

Chapter 71

I met Sarah by the lake as requested. It was kind of strange. I had never thought I would be training with my ancestors. Let alone one that was dead. Not to mention, my mind was still a little clouded by my dream walk with Atlas.

"So how will this start?" I asked her.

"We're not training here," she said.

"Then where are we going?" I asked. She started walking and motioned for me to follow her. We walked right along the border into the witch realm.

"Are you sure you want to train here?" I asked her. "This realm is for the dark witches."

"These witches were never dark. Your sister corrupted them through their minds, and they still are. Your first lesson is to break their corruption. Put them back to normal." She said, At once, the women started coming out of the kingdom doors one by one until we were surrounded.

"How dare you come here, filthy halfling!" one of the women said.

I looked at Sarah. It seemed as if none of them could see her.

"You must break the connection your sister made and repair their minds," Sarah said.

"How do I do that?" I asked, tuning around and around, watching to make sure none of them struck me unexpectedly.

"Focus. Focus on all of their minds and imagine a line of energy from head to head. The witches were still throwing insults at me, and one even tried to attack, but I blasted her back. I kept turning until I formed a line in my mind. I could see the line of mystical energy going from one to the other, connecting them all. The verbal and physical assaults on me stopped. It was like they were frozen or something.

"Now what?" I asked.

"Now use your will and tell their minds to return to normal at once," she said.

I did, and the connection between all of them disintegrated. One by one, they fell to the ground and passed out.

"Very good; you're a natural," Sarah said. The witches were still passed out, but they started chanting "Queen, Queen, Queen," all at once. This is what a coven does when they recognize a new queen in their hearts and minds, and it binds them together. I could feel the connection of our coven through our magic and it felt like something in me had changed. More stronger. More powerful. They did not wake up after the bonding had taken place.

"Will they be okay?" I asked, and she nodded. She waved her hand over them all, and they disappeared.

"I sent them back into their beds. They have recognized you as their sovereign," she said. I smiled. Bringing some peace to them made me feel proud to have the power that I have as well as my own coven now. My mother coven. A tear fell from my eye. Sarah started walking deeper into the witch side.

"Having these powers can be magical sometimes, but they can also bring darkness if used incorrectly.". You can use your expression to heal, but if not controlled, your

expression will kill. Starting with the closest among you. I would know." She said it, looking sad.

"What did you mean by that?" I asked her.

"That brings me to lesson two," she said, and she conjured a door out of thin air. She opened it, and on the other hand, I could see a town that closely resembled something I had once read in a book.

"We are about to journey into the past. No one will be able to see or hear you. Apart from your prophecy, Ava is too looking to the past. I believe my past will show you what you need to defeat not only your sister but Lucifer as well. I won't be able to see or hear you due to my consciousness being transferred into my former self, so until I die, I won't recognize you." Do you understand?, she asked, and I nodded. This would be like dream walking, in a way.

"Then let's begin," she said, walking through the door, and I followed.

Early 17th century

Pov of Sarah Myra Good

"Hi, I'm Sarah," I told the man I had just met. His demeanor was cold, but he reeked of power. It radiated from him. He is powerful enough that maybe he could be a solution to my problems. I had just turned 18, and my powers were starting to manifest themselves more and more. I accidentally turned someone into a lilypad from the river nearby because she was bullying me, and I was annoyed. At the same time, the man I see now appeared before me. He was unlike anyone I had ever seen, but I knew he was different. He had one black and one white eye, with pale skin. It was memorization. "Lilypad, hunh," he said, chucking in a deep voice before looking at me.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I told him. In these times, we couldn't be too careful with who we spoke to about our gifts, since witches were meant to be burned at the stake.

"You can trust me, you know. You're a new witch coming into your powers soon. Not fully in control, though," he said. I nodded.

"I didn't mean to do that. It's just that I was so tired of the bullying. He smiled at me. "Some bullies deserve everything they get," he said before waving his hand over the iPad. It transformed back into my bully. She backed away from me and into him. "SHE'S A WITCH!" she yelled. He touched her hand, and suddenly she was calm. She looked at me. What are you doing here, bitch? Following me? Get out of my way!" She said, It was like she suddenly had no memory of anything just now. She walked away from us.

"That was pretty awesome," I told him, smiling. My mother and father were both unable to teach me magic. I was living with my best friend at the time, and she was always busy helping others channel their powers. She was more like a guide. I wouldn't mind having another guide as well.

"I can tell you to harness the power of expression. Very powerful. Very powerful indeed," he said.

"Could you teach me control?" I asked him. He seemed to ponder the question.

"I could," he said. "In exchange for a favor," he said.

"What's the favor?" I asked.

"Just a kiss," he said. I felt uneasy. I had never kissed a man before. At the age of 18, I was probably the only one in my generation who had never even been with a boy, even though sexual acts outside of marriage were illegal. It was why I was picked on so much. It would have just been a kiss, though. In exchange for control over my powers, it seemed to be growing stronger than other witches I knew.

"Right now?" I asked.

"No. When you feel like it is the best time for you, then you can do it. I find you incredibly beautiful, and you sure look beautiful enough to wait for.

3 months later

I was in Salem's village when I saw, for the first time, that witch hunters had started to gather here. It was to be suspected. The evil this bitch has been spreading eventually attracted them here to us. I had been using my expression to try to stop most of her evil antics, and it seemed to have been working. Thanks to Lucifer, my powers have magnified and succeeded over all witches, and I know that by my 19th birthday, I'll be as strong as I ever will be. Right now, I guess I could say I'm sort of camping out in Lucifer.

While I was learning from him, he became a little too obsessed with me, always trying to get me to kiss him. I realized I didn't feel the same way about him, and I even communicated this to him, but it just made him angry. I was angry enough to watch him take over the minds of the helpless and put them in an unbreakable sleep. I still have no clue how to wake them up. One day, before I was supposed to meet up with Lucifer, his brother, the Archangel Michael, graced me with a visit. I could sense at once that he was pure.

"Your training with the devil himself," Michael told me.

"I know," I said. "But I need to learn to control my powers. I don't want to hurt anyone," I told him.

"He has not just been teaching you control, little witch. He has been lightly sipping off your power. My brother is not strong enough to stay in the mortal realm unless he has an endless supply of expression magic to sip from which you have unknowingly been providing for him," he told me to my horror.

"I didn't know," I said. "He was feeling my powers, but how? Wouldn't I have felt it?" I asked.

"No, little witch. You will not feel this bond he has in your mind. Concentrate on your own mind and break the connection," he said. I closed my eyes and focused until I could find the dark energy that seemed to have formed a ball in my mind. I couldn't believe I hadn't even noticed this. I broke it instantly, using my anger to fuel my magic. When I arrived too, Michael was looking at me appreciatively.

"Good job, little witch. Now, I must trap my brother in hell, but I will need your help," he said. I knew I would be giving up my shot at a teacher, but I would have to find someone else to help me learn to control my power.

"What do you need?" I asked.

"Your blood is all. You will cast a spell that will be bound by my blood and yours. It will keep him trapped in his realm. No one will be able to break it unless they are from both of our bloodlines, which will be highly impossible, so he will be trapped for good," Michael said. I nodded.

"I will need to get close to him to form a connection to the spell," I told Michael.

"Yes, you would," he said, pondering how to do it.

"I have a plan," I told him. I just need you to keep me safe, because what I do will piss him off greatly, and he will kill me," I told Michael. He nodded.

"Whenever you're ready, send a prayer; I will hear it," he said before flying off. I knew what needed to be done. I only wish I had the strength to be able to do it.