

Hun's Revenge

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Shadow Heights Publisher LLC

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### ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JM Mercedes is a professional educator with over 19 years of experience, an acclaimed author, a mother of one gorgeous daughter, and an avid gardener. She holds a Bachelor of Science degree in Biology (Chemistry Minor) and a Master's in Education Administration. JM lives in California with her daughter. From her previous two riveting novels, *Last Moon's Survival* and *Double Time*, JM Mercedes is back with another book that showcases her talent, mastery of telling stories, and fiercely exploratory creativity. Her current novel is *Hun's Revenge: A Crush of Two Daughters*. The book features Margo, a father and king who falls victim to his daughter's greedy djinn powers. This kingdom succumbs to the savagely destructive forces of Hun. It heals from Sierra's telepathic powers and the ensuing power wrangles and seething rivalry between the two sisters, Hun and Sierra. JM loves enjoying the delicious Italian cuisines at Italian restaurants, hanging out with her daughter and their two dogs, Bella and Chichi, pampering her chickens and ducks, and tilling her beautiful garden. You can reach her at [jmmercedes.com](http://jmmercedes.com).

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### DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to all the people who inspired me to follow my dreams.

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### INTRODUCTION

The story is about two sisters, both princesses, as they fight for the dominance of their land after the death of their father. It is a story of war, betrayal, power, and family.

Margo, the king, has just been killed by his daughter, Hun, who wants to take over the kingdom. To do this, she has to face Sierra, her half-sister. Hun faces her challenge, killing the people of the kingdom in the process until she is confronted by Sierra, who has been taught how to use her power by Vera, the Watcher. In the end, Sierra defeats Hun as they take their battle to the spirit world.

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## PROLOGUE

After running for hours from an enemy they could not see, Margo and Vera finally got to Sierra's house. The night was closing in on them, and the weather was not their friend. The ocean waves had grown tense and were beating hard on the cliff.

"Check if she is inside Vera," Margo said as he looked down at the ocean from the clifftop. Fear and trepidation were the two things that controlled him right now. He knew at any moment now; his greatest enemy would rise from those troubling waters, and that would be the end of him. If things had genuinely gotten as bad as he had heard, Hun should emerge from those waters, and there was nothing he could do. He could not withstand her. She would be too powerful for him, too fierce, too violent. Sierra was their only hope. He knew it.

Margo kept his eyes fixed on the waves as Vera entered the house. From what he saw, Sierra lived a healthy life. There was nothing magical about her home. Her room was the typical pink of every young girl, and she had mementos from places Vera had never heard of on her desk. But she was not in the house.

"Sierra!" Vera called. "Sierra! Your father is here."

Vera looked around for Sierra, but she was nowhere to be found. The house was not a very big one. It had two rooms, a kitchen, and a sitting room. There was nothing else. It was not particularly

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beautiful, and even though it sat on a rock at the edge of the ocean, it did not give it any aesthetics. The waves were rising now, beating harshly on the rock. The cloud over Monterey, California, was dark and eerie.

Vera got out of the house and found Margo on the cliff, still looking at the water.

"I can't find her in the house," Vera shouted above the noisy waves.

Margo turned to him. "Are you sure? Have you checked everywhere?"

"Yes, my king. It is not a very big house," Vera said.

He had never really understood Margo's family. It was not as though he wanted to know much. As just an advisor to the king, the matters of the royal family were out of his purview. They were family matters, personal matters, and Vera regarded them as such. But right now, when they were close to death, Vera could no longer bottle his worries.

"My King, why can you not face Hun and put an end to her once and for all? We both know she has nothing but evil to offer us all," Vera said. He knew he was out of order, but if they were going to die soon from the hand of a twenty-something girl, he should perhaps say what was on his mind.



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"You do not understand, Vera. She is my daughter," Margo said with a heavy sigh.

Vera moved closer to him. "I know she is your daughter, but she is seeking to kill you. Don't you think you should be fighting for your life right now, rather than trying to be a good father?"

Margo smiled. He sat on the edge of the cliff with his legs dropping down towards the ocean shore. "It is not a matter of fatherly care or anything like that, Vera."

"What is it then?"

"What I am saying is that even if I wanted to kill her, I couldn't. I am Hun's father, but she has powers that I know absolutely nothing about."

Vera could not believe it. Here he was all these years, thinking he was serving the most powerful man in the kingdom, only to realize now that he had been fooling himself.

"You mean she has the powers to kill you? To kill us all?" Vera asked. He was not ready to die, not yet.

Margo looked down at the waters, moving chaotically in the ocean. "I am a djinn, Vera. Do you know what that means?"

"That you are from the spirit world?" Vera asked. What was it about being a djinn that made Margo less powerful? Wasn't that supposed to achieve the exact opposite?

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"Not just that. It means that my offspring are more powerful than I am. They have more magic. That is how we djinn grows stronger and more powerful over the years. Every new djinn is born with their special power combined with the powers of their parents. So Hun has all the powers that I possess and even more. Confronting her like this would be so hopeless."

Vera understood now, but it only made him much more worried. "But, if we don't stand a chance against Hun, what then are we doing here? I mean, we are practically waiting for death right now."

"Sierra..."

"Your second daughter? What about her? We cannot find her here."

"She has to be here, Vera. Sierra is the only one with the powers to stop Hun. Sierra, oh Sierra, she has powers that even Hun cannot dream of. And she can use them both here and even in the spirit world. We need her, Vera. Or we are going to die tonight. Are you sure you have checked everywhere? The basement?"

"There is a basement?" Vera asked.

"Oh, God no, Vera. Check the basement!" Margo yelled.

Vera dashed back into the house and found a trap door at the end of the hallway. How could this small house have a basement? He wondered as he opened the trap door and let himself down through a ladder. Where he found himself was paradise. He did not

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need anyone to tell him that a magical creature lived here. This was completely different from what he saw up there. But then, he did not have the time to appreciate its beauty.

"Sierra!" he shouted.

Out of nowhere, Sierra appeared. She was wearing what seemed to be a long black robe, but Vera could not be sure. The dress seemed to be changing colors.

"Thank goodness you are here, Sierra."

"Vera, what are you doing here?"

"It's your father. He is on the cliff. He thinks Hun is going to attack him."

The moment Vera mentioned Hun, he could see the expression on Sierra's face. He knew at that moment that whatever threat Hun posed must have been a serious one. With Sierra taking the lead, they rushed out of the basement, through the main house onto the cliff. The sight that welcomed them was a dangerous one.

The clouds were darkened now, and Vera could hardly see anything. The waves kept on rising and falling.

"Where is he?" Sierra called.

Vera looked at the spot where Margo stood, but he was not there.

"Where is my father, Vera?" Sierra asked, looking around.

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"He was...he was here. We were here together," Vera stuttered. He was as confused as Sierra. The older adult was here when he walked into the house. Did Vera not understand why he wasn't here right now?

"Margo!" Sierra cried with all her strength, looking up to the darkened sky.

Vera did not know which was more dangerous. Margo could be dead already, and they would soon meet the same fate or the fact that Hun could still be somewhere out here, stalking them, waiting to pounce on them while they were distracted.

"Margo!"

"Sierra!" a voice called from the other end of the cliff. Vera and Sierra turned around immediately. The winds were fierce now, and the darkness was too thick. But in the midst of it, Vera could make out Hun in the air. She wasn't precisely here. Neither was she there. She was surrounded by purple smoke. A screeching sound escaped from within her when she opened her mouth. Vera clasped his hands over his ears for fear of going deaf.

"Let him go, Hun!" Sierra shouted at her sister.

Vera did not understand what Sierra meant. It was when he looked closely at the djinn that Hun was holding Margo by the neck with her smoky hands. Margo was writhing, trying to escape, but he could not.

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"Let him go!" Sierra shouted again.

"How about you come and get him?" Hun asked with a creepy smile etched across her face. Her voice was very much like that of Sierra. The similarity was too much. Vera watched as Sierra made for Hun, running to where the djinn was holding their father hostage. She was almost in front of Hun when the djinn swirled in the air and knocked her down in a whirlwind. Sierra looked up from where she lay helpless on the ground and saw Hun dig her hands into Margo's neck while the older adult screamed, blood gushing out of him down to the rock beside Sierra. Hun let out another screech and, with that, disappeared into nothing. The body of Margo dropped down to the stone with a great thud.

## CHAPTER ONE

In a moment, the weather had returned to normal. The sky was clear, and the clouds had dispersed. The darkness had been lifted. Down there in the ocean, calm had been restored. There was no turbulence. The waves returned to their calmness. It all happened so fast that it seemed as though nothing had ever occurred there.

Vera got up from where he was kneeling and went to where Margo and Sierra lay. There, beside his daughter, was Margo. He had turned purple, his eyes darkened, and his skin gray. Vera looked at him and could not help but feel pity. Why would anyone die like this from the hands of his daughter? Vera had spent the bulk of his life serving Margo, but he still did not understand the spirit world completely.

Beside Margo, lying defeated, with her back to the rock and her face looking out towards the clear sky was Sierra. Vera could see on her face that she was both angry and disappointed. Upset that Hun had killed their father and disappointed in herself for not stopping it. She should have been there to protect their father. She should have taken Hun on and killed her. But Sierra was too weak. She had the powers, but she either would not use them for evil or would not use them at all. Perhaps she didn't even know how to use them.

Margo had always told her that she was powerful and that she was much more powerful than he and Hun even combined. But

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Sierra never felt that way. She always felt helpless and weak, like there was a limit to how much power she could exert.

And that had shown when Hun sent her spiraling on the floor before her father's death.

"Sierra..." Vera was calling. "Sierra, we have to go inside."

Vera was still scared. Who knew what tricks Hun still had up her sleeves, and Sierra, who was their last hope, had just been defeated.

"Sierra..." Vera called again; he held out his hand and waited for Sierra to latch on to it. After much hesitation, Sierra gave in, and Vera lifted her.

"I know you are angry, Sierra, and you want to kill Hun. But you cannot do that here on this rock. Let's go back inside and devise a plan to take out our common enemy."

"She is not your enemy. She is my enemy," Sierra said as she stretched her body and gave one last look at the calm ocean before she began to retreat to her small house. As she went, Sierra dragged Margo's body after her with an invisible rope. Vera followed closely. They made straight for the basement with Sierra leading the way.

The basement was another home in itself. It was enormous, and many artifacts were hanging on the wall. Vera had no idea what they were doing there. Perhaps they had some spiritual significance, or maybe they were just decorations.

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Sierra sat in the only chair that was in the room, facing the wall. Vera stood by the ladder, looking around for somewhere to sit. Sierra looked back and saw her guest on his feet.

"Sorry..." she said. "No one ever comes here," she added and brought down a chair from the room upstairs. Vera watched with amazement as the chair came through the trap door all by itself. He grabbed it and took a seat beside Sierra. He had no idea what she was staring at. The only thing he could see was the rocky wall. "Ahem, you mentioned that no one ever came here."

"Yes."

"Even your father?"

"Margo never visited me here. Instead, he would have me come to meet him at his palace if he required my presence," Sierra said. Vera could hear the sadness in her voice, the need for a father figure.

"I'm sorry about that. Why, though?"

"Why what?" Sierra asked.

"Why did he never come here?"

Sierra laughed. "Look at this place, Vera. Is this a place you would like to visit? Would you be happy if your daughter lived here?"

Vera swallowed. That was a hard one from Sierra. It was not as though he could relate to it, however. He did not have a family or



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anything like that. He had no wife, no children. His work as an adviser did not allow him to enjoy much of life's proclivities.

"I wouldn't want my daughter to live here, Sierra. That's true."

"Exactly. And that is why Margo never visited me here. And now he is dead."

Vera looked at her eyes to see if she was going to cry. Nothing came out. Sierra was not a full djinn, and so no matter how hard she tried to hide human things like emotions, they still slipped out. And now, Vera could see it. He could see it in the way she folded her brow in the way she squinted and kept on staring at the wall, the way she just would not look at him. It was obvious.

"I am sorry, Sierra. I am sorry your father..., Margo, died," Vera said.

"Well, you don't have to. He and I were not very close. He was just there...as a father."

"He loved you, you know? And he believed in you so much."

Sierra sighed. She looked away from the wall and turned to Vera. "Look, Vera, you do not have to make me feel better about my father. I knew him for what he was to me, not for what he wasn't. You do not have to come here and tell me that he loved me or anything like that. There is no need for sweet talk. Why are you even here? The storm has passed. You can go home now," Sierra said as though she had just realized that he was in her house.

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"I have nowhere else to go, Sierra. I have to be here."

"What do you mean you have nowhere else to go? Where were you staying before you started working for Margo? You are a watcher; you will find your way."

"I am not just an adviser, Sierra. I have sworn to serve the ruler of the kingdom."

"Well, Good luck finding him. Margo just died in front of us all. His body is upstairs. You can go serve him."

"No, Sierra. You are the new ruler of this kingdom."

Sierra laughed. If only Vera knew that she would never lead this kingdom, or any kingdom for that matter. "Tell that to my sister. Hun is currently planning to take over this kingdom, and I am not going to stand in her way. Whoever stands in her way dies. Did you see what just happened to my father?"

"You can prevent that from happening to anyone else, Sierra. Look, your sister is not going to stop killing. Do you think she is going to stop after your father's death? Do you think she is going to spare you? Stop lying to yourself. You are already in her way, Sierra."

"What do you mean?" Sierra asked her eyes back on the wall.

"Do you understand what I have been trying to tell you? You are the only one that can defeat Hun. Your father could not..."

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"Exactly! Margo could not defeat Hun, and you think I can? Who are you?" she asked sarcastically.

Vera swallowed the insult. "Sierra, believe me –"

"Look, I am done believing in anyone right now. I am fine with myself, and with the life I am living inside this basement. I am going to stay away from Hun and let her do her thing. If she wants to rule the whole kingdom on land and sea, I do not care. I will maintain my territory here on the cliff."

Vera sighed. He did not know what else to do. He wished she would just hear him out, but he knew from the way she stared at the wall that she had already given up.

With resignation and despair, Vera got up from the chair and turned to the ladder. This was the end of his life. He was born to serve, and now he could not because the only person worthy of his service had given up.

As he climbed out of the trap door via the ladder, he looked down at Sierra, one last time. He sighed. "You know why we came here when your father knew Hun was hunting for him? Because he believed you were the only one who could save his life."

## CHAPTER TWO

The watcher walked along the cliff for what seemed to be forever before he finally found his way down to the streets of the city. Darkness had fallen upon the whole of Monterey, but still, it did not seem as though anyone of the people who roamed the streets knew what imminent danger they were in. Margo had died. Margo was a good king. He was too good, too caring, too loving. He never abused power, and during his reign, Vera enjoyed his job as a watcher. He did not want to be anything else.

One of the many things he liked about Margo was how open and honest he was. He always shared his thoughts and worries with Vera. When Margo began to age, and the old king realized that he was losing his grip on power, he began to share his fears and suspicion about Hun. Before then, not much had been said about the matter. She was the subject of many whispers and the villain no one liked to talk about because she was so powerful, your words could cost you your life and because she was a princess, even though Margo never recognized him as one. To Margo, he was the rogue daughter, the shame of his family, the one thing he regretted having.

As Vera made it through the streets, he began to hear whispers from people who did not know what to do, what to believe.

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"Is it true? That the king is dead? Margo is gone?" one of them said with uncertainty in his voice.

Vera stayed back to hear what the others would say, to know where the conversation was going.

"I heard so too, my friend. Heard his very own daughter killed him, you know, the one we never see around. I can't remember her name now."

"Sierra?"

"No, boy. The other one. The evil one. I could swear she was the one. Why would she not do it? She had all the reasons to. She knew her father was losing grip on power. Poor Margo, age dealt with him badly. And then his daughter swooped in and ended him. I even heard she ate him up. No corpse to be found anywhere."

"Hun ate her father? She is a monster."

"Well, couldn't she do it? I wouldn't put it past her, I tell you. Did you not see the darkness and storm that hit the cliff this evening?"

"What about it?"

"That was where she killed Margo, took the life right out of him, and ate him up. Then she returned to her world."

Vera looked on in amazement at how much the people already knew and how much they did not know. It was a terrible world they were in, and he knew if he did not get Sierra to assume power, Hun

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would do it, and that would be the end of peace and functional as they knew it.

"So who is our king now? Or queen? Sierra?"

"Oh, no. She wouldn't dare stand in the way of Hun. Hun would kill her twice faster that she killed their father. We are all doomed to death under the rule of Queen Hun, and I tell you that for sure. Thank goodness my flesh is bitter and my bone hard, nothing good for eating here, eh?" the man finished with a wild laugh.

Vera walked away in shame and anger. As much as he did not want to believe all that the gossip, he knew that they were real. It was true that Hun had killed Margo. How they knew was beyond him. Vera could have sworn no one was on the cliff the night it happened. But in a kingdom as big as this, word spread fast. Where they got the rumor that Hun had eaten Margo, Vera had no idea. Nothing could be further from the truth. Hun was a wicked person, and no one denied that. But was it being a cannibal and even eating her father? That was animalistic, and Vera did not think Hun would do it.

He hoped that the rumors were not right about Sierra, but from its looks, he was. Sierra would not dare look Hun in the eye. And everyone knew that. Even Hun knew, and that was a huge problem. The fact that Hun knew that the only person who could confront her powers was too afraid to do so would only give Hun the boost to continue ruling the kingdom mercilessly.

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If she wanted to do it without trouble, Hun would leave Sierra to rot in her underground chambers beneath the cliff. But being who she was, Vera knew that Hun would not let Sierra live. Hun was a desperate woman. She would not just want to rule. She would want to be an absolute ruler, one whose legitimacy to the throne could never be threatened. As long as Sierra was alive, Hun would never feel comfortable on the throne. It did not matter whether she was wasting away in her underground room or fighting for the throne. To a tyrant like Hun, both would be the same. Vera knew what he had to do. He had to find a way to prepare Sierra to attack her sister. He had to make sure that she understood the danger she was in and the danger she was putting the whole kingdom in by not fighting for the throne, which was rightfully hers. Margo had wanted her to rule. He had made that much clear to Vera in one of their last meetings in the palace before the king met his death at the hands of Hun.

"Sierra...you have to rule," Vera whispered to her.

He looked up and realized that he did not know where he was. He was on an open field in the middle of nowhere. All of a sudden, all the lights went off, and he was thrown into darkness.

Fear gripped his heart, and the thought that something evil was about to happen began to haunt him. Vera looked around to see if there was anyone in the field with him, but he could not make out anything. He looked up at the sky and cried.

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"HELP! ANYONE!"

There was not a single sound. With his eyes to the sky, he saw a large shadow spiral across the horizon. At that moment, Vera did not need anyone to tell him what was happening or who it was that was swirling through the dark sky. He knew what it looked like whenever Hun wanted to visit the kingdom. She always did it with the darkness and the storm. Though the watcher was alone in the field, he could only imagine what those on the cliff must be going through right now. The waves would have risen already.

Vera turned back and began to run, trying to find his way in the darkness. As he ran, he saw smoke rise to the sky, and in the wake of that, he heard screams from every direction. It was a screeching noise, like the sound of people burning or dying. Oh, Hun, what have you done? He thought as he returned to the city. There was a commotion out there. People were running in every direction. Vera found it very difficult to find his way past the crowd who were running to safety.

The watcher was running in the wrong direction. The crowd was moving away from the city back to safety, but Vera seemed to be right into the source of trouble. He knew where he was going. He had to get to the cliff. He had to reach Sierra. He had a powerful feeling that if he did not do so in time, Hun would beat him to it, and before he could do anything, it would not be only Margo's corpse in the house on the cliff. And that was the last thing he



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wanted to happen. Apart from the horror that the whole kingdom would be subjected to, he could not imagine serving Hun as a watcher; he would rather die than fulfill his role.

"Have you seen my son? Kim! Have you seen Kim!" one of the runners was shouting, looking around. Vera looked at her and sighed. There was no way that the woman was going to find Kim in this darkness.

He was almost at the cliff when he saw the shadow of Hun retreating to the ocean. Slowly, as she departed from the center of the city in her patient swirl, the darkness lifted, and the town was lit up again. All the lights came back on, and soon, Vera could see what was in front of him. And what he saw shocked him. What he saw sent chills down his spine.

There was a sea of bodies in front of him. And this time around, it was not just the corpses, but body parts that were scattered around. Vera looked and tore welled up in his eyes. He could not believe anyone would do this. He knew Hun was a monster, but to do this, to kill this number of people in one night, even that was too much for her. This was terrible.

It was when the lights finally came when he realized that he had been walking on bodies all along, and he did not even know it. Now that he could see their faces, Vera found it difficult to go on.

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The watcher was treading carefully, trying hard not to step on any corpse. As he approached the cliff, he could still see the darkness hovering around the rock, like a tornado waiting to roll. Vera stood at the edge of the rock and wished he had that Sierra's powers at that moment. If he were able to put an end to this monster called Hun, he would do it without hesitation.

But there, beneath the rock, was the only one who could do it and she did not have any idea how to go about it.

When Hun's shadow was out of sight, Vera ran and took the corner around the cliff. He ascended until he got to Sierra's house. Even though it was only hours ago that he had left the house on the rock, it seemed like days already. He knocked on the front door, and it opened after the second knock.