

Chapter 61

Ava POV

My sister. I was at a loss for words as the tears started to fall from the impact of the punch on my eye.

"She took my life, and for what? So, you won't get sick! Her father said she called it witch cancer. Witch cancer doesn't fucking exist." She spat.

"You're a liar," I said to her. "My father"...

"Your father lied to you. I bet he fed you some bullshit ass stories about someone cursing our family line and whatnot for using dark magic," she said. I stayed silent. Loss of words. Waiting. She smirked at my silence.

"Our family line isn't cursed. Our great-grandmother, Myra, tapped into magic to bring her lover back from death. It was a different type of magic. Magic born of chaos is called expression. She used expression to bring her lover back, but she could not control it. She ended up killing her lover all over again with its power. Expression chooses the witch, not the other way around. Our mother tapped into expression on a false claim from dear Rose here. Mother wanted to know which one of us would wield it, and it made her sick instead. You see, Rose was under the impression that I was to be the prophesied wielder of expression and would use it for evil deeds. Isn't that right, Rose?" Ana said, looking at Rose angrily.

"The seer I went to told me of your fate; had you lived? Expression would have corrupted you. You were never meant to wield it," Rose said.

"It doesn't matter. When I was murdered, my soul was sent to hell. The father of us all took pity on me and raised me himself. You say I can't wield expression? Well, thanks to my father, that will no longer be an issue," Ana said. Once I deliver Ava to him, he will transfer her chaos magic to me, and I will finally reclaim what should have been my rightful place in this miserable realm. To rule over all realms alongside the Demon Lord," she said with an evil smile.

"Come, Emilio," Ana said, snapping her fingers. Emilio? Brandon was at her side like a lap dog. "Bind him as well," she said, pointing at Adam. Adam was still unconscious. "Why snatch Adam if you just wanted me?" I asked her. He was the only one who didn't make sense as to why he was here. She walked over to him and rubbed his cheek. She poured an orange liquid on his cuts. I watched them sizzle before closing his wounds before healing him up, as if he wasn't just on the brink of death. He was still unconscious She turned back to me

"I had to find a way to get to Rose, of course. I couldn't blindly just go and abduct her from her own home like I was able to with your Brandon. Plus, I did love him once, given the fact that he killed me," she said. I looked over at Adam and could see his eyelids open, looking right at me, before closing them again. He was awake, and he was listening.

"So, what? You faked a bond with Adam." I asked her. She smiled.

"That was actually simple to do, but I was only able to do it once. I used the form I would have had if I lived and called myself Sorena. Unfortunately, the spell bonded me to the wrong brother. It was supposed to be Atlas. I knew he was your destined mate from the beginning. It was my duty to make him my mate while in my pursuit of Rose," she said. "After I mated with Adam, getting to Rose was easy. I attempted to recreate the mate spell, which would have worked had Atlas slept with me," she said. I smiled.

"But he didn't, did he? He blew you off, and you went and cried rape like a little bitch to Adam," I said, looking at Adam. That earned me a slap, but it was worth it. Adam's eyes were still closed, but a tear fell from them. He was getting the truth.

"I knew Adam would be too weak to punish Atlas, so instead I spelled him. He came and met me that next day in the witch kingdom, where I spelled every witch there into believing I was their queen. I may not have your expression magic, but I am still very powerful. My father's son wanted our other dear sister, Jasmine, so I spelled the portal so Atlas would end up there with him. You know him as Xavier," she said, smiling. The heat inside me was building. Something was happening inside me.

"Fucking demons!" I spat out. She ignored me. "Xavier's task was simple. Mate your sister and steal her power. Father was going to siphon that power from him so he could fulfill the prophecy, but Xavier failed. He is burning in the pit over and over as we speak," she said.

"Adam killed you as Ana, and you were stabbed to death as Sorena by their father. How are you back here again?" I questioned.

"There are so many questions you have. I suppose I could answer, knowing that you will be out of my hands soon. I control death, so, of course, I can bring myself back from the dead. Only my maker has the power to keep me dead. After Adam snapped my neck, I came back to life and was transported to the kingdom, back to my room. I took on my Sorena form. I took a servant, killed him, and prepared to make him a changeling, but their father saw me and stabbed me to death. Father didn't like me dying twice, so he sent me to the pit to burn for five years as a punishment for failure. Once I was let out, you were my target. Father does not want you dead yet; I will be bringing you to him." she explained.

"And what does your devil want with me?" I asked her.

"Good question. I've been asking myself the same thing since he gave me the task. I want you dead, but he has other plans. Knowing father, you're going to wish I killed you. I had the perfect chance to do so when I saw you being transformed into a wolf."

She said, "That's when I first saw you, after I got out of hell." Ana said. I searched my memories. There were witches there the day Oliver turned me into a wolf, but I couldn't see their eyes. One with red hair. She smiled at me.

"I see you remember me. I knew you were aware of me that day, and I should have killed you then, but I was still weak. I had to wait, and wait I did, patiently watching those around you crumble by Xavier from the shadows. My best friend, Katie, was going to kill you, but I told her you were my target. Why do you think she left you alone?" Ana said. I remember Katie saying her friend wanted me while I was trapped in the dungeon with Atlas and Jessica.

"Well, you have me here. Now what?" I told her. She smirked.

"Cockiness on you does not suit you, sister. Now, I will bring you to my father, and I will finally get what I'm owed," she said. "First thing's first," she said, pulling my necklace off. Now I understand why our mother wanted me to wear this necklace. It was holding back my power. My true power is long enough for me to learn to control it. However, dad lied to me. Why would he do that? Ana said a chant in Latin, and the necklace melted.

"Now, your body will start to process your magic. If I'm lucky, Father can siphon the magic, and you will be dead before the day is out." Ana said. "Bring him in," she commanded Brandon. He left and, a few minutes later, came back with a man who looked homeless. He looked like he was intoxicated as he staggered side to side. Ana was behind him in a flash with a knife, cutting his throat. Brandon then pinned the man against the wall with his hand on the man's chest as he struggled to get out of his grip. He let the man go, grabbed him by his legs, and turned him upside down, letting the blood spread all over the floor of the basement. It was a horrifying scene.

"Can I finish him, Ana?" he asked, looking at the man hungrily.

"Of course," she said, paying him no mind as he started devouring the man's flesh. It took everything in me not to puke on the spot. Ana was right. This was no longer Brandon. This was a monster. He was a monster that needed to be put down, but I

would have to find a way to take out Ana first since she controlled him. I looked at a mirror that was in the corner of the room. Ana kneeled down and started drawing what looked like symbols on the bloody floor. I looked at Adam, who looked disgusted. No one had noticed he was awake yet. I looked into his eyes, and we both held an understanding. We needed to find a way out of here.

"Do you know, in legend, there are said to be seven gates to hell?" Ana said this while drawing her symbols. I kept quiet. I had nothing to say to her. The heat I was feeling inside me was making my body hurt, and I was trying to make it stop. She continued.

"The truth is, there are only three. Humans have only really discovered two gates. The third one lies here. Right in the middle of their beloved London," she said. So that's where we are. I shouldn't be too far from home then, I thought to myself. For many years, this city was bombed, causing massive numbers of deaths and destruction. Father thrives off of it. Exactly six hundred and sixty-six people died in this area, and all of their blood seeped into this one spot. Hitler, my father's pawn, was bloodthirsty and did his father's bidding blindly. What he didn't know is that everything he did led to a doorway to hell being created in this very spot. All it takes is the right symbols, and... there," she said, standing up.

The floor started to crack, and the whole basement became hot. A portal opened right on the ground. I was afraid. Helpless. I was about to be thrown into the lion's den without saying so much as a last goodbye to my family. To my mate. My very own sister served me to the Demon Lord. Ana unchained both Adam and me and bound us in ropes. Adam was pretending to still be unconscious. Ana grabbed my arm, while Brandon grabbed Adam's.

"Time to go," Ana said. "Father awaits us."