Chapter 60

Harmon POV

"What do you mean you can't help me?" I asked Pythia. I found her in Netilan, the realm of Jasmine's grandparents. Getting here was hard. Thankfully, I told Jessica to arrange a meeting before I left.

"Exactly what I said, Harmon. Look, he is my son, and I loved him more than life itself, but what happened to him needed to happen for reasons I am not allowed to explain." she said, with a sad look in her eye. My wolf and I were not taking no for an answer. She was pinned down on the ground with my blade to her throat. She looked into my eyes, not even looking fazed.

"You won't kill me. It is not yet my time." She said it bluntly. She was calling my bluff.

"Brandon spent his life not knowing who you were. Being thrown into our world without warning. I have no idea of his real power. Forced to be a wolf. Are you so dim as to just let this happen to your own son? Your son, Pythia. You stopped none of it. Always saying this and that, for a greater purpose." I spat at her. "Do you get off on watching those you love suffer?"

"Of course, I don't, but when I see the outcome of things, the smallest meddling with anything could change the outcome into a worse one. War is coming, Harmon. Brandon's death was just the beginning. It's something we all need to prepare for. Hidden truths are coming to light, "she said. I didn't care about any of it. All I could

hear was that she wasn't going to help, and that was the wrong answer. If she didn't help me, I would be more than happy to send her to her son in spirit. Before I could shove the blade into her neck, something hit me from behind, knocking me out.

I woke up surrounded by trees and a thick fog. Far ahead of me was an abandoned hut. Nothing else was here.

"Harmon?" I heard a voice say it from behind me. I knew that voice from anywhere. I turned around to see Brandon. My love.

"BRANDON!" I cried out, rushing into his open arms. I passed right through him, though. Tears welled up in both of our eyes at the realization.

"What is this place? Why are you here? Are you stuck here? Who killed you, Brandon?"

I asked him question after question, almost building a hysterical fit.

"I know you have many questions, babe, but I can't stay too long without her knowing," he said.

"Her who Brandon? Answer me, please." I told him, but he brushed the question off.

"Listen, Harmon, everything will be revealed soon, but I need you to get to Ava. She is in danger from the deadliest enemy anyone has ever faced. I thought it was something Ava could have handled, but this enemy is bigger than us all. He will destroy everything and everyone. You all must stop him, but you must all do it together," he said. He wasn't making any sense. He sounded just like his mother.

"I have to go to Harmon. My being here puts you in danger. She can't know I spoke to you. Find Samael. Save Ava before evil gets to her and corrupts her, or it will be too late for all of you," he said before fading away.

"I miss you!" I screamed to him, trying to touch him, but he was fading fast.

"You're my everything," he said, and with that, I woke up. I was in a hospital bed, with Pythia looking at me. Dalian sat on the bed beside me. I could feel an open wound on the side of my head. The pain was not fun either. There was a bandage around my head.

"The wound is almost closed and healing, Dalian said." Dalian was Jessica's cousin. "What on earth would make you attack Pythia, Harmon?" he questioned. I looked at Pythia, regretful.

"I... I am sorry," I told her, but she shook her head. "No apologies. You are right to feel the way you feel," she said in a forgiving tone. Brandon's warning came into my head.

"I saw him. I don't know if it was just a dream or what, but I saw him. I was in some forest with misty trees, and he was there. He was warning me," I said, and I sat up fast. "Ava. I have to get to Ava," I told them. Dalian unwrapped my head.

"Tell us," Pythia said.

"He warned me of a war coming. The same thing you said earlier, Pythia. I think Ava will be at the center of it. He said forces would try to corrupt her and that a very dangerous enemy was coming for her." I told them.

"Then it has begun," Pythia said.

"What has begun?" Dalian asked.

"The beginning of the end," Pythia said, with a grave look on her face. Harmon, you go back to your family. Dalian and I will meet up with you all soon, she said, linking Dalian with her power. He nodded and left.

"Where are you going?" I asked her.

"To see a very old friend," she replied. Ava Pov

The first thing I attempted to do was make contact with Atlas, but our connection was cut off. I couldn't link Dad, Jasmine, or Samael. No one. I was alone in this. My powers were not working. How could they? I noticed the runes on the wall the second we landed. They were magic-blocking runes. Only the ones that placed the runes had access to magic.

"Brandon, please," I begged as he strapped me to a table. We seemed to be in a basement of some sort. My hearing was strained due to my connection with my wolf being cut off. The smell in here was horrible. I looked at the tables beside me and saw bodies covered with sheets. I knew they were dead. The girl came back into the room. "He can't hear you. If anything, it's like you're talking to a brick wall," she taunted before making her way back to the room she came from. I watched Brandon carefully. He seemed like himself, but not at the same time. His eyes were darker. His hair is longer. He seemed paler, as if all the blood had rushed from him. Almost.... dead. The girl came back into the room, holding a pair of shears. She stopped right in front of me.

"All of this shit is over you. What are you? Nothing," she said before yanking my hair and stripping it. I looked to my side. Adam was on the other table, unconscious. "What did you do to Brandon?" I demanded to know. She put the strips of my hair into a glass bottle filled with blue liquid before glancing at Brandon, who was looking at me almost hungrily. Drool was seeping down his lips. This wasn't Brandon anymore. This was a monster.

"Magnificent, isn't it? What can just a few drops of my blood do to the dead? Father unlocked my gift of necromancy. I would have been born with the gift, apparently. Your friend is dead. He is a changeling. I was brought back from the dead with no soul and under my control. Very few have had the power to survive the process." She said this, uncovering the dead body on the table. I gasped. It was Rose.

"I can see you recognize her. I preserved her body using a spell these last five years. Her spirit, however, remains under my control. Isn't that right, Rose?" the girl said.

I felt a shadow pass over me, and I saw Rose's spirit form there. She was looking at her body before she looked at me.

"Rose?" I questioned. "Is it true? Rose hung her head low.

"She can't help it. Due to her dragon nature, my blood put her in a coma rather than killing her. While I may not have control over her body, I can control her spirit, and she has been reporting back to me all along. Poor Ava, not even your own mate wants anything to do with you," she taunted. The heat in me turned to anger. "Why are you doing this to us? To Brandon. To Rose... to me. I did nothing to you," I asked her. She smirked before sitting on the counter beside the table I was on. She felt so familiar, and yet I never met her. Not before that time, she shut me out of my own portal. She hopped off the counter and punched me in the face before hovering over me, yanking my hair. I struggled to get out of my restraints.

"You did nothing to me? You fucking bitch! Everything that happened to me was because of you. That bitch killed me and sent my soul to hell because of you," she yelled, punching my face again. The pain of her punch didn't register, because her words just did. Ana. This was Ana. My twin. My sister.