


## Chapter 0032

"Then I dare you to call her here so I can see for myself," my mother says, leaning back in her chair. "I come from a long line of witches, and will be able to tell."

Verena leans forward and hangs her head in her hands. Her shoulders shake slightly while she cries, and it takes everything in me to not walk over to her and offer her comfort. But I can't show weakness like that, especially not in front of my mother.

"You say my sister is taking over from her?" she asks as she wipes her tears away. "That would mean my sister is a powerful witch?"

My mother nods. "She wasn't in your past since she killed your mother and didn't complete her training. But now that she has, she's much stronger than before and with a heart filled with hate, who knows what she could do?" 

Something seems to settle around Verena, something quite like resolve and she nods. "I can get my mother here. I need answers and to know why she sent me back to this point in time. I've lost everything because of her, it's only right that she answers me."

"Smart girl," my mother nods, then she looks up at me with a smirk. "I like her, she's not like your other conquests."

"She's not—"

"Silly child," my mother says in a reprimanding tone as she pats my hand, then she gets to her feet and walks over to Verena.

My heart is sitting in my throat when she leans over and whispers something in Verena's ear, the latter's eyes growing wide. They stay like that for a while, and I know my mother would strangle me if I had to listen to the conversation, so I don't.

She pulls away and Verena looks at her, then she nods and my mother smiles before she walks out of the conference room. The earlier tension between us now feels like it's stretched thin and as I walk over to Verena, she doesn't meet my eye.

I get on my haunches in front of her and place a hand on her knee. "Did my mother threaten you?"

She chuckles sadly and shakes her head. "I don't think your mother needs to threaten anyone to get her way," she says, and I wordlessly agree. "She just told me everything I already knew and some things... I didn't."

I scoff. "My mother has a knack for that. She's the sole reason our family survived before I became Alpha."

"A matriarch if I've ever seen one," she says, and I watch her bottom lip tremble. "This is all a mess, I never should have

come here.”

“If you didn’t come here, you would be reliving your past and dying again at your sister’s hand,” I say as I take her hand, then she finally looks at me. “Do you want to change your future, Verena? Or do you want to be a victim again?”

Her eyes flash and I can sense the first slivers of anger in her scent. “I will never be a victim again—”


“Good girl,” I say, then I pull her to her feet and place my hands on her shoulders. “Whatever my mother has told you, I advise you to listen to her. She has never been wrong in her life, but don’t tell her I told you that.”

She chuckles, and a tear slips down her cheek. “I don’t even know how I got here, Alpha Niklaus. It feels like I’m tearing your family and mine apart.”

I shake my head. “My family has been through more than this, don’t worry; death is just something we’ve come to accept as a Cirilo,” I say as my heart clenches thinking about Mitri. “Now, you should probably run along and go about the rest of your day.”

Verena looks like she wants to say something, but then she stops herself and offers me a nod instead. “I’ll... let you know when my mother will be here,” she says, then with that, she walks out of the conference room.

I fall into the seat my mother occupied and let out a long sigh. Within the fucking space of twenty-four hours,

 +5 BONUS

everything feels like it's gone to shit. I have to find out what my mother told Verena, but knowing my mother, she won't say a fucking thing.

Not only that, but Verena's own mother might be responsible for all this shit.

"Fuck," I breathe out, hanging my head in my hands. What else could go wrong?

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