

Chapter 84

Xavier

Since my mate is pregnant and no longer capable of using magic. I left her sleeping in her bed this morning. She will be mad at me once I return, but that doesn't matter. This mission needs to be done without Daisy. I can't risk our unborn child just because my mate's pride wouldn't allow her to sit back if she knew where I was going. Nah, this is a mission for me and the other elemental werewolves. They are walking behind me, gasping once their eyes lock on my father's castle in the distance. Caleb shudders once his eyes land on it.

"Such a creepy cliff," he mutters. "Why do all vampires and demons pick the scariest places to live?"

Lola, who decided to tag along, grins at her mate. "Because they want to keep intruders away."

"Good point," Caleb says, looking at me. "What's the plan?"

"I will go inside first and weaken Lucian by challenging him to a fight. He may be more powerful than I am, but I believe I can

wear him down. Once I've done that, you guys will come in, but not until I give you the signal." I look behind me to make sure all the elemental werewolves heard what I said. They all nod, all four of them. And yes, that's how many of them there are. The water wolf is Logan, the earth wolf is Aron, my brother is the wind one and my dad is the psychic one while I'm the fire one.

"I hope this goes well," Sabrina tells my dad. I'm not sure why he brought her alone, but I have no room to complain. As soon as the elemental werewolves and I banish my other father back to hell, all of our elemental powers will most likely vanish as well. I doubt my demonic dark powers will vanish, but my fire ones will. So, yeah. I will be fine, but the others will be drained from expending so much energy to send a powerful being into another realm. This is why I brought Caleb and Lola with me: they can assist in escorting the other werewolves back home when this ordeal is finished.

"I really don't like this place," Yato comments from behind me. I can feel his discomfort as we walk, which is odd. I don't think I've ever seen my brother scared before.

"Well, you're not alone in that," Aron pipes up, rubbing his arms even though it isn't that cold. "This place gives me the creeps, too."

"It isn't intended to be inviting." I offer, my gaze firmly set on the dark silhouette of my father's castle in the distance. "Much like Lola said, it's meant to be imposing, to keep out those who

aren't welcome." I don't add that we fall into that category; it goes without saying.

We continue our trek in silence, each step cutting through the dark fog coating the forest ground. As we get closer, I sense a shift in my powers. The heat that usually radiates from within me cools slightly, responding to some unseen and powerful force. It's a disturbing feeling, one that tells me Lucian knows we are here. But there is no turning back now.

"We're here," Yato announces needlessly, his voice subdued as we stop before the massive entryway of the castle. I step forward.

"Remember what I told you," I say, addressing everyone but mainly speaking to the elemental werewolves. "Stay back until I give you the signal."

With one last look at them all-my friends, my pack, and my family-I push open the heavy doors and step into my father's lair. Alone. The castle echoes ominously with my entrance, and soon, the door slams shut behind me. I wince at the loud noise but keep on walking.

As expected, my father is waiting for me. He is sitting on his throne, his white hair flowing around him with demonic energy before he smiles wickedly at me. "Well, well, well, the son is finally back," his tone is sarcastic and cold. "It didn't take you very long to recruit werewolves willing to fight me. It's just sad

that you've made them all believe they can take me down when, in reality, you've brought them to their funeral."

Anger pulsates in my veins, but that's when my inner wolf, Fenrir, decides to speak to me after what feels like a decade of absolute silence. 'Don't let him get to you. Remember why we are here. Xavier,' my inner wolf growls.

I breathe a laugh. 'How bittersweet to hear from you again when this is most likely our last fight together.'

'Mhm, and I can't wait to finally be rid of you,' Fenrir says, meaning every word. 'First, you can't accept help from your own mate, and then, you go losing all of your memories. Life with you has been so freaking painful.'

"But it's better now, right?'

'I guess...' He mutters before adding, 'Congratulations, by the way. You're soon going to be a father.'

A smirk spreads over my lips. 'Let's defeat my father before we celebrate, shall we?'

'Good idea.'

With my unique, mismatched eyes locked on my father, I let the tribrid within me come out and play: my wolf-like senses heighten, and my teeth elongate like those of a vampire, while

my dark hair, tail, and leather wings serve as symbols of my demon heritage. My father freezes before he laughs.

“So, you’ve finally accepted who you are...how interesting. Sadly, it won’t be enough to take down an ancient demon like me.”

I don’t tell him that the goal is to weaken him before sealing him away. Instead, I watch his true, gruesome demon self replace his human body. His skin turns into onyx scales while his eyes turn into two pitch-black pits. A stank of rotten flesh wafts over me, and I grimace when his face turns into a lifeless skull. My father is frightening to behold, but his transformation isn’t even done yet. He is still growing taller and taller to become his true self: Lucian, the demon giant from hell. As he completes his transformation, I steel myself, ready to confront the beast before me. The ground quakes beneath his enormity, and the entire room darkens further under his nightmarish shadow. His laughter rings out once more – a bone- chilling sound that echoes through the castle halls.

“Scared yet?” Lucian roars down at me, voice echoing in the cavernous throne room. The question hangs in the air between us like a challenge.

“No,” I reply with a confidence I didn’t know I had. “Not even close.” I spring into action without further hesitation, launching myself towards him with my power ablaze. My father meets my aggression with a bellowing laugh and swipes at me with his

colossal hands. I dodge swiftly and strike back with a blast of flames. His laughter stops abruptly as he recoils from the heat. Now, it's my turn to laugh as I surge forward, darting between his lumbering attempts to grab me and retaliating with unrelenting assaults of fire.

"I thought you said I wouldn't be enough?" I taunt between breaths. Lucian growls in response and lunges towards me again, this time nearly clipping me with his massive clawed hand. But it only fuels my determination further. With a swift pivot, I shift my weight and soar above him, using my demon wings to their fullest extent. From this vantage point, I let loose a barrage of fireballs, each one striking Lucian's thick scales with a satisfying sizzle. To my surprise, his growls turn into chuckles.

"This is what you've become while you were away? A fire-wizard annoyance?"

He swats at me like I'm an irritating fly. I evade him once and twice, but the third time, I am sent flying into the castle wall. Lucian laughs. This is too easy... I groan at the pain, but I can't give up here. I have a mate and son that count on me, not to mention an entire pack that expects me to bring down this demon. So even though I'm hurting. I land on my feet and glare up at my father.

"Is that all you got?" I call out, taunting him. His laughter fades, replaced by an eerie silence that only amplifies the loud thud of my heart against my ribcage. Without warning, he lunges at me

faster than before. I manage to sidestep his strike but barely have time to recover before he tries to step on me.

‘Watch out!’ Fenrir shouts, but it’s too late. Pain shoots through every nerve in my body when Lucian’s massive, black foot pins me to the ground. Then, like I’m a cigarette on the ground, he grinds me into the stone floor beneath, my screams echoing in the empty hall. His laughter is like thunder.

“Is that all you got?” he mocks me with a cruel twist of my previous taunt. Those words make me glare at him. While fire might not work, he hasn’t seen everything that I can do. Darkness is a part of me. With every ounce of strength I have left, I fight back. My wings beat frantically against his black scales as I gather energy. Darkness builds within me, darker and eviler than ever before. Then, with my eyes set on Lucian, I snap my fingers to lift Lucian with the sheer power of my mind.

“Wh-what the hell?!” He growls before I throw his gigantic body into the wall. It takes a lot of my strength to lift someone so heavy, but I do it. His massive form crashes into the stone with a deafening boom, scattering debris and dust. Lucian’s laughter has turned into curses as he struggles to regain his footing. I don’t give him that chance. I’m hurling myself at him again, this time transforming my tail into a sharp scythe-like weapon to slash at his onyx scales. Lucian screams.

“You fucking bug!”

“Calling me a bug when you’re the one getting owned is hilarious,” I taunt, grappling onto his scaly forearm before slicing at it with my claws and tail. Lucian roars in pain, and it’s more satisfying than I care to admit. My relentless assault gradually peels away his black onyx scales-proof that my newfound powers are causing some sort of damage.

“You...!” Lucian snarls, finally grasping me by one wing and yanking hard. The pain is excruciating, but the satisfaction of damaging him eclipses it all.

“I what?” I spit out defiantly, clawing at his hand until he lets go. My body falls towards the ground; there is no time to soften my landing. The impact jolts me hard, rattling my bones and knocking the air out of me.

“Enough!” Lucian bellows, charging towards me once more. But I have a trick left up my sleeve. As he lunges, I roll out of the way and plant my hand against the cold stone floor. A ripple of dark energy surges away from me, spearing toward Lucian with deadly precision. It hits him square in the chest. The monstrous demon staggers back, a look of surprise on his skull-like face. I use the opportunity to call for my friends.

“We have to send him back to hell. Now!” Yato, Logan, my dad, and Aron all burst into action. They focus their energies on Lucian, blasting him with their elemental powers while chanting. I join them and smile when a portal opens inside the castle. “Game over, father.” I say.

His black eyes meet mine. "For now," he mutters. "But you can't keep me in hell forever. I will only grow stronger there and once I return to earth, not even you will be strong enough to put up a fight against me."

A shiver races down my spine. I know he is right; the seal will eventually break, but hopefully, my firstborn child will be strong enough to defeat him in the future. "Goodbye, Father," I say, my voice steady, "You were never worthy of the title."

A final blast of power from all of us pushes Lucian back, closer to the portal. Panic flashes in his eyes, but it's too late. With a howl that echoes through the castle, he is swallowed by the vortex. He is gone.