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"Dead?" she mummered, her face
scrunched in confusion 1

I wiped my eyes, then pinched myself "ow"
I groaned, okay, this wasn't a dream.

"You're real?" I asked, my voice laced with
uncertainty.

"Well, I am, or I should be" she shrugged

"Lacinda?" I called out, just to be sure.

"Is that what they call her?"

"That's your name," I muttered, still looking
at her, not knowing what to feel,

"sit" she pointed at a chair

But I stood still, frozen, my eyes trailing
her every movement, how is this possible? I
had so many questions, many thoughts were
running through my head at once

What was going on?

"You look like you have a lot of questions,
but first sit" she ordered, stiffly I walked to the
chair and sat.

My mind was blank, staring at her, I



brought out the frame I had taken from my father's room, just to confirm "it's really you" I muttered.

I suddenly felt a surge of emotions, anger, hurt, pain, happiness, I couldn't tell which was which

"Here" she handed me a plate, "eat something"

"Ok" I nodded, taking it from her, afraid that it's all a dream or she'll be gone if I so much as blink.

The soup smelled edible at least, "What's this?" I asked.

She smiled, "food"

"I'm not hungry" I shook my head, "how are you still alive?" I asked the question bugging me, my entire being believed it was her but the cautious part of me was still doubtful.

"Eat first, questions later" her voice turned stern

Against my better judgment I followed my instincts, scooping a spoonful of soup into my mouth, it melted instantly, my stomach felt warm, the oppressive feeling from earlier left, my body felt lighter.



My eyes lit up, I took a second scoop, then another and another, soon I had finished it, "what was inside that?" I asked contentedly, my whole body had relaxed now.

"Food, like I said" she smiled, watching me curiously

"Is there anything on my face?" I asked.

"No," she shook her head, "you're beautiful" she smiled, a tear slipped down her eyes.

"You're my mother aren't you?" I finally asked, her silver hair alone was an indication of her identity. What I don't understand is how she's still alive, I had seen it, her death, it's gruesome nature, this was impossible.

"Yes and no," she replied.

"What?" I asked, confused.

"To put it succinctly, I'm only but an essence of Lacinda, so yes I am your mother in a way but only her essence"

"Can I hug you?" I asked, voice low

She smiled then spread her arms wide open, I rushed into her embrace, savoring the feeling

Tears began streaming down my eyes



"mum" I croaked out, she patted my back. I don't know how long I spent in her arms but soon I felt better and disentangled myself from her.

"Pretty girl, don't cry" she wiped my tears with her thumb.

"How?" I asked.

"Your mother comes from a very powerful ancient family darling, she was a hybrid, the first of her kind, a dragon rider and a white witch"

I gasped "She was a witch?"

"A very powerful one at that," she nodded

"Your ancestors had been entangled with witches, one thing led to another one of them married a white witch hence your mother happened, oh she was a powerful woman"

"You say it like you're not her"

"Well, I am only but a part of her that she left behind for her daughters. She knew you'd come Zorya"

My brows furrowed, "I never told you my name"

"No, but this door was meant for you, no



one else would have been able to open it"

"What exactly happened to her? Who killed her? Why?"

"Sadly I do not know" she shook her head, "your mother kept me here to wait for you, she knew you would have questions and feel lost, that my dear is my purpose"

"I see, but as a part of her, you should have an idea of what happened"

"I do, as a hybrid your mother was powerful, sadly the dragon race had been wiped out back then so she didn't get the chance to have one but it boosted her witch powers greatly, many sought her, she had a lot of enemies especially among the witches"

"I thought witches were wiped out?"

"That's the narration that was spun around, in truth some survived and chose to follow the path of their ancestors"

"Ursa" I muttered

"Your mother was among the few that decided to choose her own path. Hence they wanted her dead especially as she was prophesied to be the one who would birth the children of prophecy"



"Zorya and Zarael" I whispered

"Yes" she nodded. "She was being chased by enemies when she stumbled into your father who saved her, before he found out that they were mates, but trouble still came knocking"

"They came for her, didn't they?"

"Well yes, she knew they were coming, that they had found her, she made your father promise to protect you both, she created this room as a safe haven for both of you, so you could have a chance to meet her or at least a part of her"

"Wow" I sat, "that's a lot to take in" I inhaled sharply, "if she knew she would die why didn't she run?"

"Because running will play right into their hands, her best chance at protecting you both was giving birth here, so..."

"She sacrificed herself and left a part of her here for us" I completed

"Yes"

"I wish I met you when you were alive mum" I said, looking at her, essence or not she was still my mother that would never change.



"Me too" she smiled softly, "seems you inherited my witch powers"

"I did?"

"I can see the healing energy surrounding you, take this" An old book appeared in her hand, she handed it to me "you'll need it for what is to come"

"What is to come?" I asked, confused

"You and Zareal have a tough battle ahead Child, I'm sorry that I can't be of much help to you" she caressed my face.

That's when it hit me, I had forgotten my reason for coming here in the first place

"She's in danger"

