

## Chapter 73

Bastian

**\*\*WARNING; THIS CHAPTER INCLUDES SEXUAL ASSAULT\*\***

"Tell me, do you know how many Clans there are?" I asked Lily. Her face turned thoughtful before she answered.

"Four."

"Correct. However, there used to be five." I took a drink of my wine, the cool liquid coating my tongue. "I was born into that fifth Clan, Yellow creek."

"Clara never said there was a fifth Clan."

"Probably because she wasn't born yet. It is not talked about amongst our kind."

"The Clan?" She looked confused.

"The destruction of it."

Her face paled. I poured myself more of the delicious drink, my thoughts going back to my earliest memories.

"Yellow creeks Elder wasn't like the others. He thought witches were the superior species, that we should rule over the others. He wanted to go to war, to claim the werewolf lands, eradicate that human, make slaves of the vampires."

"There are vampires?!" Lily exclaimed. I raised a brow at her.

"How do you not know that?" I asked curiously.

"I didn't go to school." She huffed.

"Well, yes vampires exist, the few that are left anyways. They've all but wiped themselves out. Anyways, Yerik, Yellow creeks Elder, was overruled by the others. He was furious. Instead of settling things diplomatically, he turned to the Dark Arts."

Despite her hatred for me, Lily was listening intently. One hand was cupping her chin, the other placed on the table. Her eyes were focused as she listened to my sad tale.

"You clearly see where this is heading. The others gathered to overthrow Yerik, bringing death upon the entire Clan for we were, as they said, 'tainted'. They burned buildings, flooded the fields. Killed gruesomely and without mercy. People who ran were hunted and slaughtered; Children were ripped away from mothers, families thrown together into seemingly bottomless pits. None escaped the Elders wrath. No one but me."

"How?" She whispered.

"Pure dumb luck. I was four years old at the time, visiting my aunt in the neighboring Clan. When the news reached us, she took me in and lied, saying I was her son. But people started to talk, people who knew her. So, she sent me to her friends in the Eastern Clan; Gideons family. It was just convenient that him and I looked so alike, people really thought we were brothers. Nobody suspected a thing."

"Does Gideon know?" Lily asked.

"Yes. When we were older, his parents told him everything. It was after that that he started to watch me more closely, began not to trust me."

"You never considered them family?"

"Never." I spat. "My family was murdered. The people who took me in were always wary of me, always watching me. Always treating me like the outsider I was. They kept the secret about who I was, where I came from. But they never loved me." I sat back in my chair, eyeing her across

the table. "And before you go off and try to appeal to my good side, save it. I don't crave love like everybody else; I crave power. Yerik had the right idea, just the wrong execution. And he didn't have a Mother Wolf by his side." I downed my drink with my words.

"I'm not by your side Bastian. And I wasn't going to appeal to your good side; I don't believe you have one."

"Good, then we're on the same page. So, does that answer your questions? Truthfully, I'm surprised Gideon didn't tell you the truth about me."

I could tell she was too. What was the point in hiding it? The only answer I could come up with was that he was ashamed, like he always had been. Still, it made no difference to me. If anything, it had only awarded me some time talking to Lily, and time away from the harpy Jennine. Even when she was attacking me, Lily was still far better company. Was there even a point in keeping Jennine around now? Surely, I could go ahead without her?

"Why does Gideon still refer to you as his brother then?" Lily pulled me out of my thoughts.

I shrugged. "Old habits die hard, I guess. We were forced to call each other brother for a long time. Even I slip up occasionally still."

"How do I know you're not lying to me?"

"Now, that's just insulting. I may be a monster, I may be evil, but even I won't commit incest. There are things in this world that gross me out too. But if you want, I can order a DNA test?"

Her face became impossibly paler.

"Fine. Do that."

I stood, grabbing a bowl of rolls. I overturned it, dumping them onto the table. Waving my hand over the bowl, water appeared, filling it halfway. Taking my knife, I pricked the end of my forefinger, drawing blood.

"Come here." I ordered her. She remained seated and I glared at her. "Don't make me bring your mother back Lily."

She scowled before standing and coming to my side. I grabbed her hand, drawing blood from her finger as well. Squeezing her finger, I let three drops fall into the bowl. Then I did mine.

"What are you doing?"

"A DNA test."

Placing both my hands on the bowl, I explained to her.

"If our blood mixes together, we are related in one way or another. If it doesn't, we are not." Her mouth opened to protest, but I interrupted her. "You should know that blood magic doesn't lie. After all, it is what tied you to your pack."

I said the required words, and waited. Lily leaned over the bowl, watching the water intently. Our blood had swirled together a little already, but it was now separating. It was pulled to opposite ends of the water, the result very clear. Lily drew in a sharp breath as I stepped back and behind her. She turned away from the table, pushing against my chest.

"Don't. " She snapped.

"I just proved we're not related."

"I don't care! That doesn't change anything! I don't want you; I'll never want you!"

I placed my hands on the table, trapping her between them. Leaning in, I caught the fear in her eyes, could feel her shaking. This was so much better; I liked a challenge every once in a while.

"Remember what I told you? You will be mine, but I would prefer if it was willingly on your part. It makes it so much better."

"No!" Lily pushed me again, and this time I caught her wrists. Spinning her around, I brought her back to my front, holding her hands securely. Still, she fought back and I was growing impatient. I called the shadows, the snake-like creatures darting out from the corners of the room; They crawled up our bodies, replacing my hands on her. Lily shrieked and pulled against the Darkness.

"That's extremely Dark Magic sweetheart. You won't be able to break it." I kissed the back of her neck.

"Don't touch me!"

"You don't want me to force you, Lily. Come to me, it's so much easier."

"Fuck you! I'll kill you!"

My hand went over her mouth, my lips at her ear. "I'd like to see you try." My other hand ran up her side, stopping at her breast. She whimpered under my touch, attempting to bite me. I'd given her clothes when she arrived here, but right now I wanted her out of them. But something inside me wanted her to want it too. She wasn't giving me any more options.

"Remember, you chose this." I whispered in her ear. I took the vial out of my pocket, uncapping it. I forced her head backwards, quickly removing my hand and emptying the contents down her throat. She sputtered and coughed, trying to spit it out; I covered her mouth again before she could, waiting.

Her body froze, becoming entirely still. Even her breathing stopped. For a second, I wondered if I fucked up, if I'd given her too much. I never got spells wrong, but she was like a statue. Three seconds ticked by and Lily finally lowered her head. I uncovered her mouth, turning her body to face me. When our eyes met, hers were no longer filled with hatred. They were calm, a soft smile on her face. I smiled in return; Nothing could stand in my way now. Lily held out her hands, glancing at the shadows still

restraining her. I shooed them off, pleasantly surprised when she wrapped them around my neck.

"Do you know who I am?" I asked her.

"Bastian."

"And who is your mate?"

Her eyebrows furrowed. "I don't have a mate."

I smiled. "That's right. Because you belong to me."

"Yes. I belong to you." She pulled me down, my lips meeting hers.