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HAVEN MUSINGS

November 18, 2019

Why, hello, my sweet, little Beauteese...are you sick of your Witch yet? I know I

sent out two MUSINGS last week, but remember, I'm sending out ten in total this month to prepare you for **FATE'S** release. Even though only a handful of you are actually reading these, I love writing them for you!

So, I had the *craziest* dream last night...I was at a book signing and there were all these stacks of **RIVER** and **FATE** to sign. They were so pretty, so thick...I was beyond excited. Well, there was this long line of people waiting for their turn with the Witch, so, I grabbed a copy of **RIVER**, and opened it. Oddly enough, there was nothing on the first couple of pages. I thought, *that's weird*, and started to rifle through the pages but they were all blank.

No words, no story—*nothing!*

Thinking it was just a mistake, I grabbed another copy and opened it. Same thing. In a total panic, I started going through the books, tearing through the pages and not one fucking word could be found! Every single copy was empty!

Can you imagine how *horrifying* that would be?!

I'm sweating just thinking about it.

But my Friday and Saturday night were spent rushing through one crazy dream after another! I was so tired during the day, that I parked my ass on the couch, and re-wrote all of my notes for the series while watching *Home Alone*, *Santa Claus* and all of the *Pirates of the Caribbean* on Disney Plus. I consumed way too much hot chocolate and peppermint Hershey Kisses but no regrets were had.

Alright, enough of me yakking, for this third MUSING, I wanted to take a step back for a moment. Last Thursday, I revealed a devastating scene between River and her mother, showing the depth of Beth's hatred for her own daughter.

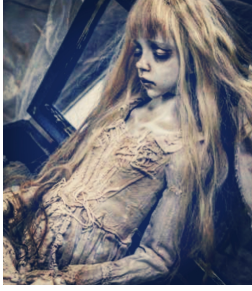
That scene reminded me of the one in **RIVER**, when Cat and River go to Angel's keepsake rooms for the first time.

Angel gave a crucial insight into River's mysterious past and speaks a little of *why* Beth hates her so much...

MUSING III

RIVER...book 1 of The Beginning of the End series.

Chapter 12



Don't Look

Angel held her hand out towards the largest case in the room. “What do you think?” she asked.

A big golden horse faced them, standing in a bed of pretty, glittery black sand. Its long, graceful neck had a thick, golden-white mane that matched its metallic golden coat.

The nose was a pinkish nude color, its ears straight and thin. Even its hooves were gold. River’s head didn’t even come to its muzzle it was so tall. She couldn’t believe how beautiful the damn thing was.

“Where did you get him?” Cat breathed, staring up at him.

Angel also stared at the horse, but with hunger. “This is my Aurelian. He was most faithful,” she said, not answering the question, a creepy, seductive tone to her sweet voice.

River was so captured by the horse at first, she didn’t notice it had something on its back. She walked around to the side, only to stop abruptly, instant horror filling her.

It was a little girl, with long, bushy white hair that rested on the horse’s back. From the neck down she was mummified, leaving dark gray tendons stretched over pale bone. Her limbs were too long and looked strange on her fragile little body. Fragments of faded pink cloth still clung to her. Her eyes were closed, but they were too big for her delicate face. Thick white lashes rested against her gray skin. A deep tear slashed across the corner of her bowed gray lips.

There was something so terrible about her that River wanted to sink to the ground and bawl.

Cat came up behind her. “Goddess,” he whispered with despair.

“Who is that?” River asked, her chest hitching.

“That is my Faith,” Angel murmured.

Chills ran down River’s spine hearing her name. Faint crying swirled around her, reminding her of that dream she had. Cat must have heard it too, because they both shivered at the same time.

“Who is Faith?” she asked dully, though in all honesty, she was afraid to know. Why? Because...because Faith was like that painting in the first room. River

knew she wasn't even supposed to look at her.

River's burning eyes swept the room in a daze. Angel was never supposed to touch any of these spirits. How did she do this?

"She was my daughter," Angel's quiet confession brought River's eyes to her. "Her power was uncontrollable. Unfortunately, it was slowly killing her from the inside. We could not touch her without harm. I freed her."

"Freed her?" River whispered.

"She was just like you. Your power is uncontrollable, is it not?" Angel asked, her pale eyes on River's.

Cat and River both tensed. "My power's just fine," River promised shakily.

"Liar. You are afraid of yourself, as you should be. The pain you have caused in your walks...for shame, River," Angel taunted.

River's chest hitched when the truth rang in Angel's words. A vague sense of long-forgotten memories threatened at the edge of her mind. Terrified, she shoved them back.

"My Princess, you caused the ruin in the first place," Angel laughed.

"Shut up!" she snarled in a panic, her hands heating on their own. Angel's face turned cold. River panted out fearfully, instantly regretting her words. Shit.

Angel held her hands out at her sides, the tips of her stilettoed fingers pulsed red. River pressed back into Cat as Angel's power grew, her body swelling. Suddenly, everything in the room started moving in their cases, beating against the glass, making the most God-awful noise. She had no idea if they wanted to escape or attack.

Goddess! she cried out.

Patience River, see with your spirit...what was not to be spoken... River stilled at the sound of her Goddess's voice, her breath panting out as she struggled to understand her words. See what?

"Enough!" Cat commanded.

Surprisingly, Angel listened. Waving a reddened hand, everything stopped.

“It’s time for us to leave now,” River choked out, pressing harder against Cat.

“No, we have to finish this!” Angel insisted.

“No. We. Do. Not. We leave—*now!*” Cat’s sharp voice rang out, crazy power in his command. Something about the way he said it made River want to obey him; it was instinctual. The dominant Warrior in him called to the submissive Fair in her. For a second, she was actually confused as to what she was supposed to do.

Angel looked at Cat with cruel amusement. “You are too late, Daniel, for I have already caused her ruin,” she laughed.

River looked back and forth between them. Angel’s words only added to her confusion. Again, River felt like she was taking part in a play but only knew half of the story, because Angel wasn’t talking about her.

“You need something from me, don’t you?” River spoke so quickly, her words tripped over one another in desperation, but she wanted Angel’s attention off of Cat.

Angel flicked those pale eyes at her. “We are…”

Whatever Angel was saying was lost to River because something moved over Angel’s shoulder, drawing River’s eyes a little to the left.

Faith was looking *right* at her, with those big eyes. Her black-rimmed irises were white, with jagged slashes of aqua surrounding pearlized pupils. The aqua looked like someone had colored it in hastily. Those creepy eyes were vaguely familiar, but River couldn’t remember where she had seen them before.

River, Faith moaned in River’s head.

River bit her lip and tasted blood.

If you do not stop her, she will bring the End.

Ohmygod, don’t faint, don’t faint—do not throw up!

Faith turned her head. River shuddered when a tendon in her neck crumbled to dust at the movement. That was so fucking wrong, on so many levels!

Lifting a feeble arm, another two tendons crumbled as Faith pointed a bony finger to another door River hadn’t noticed, painted white to blend in with the wall.

See with your spirit... what was not to be spoken... Faith whispered before moving back into place, her fragile body crumbling even more.

River's chest hitched, her ears pounded, and her face felt like it was on fucking fire. Did that just really fucking happen?! The whole exchange between them couldn't have lasted more than ten, fifteen seconds tops because Angel was still talking.

"I-I'm so sorry to interrupt but can we finish this up? I have to go to the privy again," River mumbled, swallowing against the acidic taste in her mouth.

Angel narrowed her eyes at River, but she didn't say anything as she walked over to the door.

Cat, once again, grabbed River, making her trip as he hauled her close. "No," he hissed.

"I have to," River whispered to him. He opened his mouth to protest, but she turned to Angel, determined to see what was in that room.

"I have one last thing to show you," Angel spoke in that girly voice again, laying her hand on the door, which immediately cracked open, releasing a blast of frigid air. It had a painful, peppermint smell that burned the inside of River's nose, down the back of her throat—

This was one of my favorite scenes to write. I love exploring Angel's depravity. She is, without a doubt, the most vilest thing on Earth. Her keepsake rooms hold all the trophies she has taken over the years. There is a distinct purpose to every single one, River just has to figure out what that purpose is...

*If you'd like to read **RIVER**, she's free on Kindle Unlimited.*



My 4th MUSING goes out Thursday.

In it, I reveal Angel's sick addiction...one that Wicked has to bear.

...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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