Siphon's Legacy
by Limario97

Summary

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In a universe where Alaric is the one who dies at the wedding, and Kai is sent back to the prison world, Jo Parker leaves Mystic Falls and becomes the leader of the Gemini Coven, who relocates itself in Chicago.

Years later, her daughters Josie and Lizzie grew up with the Coven, spending their whole lives preparing for The Merge. With Josie being the only siphon twin, she's seen as an abomination and Malachai's legacy, bound to cause chaos.

After witnessing something that puts her in danger, Josie is forced to flee Chicago, and ends up stumbling on the Mikaelson Institute in New Orleans.
Notes

See the end of the work for notes.
The crack of wood burning in the fire was high in the silence of the room of the old mansion. The crystal chandelier glowed illuminating the features of the three present entities, a woman and two children.

The mother was standing in front of the sofa where the twins met, the firelight shining behind her, intensifying her regal presence.

Josette Parker positioned herself in front of her daughters, a blonde and a brunette, both gazing anxiously at the mother.

"Since completing the first decade of life, the Council members think it is appropriate for you to know about some of our Coven rituals." The mother began, her arms locked in her back, her erect posture, the cracking of fire accompanying the tone of her voice.

The girls said nothing, they knew better than raising their voices in serious moments like this.

"The most significant and indispensable of these rituals is the so-called *The Merge*." 

The name seemed to arouse the children's interest, sitting on the big red couch. Jo Parker arched a brow. She directed the palm of her left hand to the gigantic tapestry on top of the fireplace. With a small movement of her fingertips the light of the room shone brighter, the twins watched intently.

"Due to the fact that twins are the first in line for our Coven's lead, they are coerced to perform *The Merge*, where their magic are interconnected and absorbed by the stronger twin."

The woman paused to let out a breath, "Only the strongest twin survives the spell, completely absorbing the magic of the other." She glanced at the two girls in front of her, the blonde named Elizabeth Briar Parker, nicknamed Lizzie, who was cringing as she looked at her fearful mother. What caught her eye was the other dark-haired twin, named Josette Adena Parker II, nicknamed Josie. The child looked peculiarly at the tapestry above the scaffold, clutching the upholstered sofa so hard that the knots of her little fingers turned white.

The tapestry showed the profile of two people, one man and one woman face to face, and holding hands with blood dripping from it. Above them was a lunar eclipse, a blood moon, which cast a red
light on the two. Around the figures were the members of the Coven, who surrounded them in a
circle holding hands, all dressed in red robes.

Jo Parker gulped at the determined look in her daughter's brown eyes, and tried to forget the fact that
those same eyes reminded her of him.

"The ritual is unstoppable, the deadline is until the eighteenth birthday of the first-born twins. Your
training starts tomorrow."

Josie Adena Parker II bit her lip, and at that moment, she was sure that her relationship with her sister
would not be the same.
Josie was only nine when she began to notice how different was the way the Coven treated her compared to her sister. It was the subtle gestures, like how they smiled with the corners of her mouth held tight to Josie, how they never touched her exposed skin—hands especially, the whispered words, and the scornful looks in disguise.

All so different from how they treated Lizzie. They always complimented her when she made something float with her spontaneous magic of a young witch, never looked at her as if they expected something bad to happen just by breathing.

It was at this age too that Josie Adena Parker realized her main divergence with her sister: The fact that she had no magic of her own.

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The Coven children were better than the adults, but they never came too close. They always gave her a smile, and sometimes a friendly nod, as they crossed the corridors of Lake Forest Academy.

The only person Josie considered as friend would be Lizzie, but the two were never as close as they
were before the day her mother told them about The Merge.

The brunette walked down the empty hallway of the school, the little heels of the sneakers made a noise that rang through the walls. Most of the students were in the classrooms, but Josie had a free period, and would not miss this chance to go to the music room. Her right-hand fingers tightened around the case’s handler she was carrying.

Since the training for the ritual began, Josie has felt increasingly lonely. One way to calm this pain in her chest was through music.

She closed the wooden door and sighed contentedly. She went to the middle of the room and sat down on the floor, legs crossed, gently placing the case on the floor beside her. The click of the locks made her lips curl, reaching carefully for the violin inside.

She pulled out a leather notebook from her backpack – that was decorated with buttons, the cover had already been marked and curved by recurring use. Some of the music sheets fell off, but Josie didn't mind, only arranging them in a half moon in front of her.

The brunette took a deep breath, the morning light shining through the window, illuminating Josie and music sheets on the floor. She placed the instrument on her shoulder, fingers positioned in it's neck, and began to play.

The melody filled the room. First a 'c', followed by a 'e-minor', 'b-minor' and holding a 'd' that jumped back to a 'c'.

The witch's fingers walked along the strings in the mirror of the instrument, her right hand held the bow, guiding it to bring the chords to life. The scroll of the instrument pointed in the same direction of the rays of light that fell on Josie's skin.

The teenager could feel the music ringing in her bones, the feeling of euphoria on the touch of the chords made a simple smile appear on her face.

For someone considered a false witch by the Council's eyes, Josie considered music her own magic, and no one could take that from her.

When the last note left the Instrument, Josie's chest rose and fell with breaths accompanying the
song’s tempo.

"You are beautiful."

The abrupt voice startled Josie, who fell back awkwardly, her elbows banging on the cold floor. Her head turned so fast to the source of the sound that the girl's dark hair whipped her right cheek.

In the left corner of the room, hidden behind the huge speakers, was a boy. His eyes were wide-eyed. Josie recognized him in the same second, he was from one of the Coven families.

"The music!" He exclaimed hastily, his eyebrows gathering in despair. "I m-meant to say the music, she's beautiful."

Josie did not answer, and the boy ran his left hand through his reddish hair, a gesture of despair. He stood up from the boxes, almost tripping over the strings, and went to the witch, a hand reaching for an offer of help.

Josie accepted the help, pressing the violin against her torso like a shield.

"What were you doing back there?"

He gave her a crooked smile, with a hint of guilt, "I was totally not skipping Professor Thomas's class."

Josie wrinkled her nose, "Physics was never my favorite class."

The boy's golden eyes brightened for a second, "I'm Griffin Harrington, even though I'm from Coven, we've never been properly introduced." He held out his hand, "It's nice to finally talk to you, Josie."

To say that the witch had red cheeks was a euphemism, of course she knew who Griffin was. Josie was 14, the age where the first crushes and infatuations were discovered, and Griffin Harrington was certainly one of them.
The sound of laughs echoed in the late afternoon. The two teenagers sat on the lake's deck, their feet plunged into the water.

Both watched the paper monkey, which Griffin bewitched, dancing in the air in stunts.

"You have to teach me your tricks." Josie said, her cheeks sore from smiling.

"Of course not!" The boy exclaimed, "A worthy sorcerer never reveals his secrets." He deepened his voice for a dramatic effect.

"Worthy, is it?" The brunette teased. Griffin just nudged her with his elbow in her abdomen, where Josie hated being prodded.

The witch tugged at the cuff of the flowery spring dress, and Griffin's eyes fell on Josie's birthmark, which sat where the clavicle met with the girl's shoulder. All the twins in the Gemini Coven lead line had that same mark, the Gemini constellation.

Griffin's eyes gleamed in ambar, and his hair looked more and more red against the sunset's light, "Besides, if I tell you my spells, how am I going to impress you?"

Josie just rolled her eyes. "Speaking of spells, I have a new one to show you."

Griffin smiled at his friend, happy at the excitement in Josie's brown eyes. He reached out to her, who did not hesitate to intertwine her fingers with Griffin's. The red glow appeared in the palm of Josie's hand, which sucked a small amount of friend magic.

The siphon closed her eyes, whispering the spell. Griffin sighed in delight as the little colored lights
came around them, like fireflies at dusk. Josie smiled happily at her friend's reaction.

"I'm surprised it's not another fire spell."

"Do not talk about my pyrotechnic spells, okay?" Josie's voice was of false offense, "They're my favorites."

Griffin turned to the sunset, "Do you want to have dinner at home today?"

Josie shrugged, "You know your dad does not like me much ..."

The teenager chewed his lip, guilty. The whole Coven knew of Conrad's aversion to the girl, even if the man did not blatantly demonstrated it.

Josie threw her head back, the colored lights floating around her, "We better head back, it'll be at least half an hour before we get to Chicago." She drew her feet from the lake's warm water and stood up, the deck's wood squeaking with the movement.

"Come on, dear driver!" She gestured dramatically.

Griffin rolled his eyes, "You make me regret having taken my license." He muttered, following the brunette to the car on the dirt road a few yards away, "By the way, when are you going to get yours? You're almost sixteen, JoJo."

Josie turned to her friend, walking backwards to the car, "Why bother when I have you to take me wherever I want, Griff."

"Why you little ...!" He ran after his brunnet friend, the jean's wet cuffs on his ankles.
Josie didn't usually go in the artifact section of the manor's library. She could easily feel magic, and the place always made her uneasy.

She tried to sleep, but she had a strange dream in which she wandered through shelves searching for something she didn't exactly know. And that was exactly what she was doing now.

The enchanted stone she was carrying emitted light through the bookcases, Josie was staring at the titles on their spine until a strange sensation passed through her body.

It was like an attraction that Josie's eyes came to rest at the end of the hallway, on the bookshelf testing beside the window. Walking closer, she went to it's left corner, where there was an untitled dark book, almost hidden alongside the others thick volumes.

"A Grimoire?"

She removed the book carefully, in the center of it's cover was a purple gemstone that looked like a galaxy, and left the magic luminous stone on the shelf. She slowly reached the cover's leather surface with her index, a click sounded and the stone detached itself from the cover at the moment that Josie's finger touched the surprisingly warm jewelry.

Carefully she lifted it, and a chain soon followed behind. It was a necklace. The witch looked curiously at the object that reflected the light of the bewitched luminous stone.

"What the..." There was something odd about the necklace, a haunting power that made the hairs on the back of her neck stand upright.

Josie wrapped the necklace's chain around her right wrist like a bracelet. She opened the leather cover of the book, the pages thick and yellowish, there was something written on the first sheet.

"Malachai Parker." The words left her mouth without even realizing.

"Who names their child Malachai?" A mocking male voice sounded behind Josie, who turned with her back against the leather books, panicking as she found a pair of mischievous brown eyes, "It's as if they expected me to be evil."
Sooooo, this is actually a translation of my Hosie story, which is in portuguese. With that being said, expect some grammar mistakes, sorryyy

This is going to be a bit of a slow burn, Hope isn't going to appear until chapter four. I still have a lot of things to write about this alternative timeline before the romance begins.

KAI PARKER IS BACK EVERYONE! And he's going to be the best sociopath uncle ever.

What do you guys expect for the story?
Horcrux

Kai let out an impressed whistle, his hands tucked into the pockets of his jeans. He was striding around Josie's room curiously, noting from the little flaw in the painting near the window, to the sheer amount of music sheets scattered around the room.

The man's thick eyebrow rose when he spotted the violin on the girl's bed, "Looks like you got the artistic genes of the family."

Kai reached for the instrument, but Josie was faster. She picked up the ruler sitting on the desk beside the bed, and hit her uncle's fingers. The necklace on his wrist shook with the abrupt movement.

"Ouch!" He brought his reddening hand to his chest, "Why so violent, woman!"

The brunette's pupils dilated, "No one touches my violin." Growled.

"Apparently you have my temper, too." Kai mocked.

Josie took a deep breath, "It's three in the morning, and I'd like to know how I'm talking to someone who should not even be in this dimension, instead of sleeping in my wonderful, comfortable bed." The witch snapped her fingers in frustration.

Kai pricked his tongue in the roof of his mouth, "The thing is ... I'm not really here."

"What did you just say?"
He pointed at Josie's right wrist, making a spin gesture with his finger. "The necklace." He said as if it was going to answer all the brunette's doubts.

Josie took her arm at eye level, the pendant spun. The witch's eyes stopped at the writing behind the jewel.

"*Always the Same*" Malachai translated the french words.

The confusion in Josie's mind did not subside, "I still do not understand how this is happening."

Kai, exasperated, rolled his eyes, "This Grimoire you found is mine. I made it before I was sent for the last time to the Prison World."

Josie sat on the bed next to the book. "What did you write in it?"

The siphon grazed his chin that had a short beard, "Charms, spells, alchemies, stuff about the supernatural, and most of all, my experiences as a siphon."

"In fact," Kai began, "I'm surprised that the Council allowed you to take part in the ritual, with me it was the reverse. My parents continued to have more children until another pair of twins showed up."

Josie looked up at the man, "They had no choice." She shrugged.

"What do you mean by that?"

The brunette sighed, "There were complications in childbirth, Jo can not have any more children."

The teenager touched the book carefully. Her eyes passing through Kai's handwriting, he had everything there, from drawings of supernatural creatures, artifacts, chemical reactions to potions, and alchemy. Some entries were dated, Josie imagined they would be like the siphon's diary.
"But how does the necklace fit in this?"

Kai's lips formed a smirk, he sat on the bed, "Have you read Harry Potter?"

Josie opened her mouth to ask what the hell Harry Potter had to do with the situation, but opted only for a positive nod.

"The first time I read it, I was fascinated by the Horcrux idea, so I decided to make my own." Kai folded his arms proudly.

Josie's jaw dropped, but the man did not care for the perplexity on her face, and just continued, his tone of voice pretentious.

"Every supernatural being has its own essence, none equal to another, like an identity." He took the book from Josie's lap, turning the pages quickly, until it stopped in one with a huge spell in a language not derived from Latin. Josie had never seen anything like it.

"Then I put all my essence into this necklace, knowing the chances of being sent back to that miserable place." He growled in frustration.

Josie bit her lip thoughtfully, "So you're still in the Prison World?"

"Exact. Only my physical body is in that dimension, and only you can see me. At least while wearing the necklace."

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The sound of the cutlery against the porcelain of the dishes was the only noise in the room, not to mention the noises that Jo Parker's fingernails made when they tapped endlessly on the tablet.

The morning began and the small family ate breakfast. The twins occasionally exchanged whispers
as they relished the food. Unlike the mother, who had barely touched her plate. The woman occasionally scratched her left eyebrow, a sign of frustration.

Josie exchanged a look with her sister, who made a gesture with her chin, encouraging her. The young brunette sighed.

"Is everything all right, mother?" The question was not enough to take the woman's eyes off the device.

"It's nothing to worry about. Just a customer who is making it difficult in the negotiations." She took a sip of the steaming black coffee.

After Jo Parker moved with Coven to Chicago, she invested in a company that manufactured hospital equipment. The other families also took her steps, and today they run the company and its affiliates, all geared toward hospital machinery.

Lizzie lowered the cutlery, "I'm sure everything will work out."

The woman finally raised her blue eyes to her daughters, and gave a tight smile, "I hope so, Elizabeth. At night we will have an important meeting with the elders and the rest of the Council, I can not wear off with the negotiations with the new hospital."

Josie's eyebrows rose, she opened her mouth to speak, but her mother interrupted.

"And no, you two can not participate."

Josie tried to resist the urge to make a pout with her mother's words.

"Apparently she's still as delicate and lovely as ever." The mocking voice said.

Josie's head rose so quickly that the brunette felt her neck crack. Behind her mother was Kai, his back against the wall as he nudged his cuticle. Josie could feel the wicked look hidden behind the wizard's lashes.
The talisman with Kai's essence was hidden by the school uniform, nestled in the girl's bust. Josie could feel the warmth of the stone pulsing over and over again.

Lizzie got up, adjusting her uniform skirt, "Come on, Josie. We're almost late for class."

Conformed, the brunette began to follow her sister out of the room. Hopefully, she casted a glance at the table.

"Bye mom."

The woman did not answer. Josie ignored Kai's look of compassion, lowered her head, and followed her sister.

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"Didn't your mother say you could not attend to the meeting?"

"Technically I'm not attending the meeting ... just watching from afar." Josie murmured to her uncle, the two of them were in a small hidden room, whose only door was one of the innumerable shelves in the library. A secret room.

"I think the correct term is snooping around." Malachai pinned, the teenager only rolled her eyes in response.

The room had a desk, but that was not what interested the brunette, but the small window that gave a privileged view of the room in which the Council met. The small window was rectangular, with the size of a smartphone, and covered by a thin grid with peeling paint.

With the view that Josie had, she could see the huge council room from above, the little window was on top of one of the huge paintings that decorated the room where the meeting took place.
In the oversized meeting room were two long tables of dark mahogany in parallel, the left for the elders, and the right for the chiefs of the most important families of the Coven, each with six chairs with silver details.

In the end, between the two tables, there was almost a kind of throne, which was raised by a step. The throne was not extravagant, even simple, endured by symbols in the dark mahogany wood that matched the tables.

That was the leader's chair, and her mother was in it at the moment, her hand tightening on the upholstery hard, Josie could almost see a vein jutting around her neck, she looked angry.

"What are they talking about, eh?" Kai grunted and stood beside the niece, both squeezing against the small window.

Josie scanned the room, and found the source of her mother's irritation.

At the right table, a man was standing, his torso covered with his expensive suit, and his chin raised in pride. Josie recognized those auburn hair from any distance. It was Conrad Harrington, the father of the little witch's best friend.

"Conrad? Is he in the council?" Kai's voice dripped in disgust, his nose contorted in irritation, Josie noticed that she made the same gesture when she became irritated.

"Apparently you know him," She mumbled.

The siphon shrugged, "We have a past, not a very nice one, by the way."

The brunette imagined that most of Kai's past with the Coven members should not be very pleasant.

Conrad was in the middle of a speech, "... Even though the Gemini Coven is one of North America's most powerful conventions and all our advances, it is undeniable that our magic is slowly diminishing."
One of the elders scratched his beard with his bony fingers, "And what solution do you propose to us, Harrington."

The broad-shouldered man ran a hand through his hair, "We need a powerful leader, we need The Merge to renew our magic."

Josie's mother spoke, the anger contained in her tone, "We already agreed that the ritual will happen when the twins complete their eighteenth birthday."

Conrad curled his lips defiantly, "I do not see why we shouldn't advance the ritual."

Josie's body froze, her shoulders stiff and tight. Griffin's father's speech was enough to lift the chaos in the meeting, everyone was arguing at the same time.

The witch felt Kai's hand on her shoulder, her eyes meeting the warlock's dark brown orbs with concern.

Conrad's words were ringing in his mind, 'Advancing the Merge?' She thought, Josie had not even made it to her sixteen birthday yet, it was less than a month away.

She felt the rough hand of her uncle pull at her wrist, "Let's get out of here."

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A few days later, it was possible to feel the enormous tension that surrounded the family. The twins noticed how stressed their mother looked. Lizzie was sure it had to do with the company's business, but Josie had been strangely tense in recent Lizzie could feel an uneasiness over their bond.

The class was over, but the students at Lake Forest Academy always stayed after class. The school provided numerous extracurricular activities for teens, who often preferred to stay than to go home. In addition, they were in the last week of school, so everyone was enjoying the last few days with friends before traveling.
The tall blonde finally spotted her sister's brown hair in the sea of students in the hallway. She sprinted toward Josie, her blond ponytail swinging with her footsteps.

"Hey, Jo!"

The brunette looked around, confused at the sound of her name, and Lizzie noticed that she carried, as always, her briefcase with the violin.

"Liz, aren't you late for badminton training?"

"I still have time." The two of them began to walk side by side toward the music room on the third floor. The hallways were almost empty with the flow of people.

"I just wanted to talk." The tall one shrugged, "You're kind of weird these days. On alert. I'm pretty sure I caught you talking to yourself sometimes."

Josie lifted her shoulders and her eyebrows came together. Her eyes darted to something behind Lizzie's right shoulder. When the witch turned her body, she found only the green lockers with silver details, the school's colors.

Josie's hand on her forearm woke her.

"It's no big deal, Liz. I had a small fight with Griffin and I did not talk to him today." The brunette bit the inner wall of her cheek.

Liar, the blonde thought.

They both arrived at the stairs at the end of the hallway.

"Do not worry, Elizabeth. I have to go to the music room." Josie nervously gripped the handle of her briefcase. "Your workout will start soon. See you at dinnertime."
Lizzie watched her sister hurry up the stairs. She sighed and went in the opposite direction, heading down to the gym.

The blonde tried to ignore the uneasiness at the back of her mind. She didn’t have a good feeling.

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The door and the window of the music room were safely locked. Josie was sitting in the middle of the room, Kai’s grimoire open in front of her.

The siphon was pacing around the room, poking the instruments like a child. Josie never imagined that the sociopath uncle that the elders cursed would be like a hyperactive child.

"Are you going to show me what you wanted or not?" Josie growled.

Kai waved his hand, "Patience, my young Padawan." He sat opposite the teenager on the floor, the Grimoire open in the middle of the two.

Josie looked at the yellowed page, "What are these symbols?"

The siphon opened a smile, "These are not symbols, dear niece. They are runes."

Josie tipped her head to the side. The runes written on the page were almost rudimentary, the letters had almost no curvature, just straight lines.

"It looks familiar ..." The brunette murmured, "Is this Nordic?"

Kai raised his eyebrow, "It seems like you're not as slow as I thought."
Josie rolled her eyes so hard that the wizard almost thought they would get stuck.

"I've never seen any witches use Nordic runes. All our spells are in Latin."

"Story time! Before, I was completely obsessed with siphoning as much magic as possible. The problem is that it would always go away very quickly."

Josie bit her lower lip, "The only people I've ever siphoned on are my sister and Griffin."

"Your boyfriend?" Kai scoffed.

"Not your idiot, my friend." Josie's eyebrows came together, "The rest of the Coven never got too close to me."

Kai gulped, "I'm sorry."

"What for?"

"They see you as my legacy, Josie. They seem to treat you worse than they did to me, I feel like this is my fault."

"Partially yes, you did several bad things from their point of view, but most of it is their fault. I've known you three days and you've treated me better than they have in years."

Kai opened a simple smile, "Toujours le Même, Josie."

Josie's brown eyes darted to the talisman with its chain wrapped around her wrist, *Always the Same* was carved surrounded by two jasmine branches.

"What do these runes do?"
"Each one means something, little Josie. And each has its own power, its own magic."

Josie's eyes widened in excitement.

"But it's not that simple. You can not just write a rune and expect something to happen." He pointed to the grimoire. "They need to be written with a specific object."

He took the grimoire and folded it, creating a gap between the leather cover and the spine of the book. From the inside something fell, like a pen, but it was thicker and its body was made of twisted obsidian, at its tip was nailed a prism-shaped red crystal like the tip of a pencil.

"This is a volcanic crystal, very rare to find. It helps activate the power of the runes."

Josie blinked repeatedly, "That ... Is this a Stele?"

Kai's shoulders slumped, "Yes." He muttered quietly.

Josie burst out laughing, she could have sworn she saw a vein jump in irritation on her uncle's forehead.

"I can not believe you read *The Mortal Instruments*! Who would have thought you liked teen romance?"

Now it was Kai's turn to roll his eyes, "It's a wonderful universe, and it was their runes that instigated me to research the Norse runes. And for your information, I'm an hopeless romantic."

He continued, "Do you have any stones out there? Or something that is not flammable."

Josie scanned the music room until her eyes stopped at the paper weight on the table. She picked up the object.

"What are we going to do with this?"
"If I draw a rune with Stele on paper, it will catch on fire. Viking witches used to carve them on stones, and today, dear niece, you will carve your first rune.

Kai handed the Stele to Josie, it was strangely heavy, and the slightly reddish crystal glinted in the room's light

"How about we start with a simple one." Kai’s index finger poised over a rune, underneath it was written *good luck*.

Josie took a deep breath and drew the Stele closer to the stone. Before she even touched the surface, the crystal began to glow. The witch drew the first line, a small hiss coming from the stone. A bright trail was left behind where the crystal passed, and the stone warmed in her hand.

When it was over, Josie let out the air she didn't even notice she was holding. She looked happily at the rune, sort of an 'X', but on the top right corner was connected with two small lines.

However, what made Josie happy was the proud look on Kai's face, his eyes sparkling brightly.

"Let's see if it works." He grinned and handed her a coin. "Heads or tails?"

"Heads." Josie carefully positioned the stone with the rune in her left thigh. She picked up the coin and tossed it up.

"Heads."

Tossed it again.

"Heads."

And again.
"Heads." Josie's smile widened.

He threw it one last time.

"Heads."

Kai ruffled her hair affectionately, "Good job, you little witch."

A curious thought came into Josie's mind, "Why did the witches stop using the runes?"

"It was not very advantageous to them, that they could only make simpler runes, like this, they could never use the more complicated ones that held a greater power. And soon after the Latin spells arrived."

"Why could not they use the powerful runes?"

"Because, my dear niece, that kind of rune required a special kind of witch."

Josie sucked in the air, surprised. "A siphon?"

Kai nodded.

"But why?"

"Those runes were too powerful to be studded with stones. They had to be carved in the skin."

"And the witches couldn't do that?"

Kai denied, "The magic was very strong, and it drove them mad, because they could not absorb the magic of the runes. But we can."
Kai pointed to another rune in the corner of the page, a rune of protection.

"This is the simplest protection rune. But marking them on the skin is not something simple. If you put something that you are not yet ready to withstand the consequences it will be disastrous."

He knelt behind the teenager, "The process is a little painful, but you get used to it over time."

Josie swallowed, "I'm ready."

She neared Stele to her left forearm and traced the first line, the crystal glittered and Josie's skin burned. The brunette clenched her jaw and her fist tightly, the tip of Stele left a black line like charcoal behind.

It took a few minutes for the rune to be complete, Josie took a few pauses to calm down. The forehead skin was slightly reddish around the rune lines, a trace in the middle, and two types of 'V' lying down cut through the middle line.

Josie was breathless, a euphoric felling washed over her. When she looked at Kai, he had the same cheerful smile on his face.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was bigger to make up for the time without posting.

What did you think?

Did you like the moments of Kai and Josie?

What did you think of Conrad, Griffin's father.

I took inspiration from the runes of "The Mortal Instruments", but I decided to use the
Norse runes because they combine more with the story.

If anyone would like to see what are the runes Josie used, here's the link:

https://pin.it/764x343f6in4bf

What are your thoughts in Kai's Horcrux?

What are your theories for the next chapter? What about Lizzie's bad feeling?
Blood Sacrifice

Chapter Notes

It's almost midnight in Brazil, and I can't understand what I'm writing.

Sorry if the translation is bad.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Blood Sacrifice

It didn't take long for Josie to realize that Kai was the most annoying person she'd ever met. And the son of a bitch did it on purpose, and didn't bother to disguise the artful glint in his gaze.

The two of them walked the streets of the Chicago neighborhood where the Coven resided. The houses were basically mansions and far apart, unfortunately Griffin's house was a little far from the Parker family Manor, which earned Josie a walk alongside the so annoying sociopath.

The siphon spent exactly five minutes and a few seconds whistling whistlingly to the tune of Twisted Nerve.

A pebble flew and hit the warlock's forehead.

"Damn you, Josie! You're violent, huh?"
As they passed the lamppost Josie could see that the man was not injured, and wondered if he could bleed in that 'astral' form.

"And you are annoying."

The man rolled his brown eyes, "Is it going to take too long to get to your sweetheart's house?"

Another stone hit his shoulder.

"Okay, I'll stop. Done!"

"The house is after that corner."

Kai began to walk backwards, surveying the forest surrounding all the houses.

"Isn't it kind of dangerous to walk here at night?" As if to emphasize his speech, an owl scampered down into the woods to grab its prey.

"A little, yes. But everyone in the neighborhood is from the Coven, so I don't think it's really dangerous for us."
"And what's after the woods?"

Josie shrugged, "It's not too big, maybe half a mile." The witch kicked the sidewalk, her school bag with her grimoire slung over her left shoulder, her right hand carried the violin case. Kai thought the instrument was almost a third member of the girl.

"I think after the woods, in that direction," she pointed behind the nearest mansion, "There's a road."

Kai took the opportunity to grab his niece's left wrist, "Don't you think you're too old to wear this?" He mocked pointing at the girl's watch.

It was an vintage Mikey Mouse watch, collector's edition,. The worn leather strap almost never comes off the brunette's wrist.

Josie looked at the smiling little face of the mouse, "Lizzie gave it in our birthday when we were nine. It was all so simple back then when we weren't aware of the Merge. For me, it's a reminder that no matter how hard my day is, smiling can make things better."

Josie's smartphone beeped in her back pocket, a new message. Kai put his face on her shoulder, almost making her lose balance.

"You're really nosy, you know? "
The siphon just laughed and took the smartphone from his niece's hand.

"Speaking of the devil. It's your sister, wondering if you're home yet."

"I'll answer her later."

Malachai opened a game on her cell phone, and the sound of zombie grunts broke the silence of the street.

"You and your sister seem to be close ... A little different from my situation."

"I think you forgot you massacred half of your family, and cut out my mother's spleen with a hunting knife." Josie said incredulously.

The siphon shrugged as he pressed the buttons to kill the zombies. A maniac smile barely covered by his thin beard.

"My connection with Lizzie is stronger than usual. Most of the Coven doesn't know, but we can feel each other's emotions when they are strong."

"Curious." He trailed off.
They passed another streetlight, the last one before the mansion. A strange feeling ran through Josie's body, a shiver ran through her neck. Kai looked up, alert.

"Feel that?" Josie asked.

"It's magic. Someone is performing a ritual nearby. It's completely normal for us siphons to feel when a place or object has a strong magical energy."

Josie shifted her weight from one leg to the other and tightened her grip on the briefcase strap.

"Sometimes I feel uncomfortable when I go to the part of the grimoire where the magical artifacts are stored. But this energy is different, it seems ... corrupted ."

Kai handed her the cell phone, eyebrows raised together in confusion, "I think it's coming from your friend's house."

Josie vehemently denied, "All rituals are supervised by someone important from the Council, and scheduled advance. My mother didn't mention anything about a ritual this week."

Kai smiled, showing the canines, "We only have one way to find out."

And sprinted out toward the house, pulling the brunette by the wrist.
They walked through the back door, the front door locked. The house was quiet, but the lights were mostly on.

"Maybe Griffin is in his room." Josie suggested.

They went to the second floor, and the brunette opened the door to her friend's room. It was empty.

Kai looked down the hall, "I think it's coming from there."

Josie swallowed, "That's Conrad's office." She exchanged a worried look with the man, "Do you think we should go there?"

~ • ~

Conrad's private studio said a lot about the man. It was dark, the furniture red and brown, the same color as the huge bear rug on the floor.

Kai was curiously looking at the huge floor-to-ceiling painting, and it was the same width as the desk in front of it. The painting seemed to portray one of the levels of Hell proposed by Dante in his first volume of Divine Comedy.
"I always knew he was a psycho." Kai snapped his tongue in the roof of his mouth, "Who in their right mind puts this in the office?" He asked.

"It takes one to recognize another." Josie answered, ignoring her uncle's sour look.

A wave of magic passed through the brunette's body and she massaged her temples. Josie was not used to being close to such magic, and her body was showing signs.

Kai approached, "It's normal for such reactions, usually I just had headaches, but you're not used to it. I think it's dangerous for you to have a sensory overload."

Josie cleared her throat, "I'm fine." She took the first step, but her knees gave way. The brunette tried to grab the edge of the desk, knocking over a few things in the process.

"Josie!" Kai was beside her in the blink of an eye.

The brunette raised her head and noticed something strange. The small statue of the Greek goddess Hecate that stood on the edge of the table — and which she thought had toppled over — was tilted at a ninety-degree angle, with a small metal rod sticking out of its base, connecting it to the table.

Josie was about to comment on the quirk when a sudden move diverted their attention.
The 'Hell' painting had begun to move, and behind it was a spiral staircase that descended the floor. The stone walls were lit by enchanted stones like the one Josie had in her backpack.

The magic went up dramatically and Josie could hear the murmur of voices.

Kai swallowed, "I think we should go home."

But the brunette seemed in a trance and was already getting to her feet. The siphon had no choice but to follow his niece, who was already strolling around the desk.

Josie's cell phone rang in her back pocket, but it wasn't enough to stop her from going down the first step of the stairs.

~ • ~

Josie's footsteps echoed up the spiraling stone staircase, the curved walls of bewitched stones giving her an almost claustrophobic feel. But even that did not take her from the strange trance she was in.

Kai came after the teenager, his broad shoulders tense and his hands clenched into fists, his breathing shallow and his eyes alert.

The staircase ended in a spiral and continued straight until it was soon after. The two arrived in a kind of mezzanine in a huge room. At the end of the mezzanine was another stone staircase that led to the floor of the huge room.
The voices were clearer. Josie approached the edge of the mezzanine - careful not to be seen - the border that slammed into the girl's belly button, and then hid half her body in a huge column. She gasped when her eyes caught what was happening meters below under the illumination of countless candles.

The first thing she noticed was the circle of people dressed in black tunics, who chanted an ancient chant that made the brunette's neck stand on end. They stood around an altar.

The brunette's knees buckled when she realized what was on the altar. Two naked girls were impaled by deer antlers protruding from various parts of their bodies. Blood dripped on the marble altar, and Josie's stomach turned as she saw the strange hard and sharp symbols in the body of the two girls.

"Holy shit ..." Kai gasped.

Josie couldn't take her eyes off the two girls, their eyes open in a blank expression and their mouths twisted in terror. Both bodies had their throats cut so deep that Josie could see the white of the bones. The dripping blood was so dark and viscous that bordered and almost black color. Between the two girls was another pair of horns, still empty.

Josie wanted to throw up. The corrupted dark magic made her dizzy and nauseous.

"Ek kallfyrirr goddesanhelar, may hon grants mik maktinn hon ðeholðs fyrir mik til vald khaos.

Maybloðinnr ór þrírinn species ór supernaturalinn munu ærinn fyrir hantilr bless óss með kunnustarinn ok makt ór gamallinn ok gamall godðs."
Josie's attention went to the unexpected voice. It was Conrad. Dressed in the same black tunic, in his left hand a ceremonial dagger with strange symbols. Another girl was naked with her back against the man's torso, which held her hair tightly with his free hand. She had a body carved with different marks from the other two, blood dripping from the cuts. She was crying and kicking, but she couldn't run away.

"Josie ... let's get out of here." The siphen tried to get her attention, but it was no use.

"Mayhonr gefr oss magicinn vér truly deserve, may vèr vald khaos sem eingainn real law ör okkarr óiverse.

Góddèss ör darkrinn, take þessi rauda sacrifice inn þinn honor, aid oss inn okkarr för fyrir trueinn makt."

Conrad continued to chant the spell in that tongue so old it sounded like a snake hissing, a manic look on his face. The hooded wizards around them chanted their loudest.

In a flash, Conrad cut the girl's throat in his arms and Josie jumped as she watched the girl's blood stain the white marble.

A thud sounded in the room and everyone's attention went to Josie's direction, who didn't even notice that she dropped the violin case on the stone floor.

Conrad's green eyes were wide, as if he didn't expect to have an interruption in the ritual. His jaw clenched when he realized where Josie was, his eyes squinting. Blood splatters adorned his rock-hardened face.
The witch was sure he would kill her right there.

Before the teenager could have any reaction, Conrad's hand had already raised and the knife in his grip cut the air. The target was clearly Josie.

When the blade was about to strike her, it swerved. As if an invisible force had changed its course.

Josie felt a burn in her left biceps, and hot liquid seeping down her arm, soiling her uniform.

Kai's voice roused her.

"JOSIE! RUN!"

And that's what she did.

"Kill her!" Conrad's powerful voice boomed through the ritual chamber.
By the time Josie stumbled to Cornad's office it was too late. One of the robed wizards was already there. He cast a curse, but again the unknown force acted and the spell hit the bookcase.

The realization came in a second, *the protection rune*.

Josie did the first offensive spell that came to mind, "*Ossox!*"

The sickening sound of bones breaking and the man's screams were not enough to take the focus off the brunette, who continued to run down the corridor.

Her victory did not last long, she arrived in the living room and was cornered by two other wizards.

The words of the incantations seemed to flow from Josie's mouth without hesitation, "*Lihednat Dolchitni!*" She shouted, Kai's necklace shining between her shirt as she siphoned the power of the stone.

They both dropped to their knees, hands on their necks as they choked gasping for air.

She ran to the front door, but a force threw her into the wall. Josie screamed in pain.

Conrad appeared in her sight, his raised hand using telekinesis was red, a blood glove to his forearm. His reddish-brown hair was messy and it stuck to his forehead with sweat.
He let out a nasty laugh, "All these years wanting to get rid of your filthy existence, and I finally have a chance." He practically growled, his green eyes sparkling wildly. His hand tightened into a fist and Josie felt her throat close. She was choking.

She could see Kai behind the man, he was shouting something, but Josie could no longer understand. Consciousness was beginning to slip away when she realized what to do.

She opened her mouth with difficulty and felt the jewel in the necklace warm against her chest.

"Vatos," she whispered.

At the same moment several objects in the room exploded and headed toward the man. Shards clung to his skin and he growled in agony.

Josie fell to the floor, knees weak. The spell was enough to distract the man, but not for long. Unfortunately he was in the doorway, so Josie ran in the opposite direction to the kitchen.

A witch came toward her, but Josie acted fast. She used telekinesis to throw a vase at her head, and only had time to hear the sound of her body falling to the ground behind her as she ran.

She arrived in the kitchen, but no way out. Kai was behind her.

"Jump through the window!" He exclaimed, his eyes frantic.
The sound of footsteps coming toward her was enough to make a decision. She threw herself hard against the glass.

Eventually she fell into a bush, scraping her body with a few cuts. But she didn't spend time, grabbed the straps of her school bag, and darted into the woods.

"Don't let her get away!" She heard Conrad's voice roar from the house.

The goons spent no time chasing her. Their voices were loud with the sound of the forest animals.

Josie ran with Kai by her side, tripping over the roots of the huge trees, the dirt coming in through the cuts made them burn, but she always rose with her uncle's appeals. She couldn't feel the tears running down her cheeks. She couldn't see nothing in the darkness.

"Can't go home," Kai gasped. "It will be the first place they will look for you!"

"The road!" Exclaimed the brunette, "I have to get there!"

Josie tightened her legs, and the voices of Conrad's men grew more and more distant.

Finally they reached the side of the road. There was a white last edition pickup truck parked on the
side of the road, the driver was peeing in a tree not far away.

Without thinking twice, she jumped as quietly as possible into the back of the car, Kai repeated the action. Josie quickly covered herself with the smelly blankets that were there. It didn’t take half a minute and the owner got in the car, the engine noise was a relief for the girl. As the car started to accelerate Josie took a deep breath and leaned her head against the cold metal.

It wasn’t long before the adrenaline subsided and the pain hit like a truck. Carefully, she lifted the left sleeve of her school uniform, and saw the cut that Conrad’s knife caused her.

"This is awful." Kai scowled.

Josie growled, "Oh really? I didn't even notice."

With difficulty, she took the backpack from her back, opened it and handed the grimoire to her uncle.

"I need a healing rune." The brunette's eyes dropped to her left forearm, where the protective rune was faded with the use. She could hardly see it.

The siphon scratched his beard and pointed to the healing rune, "The problem is that you need to draw it over the wound."

Josie bit her lip, "Why do I have a feeling it's going to hurt like hell?"
Kai gave her a sadistic smile, "That's because it surely will."

Josie swallowed and tucked the leather strap of her bag between her teeth. She grabbed the Stele with her right hand and began to make the marks.

The pain of the burn was horrible, and Josie could only bite the leather so as not to grunt so loud and alert the driver. The skin burned at the tip of Stela that left a charcoal trace behind, the worst part was when the lines passed through the deep and bloody cut.

By the time it was finished, her nostrils were already used to the scent of burnt flesh. Sweat ran down her forehead and stopped at Siphon's eye lashes. Amid the pain, Josie wondered if Lizzie was safe, and what would be Conrad's next move.

"Sleep, little witch. The night is long and full of terrors." Kai's solemn voice gave her some comfort and exhaustion came.

The last images that came to mind were those of the ritual. The bloody girls with marks embedded in the skin by Conrad's knife. The hard and strange symbols flooded her mind like a sea of merciless horrors as she felt the throbbing in her arm slowly subside.

Josie woke up with a bump in the middle of the night. When she pulled the blanket off her head she saw that the truck had stopped at a gas station. She quickly gathered her belongings and jumped out of the car, running unnoticed to the side of the convenience store.
Kai appeared beside Josie, leaning against the dirty smelly wall.

"I don't think you will like to know where we are."

"The farther from Chicago the better."

"We're on the edge of a small town in the middle of Indiana."

Josie cursed, "Shit! How long have I slept?"

Kai shrugged, "About four hours, almost. Do you have any destiny in mind?"

The witch bit the inside of her cheek thoughtfully. "They probably must have already done a locating spell. I need to find a motel to do a cloaking spell as soon as possible." She leaned against the wall next to her uncle, "After that, I'll head south."

"And how are you going to get money for a motel, dear niece."

Josie's shoulders dropped, "I hadn't thought of that."
Kai snapped his tongue in the roof of his mouth, "You're lucky I already planned ahead." He reached out and pointed lazily at the ATM on the other side of the post.

"Do you want me to steal an ATM?"

"Telekinesis has many uses, and that's one of them." Said in a funny tone.

The two approached the machine. The electronic lights gleamed in Josie's apprehensive face. The brunette glanced into the shop, the only person being a teenager leaning over the box with headphones and spiky hair.

"We don't have all night, Josette."

The witch ignored her uncle and concentrated. She fumbled her palm and felt the air vibrate. She closed her fingers slowly and the metal of the cashier began to squirm. The crack of metal made Josie take a step back, and the cash notes flew through the air.

Kai burst out laughing and Josie followed him. He reached for a high five.

"That's how you do it!"

Josie stole a look at the store, but the cashier was still entertained with a cell phone game.
"Will you stand there brooding, or will you get the bloody money?" Kai inquired, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

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The motel room was awful, the walls peeling with seepage and the fan didn't work. But it was enough for now.

Josie managed to get some candles and herbs with the owner, who was not so happy with the orders, but nothing that money couldn't solve.

Josie was sitting on the floor around a circle of candles, her grimoire open on the floor. Kai jumped on the lumped mattress.

"I need a stronger cloaking spell than they know." She muttered as she run her eyes through the book pages. "Probably can't stand another rune, I'm exhausted."

Kai dropped to the mattress, "I know a very efficient one. I used it at my dear sister's wedding."

Josie arched an eyebrow, "You mean the same spell you used to break into the ceremony and murder my father?"
The siphon rolled his eyes and gestured with his hand, "That was way too long ago."

"What is the spell?"

The grimoire pages turned by themselves until they stopped at one page close to the beginning. Josie took a deep breath and copied the drawing from the book with salt, put her hands on the book and repeated the words.

"There. Now they can't find you." Kai assured her.

Josie shook her head, "Not yet. There's another spell I need to do."

"Is it in the grimoire?"

"No. I know it by heart." She rearranged the position of the candles to form a five-pointed star.

"What does this spell do?"

"It breaks my connection with Lizzie."

Kai looked confused, "But why do you want this?"
"Remember I mentioned that my bond with Lizzie was stronger than yours with my mother?" Josie drew symbols with the crushed herbs around each candle.

"Think of it as a thread that connects us a channel through which we share strong enough feelings."

Kai's thick eyebrows rose in understanding. "They can use this channel to track you down."

Josie nodded, and looked at the cut that was almost closing on her left biceps, "Lizzie probably felt that pain."

"But how do you know this spell?"

"I found it in the grimoire when I was thirteen. I thought if I end my connection to Lizze, we wouldn't have to do The Merge " She rolled her eyes wondering how naive she was.

"It wouldn't work, the Parker blood line's curse is too deep and complex." Kai opined.

"I know. Another benefit of our connection is that we can feel each other, but this spell is like an obstacle in this bond, a barrier."

Kai got out of bed and paced the room thoughtfully, "You mean she'll think you're dead? Because she can't feel you on the other side of the bond, and vice versa."

The brunette swallowed and looked down, "It's reversible, but only I can do the counter spell." She muttered, her hand instinctively reaching for the birthmark on her right shoulder.

Kai took a deep breath, "If you're sure this is the right thing to do ..."

"I have."

"Just ..." Kai swallowed, "Be careful."
Josie gave him a small smile and began to chant.

"Nemo unus animabus carnem et sanguinem de ista duo." As palavras em latim deixavam um gosto amargo na boca, "Sanquinatum venetus barkael meh."

Josie inhaled sharply, feeling like someone was squeezing her heart out. Short of breath, she fell with a silent scream, mouth open in agony.

Tears streamed down her rosy cheeks, she felt like she was falling off a cliff. The force that held her to the twin sister no longer existed. It was the worst feeling she had, the worst pain.

Kai's arms brushed against her, but the comfort of his whispers was not enough.

"* Lizzie, Lizzie, Lizzie ..." She murmured the blonde's name in sobs.

"It will be all right, it will be all right." Uncle muttered as he stroked her brown hair.

After a while, Josie managed to form a coherent sentence. She moved slightly away from Kai's torso and took a deep breath, clenching her trembling hands.

"We're alone now."
A few hours after rest, the day dawned. Kai had opened the weathered yellow curtains and the sun warmed Josie's pale skin. The brunette was in the middle of the bed, her legs crossed and a map on the sheets.

"I'm starving." She rubbed her sleepy eyes.

"I don't think it's a good idea to go back to the convenience store, and you're not in a position to walk downtown." Kai was propped against the window, his head thrown back as he took advantage of the sunlight. His niece had not had a good night's sleep, surrounded by nightmares when she finally close her eyes.

"Is there a energy rune?"

Kai gave her a rogue smile, "I like the way you think, dear niece."

After searching for the norse rune in the grimoire, Josie lifted her shirt and decided to mark the right side of her body between her hip and rib. The rune was a drawing of an 'R' with two lines sticking out of the vertical line.

"Are you ambidextrous?" Kai questioned, seeing the girl's mastery when handling Stele with her left hand.

"Yes." She murmured in concentration, her tongue clenched between her teeth.
Kai moved closer, "You're getting better and better at this. It took me days to use more than two runes."

The effect of the mark was as if Josie had taken Redbull with espresso.

"I need resources," She pointed to the map, "Iron powder, sage, desert weed, potions, vervain... I can't walk off guard. There are other dangers besides Conrad and my Coven."

The siphon took a deep breath, inflating his chest, "There was a town not far from here ..." He scratched his beard as he searched the map, "With a peaceful Coven. The elderly family has a huge magic shop with everything you need."

Kai's finger stopped on the paper, "Right here! Greenville, four and a half hours south. Near Nashville."

"Greenville? Sounds familiar ..." said Josie.

"You've probably heard about the Peterson Coven in a book. They're an old family."

"But what if they recognize me somehow?"
"All you have to do, dear niece, is hide that birthmark." He pointed to where the collarbone met the girl's right shoulder, "If any warlock or witch sees this constellation on your skin, it's game over."

Josie scowled, the Gemini Coven is the strongest in North America, with connections across the country. The brunette knew that if anyone told her location she would have no escape.

~ • ~

They got off the bus at the bus station in the small town.

"Worst five hours of my life." Kai grunted as he massaged his back, "There is no more disgraceful creature than that child who sat behind you. I wish I had my beloved knife collection, that boy was going to beg that he never got out of his mother's vagina."

"I don't have a good feeling." Josie muttered as she surveyed her surroundings.

"Are you sure you just don't want to throw up a third time?" Kai intruded.

The teenager gave him a bitter look, "It's not my fault for not doing well on long trips."

The siphon studied the girl. A messy brown hair, dark circles caused by the sleepless nights, wandering empty eyes that darted around wildly looking for a surprise attack. Occasionally she ran her hand over the chain of Kai's necklace, making sure it was really safe.
Kai swallowed, no teenager was mentally strong enough to handle this kind of situation, and wondered if Josie would ever see her sister again and what Conrad would have done to the Parker family.

They walked along the sidewalk, Kai leading the girl toward the shop. Josie noticed the welcome sign in town.

"Greenville ..." she whispered, lost in thought. However, she almost stumbled when she realized why the city was so familiar to her.

"Kai!" She exclaimed, "When was the last time you came here?"

"2014, I think. Why ask?"

"There was a massacre here. A religious fanatic arrested five Coven witches at the local church with the intention of converting them, but ended up shooting them and setting everything on fire."

"Oh no."

"That's why I felt a strange and heavy force in the air."

The man looked up at the sky, "It's almost dark, we'd better get going."
Josie looked at the Mickey Mouse watch on her wrist with a sadness in her eyes, the glass was broken but it was nothing a spell didn't solve.

She didn't smile this time.

~*~

Apothecary & Remedies had a rather somber entrance. The door bell rang as Josie entered the room. The walls were lined with bookshelves, potions, and small vegetables and flowers that gave off a subtle scent in the shop.

On the left wall beside a staircase was the trunk of a tree, where it's roots dug into the wooden floor that were in Josie's footsteps. Bewitched stones on the branches shed light into the room.

A little girl was sitting on the stairs by the tree, a thick book in her lap. Looking at Josie curiously before opening her mouth to scream someone, Josie noticed that she had a missing upper tooth.

"Grandma Ruth!" The girl squeaked.

An old woman appeared through the beaded curtain behind the counter. Age marks appeared on her dark skin, a sharp mole between her lip and nose, her wrists adorned with bracelets that jingled as she moved. Josie noticed the woman's glassy eyes, she was blind.

"How can I help you, outsider?"
She exchanged a look with Kai before pulling a short list out of her pocket. Josie was about to recite all the items that were written, but another woman emerged from behind the counter. Probably in her late thirties, she had the same beauty mark as Ruth and Josie assumed it was her daughter.

"Welcome, my name is Cassandra Peterson." She said with a maternal smile on her face, reached a hand out in a silent request for Josie's list.

Josie remembered the four Coven Peterson witches who were massacred in the church years ago.

"Thanks." She answered sheepishly. Cassandra walked around the counter and began collecting all the items on the list in her hand.

"Where are you from, girl?" Ruth's hoarse voice called to her.

Josie was startled as she turned to see the old lady who was now by her side. How did she move so quietly with so many bracelets?, she thought. Kai's giggles sounded as if he had read her thoughts. He glanced at both women with something that bordered on affection.

"I come from north." It was the sorely response from the brunette.

"Be careful if you stay too long." Cassandra said, voice soft as honey, "Greenville is no longer as safe as before." She came back with a paper bag, with everything Josie had asked for.
The teenager handed over the money with a solemn nod, "I don't plan to extend my stay."

She was about to turn when Ruth's bony, firm hand gripped her right shoulder, "Be careful, Josie witch. *The night is long and full of terrors.*" The callused thumb caressed the birthmark of the twin Gemini, covered by the denim jacket. The old woman's milky eyes stared dead at Josie's brown.

"Send your uncle my regards." That's all she said before turning and disappearing into the curtain of beads.

It was only a few feet away from the store that the siphon remembered that she never gave her name to the old woman.

~•~

"That thing Ruth said ..." Josie started as they walked down the sidewalk looking for a motel. It was already dark, the last remnants of the sun a reddish blur on the horizon.

"The night is long and full of terrors. It's an old saying, a warning to traveling witches to beware, we always had many enemies. I met Ruth several years ago after leaving my first world prison, she gave me shelter for a night before I resumed my trip. "

The sound of a trash can falling into alley made Josie stand alert, her hand raised and the words of a spell on the tip of her tongue.
"It was just a cat, Josette."

The back of the Siphon's neck was crawling, she swallowed hard and tried to ignore the acidity in the pit of her stomach. They walked back, but it wasn't long before the sound of footsteps came from behind them.

Kai glanced back, "Okay, don't freak out, but there are two guys following you."

Josie tightened the hold on strap of her backpack until her knuckles whitened. She looked over her eyelashes at the end of the street, another man was propped against the lamppost.

The brunette's neck shivered, "I don't think they're human, Kai." She whispered.

The two men behind her started running. Josie only had time to assimilate sharp canines and red eyes before she reacted.

"Ossox" The two vampires fell to the floor, the sound of breaking bones almost bringing a smile to the witch's face.

Suddenly Josie had been thrown against the alley wall. The third blond-haired vampire hung her viciously, his fangs so white they reflected the dim streetlight. He lowered his face and bit the brunette's jugular.

The pain was immense, and Josie could only scream. Kai's voice was as loud as hers, but he could do nothing but shout a spell at his niece.
"**Motus**" Josie choked on the spell. The man flew until he hit the lamppost. Blood dripped down to stain the girl's collar.

"**Inferno**" she shouted, and the blonde's body was filled with blue flames.

The other two vampires were beginning to heal. Josie used telekinesis to keep them in place.

"Use one to cause pain." Kai whispered in her ear.

"**Ah Sha Lana. Ah Sha Lana.**" The talisman's jewel shone so bright it passed a warmth to the skin of the chest, but it did not burn.

Their screams made the corner of Josie's mouth curl, the spell so old and strong it made blood run down their eyes and nose.

With an arched brow Josie announced, "If you like blood so much, why don't you choke on it?" She growled, and with a lift of her wrist, blood began to flow from their mouths, both clutched their necks in agony.

"**Le Specto Tre Colo Ves Bestia.**" Their hearts flew out of their chest and right into Josie's outstretched hands. Breathless and euphoric, she didn't even bother with the slimy liquid running down her forearms and the dull thud of bodies falling on the asphalt.
She tried to take a step, but her knees buckled and meet the asphalt. Both organs rolled across the floor as Josie tried to support her own weight.

She was exhausted, her head was throbbing, and her blood lost was leaving it's effects from the vampire's bite, the one who was now in ashes. *And why was everything spinning?*

Kai knelt in front of her, his hands reaching the witch's jaw, "Josie! I know you're not used to using so much magic, but you can't pass out now! It's not safe!"

Her uncle's voice seemed so far away, her eyelids were heavy and she just wanted to take a goddamn nap.

The last thing she heard before blacking out was a male voice saying:

" *Davina, look! Come here quickly!*"

"Do you think it was a good idea to bring her here?"

"She needed help, Kol. She was injured."
They both looked at the teenage girl sleeping in the guest bed in the couple's rented loft.

"I still think we should take a look at her backpack, Davina." Kol complained like a child.

The witch rolled her blue eyes, "Shut up and help me get that blood-soaked jacket off her."

"If you haven't noticed by now, the girl is all bloody, my love." But in anyway he obeyed his wife.

"Oh no ..." Kol whispered as he pulled the jeans off her right shoulder.

Davina's eyes darted to the same place her husband was analyzing.

"That can't be real."

They both analyzed the girl's birthmark, a gemini constellation.

"Shouldn't she be in Chicago? The whole Coven must be looking for her." Davina muttered.

"She's a Parker, isn't she?" Kol shrugged, "Maybe she ran away because of the ritual, it shouldn't be
"I don't think it was just for that reason." Davina muttered, blue eyes on the brunette's left arm. "Look at this."

Kol's mouth opened in shock, "Is that a rune ?!"

Davina nodded, even if she didn't need to. The husband was familiar enough with the ancient symbols.

"She marked it in her skin, so that means she's ..."

Davina vocalized the words, "A Siphon."

~ • ~

Chapter End Notes

I swear Hope will appear in the next chapter.

Speaking of which, since this fanfic is top Hope, I'm thinking of making her taller than Josie, unlike canon.

Anyway, Josie is getting closer to New Orleans now that she has met Kol and Davina, who are of much importance in this story.
And she will not hesitate to use violence to survive, Kai will greatly influence her in this matter.

What kind of ritual do you think Conrad was doing? He didn't hesitate to kill to achieve his goals, so he'll still be a big problem for Josie.

What are your theories ?

See you in the next chapter!

End Notes

Welcome to my new story!

This is an AU, and some events of the canon have been changed.

Some of them are:

• Alaric is the one who died at the wedding;

• Kai was sent to another prison world (but his character will have a strong connection with Josie);

• Josie is the only remaining Siphon, meaning Lizzie is a common witch;

• since Alaric died, the Salvatore Boarding School was never founded.

• HAYLEY AND KLAUS ARE ALIVE GUYS! And they founded the Mikaelson Institute, a bit like the 1x10 Legacies episode;

• Some characters will have different personalities, especially Josie, because of the way she grew up;

There are still other small changes that will be self-explanatory throughout the story!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!