

Chapter 51

Ava POV

After another few days of scrying for Brandon's body, I came up with nothing. Neither did Samael or Jasmine. Every time I used my powers, I felt stronger and stronger. Where the energy came from, I had no idea, but I wasn't asking questions. I still have a mission.

Dreams. I was dreaming, that was for sure, but this was more of a vision I was having. I wasn't walking anyone's dream, but a part of me knew I was witnessing events that had already come to pass long ago. I was in a realm I had never seen before. The sky was red, with yellow clouds. There was a huge lake that reeked of an unknown power. A woman was there, planting flowers. She had the longest black hair I had ever seen, as it hung low to her waist. I approached her closer and saw that her eyes were silver. Very beautiful indeed. She looked up as I approached her, and I started to introduce myself when I realized she was not looking at me. She was looking past me. I turned around, only to be greeted by a familiar face.

I knew all too well, but this was younger. She was much younger than she was during the time I knew her. My mother, whose features even in this realm burned brighter than anything around her. As my mother approached, she stopped midway and looked directly at me before her mouth dropped open at seeing me. Did she know who I was? Her mouth continued to open wider and wider as her eyes rolled to the back of her head, blood ran out of her eyes, and the skies turned black as night.

It was like something straight out of a horror movie. I backed away to get closer to the silver-eyed lady, but she was no longer there. When I turned back to my mother, she was gone. Using my wolf eyes, I could see a message burned into the ground. It was a warning that read, "She is coming."

Every inch of my skin tingled as if I were being watched somehow, and the feeling was strong enough to wake me out of my sleep, just to see the door close, as if someone had just walked out. All over the wall was written "she is coming, she is coming" in black marker. My hands were also covered in black ink. Did I do that? I was being warned by someone of danger, but who was sending me this message, and what did my mother and that silver-eyed woman have to do with it? As if someone were listening, a portal opened right in front of my bed to that same land I saw. I remembered dad's warning about leaving the castle grounds, but everything in my gut was telling me I needed to go there.

"I can't. I'm sorry". I asked whatever force was opening this portal, and the portal closed automatically. Whatever presence I have feeling before was gone, and I was alone. Had I just missed out on what may have been my only chance to find answers? I felt like all of this was connected somehow, but there was something I wasn't seeing. My mother. She had been in the vision, though her face contorted to look like a dark witch. My mother was a light witch, though, so none of this made sense. It just didn't make sense. I then remembered dad telling us weeks ago about a time he went to a seer or medium to channel a spirit for him. Jessica's spirit. Is it possible I could do the same for my mom? I couldn't leave the grounds, though. It looked like I was just going to have to try this myself. I need answers.

Atlas Pov

I woke up to a sound in front of me and stood up, ready to fight whoever entered my cave, but there was no one there. Instead, there was a portal of blue and silver light. On the other side of this portal was Draconis. My home. I started to jump through it,

but Kai reminded me that this could be a trap. Especially if Adam knew I had escaped the prison he put me in, It was a chance I was willing to take.

I was taking my kingdom back, and I had gained enough energy in these last few weeks to strengthen my dragon as well. I don't know where the strength was coming from, but I didn't care. It was healing me, and now I was going to do whatever it took to reclaim Draconis. Without any plans, I stepped through the portal and landed back in the very same spot I had been snatched from all those years ago. Looking at my father's house by the lake sent pains through my heart that I had long buried, but they were still there. It would still have been there.

The dirty robe I had on covered my features as I walked to an old lady who was sitting in a rocking chair near her home.

"Excuse me, ma'am," I asked her. She looked my way, and I saw her eyes were cloudy and blue. The woman was blind.

"Yes, young man," she replied. I removed my hood.

"I haven't been to visit in the last 5 years. Has there anything new that has happened?" I asked.

"Well, yeah, young lad. A lot, actually. From what I hear, our young king Atlas was pronounced dead after a high with the witches over yonder. The witches killed his father too. They tore his poor heart right out of his chest. Yes, they did." She said, My heart was slowly breaking, but I let her continue.

"King Adam killed that nasty head witch, but it was too late for him to save poor Atlas, lad. King Adam reigns, but this kingdom is not what it used to be. Not ever since the death of our queen and his mate," she said sadly. Sorena. Sorena was dead?

"What happened to the queen?" I asked her.

"She was stabbed to death," the lady said. Did Adam murder Sorena? His own mate? He knew the cost of what would happen. So how is he still ruling?

"Surely the sickness would have overtaken him by now?" I told the woman, but she just shook her head.

"From what my children have told me, he looks like himself. No scales or anything. His temper is just seconds away from flaring, and he doesn't care about who he kills or anything. The people fear him dear, but we all know we are never safe from threats unless a Drakos sits on the throne," she explains before she closes her eyes and starts rocking again, falling asleep.

Sorena being dead would explain why Adam's dragon is under control, but it wouldn't explain how he hasn't gotten the sickness. I needed answers. I was about to get them. I shifted to Kai.

I looked at the castle that still stood high and proud, flying right to it. I could see people below as they looked high in the sky, recognizing me and gasping in shock. The guards at the door recognized me instantly as I landed at the palace, looking at me in complete shock as waves and waves of fury rolled from me. They felt it and moved aside immediately as I pushed the huge doors open. It was nighttime. Dinner time.

They would be in the kitchen. Sure enough, the sounds of laughter from my family were heard. I pushed open the huge kitchen doors, and all voices were silenced as older versions of the family I knew looked at me in shock and horror, but I had plenty of time to rekindle with them. There was only one face I was looking for, and I found it right at the head of the table on my seat. His face turned a range of emotions. Confusion, happiness, anger, and annoyance danced along the features of the brother I once knew.

Five years. Five fucking years of being tortured, abused, and raped by Xavier's demon friends. Being forced to watch what they did to Jessica as well, who I'm sure probably hasn't even told her mate. Five years of darkness. Five years of hatred

burned brighter than any star in the sky. The rage from all the thoughts rushed through me like wildfire as it focused on my target. It was fuel. It was hate. It was bloodlust, and I was ready to taste it as I rushed to Adam, who was unprepared for how quick I was as my first connection to his face. Bloodlust Indeed.