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"I can and I will" She replied firmly. 1

Zareal rushed to stop her, but she stuffed it in Rafael's mouth before she could get there.

Zareal froze in her tracks, disbelief written all over her face, "You've lost it, you've gone mad" she muttered over and over again, "I have to tell mother, she might still be able to remedy this" she turned to leave.

"Stop," Zorya yelled, placing Rafael gently on the floor before standing, advancing slowly towards Zareal, a strange glint on her face. "You can tell whoever you want to, but first help me save him" she blocked Zareal's path.

Zareal scoffed like she had just heard the most ridiculous thing ever, "help you save him. You already fed him the empyrean elixir, the last one remaining, spent on a mere mortal. Mortals are not meant to consume items from the Celestial Realm, do you understand what you have done?"

Zorya's face tightened, "yes, I'll bear any consequences that follows, but first, help me save him" she insisted

Zareal's eyes narrowed, "you already gave him the elixir, he'll survive, what more saving does he need" she spat,

"His arm is still severed, and what if those bullies return? He needs to be able to protect themselves to make sure that even while am gone he'd never fall victim to such cruel death again" her eyes grew excited the more she spoke.

"You've truly lost it. I refuse to be involved in your madness, even if it means fighting you, I will. As your elder sister it's my duty to call you back as you've obviously gone astray." Zareal's staff appeared, landing on the ground

Zorya sighed, then lifting herself slightly, she lowered her knees to the ground,

"You'll kneel for a mere mortal, just how far are you willing to go for him" her voice softened.

Zorya's gaze flicked to Rafael's static body, "I don't know," she replied quietly.

Zareal stared at her in silence, the tension between rising, only the sound of dew dripping in the distance could be heard,

"There's no changing your mind huh?

You're really in love with him?" Zareal looked at her little sister with resignation

"I'm sorry" she bowed.

"Stand up first," Zareal put her staff away.

"promise to help me first"

"I will," she agreed, "but stand first."

"Thank you, I knew you would never abandon me in my time of need" She quickly stood.

"More like in your time of stupidity," she rolled her eyes, "I'm so going to regret this"

"Thank you once more" Zorya rushed to Rafael, lifting him like he weighed nothing, and placing him at the center of the cage.

What is she doing? I wondered, following her every movement attentively

"You can't be doing what I think you're doing?" Zareal sounded baffled, "gods, he could die" she spat.

"I'm not doing what you think...."

"Good then," Zareal breathed in relief

"We're doing it, together" she completed.

Zareal burst into laughter, "that was such a

funny joke" she heaved.

Zorya stared silently, without even a hint of a smile on her face, "you promised"

Zareal froze, "you're serious?"

"Dead serious"

"Can he even handle our essence combined? We're among the most powerful goddess's out there, it could kill him"

"Or give him the power to stand tall amongst his peers," she insisted.

"Can you see the risk involved? What if he dies? Or ends up worse?"

"What if he survives and becomes one of the most powerful beings in Goth?"

"You're a lost cause, let's get this over with. After this, I'm done with you, don't ever come for anything. Ever" she snapped.

"I understand," Zorya nodded. "I'll respect your wishes"

The cave fell into silence, Zareal muttered chants and their dresses were changed into a fresh plain white robe without the jewellery or designs, she stretched her hands and a knife with weird carvings appeared in them.

Her hair glowed, runes appeared behind her, her shining brightly,

"Mercelyne" I gasped, "no—the Oracle" images flashed through my mind, disappearing quickly before I could make out what they were

"Hand" her voice turned.

Zorya transformed, her body glowing red,

"The Oracle and the Flame" suddenly clicked.

Zorya stretched out her hands, using the knife Zareal chanted incoherent words before cutting again, then stretching her own arms she cut it.

The sky roared, the wind suddenly began howling, the ground around them began shaking, it was as if the world could feel what they were doing.

They joined their hands together, Zorya's Fiery frame and Zarael's golden one, their blood merged and together it dripped onto Rafael's body.

The blood sank into his body, then everything quietened, the two bodies lost their glow, Zorya Spat a mouthful of blood but her eyes remained fixed on Rafael, a trail of blood

trickled down the corner of Zarael's lips, her face turned white, her body swayed, I instinctively tried to help steady her, but my hand just went through her body

"Right, you can't touch anything" I reminded myself, silly me.

"Did it work?" Zorya asked?

"I guess we'll just have to wait to find out" Zarael's eyes stayed locked on Rafael's body, "but I can feel our essence in him, hopefully it doesn't destroy him"

Zorya sat by his side, regret now evident on her face, "did I make the wrong choice?" She muttered

"I don't know. But giving a mortal our essence is an extreme one, it has never been done, never. We'll just have to see the outcome for ourselves."

Zarael sat by a corner, eyes closed, legs crossed, meditating quietly,

"What did you do to my brother?" a new voice shrieked.

A figure quickly rushed to Rafael, shaking him vigorously, a killing intent quickly rose in the air, "you killed him" she yelled, "I'm going to

kill you both"

"Stop making noise, he's still alive. At least for now" Zarael muttered from where she sat.

"You..." the figure turned, she was a young girl, maybe in her mid 20s, "you're lying."

"Excuse my sister for being rude, your brother is alive, I'm Zorya," Zorya introduced herself, briefly explaining what happened while excluding some parts of their personal adventure from the story.

"You're a witch" Zareal opened her eyes.

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