

# SEASON OF SACRIFICE by Jonathan J Michael

## EXCERPT

### JAYMES

I rush back to Ellia and Persia, bracing myself for another duel.

Ellia sits propped up against Persia. The last of the wolves are toppled over her. One with its lower jaw removed from its skull and another with her claymore protruding from its spine. She looks up at me with a cold, empty stare.

“You’re alive,” she mumbles.

I help her remove the dead weight and pull her to her feet. She’s missing a chunk of sinew on her thigh. If it were me, I wouldn’t be able to stand.

Then, I remember the damage done to my own body. I look down to see I’m covered in blood. Much of it my own. My calf has a small bite, and my lacerations have reopened. The pain drops on me like an anvil as my berserk emotions fade. Exhaustion swathes over me, and my body gives out.

Ellia, on the other hand, not only remains standing but walks with a half-eaten thigh. She pulls a small jar from a pouch at her waist and rubs the contents onto her wound. She does the same for my wounds.

“Persia is worse off than us,” she comments.

I can’t help but admire her courage and strength. I’ve never met a woman I’ve aspired to be.