

Chapter 72

Sarah Pov (17th Century Continued)

After using our mixed blood to perform the spell, I mixed it with some lipstick and applied it to my lips. In order for the spell to work, I had to get close, and Lucifer was still waiting for me to kiss him. I had prayed to Michael about the plan, hoping he would have heard me. This was a good plan, and it would be one that would be unbreakable, since I know that our bloodlines would not cross, especially because I am still a virgin and would most likely remain that way.

I went to Lucifer's training spot and drew runes on the ground that would lock Lucifer

in place before he arrived. Thankfully, I had just finished drawing the last rune on the ground when I felt his dark presence coming. I stood in the middle, pretending to stretch at the time, in my dress.

"I am tired of you playing with me, Sarah," he said. I remained silent. "You know how much I want you, and yet you still resist me. Why?" He said.

"You know I am a maiden, Lucifer. Why is it so hard to believe I am shy when it comes to sexual matters?" I responded.

"I've been training you for weeks. I'm starting to think you are using me for my knowledge," he said. I could taste the bitterness of his words. The ground started to shake. I stayed silent.

"You break the connection I put on you to keep me informed about your whereabouts. Why the fuck would you do that? How the fuck did you even know to do that?" He yelled at me, grabbing me by the hair and making me look at him. I kept my cool and gave nothing away.

"You don't want to keep making me angry, Sarah. You have seen what happens to other people when you piss me off," he said, challenging me.

"Please, I don't want anyone else hurt in my name." I told him, using my doe eyes and my innocence. The ground stopped shaking.

"Then what will you do to convince me otherwise?" He asked. I looked into his bicolored eyes. This man/God really was deranged and psycho and needed to be put down.

"Kiss me," I told him. That statement seemed to have taken him by surprise, and for a moment, he studied me before smiling.

Are you sure, Sarah? Because once I kiss you, there are other things I will do to you, and I won't stop, no matter if you tell me to or not." he said. That made me shudder with disgust.

"Yes. Please. I don't want you to hurt anyone else. Please. Just kiss me," I told him.

"As you wish," he said, and he brought his lips to mine. His lips were cold. He tasted of pure death, but I kissed him back, making sure the blood went into his mouth. He pulled back and let me go.

"Wait. Why does your mouth taste like..." he said, but then a flash of light came, and I felt myself being pulled backwards out of the rune circle. While Lucifer had kissed me, I prayed to Michael that now was the time, and he was now here, standing next to me.

"WHAT IS THIS?" Lucifer yelled in anger.

"IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO GO BACK HOME, VILE ONE. For good this time," Michael nearly growled at him. He took his sword and struck the circle, sealing Lucifer in. The ground started to give way and break apart in chunks.

"NO. I REFUSE TO GO BACK!" he yelled, looking around. He tried to escape but could not get out of the rune circle.

He looked in anger at Michael before looking at me. I wiped my lips off, wanting every trace of him off of me. His eyes narrowed.

"Beware, little girl. I will have my vengeance," he warned before the last piece of ground he was standing on gave out, making him fall into the fire pit created. The ground chunks came back into their usual spit, making it look like the ground was untouched or broken.

I let out the breath I didn't realize I was holding.

"Why not just kill him? Why banish him?" I asked Michael. His face gave nothing away. "He is still my brother," Michael said.

"He was teaching me to control my power. How will I learn now?" I asked him.

"I have someone waiting for you in Salem," he replied. Your destiny resides there. Until we meet again, little witch," he said before disappearing in a flash of pure light.

(1 year after coming to Salem)

"Beautiful," my husband Henry said as he grabbed my face and kissed it. His brown hair and blue eyes lit up the room as we looked at our baby. I had just given birth to the most precious angel I have ever seen and was still in bed. Our baby girl's features match mine in every way, with her dark brown, curly hair and hazel eyes. It was a beautiful moment, but the events that were soon to follow were not, if my visions

served correctly. I had not told him anything about my life or who I really am. He didn't know where I had come from.

I decided to live in Salem, Massachusetts, during the time of what we will be known for throughout history. The witch trials. During which, I was forced to give birth in secret. Henry understood why I wanted to keep my child's birth a secret. We were not married, and he knew unwed marriages were scandalous. He would have been sent to war against the Indians, and I would have been sent to a nunnery. We have already made plans to give our child to my closest friend Hannah, whom I do trust to raise our baby. Hannah is the only one who knows the real me, as we are the same.

She is the one sent by Michael to teach me control of my magic, and we have been practicing every day. We are what the towns' people have been hunting for. Witches. Pure blooded. The strongest of our kind.

Henry does not know, and I will never tell him. His father is the head witch hunter. Thankfully, Henry does not share his father's views on witches, but I could never tell him my secret. Or the secret that our child will be raised with, far away from her father's side of the family. Hannah told Henry she would be taking our baby girl to a nunnery and raising her there, but it was a false lie. It is only for his protection, though. I could never risk our child ever being found out. She will already have a challenging road ahead of her. Our darling baby girl was to be in our arms tonight. Come tomorrow; she will be sent away. I was so tired, but I could not even fall asleep. Neither could Henry. All we could do was gaze at our creation and hold her close to us. No words were spoken.

As morning dawned upon us, Henry went out to get some supplies for Hannah's journey, not that she would need them. Hannah was going to a different realm altogether and would be there in the blink of an eye, far out of reach of this place. This place reeked of death. I only wished I had been going with them, but something was on the way to Salem. Something that I knew I was not strong enough to fight alone, but dammit, I would try.

Henry and I said goodbye to our angel, kissed her, and hugged Hannah goodbye. She knew what was coming and knew it was a fight I could not win, but she understands how important it is that my line continues. Henry and I watched them off together. While Henry went to work, I faked needing to stay in bed. In truth, I had already healed up completely and was in my safe haven through the portal I opened. Spells around our house were set off whenever anyone was approaching my door, notifying me if I needed to go back.

My days were spent undoing the evil that Tituba was spreading. There were no other witches in Salem other than Tituba and myself, but Tituba's deeds made it seem like there were many here, which is why there are so many hunters here. She is causing chaos for her master, trying to draw me out into the open. I have kept myself well hidden, so she cannot find me, but I am always not far from her. Keep my enemies close. I didn't know it at the time, but Tituba was Lucifer's puppet.

I used Hannah as my inside woman to infiltrate everything Tituba was doing and report back to me. Being my eyes and ears for everything. I would be reversing curses she put on townspeople or curing the sick. I would return the souls of the ones she raised from the dead, as working in necromancy was her specialty, thanks to her master, Lucifer. The demon of all demons. The most vile angel to ever walk the face of the earth. He was in love with me, and I escaped him. Lucifer being in love with me made me feel vile.

I was probably the one person he also hated the most, as I was one of the ones who helped trap him in hell. His brother Michael and I sealed the hell realm so that he would remain trapped. Only a hybrid descendant of Michael and I's blood would be able to release him, and I hardly see that going to happen, so everyone would be safe.

Tituba was one of Lucifer's loopholes, though. He gave her his blood and sent her out of hell to wreak havoc on mortals, but to also look for me in the process. She found me here years later and now wants the townspeople to prosecute me. The witch hunters had arrived a few days ago, though, so some of her efforts have been getting shorter and shorter, as she risks exposing not only me but herself in the process.

The bells of the town rang, signifying the hunters had found another witch. I sealed my room, as no one but a true descendant of mine would ever be able to come here, as it holds a secret only the strongest of my bloodline would ever be able to see. I crawled back into bed, but as soon as I had, Henry came bursting through the door, looking frantic.

"You need to run," he yelled, looking outside. I sat up slowly, looking into his eyes, putting it together. The bells. Henry's expressions. Those bells were ringing for me.