

## Chapter 38

### Xavier Pov

"Where is she?" I demanded to know as I threw my seer across the room. I had been tracking Jasmine for days only to lose her. Father was supposed to send help, but he only ended up being a disappointment, as usual. I guess in his mind, I was growing too attached to my Cartise's. He isn't fond of any sort of loving attraction.

Pythia, my seer, yelled in pain as I heard a snap come from her and smelled the blood. I had broken something. Good. Maybe she will become more reliable.

"She was in England, my king. I traced her to the sea and her essence was gone." She panicked as I knew my eyes were turning red.

"Is she dead?" I wondered out loud. My spy had not informed me of anything in days. If Father learns she died again, not even by my hand this time, he will not hesitate to wipe out my soul for eternity. He seems just as transfixed by her than I am. Maybe even more, though he tells me nothing.

"No, my king. You would have sensed that she had died. She is just simply not on this earthly plane anymore", Pythia breathed out. In my anger, I stalked towards her and lifted her up against the wall by her neck and watched as she closed her eyes, probably praying for death, but for now, she needs to be alive. I released her and she fell on her leg and howled in pain.

"Go. Find her. If you come back and do not know where she is, you know who I will be going after", I threatened her, and her eyes widened. She thought I didn't know her secret. Nothing is kept hidden from me.

"Yes, my king", she said, and did her best to stand up, bow, and limp away.

I sighed to myself as I punched a wall in my palace.

The blood moon is one week from today. One week and I will finally complete my father's wish, becoming the strongest demon. Maybe even stronger than him, and I will finally take my rightful place on the throne of hell. Jasmine will indeed make a fine queen of hell, since I know her transformation into a demon is almost complete. She will soon come to me willingly, but I still need tabs kept on her. Until then, preparations are to be made. Preparations indeed.

Harmon Pov

"That, King Samael, will be the biggest and the most idiotic mistake you will ever i make." Dennis said before vanishing, most likely to return to her house on the grounds.

I turned to Brandon, who had run over to Rynyxon to check on him. was okay. Just a small concussion. As he came too, he jumped up quickly, his eyes scanning the room. They went wide with worry at seeing that Jasmine was not there.

"Where is she?" He asked in a small whisper to Ava, as if he was trying to figure out how to come to terms if Ava really did kill Jasmine. Ava, who woke up a second after Rynyxon, shrugged her shoulders.

"Gone for good I hope." Ava said, touching her head to wipe away the blood that came from the impact.

"Ava, what the fuck were you thinking, attacking Jasmine? She is your sister for fuck's sake, not to mention the literally most powerful person who was in the room. Lunar could have killed you," Rynyxon yelled at her, with his cheeks turning red. Avas did the same each time they had an argument.

"Dalian", Isaac commanded to Dalian, which broke the argument for a moment.

"Yes father," he replied.

"Find Jasmine. Bring her back", Isaac commanded, to which Dalian bowed and left.

Rynyxon and Ava continued their argument.

"You all see what she is capable of. What would she do? Would you rather I do nothing, and watch all of you die?" She yelled back to him before he growled, with his wolf surfacing.

"I just got her back, dammit," Rynyxon yelled. He slammed his fist into a wall, which made us all jump a bit. Rynyxon had never been this way before, and I could tell even Ava could now see her mistake.

"I just wanted to keep you safe," she said, starting to tear up. She tried to comfort him, but he pushed her away.

"You attacked her first?" Samael seethed, looking at Ava, who simply put her head down in shame and nodded.

"And you, what did you do?" Samael asked me and, for the first time in my life, I had nothing to say, because to be honest, I was feeling so much shame. I know of all the hard stuff Jasmine has been through and to be forced into this demon stuff against her will has got to be the hardest to cope with, but a small, small part of me was hoping that Ava would kill her, and I couldn't bring myself to even admit that.

All I could see was her choking the life out of Brandon at that point. My mate. Dying in her hands with her demon side taken over. I would blame it on the mate bond, but I can't. It's all me, and now that she is alone somewhere on the grounds, she must be feeling like she has no one, and I know I need to make that up to her somehow.

"FUCK!" Samael growled, realizing how wrong he analyzed the situation. He started walking out.

"Where are you going?" Ava yelled.

"To find my mate and fix your fucking mess!" he growled to her as he pushed through the doors.

Brandon must have sensed I wanted to do the same thing because he nodded to me and together, we left and started searching the grounds. I used the trees since I figured it was what she would have done but there was no sign of her.

"Anything yet?" I linked to Brandon, who replied no. I met Brandon after jumping through the last tree in the forest.

"She isn't in the forest", I told him, and he nodded.

"Well, she has got to be around here somewhere. I'm sure she hasn't gotten far. Let's go." I told him before we started walking back to the castle.

I wanted to bring up his visions, but I can now see why he never told me about them.

They were so... dark, but as usual, he always sensed my thoughts.

"I didn't tell you about them because of how close you and she both are," he explained. "I've gotten to know her myself, and the Jasmine in my vision was nothing like the one we know now. To be honest, I'm not even sure if that will really happen," he said.

"She looked so helpless. So, lost. The way she looked at me, hoping that at least someone was on her side, and I didn't help her. All I could see was her killing you, replaying in my head over and over. I felt myself lose you", I told him, and he stopped walking and held me close, inhaling my scent. There isn't much I cry over, but the mere thought of losing my mate, the one guy in the world made just for me, was enough to make me want to kill anyone in my path.

"Calm down, my love, we will find her. We all judged her too quickly, after everything she has been through, Ava especially. I know she is beating herself up over it too. Katie is with her, but you need to go comfort her too. Rynyxon is most likely going out of his mind trying to find her if they haven't done so by now." Brandon said, and I agreed.

I wanted to ask Brandon about his seer powers, but he will tell me when he is ready. He seems to not know much about them, so I'll head to the library after I leave Ava. While I'm there, I'll do as much research about the blood moon as I can. Maybe there is something that will help her.

Ava Pov

"I'm going to go look for her. Stay in this library until I come back. Then you and I will have a serious chat, missy", dad said before heading to the door. I didn't want to stay here.

"But dad..." I started, but he just stopped, turned around and growled at me, making my wolf submit and cower in fear. My dad and I had argued many times before, but it was nothing compared to how it was now. He had never looked at me so.... disappointment before. and it was tearing a hole through my heart.

A tear fell as I nodded in defeat, leaving me in the room with Isaac and Josie. Katie had already left to join everyone in looking for Jasmine.

Isaac put his arm around me in comfort.

"I understand why you felt the need to do what you tried to do. That was how I felt before realizing what I had to do to my own father, so you know I do not judge you for this", he simply said, before leaving me in the room with just Josie. Josie was sitting at the table silently, lost in deep thought, and I didn't want to interpret her. After all, I myself was lost in deep thought.

I just tried to kill my sister. My own sister. The second love of my father's life. He was going to hate me forever if I had succeeded. I don't know why I wanted to kill her so badly. Yes, Brandon's dream foretold her becoming evil. But I know enough about Seers to know their visions are widely interpreted in many ways, even a vision of the same one. It was as if I felt nothing but a deep need to kill her and it's been growing stronger the past few days.

What the hell is wrong with me? I don't want to kill her. She is my sister and I love her, but all my head tells me is she must die. Why must she die? Why am I feeling this way? I can feel my wolf scratching my head, trying to put the pieces together as well. A couple of days ago, we were fine, and now, I feel like I have just made the biggest mistake I will ever make.

Even with the demon blood, I could tell she hesitated about using her powers on me. If she wanted me dead, I would be. Her wolf, in the very least, would have killed me, but she repressed her. I know my magic is strong, but stronger than hers. I highly doubt it. "She will be okay. You both just need some time", Josie said, breaking me out of my thoughts.

"She looks so much like my darling Jessica and even has her fire. As much as I hate to admit it, she has just as much as your father's fire too. She was prophesied to be the one to save us all. It is what our pack believed. It is what your father believed. That is what I believe. She will need you, Ava, more than ever before if she is to save us all from the darkness, including the one that now resides in her blood", Josie said before standing up and leaving the room.

I guess the real question is, will she ever forgive me? Will dad forgive me? Will Samael? Most of all, will I ever forgive myself?

Samael Pov

I'm a fucking idiot. I left after finding out my mate has demon blood in her and it is now changing. Ever since my father murdered my mother, I vowed to eliminate all demon life, and now my Jasmine is one. My beauty. How life has thrown such a huge curveball. She was so upset when I left. I could feel her longing for me and for a moment I contemplated turning around, going back, and telling her I don't care about your demon side, because you are my life now, my whole life, and yet I didn't. The memories of my dad come back to haunt me till this day....

*Flashback*

I was six years old at the time. My father had just come back to the pack from hunting with the male wolves with food for the pack. He kissed my mother. He even kissed my head. Something he had never done before, but I didn't mind the affection. I was only six. A child., but that kiss should have been my first red flag.

I had been training with Master Lui, my trainer, with instructions from my mother to him to teach me the art of demonology. As mother says, it is what I was born to do. I didn't believe in demons and my mother knew it, but all she had to do was give me those huge round orange eyes and that was it for me. My mother was beautiful. Very tall among other women and stood out easily among the crowd with her sea-green hair and orange eyes. My father was almost the same height as her, with messed up dark brown hair like mine and blue eyes.

The symptoms of turning into a demon started in the following weeks after he came back. It started with him being sharper with my mother than usual. He would also

start drinking as well. The alpha of our pack would be lenient with him because, other than the alpha, he was the best warrior, but it progressed worse and worse as we got closer to the full moon.

I always did my best to stay out of my father's way to avoid becoming the center of his temper and it usually worked, until one night it didn't. My father had just come home in the afternoon after another day of hunting and drinking with the men. The men praised his hunting skills, saying over the last few weeks, his senses seemed to have increased, and he was hunting animals far better than the others.

My father and the alpha had a hunting race and my father lost to the alpha, so he came home upset and in a rage. He and mom were going back and forth, and she seemed to give up arguing and went to bed after checking on me, kissing me goodnight. Father watched her kiss me in the doorway and she pushed right past him, upset. He eyed me strangely and then followed after her.

I ended up falling asleep. When I woke up, I felt someone pulling at my hands and feet. It took less than a second to realize I had been tied to a post in what looked like our dungeon. I shimmered but I couldn't move. The ropes were tight. I knew if I used my magic, I could untie them, but using my magic always tires me out so much and now was the time to be smart.

My wolf had not come in yet, so I had to rely on power. The dungeon door suddenly opened, and a peak of light showed through. The room was lit up enough with outside light that I could tell the dungeon I was in was sounded by Black marble walls as well as the floor. It was a completely dark room. I braced myself prepared to cut the ropes and fight whoever was coming through the door, so imagine my surprise when I found out it was my own father.

My senses kicked in when I smelled blood, and he rolled a cart with something in it, but I couldn't make out what it was. It smelled familiar, but I couldn't place it. "Nice to see you finally awake" dad said, smirking at me, and I waited and watched. I was very patient for a six-year-old. Learning by doing nothing. "What's happening?"



Where is mom? Why am I here?" I asked, slightly afraid, but merely concerned. My father has me tied up in the basement.

"She's around" he said, and before he could say anything else, the lights came on in the room and the next second later I was yelling in pain. My whole body felt like it was sizzling, and it burned. Water was falling from the ceiling, and I smelled the smell of acid, something I had learned the smell of in my class. Dad was sprinkling acid on me. "Stopp!!!!" I cried out, trying to free myself. I hadn't had my wolf, but I had my wolf's healing abilities, and I was healing just as fast as I was burning. It was an excruciating pain.

The acid rain stopped falling and soon I was all healed up, not even a scratch on me. "You seem to inherit your mother's gifts. No worries, I will test just how strong your blood is. The Lord will be pleased with my test. His very own one of you for his personal testing. He, of course, can't use your mother because... well...." he stopped and moved out of the way of the cart. Inside was my mother's throat slit, the symbol of the demonic killer carved in her head, a pentagram. "Mother" I shouted, but even I knew she was now dead.

"Mother." he said as he mocked me and started laughing as his eyes turned black with a hint of red. It was then I realized everything I had been learning about demons was real. His transformation wasn't complete, since his eyes were not fully black yet, but they were almost. The blood moon was in less than 3 days, and he would be a full demon by then.

Dad continues to torture me for a few hours, cutting pieces of skin off me, or hitting me with a baseball bat full of nails in my stomach. Each time I healed quicker than normal, but it was all still painful nonetheless.

I was almost to the point of passing out and I knew I would soon. He knew it too.

"I'll be back." he simply said, leaving me chained, with blood running all down my torn-up shirt and pants.

"I'm going to die." I thought to myself.

"You're not my love. You have so much to do. So important. My baby." a voice said from my head and the ghost of my mother appeared before me. She was so beautiful, dressed in all white. I knew she was a spirit since I've been among some of them myself.

"You must listen to me, my baby. There isn't much time, and he will be back soon. When he does, you will need to be ready."