

Chapter 54

Ava POV

"The house. I can't fight its pull," I told Rose as I started walking towards it.

"If you go into that house, one thing is certain. You will not come back out the same", Rose said in the background as I stood at the house's doorsteps. I thought about what she said. If this house revealed the future and past, then maybe it would help me find Brandon somehow. Was he in my future? Was this how I was going to save him? Without another look back, I went up the steps. As I got closer to the door, I saw an inscription in Latin that read, "Beware of all who enter here." You would think that should have been enough to turn me around, but I didn't. I proceeded further. I entered the small hut. It was all white inside. I was blinding white, but my eyes adjusted. There was nothing in the hut but two stands in the center, each with a red button.

On the left, the button said past. On the right, the button says future. I had no reason to look at the past, as I knew everything there was to know about myself. If I were to find Brandon, he may possibly be in my future, so that's the one I pressed. I felt the room move, and I held onto the pillar for support until it stopped. Once it stopped, I heard noises outside. I opened the door, only to realize I was no longer surrounded by smoky trees. I was back on the grounds of the realm I had been having visions of, in the huge yard of the black castle. It looked like a great big stadium was conjured here, as many people sat watching these dragons.

A great big black dragon fell on the ground, with smoke steaming from its nose. I had never seen a dragon before, and the most logical response should have been to be afraid, but I wasn't. If anything, I felt a bond with this dragon. It was weird, but it was beautiful. As I walked closer, I could see that one of its wings was broken. It was badly hurt. I looked up and saw another black dragon who looked similar to this one, except this one had a strange, colorful line on it. It advanced towards the all-black dragon, who dodged its attack. I was upset to see the black dragon hurt. I felt like I needed to protect him, but when I tried a healing spell, nothing happened. I realize my magic does not work here, and no one can see me either. That colored, striped dragon flew back in the air, and I realized it was going to come down with tremendous speed to kill the dragon on the ground, and the force would kill him.

"NO!" I shouted, but it was too late as the striped dragon started its descent downward. The black dragon was already trapped under broken pieces of the stadium and looked too injured to move out of the way. Before the striped dragon reached the ground, I was pulled back to the hut. Each time I attempted to go back, I was constantly pulled back to the hut. I pressed the future button again, thinking it would help me see the outcome, but this time I was transported to a different scene. I was back home on pack grounds, but everything was different. This was a battleground. I watched as both sides got into battle formations.

Each side consisted of species known and unknown to me. I saw my family on the front line. Without warning, the other side advanced towards ours, with the largest red midst surrounding it. It's presence felt dark, as if no hope was in me all at once. I had never felt a presence that dark. I looked up to see the same black dragon from earlier flying with other dragons, as if commanding the army. Beside the black dragon, another flew, and I was mesmerized by its beauty as well. Before the clash of both sides, I was brought back to the room, with the past button blinking rapidly. I tried pressing the future button again, but it was grayed out. The hut must have shown me all it wanted for the future. It wanted me to look in my past, but what was in my past that was so important that it wanted me to see? I pressed the past button and was transported as before, except when going forward, the motion felt as if I were moving backwards.

Once it stopped, I walked out of the hut, only to find myself in a purple room with gold trim. In the mirror, I sat with my mother, who had a smile on her face that seemed both happy and sad. What was bothering her? I looked outside and saw that I was in the realm with the red skies again, but on the opposite side of the barrier this time. Was I in the witch kingdom?

The door opened, and I saw dad coming in. My mother brightened up her smile more, but I could tell it was forced. What was she so sad about? Dad came in and brushed Mom's blonde hair before helping her up. She was in a white nightgown, and her belly was poking out. She was pregnant with me.

"How is our little Ava today?" he asked, kissing her belly. Her smile turned genuine this time.

"Strong. I visited a friend of mine today, from a different realm. She helped me with a spell that will make sure Ava does not inherit the cancer," mom said. Dad grabbed and kissed her hand.

"Good magic, I hope," dad said, but I could tell it was a serious question he was asking her.

"Of course, baby," mom said. Dad kissed her head, but I knew... Somehow, I knew she was lying. Or maybe there was more to it. It was the look in her eyes that told me what I needed to know.

"What about you? Could she help take it away from you too?" Dad asked.

"No. It spread throughout my whole body. I don't think I will make it too long after Ava comes," mom told him. She was already sitting on the bed. He knelt between her legs, his arms wrapping around her.

"I can't lose you," dad said. Mom stroked his brown hair.

"You won't lose me. I will always be here with you, through Ava. Don't you ever forget that?" Mom told him, and he nodded. She handed the necklace she was wearing to him. It looked just like the one I have now. Tears started streaming from my face.

"I will give this to her when she is born. She will have strong powers born from our bloodlines. Help her control them.

"Our precious Ava is going to change the world, that's for sure," dad said as he stood up and sat down on the edge of the huge bed, massaging her feet.

"Yes, yes, she is," mom said, with a tear falling down her face. At once, I was pulled back to the white room. I was a sobbing mess. Dad didn't really talk about mom much, and now I know why. After Jessica, my mom became his whole life, and then he lost her too. Just to be left with me. A female version of him in every way. My heart felt suffocating. After I gathered myself up, I saw the lights were blinking again. I pressed it. After the annoying backwards motion, I walked outside again, only to see my mother standing in what looked like the woods. I was unsure where the location was, but I could tell it was still in the realm I was in since the sky was still red. She was still pregnant.

"Were you followed?" A voice asked from behind. It was Rose. Mom closed her eyes, feeling for everyone else.

"No. No one knows I'm here either. Not even Rynyon," Mom said. Rose nodded. Rose waved her hand, and it looked like a cauldron was uncloaked. It started bubbling. Mom had tears rolling down her eyes as she watched the cauldron. My mom took a knife and cut her hand, spilling blood on it, before she started chanting.

Άκουσέ με. Άκουσέ με. Με το αίμα μου, πάρε μου αυτό το αγγείο. Σε αντάλλαγμα, δώστε στο άλλο μου σκάφος ζωή χωρίς την κατάρρα. Πάρε δώσε. Δώσε και πάρε, έτσι ένα παιδί θα πεθάνει, ενώ ένα θα ζήσει.

(Hear me. Hear me. With my blood, take from me this vessel. In return, give my other vessel life without the curse. Take and give. (Give and take, so one will die while the other lives.)

The ground opened up and swallowed the cauldron. When it closed, a bottle of red liquid was left.

"He accepted your offer. Drink," Rose said, handing my mom the bottle.

"I am sorry, my dear daughter. May your life there be not one of suffering," she said, holding her stomach. As I watched in horror, she drank the liquid and fell to the ground at once, screaming in pain. Rose knelt beside her. Blood started leaking from her legs. After a while, the struggles stopped. I looked at her stomach, which seemed to be smaller now but still showed she was pregnant.

"You will never breathe a word of this to anyone; do you understand me?" my mom told Rose, as a black streak seemed to circle her face before disappearing.

"I will carry this to my grave," Rose said, with a tear falling down her face as she held my mom.

"I can only pray that my love, Ava, will never find this out. What would she think of me, knowing I just sacrificed her twin sister so she could live?" mom said. With that, I was pulled back to the white room. There was a button on it that said home. I pressed it and jolted awake. I was in a hospital room, from the looks of it. I sat up quickly, feeling my body ache. There was a green paste on my wound. Everyone was sitting around me, except for Atlas, who was leaning against the doorway, but I couldn't focus on him because right beside him stood Rose. It took me a second to realize everyone could not see her.

So much.... I just saw so much... I needed answers...

"Ava," my dad said, rushing closer to my bedside and checking on me. I wouldn't speak. I couldn't speak. Not after what I had just seen. Not after what I had just heard.

My chest started hurting. I couldn't breathe. The pain from where I was stabbed seemed to increase 10 times more, though now I could feel my wolf, who was doing her best to try to heal me but was failing.

"Doctor" Atlas yelled, looking at me worried, along with everyone else.

The doctor came in quickly and examined me.

"You have to calm down, Ava," the doctor said, but I couldn't. My mom. My sister. My poor sister.

"You have to try to reach her," the doctor said, looking at Atlas, who did nothing for a moment but then nodded. My eyes were on my knees as I tried to focus and realized I was not able to. Atlas lifted my face, and a million sparks shot through me at his touch. I felt myself calming down from it. I heard him growl a bit. Did he feel them too? His gray eyes flickered from side to side, like he was watching something. When he arrived too, he shook his head, as if trying to clear out what he had just seen in his head. I wasn't sure what had happened to him. All I knew was that his touch was helping me. It helped me focus. I needed focus. I needed answers. I knew just who to get them from. "Everyone out, please," I said slowly, but I knew they all heard me.

"No Ava. We're not going anywhere. We're here for you, okay?" Jasmine said, smiling. I returned her smile, knowing she was trying to be nice, but I needed everyone out now. "Thank you, but I need to be alone right now. Please. Do this for me." I looked at all of them, begging. Especially Atlas, who looked like he was stuck between telling me hell no and okay, we will go. In the end, he took his hand off my face, after one last look, and walked out.

"We will check on you later, sweetheart," dad said, kissing my forehead. Everyone else followed him. After making sure I was alone, my full attention was turned to the doorway, where Rose stood. I could feel my pain starting to come to the surface. "You're going to tell me everything I want to know," I told her, narrowing my eyes.

She, however, did not return my cold exterior. She simply smiled and nodded, keeping her voice as calm as a river.

"Ask away, but beware; I can only answer what is asked of me. Nothing more. Nothing less. I nodded, but before I could ask anything, a deep growl was heard outside my room, followed by another one that shook the whole place. What now?