

Chapter 72

Xavier

“You’re finally home!” my mother exclaims the second I wander into the castle Munced. Her reaction puts me on guard. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn’t be happy to see me after a fight. She was too pissed off when I left, so this can only mean one thing: she has successfully been able to summon the demon that is my father. And that means she no longer has any use for me.

“Here,” she hands me a wineglass filled with blood. “This is virgin blood. I prepared it while you were gone.”

I stare down at the liquid with distrust in my heart. Is this poison? Would my own mother go as far as to kill me?

“Well?” she seems nervous. “Aren’t you going to drink it?”

My eyes find hers. “No.”

Her whole face falls, but then she immediately plasters a fake smile on her red lips. “W-why not?”

“Why not, you ask?” I silently look down at the wineglass and its contents. The blood is indeed from a virgin, but there is a faint smell that doesn’t belong-my mother definitely put vervain and silver in it. “I won’t drink this because I don’t want to die.

She gasps in shock. “Are you assuming I did something to the blood? How fucking dare you!”

With that, her pretense is shattered, and a cruel smile curves her lips. Her eyes, once filled with feigned sweetness, are now alight with malice. But I’m not afraid of her. She is the vampire queen, but I’m much stronger than her. My father, however, is more powerful, than me, thanks to me no longer possessing any demonic blood. Perhaps the odds would be even if I accepted my werewolf self, but I won’t do that. It’s not needed since I don’t plan on battling my father.

“You don’t have to pretend as if you don’t want me dead, but let me make it easy for you: I will leave and never come back. That way, you can rule with my father without me ever getting in the way.”

“Oh, but I don’t trust you not to help that werewolf girl, which is why you will die tonight!”

My mother hisses out, her facade completely falling away. Her nails lengthen into terrifying talons as she lunges at me. But I am prepared for this. I swiftly sidestep her attack, letting her

strike the air where I was moments before. She snarls like wild beast, but it doesn't scare me.

"You've miscalculated, Mother," I tell her calmly. "If you fight me, you're the one who will die."

She lets out a laugh, high and shrill like the call of a dying bird. "You underestimate me, my son. I've grown stronger while you've grown weaker since you won't accept who and what you truly are!" She lunges at me again, but I easily evade her attacks. My mother is too predictable. I can read her without looking into that. dumb little brain of hers.

"How long do you want to dance?" I ask her, knowing it will anger her further. It works. Her dark eyes blaze as she glares at me.

"Fine! You want a fight? You've got one!" She hisses, launching herself at me once more. This time. I stand my ground. My mother shoots towards me like a bullet, all hisses and snarls. Her fingers are claws now, aimed straight at my throat. But I am faster.

With a swift motion, I sidestep her attack again and send a powerful kick into her midsection. She staggers back with a cry of surprise mingling with pain. Panting heavily, she wipes the blood from her mouth with the back of her hand and glares at me, looking more animalistic than ever before.

“You ungrateful...you dare raise your hand against your own mother!”

Instead of giving her a response, I flick my wrist and lift her body up into the air with my magic. Her eyes widen, but I don't let her speak before I snap my fingers.

“Die.” I whisper, unbothered when all her body parts are dragged apart-feet, arms, hands, even her head-in a splash of blood that paints the wall. Her death is quick, a spectacle of gore and disembodied parts falling down from the sky. I watch the carnage emotionlessly, not feeling any triumph or satisfaction-only emptiness. Yet I know the story had to end this way. It was either her life or mine.

I drop my hand and turn away from the bloody remains of my mother, feeling a sense of finality creep into my heart. But right when I'm about to leave the room, I hear someone clapping their hands-my father. Lucian is standing before me in his human form, his white, long hair glistening in the candlelight while his green, emerald eyes give him a false sense of humanity.

“Bravo,” he says. “It seems that even though you're much weaker than you were in your previous life, your mother is still no match for your raw vampiric strength.”

My eyes narrow as he circles me. “What do you want?” His answer is important. My father and I might have been on equal

grounds in the past, but I'm no match for him now. The fact that he hasn't killed me already is baffling

"I want to know if you thought you could get away with killing your own mother," he asks calmly, but there is amusement in his eyes-the bastard wants to make me squirm. But I won't. I smirk.

"What does it matter? You can just bring her back from the dead."

"Yes, but you and I both know that people aren't the same when they are brought back. They are all mindless zombies, which means your mother is gone."

"So?" I challenge. "Since when do you care?"

"I don't," a cruel smile spreads over his lips as they form a smile to reveal his sharp teeth. "But I've seen you fight now, and trust me when I say this will be over quickly!" I hear him laugh, but I don't see him move before he is right in front of me and kicks me in the stomach. My eyes widen, and then, I'm sent head-first into one of the pillars.

The impact leaves me dazed, struggling to comprehend what just happened. I taste blood in my mouth but ignore it, forcing myself to my feet. My father is standing a few feet away, watching me with an amused smirk on his face.

“Get up,” he taunts. “Don’t disappoint me now.”

I snort, bringing a hand up to wipe the blood off my lip. “I’m not here for your entertainment,” I declare.

He raises an eyebrow at me, the smirk never fading. “Is that so?” He asks. “Then why are you here?”

I don’t answer him immediately, taking a moment to gather my strength. I can feel him watching me, but I don’t care. This isn’t about him-it’s about me. “I’m here because this is my home. I finally answer, my voice steady despite my condition. “Because I have a right to be here.”

He chuckles again at this, shaking his head in disbelief. “This was your home,” he corrects me. “You left.”

“Yes,” I reply, staring at him without flinching. “And now I’m back.”

Before he can reply, I launch myself at him with all the strength I can muster. The surprise registers on his face a moment too late as I ram into him with enough force to send us both crashing into another pillar. Pain explodes through my shoulder where it hits first, and I grunt in sudden agony. But the shock of the impact seems to have stunned my father temporarily and brought me precious moments of time. I take advantage of his surprise and raise my fist to hit him, but that’s when the entire ground starts shaking-my father is finally reverting to his true

form. I only have time to blink before his skin is replaced by onyx scales and muscles. His size is rapidly increasing, turning him into a giant monster that fills the castle room. “Holy shit,” is all I manage to mutter before my father’s hand shoots out to pluck me up from the ground. His face is a skull with rotten flesh, and his pitch-black eyes are soulless as they stare down at me.

“Pesky little thing,” he growls, his voice echoing through the room like a clap of thunder. “You deserve to be squashed like the insect you are.”

His grip tightens around me, and I gasp for air. How is he so fucking strong? My ribcage is creaking, and panic threatens to consume me. But I refuse to be a victim. I fight back against the pain, channeling my fire magic to my hands. I take a deep breath and set my own body on fire to burn his flesh. My father’s roar is deafening as my magic sears into his flesh. He drops me, and I fall, crashing into the stone floor below.

“You fucking burnt me! How dare you use fire magic against a demon from hell?!”

Every bone in my body protests as I struggle to stand, gasping for breath like a fish out of water. My vision blurs, and I can taste blood in my mouth again. My father’s monstrous form towers above me, his face twisted in pain and fury. His eyes glare down at me with the intention to kill.

“You will pay for this,” he seethes.

I force a laugh out of my beaten body. “You’re not the first to say that.” Ignoring the pain that shoots through every part of me, I stagger to my feet. My body feels heavy, but I force myself to remain on my feet. I won’t go down here, not tonight.

In response to my defiance, my father launches himself at me once more. This time, however, I’m prepared. I wait until the last moment before opening a portal underneath my feet. “Until we meet again.” I whisper before vanishing into the portal.

I don’t possess enough power to teleport myself very far, but it’s enough to take me outside. The fresh smell of flowers hits my nose, and I smile. This is a beautiful place to die, but right when I’m ready to fall onto my knees, my vision lands on a large white werewolf and two familiar women. Daisy and her sisters. A breath of a laugh leaves my lips. “If you came to kill me, you’re too late. My father already finished the-” I don’t get to finish the sentence before my knees buckle underneath me.

“No!” Daisy cries out after shape-shifting into a human. She rushes forward and kneels before me, not one bit afraid to take my head into her lap. Her pink eyes are filled with worry, and another hoarse laugh leaves my lips. “Believe me or not, but dying in your arms isn’t the way to go.”