

Cursed Blood - 66.Unbeatable.66[1,229 words]

They were gods. Major ones with glowing eyes and imposing auras, minor ones with exotic looks and fancy weapons. Each one was bowing, and the total of over thirty gods were forming a circle around me.

"All hail the Queen of Gods, the new Angel!"

They're about to get an unpleasant wake-up call.

"Congratulations."

I looked to my side. The red eyed god stood proudly, leaning on one hip.

"You unlocked the third fate; ascend to your throne," he smiled. "Let us leave this cursed realm and go to our own. These scoundrels cannot hurt you anymore."

I squinted, taking in the magnificent beings around me.

They're useless. Like robots. Fighting amongst themselves for power. He doesn't understand loss, does he?

But are they worse or better than the humans down here?

"I'm not going anywhere."

A strange tension filled the air, everyone looking rather disturbed as I crossed my arms.

"I'm human. I'm staying here."

The red eyed god scowled. "You have the soul of the Goddess of Gods. Your purpose is to be her reincarnation, it is your duty to be the messenger between the major and minor gods."

Both my eyebrows lifted. This entire ordeal had nearly killed me as a child and led my brother to getting kidnapped which in turn made me give up my future so I could get help to find him. I faced people hating me for my blood type and people being afraid of me without even knowing who I was. Their little reincarnation led me to living that past year so very, very *confused*. Not only that, but this stupid war had taken enough from me.

It wouldn't take whatever life I had left. There was no way I could abandon this now, not after everything that happened.

Charles died protecting this kingdom, and so did its Queen. Rebecca was killed trying to keep her people from betraying me, and I had zero clue. Then, of course, there's the three warriors who were just doing their best to support the kingdom.

If I leave now, without saving the Valley, my home, that will all be for nothing.

I shrugged. "I have a duty here, too. This is my home. I'm not leaving," I insisted.

"You just took the soul of one of our own!" Another god hissed. "If you didn't plan on taking her place, you shouldn't have joined with her!"

"I didn't try, she was trying to take *my* soul so that *she* could stop me from taking my revenge," I snarled.

"She made the stupid mistake on her own!"

They all glared at me, and I remembered once again that this woman was special to all of them. I clenched my hands, sick of having them around already. They weren't in charge here, not by a long shot.

"You should leave this world," I said, my voice flat and deadly quiet.

A goddess with glowing eyes and a large sword sauntered toward me. She had a crown of thorns on her blonde hair, and her skin was the trademark perfect gold shade. "We will leave, *with* you."

I lifted one hand, my gray magic swirling from my fingertips into the air around us. There wasn't that much control in it, but it seemed to respond instinctively to my thoughts. Holding up the dagger Travis had given me, I watched the magic swirl around it until it began to extend. A weapon that was just as magnificent as the other gods' appeared in its stead. One glittering sword with a hilt of silver and a string of the shining metal leading down to the tip. I swung it in a wide arc, my wings partially circling my form.

"I am not leaving this place. You're going to have to kill me to get me out of here."

The goddess sneered.

"Perhaps we'll just have to have another reincarnation."

The sound of swords clashing filled the destroyed section of forest. In the distance, there was more fighting, meaning I wasn't completely separated from the others. The gathered godly beings watched in amusement as the cocky goddess and I fought, matching each other strike for strike. Her sword was completely unable to pierce my shield of wings, but she was too fast for me to land a blow either. Energy was building up, magic crackling along my sword. When we clashed next, it exploded outward and knocked her clean over.

"So we're using cheats now, are we?"

I stayed silent. Her eyes glowed brown, the ground beneath us shifting. I, however, had a backup plan. Instead of staying on her turf, I charged, my wings flapping to keep me off the ground. Our weapons clashed again, and her smug look disappeared as I grabbed her wrist, claws digging into her skin. The goddess looked shocked as I pulled her into the air, kicking her weapon from her hands.

"You're useless, reincarnate," the woman spat, "you don't know how to be a god."

Along with her venomous words came a blast of power, knocking away my own sword. It took the form of a massive wall of mud that tried to enclose around me before turning solid. My wings had wrapped around me first, creating a protective layer and keeping the dirt away from me. With a large amount of force, I was able to break my cocoon. Unfortunately for me, my ball of earth had been soaring toward the ground, and the second I freed myself, I found myself rocketing into the ground. Pain radiated through my entire person as I bounced along the ground, skin tearing as I skidded.

There was laughter from the goddess.

"Angel would've never been this reckless and irrational," she told me, "you are a sorry excuse for a goddess. You're a sorry excuse for a Cursedblood."

"The spirit woman should've lived, she was a much better person."

I spat onto the ground, wings lifting me into the air. My wounds disappeared as they watched, my emotions strung out.

I am done with this entire 'war'.

"She was weaker than I am."

Faces took on shocked looks.

"She didn't have the power to survive it."

My opponent looked rightfully pissed.

"Angel *herself* couldn't use her own magic."

Gray fog swirled around me, my wings stretching as I smirked. Fangs pressed into my bottom lip, and I found Travis' dagger laying in a crack in the ground.

Then, with a newfound amount of control, I summoned the sword again, this time with magic swirling around its blade. When I charged, the sword flew through the flimsy

weapon she had and her armor, piercing her heart like she was made of butter. The goddess slumped against my arm, gasping as I split her vital organ in two.

"It seems you offended me," I whispered, pulling the sword from her chest. Her body hit the ground with a sickening thump.

Two goddesses in one day. I wonder what the record will be.

"Who's next?!"

The gathered gods looked uncomfortable, some of them shooting worried glances at the red eyed god. He seemed like a leadership figure for them, his eyes troubled as I lifted the bloodied blade and pointed it at his chest.

"You have one more chance to leave," I warned, "before I cut you to pieces."

"I watched you grow up.," he murmured, "how did you become this monster?"

With the weight of everything that had happened since being bitten on the shoulder by a Darkblood monster -- *no*, with the weight of everything I'd experienced since Queen Amara found me underneath that corpse, I spat a reply.

"I lived."