

*The
Lost Saint*

A
DARK DIVINE
NOVEL

BREE DESPAIN

EGMONT
USA

New York

Consequence

“Do what he wants, and you might survive,” a harsh voice said into the boy’s ear before he felt a sharp blow to the kidneys. He fell forward onto the concrete, his arms splayed out in front of him.

“So this is the one who tried to get away?” another voice asked from the shadows. It was a deeper, older, more guttural voice. Almost like a growl. “This isn’t a clubhouse, boy. You can’t just decide to stop playing and go home.”

The boy coughed. Bloodstained saliva dribbled from his mouth. “I wasn’t . . . I didn’t . . .” He tried to push himself up onto his knees, but a kick from behind sent him sprawling forward again on the ground. His mind raced, replaying what he’d done to get himself to this place.

This place.

They’d said he could call this place home. They’d

said they were his friends. They'd called him their brother.

And that was all it took. That was all he'd wanted.

But this place wasn't home. . . .

"You belong to me," the man said as he stepped out of the shadowed alcove. "And that's why you'll tell me what I want to know."

This place was a prison. And these people were not his family. . . .

The man the others called Father towered over the boy, glaring down at him with glowing, yellow, murderous eyes. "Tell me!" the man roared, and slammed his booted foot down on the ring on the boy's extended hand, grinding into it with his heel.

The boy screamed—but not because of the searing pain he felt as the fragments of the ring sliced into his flesh, and his tendons ripped away from the splintering bones in his fingers. He screamed because he knew that for what he'd done, everyone he'd ever loved, everything he'd left behind, was going to die.