

## You Rejected Me. Remember? Chapter 62

Cassy pov

“Zitao....” Ava’s grandma hissed with utter distaste. “I should have known that only you would do such a despicable thing.” She whispered in fury.

“Do you know him?” Ava exclaimed.

“Oh yes. He is someone I met several years ago in the International Academy of Magic. He was chosen from his region and I was chosen from mine. He was one of the best in the academy. At first, we all looked up to him, until he started to do crazy things. He would learn all kinds of magic tricks and spells only to misuse them. He was so talented, but Zitao is one crazy lunatic. He was exiled from the academy during our last year there because he had blown the magical laboratory up and tried to frame another student in the academy.” Ava’s grandma narrated and narrowed her eyes at him.

“He would constantly boast about ruling the whole world one day. We all thought he was crazy. And it looks like you haven’t changed at all.” She sneered at him.

“Why do you care about it, Anna?” He smirked at Ava’s grandma. “I didn’t go against you, or your family or your kingdom.” He spat at her. She grimaced.

“You don’t know anything, Zitao. You have gone against my family. And I will personally see it myself that you don’t get away with it!” She hissed her reply, as she narrowed her eyes at him.

“What do you want from us anyway?” I asked him sternly, wondering what had happened to the real Zander. “And what have you done to my cousin?” I questioned.

“I want nothing but revenge from you all.” He sneered and glared at my father.

“You had left me to die. You had broken every bone in me and because of that, I had to use all my energy and powers to heal myself. I lost valuable time because of that!” He snarled.

“That couldn’t be the reason why you pretended to be someone else at first,” Elliot stated making him scoff.

“At first I didn’t want to destroy you. It was nothing but a pure desire to have power. I had always wanted to be powerful. And my plan would have been perfectly successful if the Queen didn’t get pregnant at the last moment.” He shouted. “I am not someone who would let my work go to waste! I remained silent thinking that I could still have what I wanted if I successfully got rid of your pup. But fate wasn’t on my side.”

“And you had to choose my Kingdom to fulfil your ridiculous whines? And in the process, you wanted to destroy my family too?” My father asked, scowling at him.

“Well, I couldn’t go against the wizard king. He would burn me into ashes. He would know my every move. This means the fairies and elves too cannot be touched. Then there are the dragons. They are too scary. They too can use magic to some extent and I didn’t want to risk being found by them. The lycanthropes were the ones who I thought where I could win against. You guys don’t know anything about magic. You all are clueless. And I would have gotten away with it if it wasn’t for my cursed luck!” He growled out the last part making me grit my teeth.

“What an a\*\*\*\*\*e!” Izzy grumbled.

“Tell me about it,” I mumbled back.

“Where is Zander?” My father was gritting his teeth as he growled out the question.

“Where is my nephew?” He shouted. His fists were clenched so tight that his knuckles were turning white.

“Oh.” Zitao laughed. “He is in a better place.” He finally said, his evil smirk constant on his face.

“What have you done to him?” My father hissed through his gritted teeth. Zitao laughed like a maniac.

“Do you want to know what happened to him? Do you?” He chuckled.

“In that case, let’s refresh some old memories. Remember the funeral of your sister? Do you remember how she died?” She was smirking at my father the whole time.

“She was terminally ill.....” He murmured silently before trailing off. “Did you do something to her?” He asked low toned, as he narrowed his eyes at him.

“Bingo.” He snickered, shocking us all.

“You mean....my aunt’s death wasn’t a natural one?” I was flabbergasted. However, he simply rolled his eyes. “Whatever.” He mumbled and started to continue his narration.

“And then remember her funeral?” He asked again. “Remember when Zander left the funeral house for a while? Because he could bear to see his mother in the casket?”

My father remained silent, his eyes focused on Zitao. I kept looking at my father and Zitao with my heart hammering in my chest.

“That was when I took him.” He stated, still grinning.

I could clearly see how my father’s jaw clenched.

“Took him?” He asked.

“Ugh.....I took him away. I hypnotized him and made him sleep. When he woke up, he would be in a small shack in the woods. That was where I changed my appearance and got rid of him. You wouldn’t want two Zanders, right?” He chuckled. “I loved seeing his expression when I changed my appearance. He was completely aghast.” He chuckled.

There was a moment of silence where everyone let what he had said sink in. My cousin was taken care of? Does this mean he had killed him?

“You killed him, didn’t you?” Elliot solemnly asked.

“Good gracious!” Izzy gasped through our link.

“You killed him and impersonated him. That is completely against the protocol of our magical realm! You have gone against our rules and regulations! And that is punishable by death.” Ava’s grandma announced in a firm voice.

“I don’t care about your stupid rules and regulations! I hate those rules! That is the whole reason why I want to be powerful! I want to have my own rules! I don’t want to submit! I am a leader!” He bellowed.

I glanced at my father. What I saw made me gulp nervously. His jaw was clenched and the nerve on his neck was bulging. His eyes were squeezed shut and I knew he was trying his best to control his lycan, who most probably was trying to break free so that he could attack the restrained dark wizard.

However, it seems as though he lost his internal battle. When his eyes sprung open, they were bloodshot. He shifted right before our eyes and roared ferociously as he advanced at Zitao.

Zitao, who was proud and overconfident this whole time, now looked scared shitless. Perhaps, he wasn't expecting him to shift to his lycan and attack him like that. His eyes were wide with fear as drops of sweat trickled down his face.

"Help!" He screamed, right before Ricky clawed through his chest.

He was silenced at once. Blood oozed out of the wounds Ricky left on his body. Had he been able to move, he would have at least tried to fight back, though his strength would be nothing compared to a fully mature lycan.

Ricky didn't seem to have had enough of him. Everyone watched in awe, and in utter shock as the majestic royal lay punch after punch on the already unconscious dark wizard.

"You killed him! You killed my nephew! And all this time I was blaming him for everything! I thought it was him!" He kept yelling out loud.

By the time he stopped, Zitao's face was beyond recognition. He lay motionless on the ground and it looked as though Zitao wouldn't survive.

Ricky stepped back and shifted back to the human form. He was still heaving deep breaths. However, his anger had dissipated. His expression was softer and there was something in his eyes that I thought I would never see in there.

Tears of sorrow and remorse.

"I was blaming my Zander this whole time, while in reality, he too was a victim." He cried as tears rolled down his cheek. My mother walked up to him and hugged him. I felt my own eyes sting with tears as I watched my birth parents console each other.

"I have failed him, Rita. I have failed my sister and his son. I couldn't protect him. I couldn't keep my promise to my sister that I would take good care of him. I am such a bad brother Rita." He cried and everyone who surrounded them lowered their gazes in sorrow.

"Don't say that Richard." Her voice quivered. "I...it is his fault. Zitao's fault. Who would have thought that he would come after our Kingdom? We didn't even know that he existed until now." She tried to explain to the best she could through her gasps of breath.

I bit my lower lip and closed my eyes. I took deep breaths, as I made a silent prayer for my cousin's innocent soul.

"Is he dead?" Someone among the crowd asked, diverting our attention to the dark wizard who lay motionless on the ground.

"Looks like he is dead." Another voice replied.

"No! Wait..." I said and walked up to him. He sure looked dead, however, since he had healed himself once, we couldn't be careless and let him be again. He might secretly be healing himself. I looked around. When I saw a beautifully carved sword lying on the ground I picked it up and separated his body and head.

"Now he is dead!" I whispered, as I slowly placed the bloodied sword in the ground.

Zitao is now gone for good!