

The Veiled: Existence of Magic

By : BeautifulBeauty

"There is no easy way to say this but... Jenna...You died last year with your parents." Miss Conti said, her sky blue eyes were full of sympathy for Jenna Conti. Her italian accent didn't seem funny to Jenna anymore. "W-what?!" Jenna couldn't believe this. She wasn't going to listen to anything this old lady had to say, she was crazy! How could she have died when she was here right now? She was here, talking to her Grandmother. Jenna Conti had lost her parents in a car accident a year ago, she had moved in with her grandma and grandpa right after the dreadful accident had occurred. Jenna couldn't remember anything at all of the night her parents had died, everyone just told her that her parents died in a car accident and she chose to believe it...that is until her Grandma, Miss Conti, gives her some crazy news. After she hears the supposedly real 'truth' of that night Jenna seeks for answers and fears that maybe the answers she's looking for might hurt her...or maybe even reveal what was supposed to stay hidden.

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And you were there at the turn,

Caught in the burning glow.

And I was there at the turn,

Waiting to let you go.

Burn it down (By Linkin Park.)

Prologue

“Please, let our daughter go, she has nothing to do with this, she doesn’t even have the full power! Please, let Annetta go, have mercy!” Celia Conti begged, she had been on her knees begging, with her tied up hands clasped together in front of her as her crystal blue eyes glanced at her passed out daughter and husband on the cold hard ground tied up, them close together with Annetta shaking in her sleep.

“Oh, your beautiful pleading eyes don’t make me feel bad at all. After what you witches have been doing for the past century I don’t think anyone would want to take mercy on your Annetta or you!” John, a tall very old man laughed evilly, his brown eyes full of hatred and disgust. He was finally free to have power and he wasn’t going to let witches mess it all up again. He had a plan to kill all of the witches until there was no more to take his power, or anyone else’s. He wanted to hurry and kill them and get back to his dimension.

“Here’s what I’m going to do witch, I’m going to sit you and your family in that car over there” he pointed at an old blue rusty mustang.

“What do you mean put us in a car?! You can’t possibly be letting us free; I know that for sure, with a cold black heart like yours, you’d probably kill your whole family and not even care.” She spat her last words before he punched her in the face, her dropping to the ground, now unconscious.

Celia soon woke up to hearing vroom sounds. She slowly opened her eyes and realized she was on the road driving, well her hand wasn’t even on the wheel but she was in the driver’s seat. She looked around to see her daughter and husband passed out in the back. She gasped, as she turned the wheel almost hitting a big gas truck.

“What is this?! Did he let us go? No, he wouldn’t do that! Something feels so wrong.” Celia thought as she drove.

“Wh-where are we? What happened, mom.” Annetta woke, rubbing her eyes while yawning, her head felt like it was about to burst.

“We’re just heading home sweetie! Don’t worry about a thing.” Celia said. Annetta watched her mother’s blond hair that was around her face, and her face, she looked stressed and slightly relieved.

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“ Mom, slow down.” Annetta said worriedly, she didn’t want to get in an accident.

“ Oh, right sorry.” Celia pressed her foot on the breaks. The car didn’t slow down. She pressed harder but nothing would happen—the brake was broken. Her eyes went wide as she realized that John had set this up to make it look like she was in an accident if— if she did get in one. ”

This was how he was planning on killing us? Make it seem like an accident? Celia thought, panicking now as she looked around, she soon saw a stop light ahead.

“ That son of a bitch!” Celia screamed angrily.

“ What mom? Who? Stop! Slow down we’re coming to a stop light, Mom!” Annetta saw no cars in their lane but what about the cars that is supposed to go? What if we run the stop light?

“ MOM! It’s a red light!!!!” Annetta screamed, pulling at her moms shoulder. Her mom was shaking uncontrollably.

“ Annetta— open the car door— and jump out. Now.” Celia said whispered, glancing at the rear-view mirror, at her sleeping husband. At least she knew her husband would die in his sleep— she would have to feel the pain. She saw a red car crossing; it was going mighty fast, as was she. The two cars would soon collide.

“ No mom! PULL THE BRAKE!” Annetta managed to scream— before the red car hit their passenger seat, causing the car to force to its left and tip, and for Annetta to fly out the window from the force.

“ ANNETTA,” Celia screamed at her daughter flying out of the car, tears welling up at her eyes, her knowing it would be the last time she would see her husband and daughter.

Surprise! I’m glad everything went as planned... John’s voice echoed in Celia’s head, she quickly grabbed her dear husband’s hand, not wanting to look where her daughter had flown out the car. Her husband was probably already dead, Celia could not feel his pulse. Her heart was aching as more tears flowed down her cheeks. She felt the force of the other car that hit hers, and she knew she would soon fly out of the car too.

Everything was in slow motion for Celia. She kissed her husband’s hand and slowly let go, as she felt her body being lifted from the force, and she flew out of the window before the car turned over, getting one last glimpse of her 15 year old daughter’s bloody body on the road, her daughter’s arm out, her bloody hand with a bracelet rested on the concrete ground before she slowly drifted to death. Celia had died on the spot she had landed, along side with her dead daughter.

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