

Stolen Away

By

MISS RAVEN

**ROYAL VENGEANCE
BOOK 1**

STOLEN AWAY

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Royal Vengeance - Book 1

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Written by Miss Raven

STOLEN AWAY

“I thought that writing a book would be easy. It’s not. It takes a lot of willpower, hard work, dedication, and motivation to get it all done, and that’s what I did.

- *Miss Raven*

Acknowledgements

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STOLEN AWAY

Table of Contents

ONE:	<i>To Kill a King</i>	- 16
TWO:	<i>Morning Practice</i>	- 24
THREE:	<i>Trouble Has Arrived</i>	- 34
FOUR:	<i>Pirates Sailing Off</i>	- 44
FIVE:	<i>Meeting Zephyr</i>	- 59
SIX:	<i>Meeting Her</i>	- 67
SEVEN:	<i>Captured</i>	- 79
EIGHT:	<i>Bad News</i>	- 93
NINE:	<i>A New World</i>	- 103
TEN:	<i>Missing Princess</i>	- 112
ELEVEN:	<i>Getting Some Answers</i>	- 120
TWELVE:	<i>Dead or Alive</i>	- 129
THIRTEEN:	<i>Making Plans</i>	- 138
FOURTEEN:	<i>The Show Must Go On</i>	- 145
FIFTEEN:	<i>Off on a New Journey</i>	- 155
SIXTEEN:	<i>Welcome to Mossmere</i>	- 164

STOLEN AWAY

SEVENTEEN: *Questions Unanswered* - 174

EIGHTEEN: *Save the Queen* - 185

NINETEEN: *Aramore* - 193

TWENTY: *His Plans* - 201

TWENTY-ONE: *Marionette* - 209

TWENTY-TWO: *Inner Dreams* - 214

TWENTY-THREE: *Blain's Alive* - 224

TWENTY-FOUR: *Jealousy's Claws* - 233

TWENTY-FIVE: *In Other Words* - 240

TWENTY-SIX: *Revealed Secrets* - 247

TWENTY-SEVEN: *First Day's Work* - 255

TWENTY-EIGHT: *Caverns, Treasure, Scrolls* - 262

TWENTY-NINE: *Call Him, Your Majesty* - 274

THIRTY: *Finding Her* - 285

THIRTY-ONE: *Circus is Fake* - 297

STOLEN AWAY

THIRTY-TWO: *Seeing is Believing* - 306

THIRTY-THREE: *Impatience* - 312

THIRTY-FOUR: *Vladimir T. Kensington* - 318

THIRTY-FIVE: *Learning More About Her* - 326

THIRTY-SIX: *Suspicious Arise* - 333

THIRTY-SEVEN: *Late* - 340

THIRTY-EIGHT: *What's the Plan?* - 348

THIRTY-NINE: *Another Trap* - 360

FORTY: *Meeting Obsidian* - 369

FORTY-ONE: *Ransom Note* - 377

FORTY-TWO: *Rescuing the Prince* - 386

FORTY-THREE: *Home Once Again* - 391

FORTY-FOUR: *The Prince is Ill* - 397

FORTY-FIVE: *Ball I* - 405

FORTY-SIX: *Ball II* - 410

FORTY-SEVEN: *A Royal's Feud* - 418

STOLEN AWAY

FORTY-EIGHT: *Meeting Her Parents* - 430

FORTY-NINE: *Family Reunion* - 443

FIFTY: *The Proposal* - 454

Coming Soon! - 465

STOLEN AWAY

Prologue

“Boss, the audience awaits,” a voice confirms, making a tall man give a nod of his head; allowing the informer to run off.

He could hear it.

The sound of children’s giggles, the voices of parents’ worries, and the tapping of his own feet as he paces backstage; stroking his beard with a deep frown. He has long waited for this moment, to present his own creations to the public.

Stopping in front of a mirror, he looks upon his reflection. It shows a man who lives young and proud, with a slim figure, long blonde hair, and dark green eyes; he was found to be a mystery. Pulling a top hat over his head, and fixing up his black and red coat, he picks up his staff, and gives a smirk.

It’s showtime.

With a long stride in his steps, he makes his way towards the curtains, his black boots thudding against the concrete as he walks out into the spotlight. Many have come near and far to see his show, and it brightened the look on his face to see the excitement they all held.

“Welcome to Obsidian’s Circus Extravaganza!” he shouts, receiving thunderous applause and laughter. It makes his heart skip, as he continues, “I am Master Obsi, your host

STOLEN AWAY

for tonight, and it is my great pleasure to bring you our finest of acts! First, I would like to ask you: Are you ready to have a great time?!”

All of the children shout in response, while the parents clap, and it was at that moment that Obsidian chuckles softly to himself. “Then sit back and watch the entertainment!”

The organ begins to play its melodic tune, and the first group to come out was the simple clown act. Taking out pies to throw into each other’s faces, and pulling pranks to give the audience a good laugh. While that went on, Obsidian walked back through the curtains to inspect the other acts for the night. He gives roll-calls, making sure everyone is there.

“You all go out there and give it your all,” he commanded.

“Yes sir!”

The clown act was over, and the lights went out. Everyone looks around with worried expressions, before a spotlight lands on a woman, or half of a woman; who seems to be floating in the darkness. Her dark hair was in a high style, while her face was seen to look like a clown. Wearing a white and red blouse, and a black tie, she gave a wide grin, and the spotlight brightened to show off the other half of her body. Someone shrieks loudly!

“Spider!!”

Yes.

The woman was nothing more than, “Spider Lady!”

STOLEN AWAY

Obsidian walks back out into the spotlight, and gives the woman a small bow, before making a gesture. "Let's give her a hand folks!"

The crowd cheers and gives more applause. The woman crawls away from the Master, and begins to spin a web over the arena. The crowd watches as the web grows larger and larger, until she stops and sits in the middle. When the lights went out, once again, the crowd could see words that formed slowly along the web, and it said, Freak Show, in bright blue lights.

The crowd oohs and ahhs, before the lights turn back on, and the lady forms into a full woman; to which the crowd applauds her. Giving another bow, she leaves the stage. She informs the next group to make it out, while Obsidian comes in to check up on his Spider Lady.

"Wonderful as always Serena," he compliments, making her chuckle softly, as she walks over to a rack, looking for another suitable outfit.

"I do try, sir."

"The finale's about to begin sir," It was the informer from earlier, which has Obsidian sigh deeply.

"I'll be right there." Closing the door to Serena's room, he gives a stare to the small area where a stack of books sits on a shelf. He'll look them over later. Right now, he has a show to finish.

Making sure he looks his best; he makes his way back towards the stage. The last act was waiting for him, all smiles as he allowed them to follow him. The cheers were

STOLEN AWAY

loud and the applause deafening, once he showed his face again, his smile bright, and his steps striding along with happiness. He held up his staff, allowing the crowd to dim down a bit.

“And now ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls! Here comes what you’ve all been waiting for! He’s the one, the only, Salvatore!”

The crowd applause as the spotlight dims down, and lands on a man who walks in wearing only a long dark cloak. His hair is long and dark, and his eyes were darker than anyone’s ever seen. He resembles the look of a wizard, with a staff in his hand, and a blue hat on his head. He looks tall to the crowd as he walks in, making his way towards the center of the ring.

“Thank you, you are so kind,” he spoke, his voice deep and enticing, once the crowd’s cheers died down. His eyes watch the crowd with suspicion, “For the final act, I will need a volunteer! It can be anyone! An adult! a child! Who’s up for it?”

Most raised their hands, but only one stood out to Salvatore; and that was a boy with red and black tinted hair. He pointed to him, and spoke one word: “Come.” The boy stood to his feet, unwillingly, and walked over to the man.

“Let’s give this boy a round of applause, shall we?” The crowd responds with loud cheers and hoots. Salvatore stares at the young boy, chuckling at how nervous the boy feels, being in his presence. “What’s your name, lad?” he asks softly.

STOLEN AWAY

The boy's green eyes met his, and he answered in a whisper, "Henry, sir."

"Henry. A very nice name." He then looks towards the crowd, "Tonight, I will show Henry something he's never seen before. A place that is right in this world but has been less explored than outer space has; the Ocean!"

Some gasps go throughout the crowd, and Henry glares at the man, who then chuckles "Don't worry, it'll be lots of fun. Look into my eyes, Henry."

As Henry looks into Salvatore's bright red eyes, he could see the background shifting from behind him. What startled the boy most was the appearance of a giant figure that passed by from behind Salvatore's silhouette; which made the boy gasped and stepped back in surprise. As he did though, he realizes he did not step on solid ground; instead, he was floating. In reflex, he holds his breath until his lungs fight for oxygen. When the boy took a gulp of air, to his surprise, he wasn't drowning, or flailing his arms for oxygen; but was floating in a round object.

A moment after he realizes he was floating in a protective sphere, the scary figure from before was a great white shark that was rounding towards him. Salvatore was nowhere to be seen. Instead, thousands of fishes of many different colors swarm by, giving the boy small glances on their way. Flashes of reds, oranges, blues and greens, as well as white and gray, came and went through the underwater highway.

A bigger wall than the shark appears and a huge eye stares

STOLEN AWAY

back at the incredulous boy who shouts, "A whale! It's a whale!"

He turns in excitement, shock strokes him with panic as no one was visible other than the finned creatures. No other, except the curious octopus that decides to hug the boy's bubble. The boy yelps, causing the octopus to flee, and as it did; a cloud of blackness swallowed the bubble. The boy was scared now, feeling terrified as he mumbled for his mommy.

The dark mist wasn't permanent though, and after as the black turned indigo, he started to see another scene. He was still floating, but now he was a couple of inches from the floor of the circus, at the same place where he'd stared at Salvatore's eyes. Salvatore was now there, and so was his mother; both floating beside him with reassuring smiles. He smiles back, just as the playful octopus dares to fly in between them; mockingly passing through. The boy chuckles, no longer feeling scared, and swims through the air towards his mother, who hugs him warmly.

The whole circus seems to have been submerged under the water. Big, small, medium and weirdly-shaped creatures were swarming around in between the spectators; causing them to make noises of excitement and amazement. A jellyfish approaches a girl, causing her to duck, as it swam past, giving her no heed. The audience continues to watch in amazement, while they experience this feeling of calmness and joy.

Once the show was over, Obsidian made his way to his trailer that was a few paces away from the tent; and walked inside. Closing the door and locking it quickly, he took to

STOLEN AWAY

his desk, and opened up a drawer. Candles were lit and a very large book was taken from the drawer. Once opened, he began flipping through the pages.

"I need something else. My collection isn't complete without someone special." He flips through the book, his dark eyes looking at the legends and mythical creatures it holds within it.

He stops as he roams over something magical. "Or some...thing..." An image of beauty and power was what caught his eye, and he felt mesmerized by the strengths and weaknesses of this beautiful creature. "Yes," he spoke slowly, a dark smirk forming on his lips as his finger traced over the image, "You'll do very nicely."

Closing the book up and placing it back into its resting place, he takes down another book from the shelf, and looks it over, finding the incantation of a certain spell. "It'll be only a matter of time..." he spoke softly, staring at an image of a bright circle with stars surrounding it, and a small warning on the bottom. "Ah, here it is, the Portal of Realms. Portal Mortermis; said to be dangerous and uneasy to get ahold of."

He begins to recite the words to the spell, "From this spell I call upon thee, of all the realms and universities. From light to dark, through danger and still; grant me the wish to travel at will. Open the gates to another place, so that I may complete my task post haste!"

Just as he recites these words, lightning struck in the sky, causing him to make his way out of the trailer; book tucked underneath his arm. The wind picks up, as he leaves the

STOLEN AWAY

trailer, and makes his way towards the place of where he knew the portal would open. Running along, with the lightning still in the midst, and the wind howling, he grunts as he runs over sticks and leaves. Through the woods he runs, and coming around a small clearing, he sees it.

“The portal...”

He walks over to it cautiously, smirking at the bright blues and purples that swirl within the circle. “I’m coming for you, my precious gem.” With the book still in his grasp, he bravely walks through the portal, and not a moment wasted; the portal closes behind him.