

Chapter 64

Adam POV

After coming through the portal, I made my body appear as if I were still unconscious. I was brought to a room and laid on a soft bed. I kept my eyes closed, using all my will to remain asleep. A hand brushed against my cheek, and I pretended to just be waking up. Thanks to whatever paste Sorena or Ana had put on me, I was healing fine. She must have saved some mud from the river, as that is the only way I would have healed so fast. As I opened my eyes, her face came into view. I wanted to lash out and rip her head from her shoulders right then and there, but I kept a blank face.

How dare she play me against Atlas the way she has? For years, I had been holding all of this anger against him, only to be a pawn to this deceitful bitch. God only knows what Atlas has had to go through in his time locked away from this realm. Demons. She was not a witch, but a demon. Who killed our own mother just to try to get close to Atlas? She was not even my real mate, which would explain why I never caught the dragon sickness. All of those weak points I was feeling, thinking I was going to succumb to the sickness, were just results of the spell, and the river water was slowly cleaning me of the five-year spell. What had I done? I looked around the room I was in. Everything was in velvet and black. It must have been her room.

"Hi, sleepyhead," she said, smiling. Right now, she was wearing her Ana form. Her red hair was pulled back into a ponytail. I backed away from her, playing dumb and confused, all the while hatching a plan.

"I killed you!" I told her, feigning surprise. She laughed.

"There is a lot you don't know about me. Your killing me was nothing. It was nothing to bring myself back," she said.

"What do you want?" I asked her. Why did she pull me from the Serpent Selis?

"I missed you," she said, trying to reach out and touch me.

"Please. We don't even know each other that well. Apart from what we did to Atlas," I told her. The memories are fresh in my mind. I didn't feel a connection to her anymore, which meant that the effects of the spell she placed on me must have been cleared up with the mud used to heal my injuries. All I felt was disgust.

"On the contrary, my love, you know me more than you think." She said this before shapeshifting. Her form then turned into a ray of black hair and bright purple eyes. Sorena's form. I widened my eyes, going along with her sudden reveal. I kept my distance, though. I just wanted her dead at this point, but it seemed like I couldn't keep her dead, so I continued with putting my next plan in motion. I could not blame her for everything. I was weak. I should have caught these signs. She played me. She played us all.

"What's wrong, love? Dragon got your tongue?" she said. I stayed silent. I knew my anger was starting to show. I couldn't let her know I listened to her whole plan earlier. She would realize I was planning something. I stuck with what I knew.

"Did you toy with me this whole time? Was everything you told me a lie?" I asked her. She looked hurt.

"Of course, I didn't toy with you. I admit, I may have fibbed about a few details. I only lied about being a lesser witch so that your brother would not have had me killed. You have no idea how hard it was trying to run a kingdom as well as be your mate without you knowing." She said, I shook my head.

"You could have told me. You told me you were part demon. I understood that. You couldn't have told me this," I accused her. The lies were just flowing from her easily, and if I had not heard everything she said earlier, I would have believed her.

"I was scared. I didn't think you would love me if I told you. The truth is, I need you. I feel like I always need you. Your darkness matches mine perfectly. People want us both dead. Look at Atlas. You were about to be killed. The Serpent Selis. Are you fucking crazy? You know he is much stronger than you. Always has been. I can help you, you know, if it's the kingdom you want," she said, with a gleam in her eyes.

"You've helped enough. Did Atlas even touch you? Or was that a lie as well?" I asked her, knowing full well the answer. She looked annoyed at the question.

"Of course he did. That's why, when you came to me in my kingdom, I agreed to help you instantly. Your brother is a monster, and had my demon brother not been such an idiot, Atlas would have remained where he was, and you would have been king. We could have merged our kingdoms together and ruled over the Shadow Realm together." She said, I admit, she made a lot of sense, but she was too late. I knew the kind of monster she was now. I still needed to play my part if my plan were to work.

"I'm still upset that you played me, but I am glad that I know now. I can't go back right now. My brother wants me dead. As long as I am here, he will rule over Draconis. You can take me back to your kingdom. Our barriers are far apart, so he won't sense that I am hiding there. When the time is right, we will both strike so heavily that he won't see what is coming," I told her, and she nodded, happy. I opened my arms and allowed her to snuggle in mine, all the while thinking everything over. She then jumped out of my arms and held out her hand.

"Come. My father wants to meet you," she said. Father? I grabbed her hand and followed her through what looked like a huge castle, similar to the one at home, except everyone and everything here seemed so lifeless. Where the hell was I? The

air was humid, but the heat never bothered the dragons. I was led into a great hall that I assumed was a throne room. The walls were black and trimmed in white.

The floor was made of black marble, which was so clean you could see your own reflection in it. In the middle of the floor was Ava. She was on her knees, and chains were holding her there. As we entered, a portal had been opened, and some men were bringing a girl with wild black hair, sitting beside Ava.

"Ava!" the girl cried out, but Ava was unconscious. More chains sprung up from the floor, and chains held the girl in place as well. My dragon stirred, looking at the girl they brought in. Something about this particular girl being in chains was not sitting right with him. The girl started growling and thrashing, trying to break her chains. She was ferocious. Of that, I could tell.

"Father," Sorena/Ana greeted him and approached the extremely tall man who sat on a huge throne.

"Evil," Flame said as he looked at the man through my eyes. Many women surrounded him. Some looked human. Some were all green with lizard tongues. Some looked as pale as him. The man paid Ana/Sorena no mind. Instead, his eyes were on Ava. The way his focus was on her was unsettling. It was like he was eating her with his eyes. "What is she doing here?" I asked Ana or Sorena.

"Father wanted her. Don't mind her. He will probably have her killed before the day is out," she said. She grabbed my hand and stood at the side near a wall, where some men in black brought in a red velvet couch for her to sit on. She motioned for me to sit down as well.

Ava Pov

The dead realm. Hell. I knew it was where I was, somehow. The place felt strangely familiar. Had I been here before? These thoughts were coming into my mind as some men in black dragged me to what looked like a throne room. Chains sprung up from

the black marble floor and wrapped around me, keeping me in place. This scene felt so familiar, like I was having a strange sense of DeJa'Vu. The heat that was building in me was still trying to break through. I wouldn't let it. I was not sure what was happening to me.

After I was chained, I was left alone. I didn't, however, feel alone. Something was here. Something was watching me. I could feel the hairs on the back of my neck standing up.

"You might as well come out of hiding, whoever you are. Clearly, I'm chained." I said. A deep laughter was heard, and red smoke filled the room. I coughed, trying not to inhale it. It smelled of sulfur. Demons. The smoke finally cleared and was inhaled by a very tall man. He was like any man I had ever seen before, and yet, something inside me screamed familiar.

"I was never good at hiding from you," the man said, kneeling down to look at me. His features were beautiful, yet deadly.

"Who are you?" I demanded to know. I knew I was in no position to demand anything, and the form in front of me radiated power like I'd never felt before, but I was never one to keep my mouth shut. Call it my curse. He studied me for a moment before speaking.

"You don't know me?" He asked, his mixed white and black eyes staring into mine. I couldn't deny, he felt familiar somehow.

"Interesting," he said, almost to himself, before smiling.

"You will remember soon enough, little queen," he said, touching my head and causing me to black out.