot plate in his face when the door burst open and my second worst nightmare stormed in. Instantly, I was on my feet, backed against the wall in a defensive position. Jennine found me immediately, her eyes narrowing to slits. She didn't look much different than the last time I'd seen her. The only big difference was the way I perceived her, the selfish bitch who'd willingly killed her other half and submitted to the Devil.

"So, it's true. You brought her here." She turned to Bastian, who was clammy slicing his meat.

"Yes." He replied nonchalantly.

"And you're having dinner with her?!" She shouted at him.

"Yes."

"I've been waiting an hour for you in our room!"

"I never said I was coming back tonight."

Jennine looked ready to explode. "You're not spending the night with her!" Ugh. Her voice was as grating and annoying as ever. Bastian slammed down his utensils, the table quaking under the force. He stood slowly, turning his glare on Jennine.

"Are you giving me orders?" His voice was low, dangerous.

"It doesn't matter." I said before she could reply. "You're not spending the night here, and I'm not having dinner with you."

His glare fell on me now. "Stay out of this."

"You think I want to be in the middle of your little lovers quarrel? I didn't invite you here; Go back to your own room." I crossed my arms.

"This is my home. I'll be where I want to be. And you." He looked at Jennine. "You need to leave. Now."

"Are you serious?! You're really going to stay here with her?"

"My patience is wearing thin Jennine. Go!"

To my surprise, she actually left. I stared at the door, wondering how she could leave when I couldn't. Clearly, the door led somewhere, it just wasn't accessible to me. There must be some way to get around that magic? Someway to break the spell so I could escape.

"Eat." Bastian sat back down, picking up his fork. I shook my head.

"Go to Hell."

"Damnit!" He shot to his feet again, pointing at the chair meant to occupy me. "Sit the fuck down and eat!"

I smirked. It was idiotic of me, but I got a little satisfaction watching him lose control. He was going to learn sooner or later that I wasn't just as stubborn as my mother; I was way worse. I would fight him on everything, even the little things. To make my point clear, I sat on the bed, looking away from him. He appeared in front of me, his hand gripping my chin painfully. I met his eyes, letting the hate I felt for him show vividly.

"Did you not hear me when I said my patience was wearing thin?" He snarled.

"I did. Did it look like I gave a shit?"

My face whipped to the side, my cheek stinging from his slap. The metallic taste of blood hit my tongue, and I spit the blood onto the floor. I lifted my head and laughed; Bastian's face transfixed into surprise.

"What do you think hitting me with accomplish? Do you know anything about me? I spent most of my life as a human punching bag. Pain is nothing new to me."

His face darkened, something that was getting old. His anger did nothing to intimidate me. What I did fear, was the calculating look in his eyes. He turned, snapping his fingers. Rosalie appeared, letting out a gasp as she

looked around. Before she could comprehend where she was all of a sudden, Bastian walked to her side and slapped her.

"What are you doing!?" I rushed to my mother's side, catching her before she fell.

"Eat." Bastian said.

"You're a sick person!" I shouted at him.

"Eat, or I'll make her unrecognizable."

I was so fucking pissed when I looked into my mother's face. Her cheek had the imprint of his hand on it, already turning a nasty shade of blue. I placed my hand over it, wiping away her tears.

"I'm waiting Lily." Bastian tapped his foot beside us.

"I'm sorry." I whispered to Rosalie.

"It's fine." She squeezed my hand.

I stood, slowly making my way to the table. When I looked back, my mother was gone and Bastian was taking his seat once more. I took a small portion of mashed potatoes and vegetables. Hesitantly, I lifted the food to my mouth, not tasting it, just swallowing it whole.

"Just know that from now on, if you disobey me, your mother will suffer the consequences."

My hand froze halfway to my mouth. Bastian smiled at me; a smile full of promise. Taking a deep breath, I focused my attention on maybe getting some answers.

"So, why now?" I threw at him.

"Excuse me?"

"Why did you decide to take me now? Why didn't you before?"

He studied me for a moment. Finally, he shrugged. "I couldn't before. Not for lack of trying though."

"What does that mean?"

"It means I attempted to bring you here when you first shifted and I knew what you were. But I couldn't. Don't ask me why, because I don't know."

"But you did bring me here." I said confusedly.

"No, I brought Rosie. She just happened to be holding you. I guess you could call it a loophole, a grey area."

"So, you can't teleport me, but you can teleport other people?" I confirmed. "Then why didn't you take me when I was hugging my friends, or in the arms of my mate?"

"Because then I would have to kill them, and that wasn't ideal. I have other plans for your friends. And some fun plans for your mate." He mused while I tried to keep my anger under control.

"Like what?"

"Ah, no. That would spoil the surprise." Bastian winked.

"Why are you doing this?" I set my fork down, leaning over the table. "All this, and why? Because you were exiled? That was your fault."

His eyes flashed up to mine. "You think this is some sort of revenge thing on Gideon?" He answered his own question. "It's not. I always knew that I could become more. More powerful than him, more powerful than the Elders. Your idiot father wasted his time trying to steer me away from Dark Magic, but it was useless. Honestly, I couldn't care less that he got me exiled; I was leaving anyways. The only reason that you're my target, my dear, is because of what you are. The fact that you are Gideon's daughter is just a bonus."

"You know, that's really sick. Technically, you're my uncle. Yet you want me to be yours? That's insanely messed up." My face screwed up with disgust.

Bastian laughed, loudly. I stared at him like he was insane; Which he was, of course.

"He didn't tell you the full story, did he?" He laughed again. "Well, allow me to enlighten you."