

Chapter 50

Atlas POV (Present time)

My thoughts played over and over as I continued my search for someone to help me get back to my kingdom. For three weeks, weeks, I had been free but was unable to locate anyone who could help. This land was so bright and different from mine. I imagine it's very bright due to the five years of captivity I have had to endure due to that demon. It was made clear that it was the son of the Demon Lord Lord that resides in hell, which explains how he was strong enough to hold not only me but Kai as well.

The bars of that cell were made of the coldest neon crystals, which are not deadly to dragons unless pierced through the heart, but they can weaken us tremendously due to the coldness of their nature. The day was ending as I concluded my search. I headed back to the cave I had been staying in, flying high above the clouds so I would not be spotted. All I came across were werewolves, and none of them were too keen on helping me. I had considered going to Jessica, as I knew where she was due to the deep bond she and I shared all of those years, but Jessica would lead me to Ava, and Ava would lead me to trouble. Mostly just inside myself.

Ava, whose bright purple eyes burned bright. I could tell she was powerful. Perhaps even more powerful than myself, which I also don't care to admit. I do admit, however, that however, that she has been burning in my mind ever since I saved her life. Her beauty is compared to none, not even Sorena, who oddly bears a resemblance to Ava. I found myself thinking about Ava and what she was doing.

Thank God for us not mating, or I would have dragon sickness, and I have way too much on my plate to worry about that as well, not that I would have mated with her anyway. A witch. She was a fucking witch. I don't ever question my God, but a witch? I Hate creatures hate creatures for more reasons than I can count. Once I found a way back to my kingdom, I was going to break that barrier between our kingdoms and drive them out for good, something that should have been done long ago. Those that stay are those that die. It's as simple as that.

I closed my eyes and fell asleep, only to dream of being in one of my favorite places in my castle, the gym. It was the only place I could work off some of the extra energy and anger I had been having growing up while I trained to control the fury of my dragon. I had felt a presence behind me, but I ignored it until that angelic voice I couldn't get out of my head broke me from my workout. Imagine my surprise when I found no one other than Ava, watching me with a range of emotions as her eyes raked my body. It was causing an immediate reaction from me, but I was attempting to control it.

"Ava," I said, and her face lit up. How was it possible for her to become even more beautiful? I saw an orange glow around her. It was faint, but I knew what it meant, and that could be a problem for me. When I was younger, I learned that I had the ability to dream walk people I had met before, as I found myself doing it many times to my family and some of their friends. I eventually learned to control it. Ava's was faint, meaning she was still new and not in control. Still, knowing that she could do this when I'd been doing everything I could to avoid her upset me greatly, and sadly, I took it out on her.

"Get out of my dreams, Ava," I told her, and she was shoved back to the ground, as if pushed. Did I do that? That was new. Her face was hurt, and it tore me up to see her look at me that way, and before I could comprehend what was happening, I was reaching out for her. However, before I could grab her, she disappeared, meaning she must have woken up. I woke up at that moment as well. She didn't know it, but she was reaching out for me, and maybe a part of me sent out the call for her too. I started beating myself up for pushing her to the ground with my seemingly new dream power.

It was something I hadn't even known I could do. As much as the small part of me wanted my mate, the rest of my body had a deep hatred for witches, and sadly, not even the bond she and I were supposed to share was enough. Besides, I have a much more important task ahead of me. I need to get back to Draconis. The usurper is most likely claiming my throne. My own brother, whose hatred I had for him rivaled even that of the witches, How could he do this to me?

Give me away to a demon, side with the witches, and get our father murdered in the process. I was taking my kingdom back from him, and nothing or no one is going to get in my way, less they face the wrath of myself and Kai.

Harmon Pov

I had been traveling the realms, looking for Pythia. Two weeks. It had been two weeks, and I couldn't find a trace of her. I even sent Samael a message to check Netilan, which was home to Jasmine's grandparents, but it came back that he hadn't heard a word. Pythia was Brandon's mother, and I knew that with her power, she could possibly see something that would give me a clue. As I traveled through the trees, I felt it. I felt the snap of our connection.

Before, I had just been feeling his fear, and that was it, which let me know he was alive. My wolf told me she couldn't speak to his wolf, but she could still feel him. However, like my wolf, when that snap came, it was like someone shoved a literal knife through my heart. The pain was magnified ten times over. I fell from the tree I was in, breaking my leg in the process, but my wolf healed it back up immediately. Our hearts, however, were something we couldn't heal right then and there. Our mate. The one that was fated for us is gone. Somehow, I made it back to the grounds and ended up in front of Ava. My energy was fading. I had never cried before, but at that moment, I broke down. I didn't feel strong anymore. Having Brandon and then losing him. It was too much. It was all just too much.

I grieved for a week and closed myself in my room. No one bothered me after two days. It was clear I wanted no company, and I needed to work through this. I cursed the goddess over and over; I don't know how many times she let me experience this heartbreak. I begged her to show me a sign of who took him. I prayed every day for that week, only to end up getting no response. He was gone, and there was nothing I could do to get him back.

After a few more days, grief turned to hatred, and hatred turned into my need to hunt. Hunting things is what I was best at, based on the training I learned from the Amazonians. Even if it was just his corpse, I was getting Brandon back. AT ALL COSTS! I decided to leave letters for everyone, letting them think I was going back to the Amazons to heal, but I should have known I couldn't fool Samael and Jasmine. Their wolves would have been talking to my wolf. They cornered me before I walked out the door, but instead of being upset, Jasmine handed me a bag that held extra weapons before hugging me.

"I could come with you," Jasmine said. I trained her to fight, so I knew having her along would be a plus, and for a moment I had considered it, but then I looked at Samael. I could tell Jasmine that being away from him after everything they just went through was not a good idea. They still had time together. Brandon and I were robbed. I shook my head before hugging her.

"You are needed here. Plus, I need you to keep an eye out on anything suspicious, in case I need to come back." I told her, but I knew, and they knew the reality of the choice I was making and just how deep this ran. Samael hugged me as well and gave me another bag, which I hadn't looked at yet. He also gave me a gold ring with a white crystal in the middle.

"You are safe. You know where to find us. If you ever find yourself in danger, press that crystal down. It will turn red, only to your eyes, and will show us your location," he said. Leave it to Samael to always have a way to contact me, even without knowing what I was about to do. I nodded, and with one last glance, I left. I stopped

at the border and looked back at all the trees that led up to the castle where my family lived.

A deep part of me knew that it was possible I would die on this mission, and sadly enough, I was okay with that, but I would be finding my mate's body first. I looked at the kingdom where I spent many years of training. I spent my childhood there and had many great memories, but now when I look at it, all I'm reminded of is how I've lost my mate, and that was a pain that would haunt my wolf and me forever.

"I, Harmon, renounce any and all ties I have to the kingdom," I said out loud, breaking my ties with everyone in the kingdom, which I expected is why Samael gave me the ring, and with that, I took off for the mission.