

Chapter 49 A Century Long Battle

ELIANA.

I was still trying to make sense of everything that had happened when the room was swept in a brewing storm. My hands tugged at the necklace around my neck and when I looked at Elyndra, she was angry just as much as she was disappointed. Her groans were pulsed with rage as she darted her hands at me.

Maybe she realized then that there was no way she could kill me while I was wearing that necklace my Nana gave me. I had heard of magical pendants before but it wasn't until I experienced it that I believed. It made so much sense now that I knew my Grandma was a Witch.

It made sense why she kept clamoring that I wear the necklace and never take it off. That night, I had made the mistake of removing it and look at everything that happened.

"It's meant to protect you" She'd said a million times before. Only now, did I believe it. At that point, the door to the room barged open and Cory walked in. I recognized Denver's Beta almost immediately. His eyes bore a look of shock as they fell on Elyndra.

She, on the other hand, of everything, wasn't too pleased to have another guest. "Where is he?" Cory called out to Denver who looked at Blake. "Give him Elijah. Get him out of here to somewhere safe!" Denver yelled and my heart broke that my son had to witness the most of this.

I was trying my best not to think about the fact that Denver knew he was his father, but with everything and all the flood of emotions, it was hard to stay afloat. I just needed to know that he was going to be okay.

First.

"Get him out of here!" Denver yelled and once Blake handed Elijah to Cory, Elyndra heaved out an aggravated breath. "No!" She gritted through her teeth. "He stays!"

"The sacrifice must happen and it must happen tonight!" Her feet escaped the ground as the winds around her jammed the door. Cory looked back frightened but he didn't let go of Elijah. Not so easily.

"If your Grandmother was able to protect you, I'd like to see how she'll protect him too!" Elyndra scowled and with a wave of her hands, she tried to rope Elijah closer to her. "Hell no!" I stepped in.

"I really wanted it to be you, it's so unfortunate" Her breath winded through my hair which cascaded over my shoulders. Now, I let a lot of things slide but never in a million years would I let Elyndra or anyone else harm my son. I lifted my hands and there was this surge of magic and power that pulsed at my fingertips.

I jerked my hands forward, and a force sent Elyndra flying into the wall. I scoffed, looking with disbelief at my hands. It was at that moment that it dawned on me. I was a Witch, and with the necklace, Elyndra couldn't defeat me. At least she couldn't kill me.

Which meant I was the only person who could face her.

"I've got this!" I looked over my shoulders back at Denver. "Just get our child out of here" I muttered beneath my breath. Elyndra lifted her gaze and bloodlust filled mine as I inched closer to her.

She sat up with her back against the wall and her hands scowling a spell.

"In regionibus invisibilibus et mundis ignotis, Magica mea texo, ut fabula discooperiatur, Sapientia antiqua et proposita clara!" Arcane energies crackled in the air as she stood.

"Conjuro vires, tam longinquas quam prope!" She yelled and the ground trembled beneath the force of her unleashed might. I fell to the floor and there was a drop of blood from my nose. I didn't heave a sigh of relief until Cory had fled with Elijah.

"No Eliana!" Denver was about to thrust himself forward to save me but I knew I had to stop him. Elyndra couldn't kill me but she could kill him, if not he could end up terribly injured.

"Nulli nocitura, et amor constans" The spell just came to me in a frenzy and I made a burst of flames around him. It was the first time using my powers and abilities but for some reason, it felt like this was a part of me I'd known all my life. It didn't feel strange to be this powerful.

Or to know these spells.

It felt like I was born into my life and I'd been a witch forever.

Denver came to a halt and his eyes watered with fire gleaming inside of them. "I'm sorry" I mouthed. I had to keep him away. "I've got this" At that moment, Elyndra unleashed bolts of an even darker energy that lashed through the air like serpentine tendrils.

And it hit me like a storm. My back gnashed against the wall as I struggled to stand. But the building trembled as if the architecture was about to fall in. Elyndra hovered closer, her eyes filled with as much darkness as she could possibly muster and her lips singing unending choruses of spells.

I tried to stand up against the force around her, the air vibrated with the intensity of our magical struggle. But she didn't halt. Her incantations echoed even more, and mine even louder. A symphony of ancient words that were able to summon the primal forces.

When I was finally able to stand, her eyes widened with shock that I was able to resist such force. The one mistake Elyndra made was to let doubt creep into her mind at that moment. It was the one mistake any Witch could make. "How?" She clamored, meeting her match for the first time.

And I grunted beneath my breath.

"You may be the Queen of Witches, but you're still only a Witch. I'm both a Werewolf and a Witch but you'll always be just a Witch" I echoed and she fell to the ground with her feet. Her eyes narrowed as I only inched closer to her. "Not just any Witch at all,"

"But I'm the Granddaughter of Abigail, Creator of the Curse and the real Queen. It wasn't you, Elyndra. It was never you!" At that moment, the ground itself seemed to rebel as it cracked open with tendrils of energy snaking through the earth. Elyndra tumbled, backing away with her hands.

"Eliana!" She bickered.

"Stop, Eliana!" She cried because whatever I was doing was getting to her. Her finger swiped beneath her nose and now, she was bleeding. It was often a sign of weakness. Mine too.

But I was able to channel my Grandmother through the necklace. And for a second, it felt like Nana was right beside me, fighting for me too. I wasn't weak, I was the strongest.

"Eliana!" Elyndra started to gasp for air across the floor and when I was close enough to her, I finally came to a halt. She was scavenging for words to say but they'd all failed her. All she could do was shake her head.

"No..." She mouthed.

I pushed a hard lump down my throat. "Goodbye Elyndra." I muttered and my hands grasped the amulet across my neck. At that moment, conjuring a vortex of darkness that swept Elyndra and everything else in its path away. The air that blew into my face was cold and relentless.

Dust faded my vision. It was an intense few seconds, up until the chaos finally calmed. And I fell weakly, channeling that amount of magic was bound to take a toll. The fire watered down and Denver threw himself at me without wasting a second.

"Hey, Hey, Eliana" He called, holding my head up. I was breathing heavily from my lips. "Where's...Where is she?" I echoed. "You did it. I think you killed Elyndra" He muttered and I heaved a deep sigh from my lips.

Worry knotted his brows but I reached for his hands.

"I'm going to be okay" I whispered. "I'm going to be okay" He pressed his forehead against mine and it was a blissful second. I just wish it lasted longer because a cough echoed from the abyss on the other side of the basement and when I looked up, it was Elyndra.

She staggered forward like the walking dead but she was still breathing.

Denver arose and a furrow came between my eyes. Her cackling echoed through the room as she said. "You really thought you could kill me. Never in a million years. No one can kill me" She growled.

"No one c—" A deafening silence interrupted her words and then Elyndra finally fell to the ground. Knees first and then her whole body, revealing who was standing behind her.

"Blake!" I called.

He'd struck her with an arrow through her side and it remained embedded in the depths of her heart as she fell to the ground. "I can kill you" Blake spat. "I've spent a hundred years learning about this Curse, how long did you think it'll take me to take care of the one thing that could kill you?" He asked. She laid on her back, gasping for air as Elyndra's skin paled.

"An Aetherbane arrow, forged in the heart of a long-extinct star and the one thing that can kill a Witch" He continued, my eyes fell to the arrow and then back to him. "Either way, I knew I'd have to kill you in the end"

"Now who's stupid?" Blake growled. I marveled at his immense change of heart as Denver helped me closer to Elyndra. She just laid there, her death slow and painful. Her breaths became ragged, the once invincible witch now a fallen tragedy.

"The..." She was still trying to speak when she struck a finger at Blake.

"The...Pro...phecy."

"The Prophecy?" I echoed, turning to Denver and his brother. I had no idea what that meant but by the looks on their faces, they knew. Elyndra died some seconds after with a smile across her face after which she faded into thin air like she never existed at all. My eyes ravaged the lengths of the basement and what had become of it that whole night.

It felt strange being free again, especially after I had already died once.

"Let's get out of here" Denver slipped his hands through mine and we walked out of the basement. The second we mounted the front porch, the sun blissed against my skin and I sucked in a breath of fresh air.

"Mommy!" My heart beamed to Elijah again and Cory let go of him to hug me. I held tightly around him as tears filled my eyes. "You're okay!" I never thought I'd see my son again but here we were.

"Oh," I whispered, relief in my voice.

"I'm so happy you're okay" At that moment, my eyes caught Blake, stealing a puff of his cigarette in the corner. That when Elijah let go, I turned to Denver.

"I have to go thank him" I whispered. He didn't oblige, rather he just let me go and I sauntered towards Blake. I could tell he caught me from the corner of his eyes, even though he turned around completely. I squinted as the sun poured into my hazel eyes. Then I came to a halt.

"I just wanted to say thank you..." I whispered. He released the smoke from his lips. "For what?" His voice was stoic and supposedly heartless but if I knew anything from last night, Blake had a heart. It had just been numbed by so much grief and loss that made him the way he was.

But he had a heart, somewhere in there.

"For not killing me, at least by your own accord" I muttered and he darted a glare at me. A smirk crawled his lips and then, he nodded. "I'll try my best not to do it again" He replied. I let out a soft chuckle.

How could my perspective on one person change in just one night? But I guess that was Blake for you. The man with so many layers. Came here a villain but really he was the victim.

I mean to love someone for a hundred years so much that you wanted to bring them back from the dead. Only for you to finally face the truth that she never felt the same way. For one, meeting Elyndra was enough proof.

Maybe then, he'd finally be able to believe his brother after so long.

I shared a glance between the two of them, my eyes met with Denver's. I knew we had a long talk ahead but he also had with Blake.

"You know you should speak to him" I whispered. He took another puff of the smoke and he knew exactly who was I talking about. He was about to say something, lips parted and everything when all of a sudden, his weight settled in my arms.

Panic seized my heart as I held onto Blake.

"Blake?" I called. "Blake?!" There was a crack in my voice. In a split second, he'd lost consciousness and the cigarette fell out of his hands next to him. "Somebody help!" I screamed.

"Denver!"

"Denver, help!"