

CHAPTER 119

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119 Ava: Her Power I wish I could share Lisa's optimism, but the weight of this newfound knowledge settles heavily on my shoulders. If what Selene says is true, then I'm not just different from other shifters. I'm different from everyone. There's something else you should know, Selene says, her voice taking on a somber note. Your connection to the elements is like a beacon. Other sensitive beings might be able to sense it, to feel the power that lies dormant within you. My heart sinks at her words. "What does that mean for me?" It means that you'll be in danger if you leave the safety of the Westwood pack lands, Selene replies, her tone grave. There are those who would seek to exploit your power for their own gain, or worse, to eliminate you as a threat. Though most shifters lack any true memory of our time as Great Wolves, as Lycans, the instinct is still there... if they're strong enough. I slump back against the couch, my shoulders. 119 Ava Her Power drooping under the weight of this revelation. It's not enough that I'm an outsider among my own kind, or that I'm caught between two powerful alphas—though Clayton has been absurdly kind about giving me the distance I need. Now, I have to worry about being hunted down by god knows who, all because of some mystical connection to the elements that I never asked for. "I can't even leave?" I whisper, my voice small and broken. "I'm trapped here, like some kind of prisoner?" Perhaps for now, for your own protection, Selene says, nuzzling her head against my leg in a gesture of comfort. Until you learn to control your powers, until you can defend yourself, it's the only way to keep you safe. Tears prick at the corners of my eyes, hot and stinging. I blink them back, refusing to let them fall. I'm stronger. I'll become stronger yet. I'm not going to cry over this. "So, what am I supposed to do?" I ask, my voice hoarse with emotion. "Just sit here and wait for someone to come and teach me how to be a magician?" 15:37 29 119 Ava: Her Power We'll figure it out, Selene assures me, her voice filled with a quiet confidence. You're not alone in this, Ava. You have me, and you have Lisa. We'll find a way to help you, to keep you safe. "I just want to be normal," I whisper, my voice barely audible. "I want to be able to live my life without constantly looking over my shoulder, without wondering if the next person I meet is going to try to kill me." Shit, I sound like a whining kid. Lisa wraps her arm around my shoulders, pulling me into a tight hug. "I know, sweetie. But you're not alone in this. We'll get through it together, one day at a time." I lean into her embrace, drawing strength from her presence. It's a small comfort, but it's enough to keep me from breaking down completely. We'll find a way, Selene repeats, her voice filled with a quiet determination. I promise you, Ava. We'll find a way to keep you safe, to help you understand your powers. "So—your coma. You'd mentioned feeling as though 3/0 119 Ava Her Power you died a few times. What exactly do you mean by that?" Lisa asks when I finally pull away, composed once more. I take a deep breath, trying to gather my thoughts. "It was... intense," I begin, my voice barely above a whisper. "I died, over and over again. In different ways." I swallow hard, the memories flooding back with a sickening clarity. "I was burned alive, drowned, buried, and suffocated. Each time, it felt so real. The pain, the fear... it was like I was actually experiencing it." You were, Selene says, her voice echoing in my mind. Your consciousness was trapped in the place between worlds, where Lycan souls rest. I relay Selene's words to Lisa, watching as her expression shifts from shock to confusion. "What does that mean? Where is this place?" It is a realm beyond the physical world, Selene explains, her voice taking on a reverent tone. A place where the souls of our kind go when they are not bound to a physical

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orm. It is a place of great power, but also of great danger. 15:37 119 Ava. Her Power I shudder at the thought, the weight of Selene's words settling heavily on my shoulders. "So, I was basically in some kind of shifter purgatory?" In a sense, yes, Selene confirms, her voice tinged with sadness. Your soul was lost, trapped between life and death. I could sense your presence there, could feel your fear and pain. "You were the voice I heard," I whisper, realization dawning on me. Of course she was. Who else would be in my head? "The one telling me to leave, to come back." Yes, Selene says, her voice soft and soothing. I couldn't bear to see you suffer, to watch as your soul was torn apart by the elements. I had to guide you back, to help you find your way home. Tears prick at the corners of my eyes, hot and stinging. I blink them back, swallowing past the lump in my throat. "Thank you, Selene. I don't know what I would have done without you." You are strong, Ava, Selene assures me, her voice filled with a quiet conviction. Stronger than you know. You would have found your way back, even without my 15-17 5/9 119 Ava: Her Power help. I'm not so sure about that, but I appreciate her faith in me nonetheless. It's a small comfort, knowing that I have someone in my corner, someone who believes in me even when I don't believe in myself. Lisa reaches over and takes my hand, squeezing it gently. "I'm so sorry you had to go through that, Ava. I can't even imagine how terrifying it must have been." I nod, unable to find the words to express the depth of my gratitude for her support. Lisa has been a rock for me, a constant source of comfort and understanding in a world that seems determined to tear me apart. "So, what does this mean for you now?" Lisa asks, her brow furrowed in concern. "If your soul was in th place between worlds, does that mean you're... different now?" It means that Ava's connection to the elements has been strengthened, Selene explains, her voice taking on a thoughtful tone. Her experience in the realm of Lycan souls has awakened something within her, a power that was always there but lay dormant until now. 119 Ava: Her Power someone? What if I can't handle it? What if it comes out of f@cking nowhere and blows up an entire city or something?" That's why we need to find someone who can teach you, Selene replies, her voice calm and reassuring. Someone who understands the nature of your power and can help you harness it. "But who? Who could possibly understand what I'm going through? You told me before that the magicians died out a long time ago as they turned into shifters." We'll find someone, Selene assures me, her voice filled with a quiet determination. There are others out there who possess similar gifts, who have walked this path before. We just need to know where to look. "And how the hell are we supposed to find that out?" Her ear twitches. I have my ways. Comment View All > 15:37 R Leave the first comment for this chapter Vote 13 Fandom Send Giftwww.novelform.com