

Chapter 45 (Book 2 Shadows)

Synopsis

"In the second installment of the Accalia Series, Ava Witch, a powerful and mysterious being, is thrust into a world of magic and mayhem. After a tumultuous encounter with her mate Atlas Drakos, the Dragon Species King of the Shadow Realm, she's left reeling from his rejection and disappearance. As she searches for her missing seer and best friend, Ava uncovers dark secrets about her past and her true nature, setting her on a perilous journey of self-discovery. Meanwhile, Atlas must navigate the treacherous landscape of his kingdom, where his brother Adam has usurped the throne, and an ancient prophecy looms large. As fate draws them back together, Ava and Atlas must confront their differences and the demon lord's sinister plans. Will their love and combined strength be enough to overcome the darkness, or will the shadows consume them? Dive into the second book of the Accalia Series, where the lines between love, power, and destiny are tested

Brandon Pov (2 weeks after he was kidnapped)

I can't see anything. I can't hear anything. Whoever took me blindfolded me, undressed me, strapped me to a cold table, and took away my hearing. A witch must be involved. I have this pain on the side of my neck where it feels like something has been feeding on me. A sharp pain in my arm feels like a needle is being put in. So quiet. I can't hear my wolf. This person found a way to cut my connection to my

spirit, so I can't heal. I feel something cold trailing in my veins, and I shake. Are they medicating me? I feel cold. I feel numb. My body starts to shake from whatever drugs they are inducing me with.

Harmon. My Harmon. My mate is probably burning up the world looking for me. She will come for me. I just know it. I don't know if it was from thinking about Harmon or the drugs this person is putting inside me, but my heart is beating fast. Too fast. Fuck. Something is wrong. I struggle against restraints. With or without my wolf, I was strong, but these restraints didn't budge, no matter how hard I struggled against them. They must have been spelled. I keep trying to struggle, though. The next thing I knew, I couldn't breathe. It felt like something was suffocating me, but nothing or no one was touching me. I could feel my body start to shut down on itself.

I was dying. I was going to die, and I couldn't even see Harmon's face one last time. Goodbye Harmon, my love. As I imagined Harmon and I together, I would have sworn I felt a small hand on my chest. A gentle hand slowly started rubbing my chest until it reached my face. For a moment, nothing existed, and the world was still. Hungry. Why am I feeling hungry? I would have sworn I saw the bright light people sometimes talk about, but I realized it was a light in my eye. Were my eyes just covered? An interesting-looking girl stood before me dressed in black jeans and a black t-shirt. Do I know her? Have I seen her before? Why does some part of her seem familiar to me? She had red hair and the most vibrant shade of golden eyes I had ever seen. Confusion started to set in. Wait, where am I? Who am I?

I looked around as this woman started undoing the chains that were tied to me, and I was free. I was in a room that looked like a dungeon of some sort, sitting up on a silver table. Mice and roaches could be seen along the walls. I looked around and saw there were other bodies here, but they were covered with a white sheet. The smell in this room was sickening. The smell of death. She was speaking to me, but for some reason, I couldn't hear anything. Finally, her voice came into focus, and it was angelic yet familiar. So very familiar. She took what looked like an IV needle from my arm.

"Emilio," she said, looking at me. Is that my name?

Yes, it is. I heard a voice in my head say:. It was hers. What the hell?

"Relax," she said out loud, and I felt my body doing just that. My breathing was controlled, and I felt a strange calm. I felt like I should trust her.

"Who or what are you?" I asked her as she tossed me a red shirt with some jeans and some boxers. I hadn't even realized I was naked when she turned around and continued mixing some blue and black liquid stuff that started to smoke. I sat back down on the table, not sure what to do. When the liquid stopped smoking, it turned brown. She put it in a container and put it on the shelf. I waited patiently for her so I could get some answers without being rude. She turned back around and looked at me, scanning my body before looking into my eyes.

"My name is Ana. I found you on my way to a house I own, lying on the street, dying days ago. You told me your name was Emilio. Do you not remember?" She asked, and I shook my head. I couldn't remember anything before I woke up. She smiled. Even her smile seemed familiar to me, so I assumed she was telling the truth. Too many things about her felt familiar.

"That's okay', she said, grabbing my hands in hers. My senses stood alert as I started hearing noises from what was outside. The sound of someone coughing came into focus. I could tell they were far away, and yet they seemed so close. She was able to hear it too. How was that possible? As if reading my mind again, she spoke.

You were destined to perish. My blood saved you. You may realize by now that your senses are heightened. You're going to feel, hear, and see things that will be new to you, and that is normal," she said.

"Ana, what are you?" I asked her as she started rumbling through her bottles again until she came across a red one. Why was that bottle so interesting to me? I couldn't keep my eyes off it, but I was still waiting for her answer. She turned back around.

"Your questions will be answered in due time, but if I'm not mistaken, you should be very hungry, yes?" She asked, popping open the bottle she held, and at once I felt it. It started out slowly, like a small warmth in my belly, until it spread over my whole body until it centered itself on my throat. Hungry. Thirsty. Hungry. Thirsty. It's all my mind has heard. That smell. The smell coming from the bottle she had just opened was sweet. I could taste its sweetness in the air. I needed it, and before I knew it, I grabbed it very fast from her hand and held it. I held it because I was savoring the smell of this sweet nectar. She didn't even look bothered by it.

"Drink," she commanded, and I tipped the bottle over my mouth, letting it pour into my throat. It was warm. Sweet and warm. She smiled as I drank the strange liquid, but I didn't focus on her much because this stuff was so fucking delicious.

"There are some people that are going to try to kill me soon," she says, and I stop drinking. Kill her? Over my dead body. I felt protective of her.

"I won't let that happen," I told her sincerely. I may not remember much of her or my life before today, but she saved my life, and I owe her mine. She smiled.

"Good. I have plans for them. Plans that will require your help. You will help me, yes?" she asked, and I nodded.

"Good. Good," she said, and she went back to moving her bottles around, mixing stuff. I went back to my drink, savoring nectar, until I realized it was running out. A piercing pain hit my gums, and I held my mouth.

Relax. The pain will be over when you do, she said in my mind, and I did as she said. The pain started to fade, and my mouth felt a little different. I had even realized that the liquid I drank put the fire feeling out of my throat as it was no longer burning, but the warm feeling in my stomach was back, and I gripped the silver table, trying to control the pain. I hadn't even realized when I gripped the table that it conformed to match my grip so that there was a dent in it. She turned back around and looked at me with a knowing look.

"Still hungry," she asked.

"Yes. I need more' I told her, lifting up the bottle. My gums were tender now, but I knew that the red stuff would somehow help. She walked to the door of the room before sticking her hand out at me.

"Let's get you more," she said, smirking, and I followed her out of the room with only the sweet red nectar on my mind. I need it. I wanted it, and I was going to get it.