

## Chapter 73

### Sarah Pov (17th Century Continued)

Henry threw me a bag that seemed to hold items in it. I could tell from the smell that it was food. I rushed, put on my clothes, and grabbed the bag before heading to the back door. I looked back at Henry, who was still keeping a lookout for me.

"You know?" I asked him. A tear rolled down his cheek.

"Of course, I know, Sarah. I knew from the moment I met you, and I love you still. I know your magic shines brighter than any star here, and there are those who will never be able to accept that. That's why I packed this bag for you. I figured one day this day would come," he said, looking into my eyes. "You have to go now, while they are still on the way," he said to me. I rushed to him and kissed him through tears.

"Come with me," I pleaded. "You will be safe with me." He shook his head.

"Someone needs to stay behind. My father will be here soon. Go. Go and find our baby girl. Protect her," he said, looking back outside. "They're here! GO!" he yelled. I kissed him one last time and ran out the back door, but as I did, I could see a changeling of Tituba's creation right on the street, and he called for the guards to come to me. I conjured a portal and was about to step through it, but the sound of Henry's scream was heard, and I couldn't do it.

I turned around and saw Henry's father, Harry, shoving his blade right into Henry's shoulder. My expression magic came forward, and it blasted Harry back from Henry, along with all the other guards that were circling me. Some were knocked out, but none were hurt too badly. The plan was to get Henry to leave. He would be tortured. I should have known the moment I ran to Henry; it would have been a trap. A ring of fire was lit around us.

I was feeling weak somehow. I had expression magic, and I couldn't even use it at that moment. Not without the risk of killing humans here. We had to escape. We had too. I tried to get us both out of the circle of fire. Henry was losing too much blood. I wanted his wound to be closed, and it was. I wanted the fire around me to be put out, but it would not. Harry smiled as he walked the perimeter of the fire. Townspeople were forming outside to witness. I could see Tituba in the crowd as her eyes linked directly to mine. She smiled, and her eyes turned black. She was being used as a conduit. Lucifer. His voice echoed in my mind.

"So you thought that you could learn from me the ancient ways of expression. Make me fall in love with you, then trap me in hell with my traitor brother? Then you go and fall in love with a human! You must have lost your mind, dearest., but don't worry, you're about to pay the price for that," he said, and the flames grew higher. No wonder I was trapped. This magic blocking would have held normal witches, but I am no normal witch. However, Tituba must have messed with their weapons, making them more powerful. Powerful enough to hold even me. My expression was fading. My options were limited. I tried to conjure a portal. I couldn't.

Henry grabbed my hand and looked me in the eye as he started spitting up blood. I hadn't realized the injuries had spread out further than I thought. He also had a wound on his chest that started seeping through his black-colored shirt.

"I love..." he sputtered before his eyes closed. The world seemed to have become cold.

I hadn't realized the fire anymore. It was irrelevant at this point. Not even the heat of the flames could replace the swift coldness that pierced my heart the second Henry

took his last breath. I could hear Harry saying something about Henry's death being my fault. The birds were no longer chirping. Everything seemed to go in slow motion. Pain... All I knew now was pain, and I decided to finally go against everything I stood for. I stood up and screamed, unleashing that pain. Everyone in the radius felt it, like a gut punch to their stomach. Tituba was knocked back by the wave of my power, and the conduit Lucifer had through her was gone. Her eyes were back to their white, but my magic revealed her witch power as well by making her float.

"WITCH, WITCH, WITCH," the town chanted, backing away from her in fear.

"Men, get that brown woman," I heard Harry say, and they chased Tituba as he turned his attention to me. I blasted him out the way again, way too far, that it seemed to blast him out of consciousness. I looked at Henry, who lay dead on the ground.

"RISE," I commanded, and at once Henry's eyes opened. I fell to my knees in happiness as he looked at me, confused. I had just done the unthinkable with my expression magic. Instead of creating a changeling, I brought him back whole. Never in witch history had it ever happened. Suddenly, he started coughing up blood. He was dying all over again. My power was getting weaker. I didn't have the strength of will to bring him back strong, only to bring him back through my will. He smiled at me, but a sword was pierced right through him by his father, killing him once more. I passed out right after. When I was brought back, I was tied to the stake the previous innocent women were burned at. My expression magic left the moment I brought back Henry, so I could not get out of my bindings. Tituba was tied up right beside me. At least one thing was going to go right today. My mind flashed with memories of Henry and then our angel. May she be protected from all evil. Tituba looked at me.

"It looks like we will be passing on to the next life together, sister," she said to me.

"I am no sister of yours," I spat at her.

"That's not true, actually. We are half-sisters. Twins are born on the same day of the same month or the same year at the exact same time. John Good raped my mother and was my father as well," she said, smiling, and I started laughing like a maniac as I realized what she said may have been true. Dad had spoken once of having another daughter, but it was one he was ashamed of, so he disowned her and sold her into slavery. Harry came up at that moment with a torch.

"For crimes against the good people of Salem and for the death of my son, I charge you and you. The Punishment for Your Crimes Is Death," he said aloud. The townspeople started chanting for us to die. All except the ones I helped. They were crying. Some had a look of pity. They knew who the real monsters here were.

"Life is too kind to men, whatever their color." Tituba said this before they lit her on fire. "Until the next life, sister," she said, before her laughs were silenced, followed only by her burning body. Harry turned to me.

"Die Bitch," he said through his teeth, and he set fire to me. The last thing I could think about was my daughter, and I just hoped her life would be better than mine!

Ava Pov

After Sarah died, I saw that same door open, and I stepped through. Sarah came out right behind me, and we ended up back in the shadow realm. Her eyes held sadness, and I could only imagine what she was feeling. There were a few things that were made clear to me. One was my understanding of what Lucifer's obsession seemed to be with me. Two was that the past was repeating itself in our time now. Three, I knew what I needed to do to defeat him, though it was a plan I knew I would be working on alone.