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Knox's anger blazed like wildfire as he struggled against the demonic hold. But despite my fierce resistance, I couldn't shake the sinking feeling that my brother seemed stronger in this realm than I did, more resilient against Astaroth's twisted influence than either Charlotte or I did.

"Funny that! Took you long enough!" Astaroth laughed into my head, the sound echoing around dangerously as the realization dawned on me, a cold dread settling in the pit of my stomach. We were trapped! Ensnared in a web of deceit and manipulation woven by the demon before us.

As my eyes met Knox's desperate gaze across the room, I knew that they would need every ounce of their strength and cunning to break free from Astaroth's grasp and save OUR daughter from a fate worse than death. A life tied to this psychotic piece of shit!

"Well, that's not very nice!" Astaroth laughed, his eyes on me, a reminder that he had no respect for boundaries,

"Nope!" Astaroth's chuckle echoed through the

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room, freezing the blood in my veins as I watched the demon's unsettling gaze narrow on me. Unease prickled at the back of my mind, a warning that I couldn't ignore as Astaroth approached, leaving Charlotte's side to stand before me. His curious eyes bore into me and I couldn't help but growl low in my throat, a primal instinct urging me to defend myself and those I loved against the demon. But despite my best efforts, I couldn't shake the feeling of unease that the worst was yet to come, which seemed to settle like a heavy cloak around my shoulders.

"What do you know?" Astaroth's voice was smooth as silk, laced with a dangerous edge that made my skin crawl. "What have your parents told you about Knox's wolf, Havoc?" Why was this important? Why bring this up now? Charlotte rushed to my side, her body shielding Astaroth from approaching me.

"Stop! Stop with the lies and bullshit! I have said no! We don't want your deal!" Charlotte screamed angrily, shoving Astaroth with strength I yet again admired. I wanted to tell her to stop, but something told me the demon wouldn't hurt her! He needed her! OR rather the cargo she carried.

"What do you know about Havoc?" Astaroth asked again, his eyes lifting from Charlotte in amusement at her feisty outburst and tantrum. My mind raced back to his childhood, to the whispers and secrets that had surrounded Knox like a shroud. I remembered how Knox was always kept apart, never allowed to shift and train like I was, how our parents had kept Havoc hidden away like a shameful secret.

Confusion clouded my thoughts as I struggled to make sense of my memories, but before I could respond, Astaroth turned his attention to Knox, his eyes glittering with malicious intent.

"And what about you?" Astaroth's voice was a low growl, a sinister melody that sent a chill down all of our spines. "What do you know about your wolf, other than that he is impulsive and reckless?"

Knox's jaw clenched with frustration as he fought against the invisible bonds that held him captive, my mind racing to grasp at the fragments of knowledge that lingered just out of reach. But as Astaroth's gaze bore into Knox, I couldn't help but feel a sinking dread settle in the pit of my stomach.

"Why?" I asked, thinking of our past, our secrets

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and having them laid bare before the demon's penetrating gaze! Knox and I exchanged a silent, desperate glance before our eyes settled on Charlotte. Somehow, I knew that we were on the precipice of a revelation that would change everything we thought we knew about ourselves and our place in this dark and twisted world he had entangled us in.



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