## Chapter 0033

## Verena

/"I won't interfere with whatever you have or don't have with Niklaus. But if you're looking for a future with my son, you need to come clean about everything... And that includes the real reason you're here."/

Those were the last words Alpha Niklaus' mother whispered to me, but she gave no explanation as to what she could have meant by that.

Come clean about everything? What does she even mean by that? I told them everything I know. What else is there to come clean about? Also, a future with him is out of the question; I don't want a future with any man until I've sorted myself out.

I am in no position to entertain men, even if they, like Alpha Niklaus, have shown interest. You have to be happy with your own life before you can even start to foster a relationship with another person.

Falling onto my bed, I let out a sigh and sling an arm over my eyes.

My mother is apparently a Dark High Priestess, and she is the reason I'm back here. How can I possibly believe that? Yeah, Shelby mentioned that it's someone close to me, but

## my MOTHER?

She wouldn't harm a fly. She's always been calm and reserved, but with a quiet strength I always admired. To say she's doing blood magic in secret and training my sister? That sounds insane just thinking about it!

But even as I think about how stupid it sounds, I start thinking back to certain things in my past. How my mother never told Anabella to move out and get a job, but I had to work and earn my place from fifteen years old.

How after my father's death, the two of them got closer but never seemed to get along. Anabella wishing my mother would die, then my mother being ill the following day. How Anabella has never turned, how a full moon never affected her.

Come to think of it... I don't really remember anything about my father. How he died, how he looked, what his name was ... what the fuck is going on?

I raise a trembling hand to my mouth as a frown knits my brow... no, it can't be—right? Witchcraft? I would have picked something up from their scents, I can't have been that blind!

Then, if Anabella were a witch, could she have bewitched Lucan and made him more susceptible to her feelings and forced him to love her?

"No!" I groan, digging my palms into my eyes. I can't afford to think like that, it would mean my entire future was a lie, and I made a huge mistake rejecting Lucan.

But that little voice saying 'what if' grows louder and louder and by the time I'm reaching for my cell phone and dialling my mom's number, it's screaming those words at me.

What if Lucan loved me?

What if Lucan WANTED to love me, but blood magic made him reject me in every way?

What if Anabella twisted his feelings toward me?

What if she was the reason I couldn't get pregnant before?

"Verena? This is a surprise," my mother's voice comes through the receiver, snapping me out of my spiralling thoughts. I choke back a sob and hope she didn't hear it. "Is something wrong?"

I sniff. "I just miss you, Mom. Can you... I don't suppose you could visit me at my new place, can you?"

"Oh, baby," she says and I dissolve into tears immediately.

No matter what I just found out, I still miss and love my mother. If I'm going to find out the truth, it better be from her and not from crazy matriarchs who think I'm lying to their sons.

"Will you? Please, Mommy, I miss you," I sound so pathetic but really... I haven't truly seen her since she was poisoned and we need to have a long talk about everything. We used



