Cursed Blood - 68.I Will Choose Revenge.68[1,000 words]

The thought of possibly being named after Kai's sister was tempting, but I brushed it off. The war was still -- probably -- going on, and my home was without a Queen.

Great. Now Elijah is probably King.

I ran back to where the others had been. Darkbloods were all out in the open now, the entire fight taking place at the base of Mythic Mountain. Scanning the crowd, I felt rage boil in my gut when I spotted a particular two fighting against each other. The Prince, still clad in armor despite his helmet missing, was currently fighting with Sven, who was somehow alive. I growled, wasting no time in blasting my way into the fight.

This time, I wouldn't let anyone die. My power awaked, one black wing and one white wing flaring as I shouted.

"Enough!"

Everyone froze, unable to move. Eyes turned to me as I stormed toward Sven and the Prince.

"You bastard," I snarled, grabbing Sven by his collar. I did the same to the Prince, dragging them both forward. The frozen crowd could do nothing as I jumped into the air, the men free since I'd broken them out of the spell. Sven thrashed, but was unable to get free as I held them both up.

I'll kill you, I thought toward Sven, but who knows if it reached him, the illusionist prick. My eyes scanned the crowd, searching. Finally, they landed on the twins, and I smiled. With a single thought, I freed them from the spell and they turned to look at me fully.

"Help me with these two, will you?"

Once I was on the ground again, I handed the two over to my brothers. They followed me all the way up to the top of Mythic Mountain until we were standing above everyone involved in Mythira's Gray War. Darkbloods and Lightbloods were now able to move a bit more, staring up at me. Each twin held one leader at arms' length. Warren held the Prince by his arm, while Terrance's hand was tight around Sven's throat.

Even standing on the mountain, where I probably looked like no more than a speck, I knew those down below would be able to hear me.

"This fight is over. The war is over. I don't want to hear about any more fights between the bloods. Darkbloods will be welcome in the Valley, and in Mythira. So if any of you dare to hit another Lightblood, I will personally hunt you down."

Now that that's out of the way...

"Today," I began, my voice softer, "many people died. And honestly, it was for nothing. Darkbloods, Lightbloods and gods alike lost their lives for a pointless fight. The Queen of Mythira has lost her life today, and therefore, the power has shifted."

Confused looks met my words. I knew they were confused because they were still listening intently. Most expected me to order a slaughter on the Darkbloods, or for the Prince to be the one delivering a speech.

"You probably expect the Prince to take his place as King," I said, bemused, "but first, I will take my place as the Gray One, despite having cursed blood and being destined to fail."

Ever so carefully, I pinpointed a certain piece of furniture in the castle. It was close enough that when I focused, I could do short-distance teleportation.

Lightbloods gasped as the Queen's throne materialized behind me. I settled into it, staring at all of them with a firm glare. Even my brothers looked surprised.

"Many people have told me I was a freak. Many withheld secrets, and some betrayed me despite wanting my help. I was *told* what fate I had, yet here I stand living an adventure no one told me I'd have," I said, my voice firm but my words shaky. After all, I wasn't normally a public speaker.

However, I had found confidence. I had proved them wrong.

The corners of my lips quirked upward.

"Once, someone told me I'd make a good Queen. Someone told me I was destined to rule over both blood types. But, here is what I *will* do.

"I will *protect* both. I will force peace until it becomes a norm for our kingdom. I have killed gods and will do it again if I must. I am a Lightblood, a Darkblood, a human, and a god.

"I am also a Cursedblood.

"But I am the true Gray One, and strong enough to overcome that curse. I will make my own decisions. There will be a Lightblood King, but there will also be a Darkblood ruler. Darkbloods will have proper towns, and you will live together, as your bloods have lived together within me."

Starting to sound a little deranged there, whoops.

"This is the choice I have made. Try to fight against it, by all means.

"But believe me when I say I will have my revenge for those I have lost," I snarled, my eyes passing to Sven. He, among others, screwed with me. The Queen was also on that list, but she was dead. Either way, I did sort of steal her kingdom, so I guess we were even.

I tried to ignore the fact that even thinking about the whole thing made tears rush to my eyes.

Taking a deep breath to settle my stomach, I rose from the useless throne. Using Darkblood strength, I picked the thing up and placed it on the edge of the mountain.

Then, I placed my foot on it and kicked, watching the throne sail over the side. My eyes went to Terrance, and I nodded at him. People looked horrified -- Darkbloods mostly -- as my brother threw their leader over the edge. His body landed with a mortifying crunch on top of the throne's splinters.

Elijah let out a sigh of relief when Warren placed him down, saving him from the same fate.

I fixed the disfigured corpse with a lethal stare.

"Believe me when I say this."

If anyone dares to hurt someone else I care for -- or even someone under my rule...

"I will choose revenge."

The End.