

## Chapter 134

### Anaiah's POV

I straightened my back and face Amacus, he has a vague smile on his lips and his eyes are intense.

'It's good to see you so soon, dear Anaiah,'

'Where is my family?' I demand, looking him in the eyes, he observes me for a long time before he smiles again.

'So, there is something about witches you need to know, we are also blessed with talents, and Lenet there...' He points at the brown-haired woman with piercing dark eyes wearing a dark robe that covers her hair. 'Is a protege and illusions are her talents,'

'Shit,' I mutter as realization just dawns on me. My family isn't here, his witch put those images in my head to lure me to the border, I start to back away, trying to mind link Leondre but I'm blocked, it's not only to him but everyone. Fuck.

'And Jafar there, can block signals while Lombe weakened you just as fast as you try to move those pretty hands of yours to open a portal,' I assess the ones he mentioned and all I see in their gaze is an emptiness.

'Don't beat yourself up though, the bombs are real,' He says. I use my telekinesis to scatter his witches apart, making sure they don't recover in due time and just when I aim for Amacus, I am stroked to the ground by an invincible force.

'Agatha, you'll injure her,' He scolds and I look at the woman he called Agatha, she is a splitting image of Agatha, my dream friend but an older version.

'Can you blame me for wanting that? The bitch is corrupting my daughter and now, she's getting her memories back,' She hisses, glaring at me and I hold her glare fiercely.

'Erase them like you've been doing, I can't afford to lose your daughter,' Amacus sighs.

'I've been doing that since I got her back from that pack, I think my magic isn't strong enough to contain her,' Agatha whispers unhappy but I can hear her. So my dream Agatha is indeed as powerful as she said, a small smile spread on my lips despite the weak condition I am in. I try opening a portal but someone grabs my hands and a sharp pain pierces through my neck and darkness envelopes me.

My eyes open and I flinch when I see Amacus' face close to mine, I get into a sitting position and pull my legs to my chest.

'Hello, dear Anaiah,' He says in that dark tone of his. I swear if he calls me dear again, I'll bite him to pieces.

'The explosives,'

'Still there but won't be activated, just in case you misbehave during your stay here,' He answers and I sigh in relief.

'Why am I here?'

'How did you do it?'

'Do what?' I spat.

'Take away my magic, it turned against me and burnt me,' He says,

'I was a child, am I seriously supposed to answer that?'

'Oh well, the extraction process will begin in a few days, hopefully, it won't kill you because it will be a shame... I like your resilience,' He says and turns on his heels to leave the room but I jump at him, hitting him as much as I can, with incredible strength, he shrugs me off him and pins me to the wall, he smiles and whispers in my ear.

'This will be incredibly fun, welcome, My Queen,'

A shiver goes down my body and I shudder, 'Let go of me,' I push him away.

'Ana! Where are you? Are you alright,' My mate's voice rings in my head just as he releases me but I can't reach him for some reason, it's probably the magic.