

# Blood Prophecy: Queen's Ascension

## by Barb Jones

### EXCERPT

One night when he was making his rounds in the forest to see if he could find any scraps tourists left behind when camping, he heard a soft whisper.

“Briar....”

He stilled at the sound of his name, and turned around to see no one or nothing in sight.

He was alone.

In the dark.

So, he crouched down and continued to shine the flashlight.

“...Hexham.”

He stopped once more and looked over his shoulder. His forehead crinkled with lines of confusion. “Hexham? Who the hell is Hexham?” His voice was thick with an English accent.

The bodiless voice laughed, and the closer he listened, the more definite the voice became. A woman’s voice spoke to him loud and clear, as if she were standing right in front having a conversation with him.

Briar’s voice quivered, partly from fear and partly from fascination. “Who are you? Where are you?” He shined the flashlight but saw nothing. Complete darkness and trees, that was it.

The woman’s voice laughed mockingly in return. “Who I am is not important—for now. But I am everywhere and nowhere, all the same.”

As the voice spoke, Briar felt a sense of ease overwhelm his body. The fear and anxiety dissipated. For the first time in his life, he felt like he belonged, truly and deeply, just by the sound of her voice.

“You do belong. We are family, a family of witches. The most powerful to have walked the earth. We lost you, but now you are found.”

He looked out to no one in particular, but his shock was evident. “Witches? That’s ludicrous.”