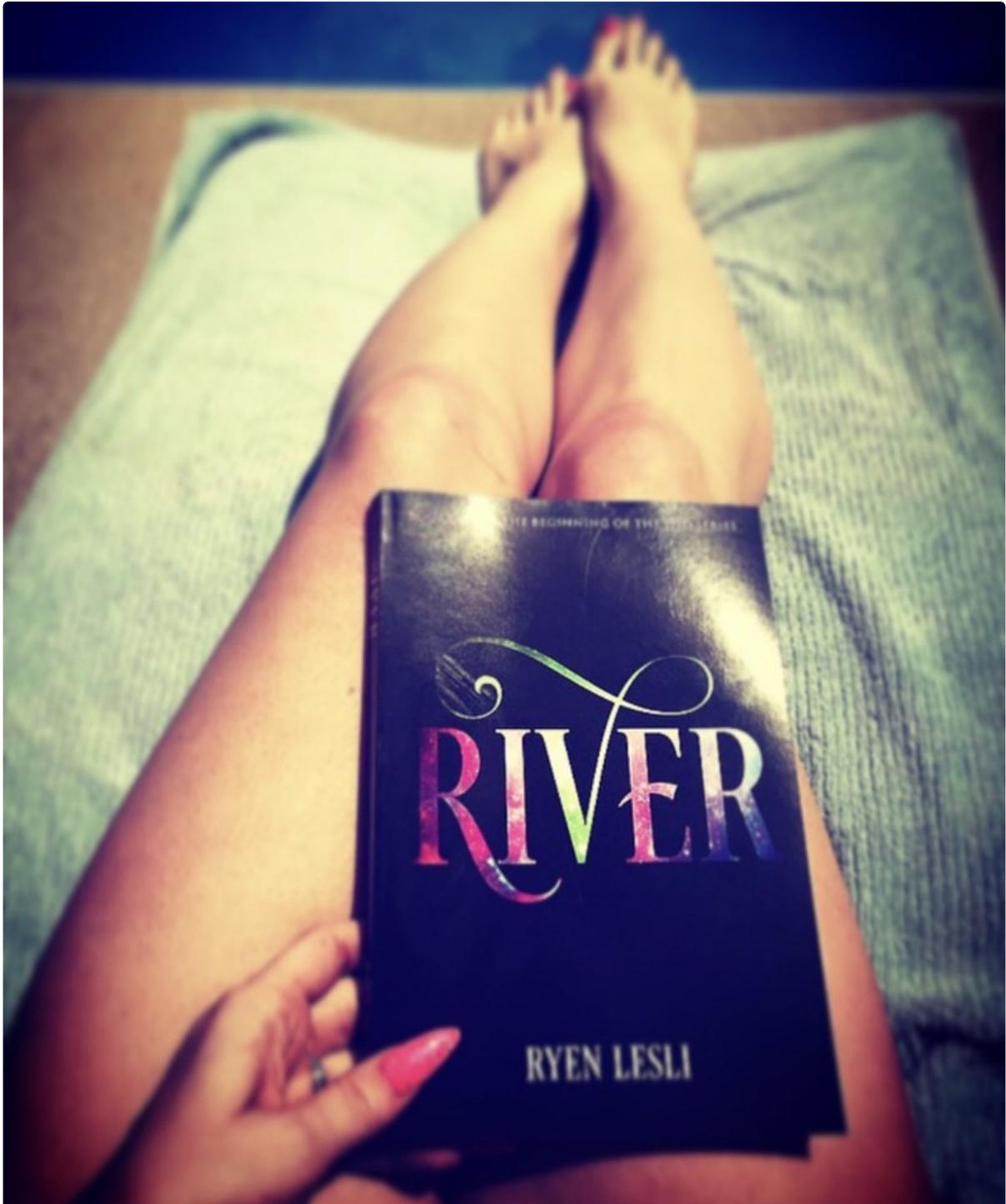


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HAVEN MUSINGS

November 14, 2019

Hello sweetness...weren't we just here? Snuggled together, whispering secrets?

Wait...was that not you? Oh, well, never mind then...(coughs)

Picture it...

Five months ago, on a seemingly innocent June morning, I was sitting at my desk, staring at Maleficent, my laptop. Agonizing over a tweet I had written.

After five years of bleeding this beautifully tragic story, through endless bags of sacrificed candy, & countless rejections—I'm proud to debut my badass girl! #RIVER. It's THE book of the summer!

I worried that the picture was too daring.

And that my words sounded stupid. Was anyone going to actually give a shit **RIVER?** Was this all just a big mistake?

I had to force myself to send that tweet. It was hard. I regretted it as soon as I clicked my mouse. And then, I just sat there, trying to breathe in the heavy silence.

The minutes passed.

No likes, no comments, no retweets. *Nothing.*

It's summer, everyone's sleeping in, I tried to myself even as the panic clawed its way around my neck.

But then...the screen changed. The first retweet. I expected to feel relief, excitement even, but what filled me was pure, unfiltered *horror*. All I kept thinking was, *oh god, what did I just do?* It was too soon—**RIVER** wasn't ready. She totally sucked ass. Everyone was going to hate her!

"You stupid Witch," I whispered to myself.

What. The. Fuck. Was. I. Thinking?

I couldn't stand it. Shoving back from my chair, I went and crawled in my bed, pulling the covers over my head. I curled up in a little ball and started crying. I totally did.

That was **RIVER'S** big debut and I cried off and on all day. I thought I would be all excited and shit but I wasn't. It was...terrible. To know that **RIVER** no longer belonged to me. I had shoved her out of the nest when I was never ready to let her go.

I can *still* feel that hot panic five months later. Imposter syndrome is vicious and she's growing inside me again.

What if **FATE'S** stupid?

What if everyone hates her?

What if no one even buys her?

See, there are hundreds upon hundreds of blogs telling you HOW to be a writer, from plotting to editing to querying, but no one ever talks about what happened after you publish. The reality of it. You market the hell out of your book, you create this massive build-up but when *the* moment actually comes? It's...oddly empty. At least for me, it was. I had no idea I would crash so hard after **RIVER'S** release. I was depressed for weeks afterwards and it took a while before I was even able to write again.

Have you ever felt like this? Maybe, this is just me?

Anyways, enough with the emotional bullshit, I have another scene for you to read!

Now, in **RIVER**, I briefly touch on River's strained relationship with her mother. Everyone seemed to really connect with that tumultuous relationship but in **FATE**, you realize that this goes so far beyond just a teen and a mother...I do hope you enjoy...



MUSINGS II

FATE...book 2 of The Beginning of the End series.

Chapter 12

A Bloody Curse.

“When I saw the vision, my heart broke.” Was all River could think to say.

Her mom stared at her. “It does not matter if your heart is broken, River.”

“Every broken heart is important,” Jaded said, a hard edge to her voice.

“I disagree with you, Jade.”

River took a deep breath. "What can I do, mom? How do I fix this? Because I really, really want too."

"There is no fixing this, River," Beth scoffed.

"Ohkay," she paused, and scratched at the side of her neck, struggling to think of what to say. "Well, uh...what's the game plan then? What do we do about Angel and her Demons?"

"That is not the question you should be asking, River."

The condescending tone in her mother's voice made River's anger rise. "What other question should I be fucking asking?" she snapped.

"Watch yourself, I will not tolerate that kind of language!" Beth snapped right back.

"What question should I be asking?" River repeated through her clenched teeth, not giving in to the urge to yell at her mom.

"How many will die, trying to hide you."

Jade started to speak but River spoke over her. "No one is gonna hide me, I'll just go to Angel."

"You will do no such thing," Jade gasped.

"No, I don't want anyone else to die!" River swore.

"Even if you went to her, River, she would simply steal your spirit, which would increase her powers. The only thing your death would do, is take away our only hope!"

"Hope," Beth snorted.

The front door opened, breaking the tense moment. When Liam appeared in the doorway, River felt relief. He was always sensible, maybe he could calm her mom down.

"Liam, Jade keeps lying to River," Beth complained, making River look at her in disbelief.

"Jade does not lie," he promised.

"The both of you have made her believe that we have a fighting chance when we

do not!"

"We will overcome Angel," Liam promised.

"There is no chance—"

"We have River," Jade interrupted her.

"Her?" Beth said in surprise, holding out a hand to her. "She is the one that caused this!"

"Jesus Christ, mom! I fucked up! I wish I could take it back, but I can't. Not everyone can be as perfect as you, my *Queen!*"

Beth's eyes blazed with hatred. When they did, her darkness pulsed. It cut through River's anger, making her draw in on herself. She knew her mom didn't like her, but this blind rage she had, scared the shit out of River.

"You should consider yourself blessed that I even tried to be your mother. Had I known *who* you were, I would have drowned you the very second you forced your way back into our world!"

River's face turned red, all the way up to the little points in her ears. Who says that to their own daughter?

"Beth," Jade whispered, stricken.

"You are a curse, River. You have always been a bloody curse," Beth's voice was deceptively soft, her cruel words finding their mark. "Angel will hunt you down and the blood will rise! It would be best if you gave yourself up. Do it before she takes another life," she rasped.

"River is not giving herself up!" Liam swore, smacking his hand down on the table.

It made River jump. She scrambled out of her chair, to get away the table. The heavy emotion in the air made her want to puke. Her mom's darkness, along with Lion's tension, Jade's outrage, and Liam's anger was enough to bring her to her fucking knees—

Was that too much? I tend to get wordy.

So, what you do think River could have done to make her mother hate her so much? She's only 17, she hasn't even lived her life yet...right?

I'm curious to hear your theories!



Thank you so much for making it this far. I'll be sending out another MUSING on Monday with another scene, so I hope you stay with me.

Oh, and I'm sending out Christmas cards so if you'd like to receive one, just reply to this newsletter with your address, or DM me on twitter!

And make sure you watch my author interview on YouTube! I'll be making more videos soon. Just go to YouTube and type in Gestalt Media. I come up on the page!

And—last and, I swear—if you're on Facebook tomorrow night around 8ish, I'm going Live. Come ask me a question!

...but look for your Witch this night, sweetness, for I shall visit you in your dreams...until then, blessed be...

These MUSINGS are owned by blood-right and power of the Witch.



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