

The book
that wrote her

My words are spells
and incantations to tell in every tale.

Alex Leira

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The knowledge of these spells comes at a price.

The book that Wrote her

Dedicated to:

Jennifer Susana Alvarado Reyes, where time
stands still and whose magic brings my words to life.

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Synopsis.

In the quiet library of her town, a passionate reader discovers a book that seems written just for her: a romance between a sorcerer and a fairy that defies time and space. However, what begins as a fascinating tale soon becomes something much more personal. Within its pages, enigmatic secrets intertwine with her own life.

As she uncovers hidden clues, she dives into an adventure where magic and reality merge, facing the mysteries of love, destiny, and the truths that could change everything.

Romantic, mysterious, and full of magic, “The book that wrote her” is a story for those who believe that true love can be found in the most unexpected places—and that following the heart’s whispers always leads to an unforeseen destiny.

“She thought she was reading a love story...

But the book... had other plans.”

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The Enchantment Writer.

About two hundred and fifty years ago, in the region of Zyelanor, there lay an ancient mystical forest called Aratzhor, shrouded by a cold and nocturnal veil. As it fully contrasted the bright moon with its splendor, a mysterious atmosphere surrounded the environs of this enchanted place.

Not far from the forest, in a nearly deserted village known as Balazzyar, lived a sorcerer in a small cabin, far away from the people.

Outside the cabin, a variety of esoteric symbols and runic markings could be seen, marking Draven Rowjlland as a sorcerer — a man nearing middle age, with a deep gaze, elegant beard, and loose hair, as well as his typical attire adapted to his era.

Draven, positioned in the middle of a small laboratory within his dark room, after nightfall, relied solely on the bright flames of the candles around him, which reflected in each of the crystal bottles of various shapes and sizes.

His large round worktable displayed the fine wood from which it was made, though now dulled on its surface and with worn edges, holding an assortment of bottles in multiple shapes, candelabras adorned with symbols, scrolls, among many other tools essential for his work.

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The master of arcane arts, immersed in the shadow of his thoughts, was dedicated to conjuring one of his most powerful spells.

Deeply focused on his preparations and mixing certain ingredients, he read a scroll inscribed with the words: "*Inmotelutz Awnimae.*"

Draven then took in his hands a book with a very striking yet simple cover.

Once the table was completely cleared, the book was placed at its center, which contained a wide variety of "Arcane Symbology," represented by a large Celtic mandala and around its circumference, more symbols from various esoteric traditions.

Around the table, six candles were evenly spaced along the diameter of the circle.

The arcane sorcerer takes a generous handful of black rose petals into his hands and decides to grind them in a mortar of moderate size, to extract some of the juice from the leaves by pressing the pulp obtained from the same process.

Next, a few leaves of "Sage," for purification and protection, are set to boil to extract more ingredients for the planned brew. After a couple of seconds of boiling, a few more "Marigold" leaves are added, to attract mental clarity and protection, as well as happiness. Finally, a small piece of "Ginseng Root," for vital energy and longevity.

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While the slow preparation of all the ingredients continues over the fire, Draven places "Sandalwood Oil" in a container over pieces of charcoal, which will be used aromatically to create a meditative atmosphere, as a calming and soul-protecting agent.

An hour later, everything is ready, and the sorcerer begins mixing all his ingredients in a vessel used for brews.

The entire room is brightly lit with more candles and completely fragranced, a perfectly prepared mystical environment.

Draven stands directly in front of the book, very close to the edge of the table, holding the container in his left hand, and proceeds to read the scroll that at that precise moment lay just a few centimeters from the mentioned book.

He slightly tilts his head back, closes his eyes, takes a deep breath to gather strength, and thus begins the ritual. Then he directs his gaze back to the scroll and starts reciting the spell:

*Zhewncei's, qowrü's fe lhae
arhkanno aryttem's
Dwthener tuest teu wekpu
mecum dehsstwe potyenzza ryttualk
Clavvato'in awnimae mhy
nha lhae reuttiratio inmotelutz
Equ' postlluego siclous accedhere Et backtuurn*

*(Ancestors, masters of the arcane arts
Stop time with this ritual of power*

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*Anchoring my soul to distant immortality
That after centuries, you may allow me
to return).*

After reciting that part of the spell, Draven raises his potion high with both hands. The candle flames begin to flicker strangely, as if about to be extinguished by a draft.

The place turns terrifying; everything observed at that moment seemed to prove that this was a very powerful spell.

Around the dwelling, the sound of the wind was increasing; one of the windows suddenly slammed open completely, while Draven, indifferent to what was happening, proceeded to drink the potion he had just created.

The window kept moving constantly, the candle flames seemed to go wild with their erratic movements, and the sorcerer drank his extract of leaves and roots in a single gulp.

Unpredictably, everything suddenly froze; the wind stopped blowing, the window ceased moving, and the candles seemed almost motionless. Soon, Draven, immersed in complete silence, could only feel inside his body that something strange was happening.

Draven began to writhe, placing his right hand at the height of his esophagus; he tried to hold onto the edge of the table with his left hand, dropping the container that held his potion.

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The surroundings felt like a sepulchral silence. After everything stopped completely and after a few seconds, suddenly everything returned to its initial state: the window started banging, the wind howled loudly outside the cabin, and the candles came back to life. Draven tried to straighten up to finish his spell, once again reciting strange words:

*Mecum arhkanno potyenzza
ien mhiët conggerido, vessinevï tet
Smutartat Et euzenthya mhy
equ' iamorzhe suffendder'd
Prottecgare Et alhzmma mhy
thegthal inssiddem llectturye'd llyffro
Intra päghynna's tuestyo
bhy siclous okulttyo Cioy'r Et.*

*(With the arcane power conferred upon me,
I shall live
I transmute my essence that has suffered
from love
I safeguard my soul inside a read book
Among its pages, hidden for centuries I shall be).*

Draven recites the spell with some inner pain due to the reaction of his potion. With each sentence or phrase he utters, he raises the tone of his voice, giving more and more strength to his speech.

Draven's aura begins to be noticeable, from the imperceptible to extremely bright. The table starts to shake, the wind grows stronger and stronger, and the sorcerer's pain turns into torture.

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Draven leans on the edge of the shaking table with both hands. The book, which was at the center of the esoteric figures, mysteriously opens its cover and then, rapidly, its pages are flipped one by one until reaching the middle of the book.

Beneath the book, a sort of portal forms, made of sparks of fire creating a circle in continuous motion, like the eye of a hurricane, spinning counterclockwise. Once that interdimensional gate is opened, the book remains floating at its center.

The sorcerer does not stop feeling his overwhelming pain; suddenly, his eyes open even wider after perceiving something inside him.

His radiant outer light increases slightly. Then, once Draven manages to straighten his body, he moves his hands away from the table and, lifting them slightly, exposes his chest. As he tilts his head back and closes his eyes, a flash of light begins to form at the center of his torso.

That flash of light separates from Draven's chest and slowly levitates to the center of the open pages of the book.

The pages of the book begin to close one by one rapidly, until the cover finally shuts completely.

Draven's body stops emitting light, generating an intense implosion that collapses inward. In a fleeting moment, his material form crumbles in a final act of contraction, disappearing completely.

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The book, having fully closed, transforms into a cover with golden letters and mystical decorations also in golden tones, displaying a streak of light that runs along its entire outline, giving it a mysterious touch.

Once the soul transfer process is complete and the book has closed, it quickly sinks into the glowing portal, which also closes. At the same time, all the candles in the room extinguish, leaving everything in complete darkness.

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250 years later. (Present day).

On a cold autumn morning, the sun began to release its first golden rays over the horizon, announcing its majestic presence to the entire town of Balazzyar. The mist was thick and noticeable throughout the entire territory.

The streets, still paved with cobblestones, showed the moisture absorbed during the night; likewise, the rooftops of the houses bore the same dampness.

The nearby forest was even more shrouded in dense fog, with its centuries-old oaks seemingly dancing to the rhythm of the gentle breeze.

The sun slowly continued to rise, moving away from the horizon to bathe the town and its surroundings in greater light.

Balazzyar presented a blend of the old and the new, with a very traditional architectural style enhanced by some modern materials.

Despite its modest size, Balazzyar was a very appealing place regularly visited by tourists. Its inhabitants maintained a perfect architectural balance, following the guidelines set by the town's local authorities.

Iron street lamps decorated the main streets of the town.

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Just a few meters from the central plaza was the market, where every morning merchants sold fresh, high-quality products; handcrafted items for tourists were especially popular.

The plaza featured a lit fountain, home to colorful fish and several small turtles, attracting the attention of both children and adults.

To the south of the plaza stood the town hall, an impressive Baroque-style building bustling daily with people attending to their administrative matters.

To the north was a small church, recently restored after suffering damage over time since its construction about one hundred and twenty years ago. Its bell tower rose above all the town's houses.

A few blocks from the plaza was one of Balazzyar's most popular educational centers, attended by children from seven years old to teenagers of sixteen or seventeen.

There were pharmacies, clothing stores, a variety of restaurants that drew visitors, a small museum of ancient coins and bills, a modern medical clinic, a couple of essential bars, and other typical establishments of a modern town.

At the end of the main avenue, a few blocks north of the plaza, was a small library that had been serving the community for over forty years. It was frequently visited despite the modern era, as many locals still preferred reading physical books.

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The library was known as “Lyttherarium.” Its carved wooden sign caught the attention of residents, especially due to the high relief of the text and the esoteric symbols surrounding it.

Inside, one could admire a charming building adorned with semi-arches from the walls up to the ceiling.

Above the main door, a large window allowed enough natural light to illuminate almost the entire room. The library also featured dimly lit, carpeted hallways where the extensive collection of books was organized by categories.

Upon entering the library, the scent of both new and old books was overwhelmingly noticeable. Each book was arranged in a specific order to facilitate the search for every reader.

A delicately carved wooden bookshelf complemented the mystique of the place. It was tall enough to accommodate thousands of books.

Among the variety of books were romantic novels, works of Greek origin, books on astrology, science, encyclopedias, dictionaries, and even some on witchcraft and the occult arts.

Oddhelyn, a girl of average height with wavy hair and light eyes, very friendly and kind, was in charge of knowing every corner of the library and its vast collection of books. She was always ready to find and offer the perfect book to suit the diverse tastes of the regular visitors.

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The book that Wrote her

The library was the favorite place to visit among the townspeople. Despite having fairly updated technology, the locals still cherished the tradition of occasionally reading a physical book.

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One day, three girls arrived at the library in search of a good book. After being greeted by Oddhelyn, each decided to look for the book that caught their attention the most on their own, splitting up in different directions.

Lyvetthe was one of the girls most knowledgeable about books, having read a great many, while Xhyaren and Shyarelhyn were relatively new to that magical world of reading.

Dissatisfied with what she found on the shelves, Lyvetthe began exploring the different book categories. Driven by a strange force, she ventured further down one of the aisles until she reached a section containing books that were uncommon for most people.

The curious girl moved on until she reached a shelf at the end of the dimly lit aisle, as the natural light coming through the large window high on the ceiling didn't reach that corner.

Lyvetthe ran her hand over each of those old books, carefully reading the titles on their spines. Very slowly and with great curiosity, she tried to decipher each one.

She pulled out a thick hardcover book with many pages to leaf through it, but quickly returned it to its place, not convinced by the brief glance. Then, she ran her hand over another book located on the third level of the shelf, at a height slightly above her but still within reach.

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The book that wrote her

Unexpectedly, a flash of light mysteriously appeared on that book, swiftly tracing the folds of the cover and the golden lettering on the spine, showing a kind of connection as it touched the girl's skin. However, she didn't notice the mysterious glow because she was interrupted by Xhyaren, who approached her to show something that had caught her attention:

“Lyvette, look at this book I found!”

The book immediately stopped glowing, its light quickly fading.

Lyvette took the book and asked, “A book on Greek history? Why did you choose this one?”

“I don't know, I was just drawn to the cover.”

(Laughing) “You're funny, letting yourself be swayed by a pretty cover. Have you read what the book is about?”

The young girl, a bit disappointed, looked at the book and replied, “No! Honestly, I haven't.”

“It's not that it's a bad book, but if you really want to read about history, that's your choice,” Lyvette responded.

“Alright, I'll look for another kind of book,” Xhyaren concluded and walked away, somewhat disappointed.

Alex Leira

Lyvetthe merely nodded, not quite understanding what was going on with her.

She then turned back to the shelf to continue her search, and as she passed beneath the previously mentioned book, it began to glow once more—but again, the girl didn't notice.

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The Search for the Book.

Jenezzier was a young woman, passionate and deeply in love with literature, particularly drawn to romanticism as a literary genre.

Rarely did she spend time reading any other type of book that didn't capture her interest—science fiction or suspense, for instance, weren't usually her thing. Still, she had recently begun to take interest in a certain topic that, by a twist of fate, she kept hearing about from people around her.

Whenever she had enough free time, Jenezzier wandered in search of her next book—the one that could satisfy her growing curiosity. She often visited secondhand bookstores, but unfortunately, her search proved fruitless.

One day, she entered the old library hoping to find better options, although it was already common for her to visit the place to read.

Jenezzier chose not to ask Oddhelyn, the librarian, for any specific recommendations. Instead, she decided to explore on her own, seeking the perfect book.

At the end of a hallway, in a dark and nearly forgotten section—among some furniture and bookshelves covered in a fine layer of dust—she came across a series of oddly shaped books.

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She took them one by one, trying to learn more about each one's topic.

She continued reading the blurbs, which revealed key aspects of each work, flipping through the pages to get a quick look inside.

After a long and intense search, her gaze landed on an enigmatic book—one that went unnoticed, strangely unknown to nearly everyone, including the magic it held inside.

The mysterious book radiated an irresistible and seductive pull.

It was leaning slightly against others, allowing part of its cover to be seen from outside the shelf. After producing the same effect as the book Lyvetthe had found—that glowing light running along the folds of the pages, the cover, and the golden text as it touched the skin—that very glow is what finally caught Jenezzier's attention.

Discreetly, Jenezzier took the book with both trembling hands. The cover seemed to whisper that it held an unknown energy inside, urging her to uncover its secrets. Without hesitation, she opened it—fascinated by the words written in elegant golden ink, which enhanced the mystery of each page, as though her impetuous search had finally come to an end.

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Inside the book—though it was classified as a romantic novel, as that was its original publication—ancient secrets were revealed. It also contained a series of very powerful and hidden spells, along with the correct way to recite them.

The book had quite an intriguing name, visible on both the spine and the cover: *The Book That Wrote Her*. At the top, in elegant typeface, was the author's name: Draven Rowjlland.

Mysteriously, a fascinating sensation stirred within Jenezzier. She didn't know what was happening inside her—the book's mystery had caused her heart to race. Her breathing deepened, her hands trembled with emotion. It was a feeling she hadn't experienced in a long time... not for anything, nor for anyone.

Suddenly, a doubt rushed into her mind. Fear flooded her, causing her to drop the book unintentionally.

Some people nearby turned to see what was going on.

Oddhelyn also heard the sound of the book hitting the floor and decided to approach the girl to find out what had happened, knowing she was responsible for taking good care of all the books there.

Just after the book landed near Jenezzier's feet, it emitted that same mysterious flash of light again—then quickly faded.

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Oddhelyn, noticing Jenezzier looked frightened, asked:

“Hey! Are you alright? Is something wrong?”

Jenezzier seemed lost in thought, disconnected, trying to understand what that sensation inside her had been, or what could have caused such an effect. Seeing she didn’t respond, the librarian asked again:

“Are you okay?” she said, placing her right hand gently on the girl’s arm to draw her attention and bring her back to herself.

Jenezzier, feeling the touch on her arm, came back to herself and replied, slightly frightened:

“Hey! Yes! I’m sorry, I don’t know what happened to me, I felt something strange,” she answered briefly, omitting to say what had caused her to feel that way.

After regaining composure, she looked at the book on the floor and proceeded to pick it up, apologizing at the same time:

“I’m sorry; I shouldn’t have dropped the book!”

“Don’t worry, it happens sometimes, just keep in mind that these are somewhat old books and you have to be very careful with them.

Jenezzier simply looked at Oddhelyn without replying, while she stared at the book, very intrigued.

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Oddhelyn walked away, but not without insisting to Jenezzier:

“If you continue feeling unwell, just let me know.”

Jenezzier only looked at Oddhelyn and nodded slightly in affirmation.

Jenezzier decided to leaf through every part of the book, showing herself to be shocked by what she superficially managed to read.

The world around her seemed to stop, as she focused solely on reading some paragraphs, filling herself with excitement, which prevented her from noticing the people passing by; some even brushed shoulders with her, but the girl, absorbed in the reading, ignored everything.

Inside, an uncontrollable attraction was born to know that kind of content in the book.

Little by little, she continued exploring the pages, where she noticed a warning in small print at the bottom of the page:

"The knowledge of these spells comes at a price."

Intrigued and courageous, Jenezzier decided to delve deeper into that reading, determined to decipher the secrets contained in that black leather-bound book, quite worn, with golden letters and a considerable thickness—enough so it couldn't be read in just a couple of days.

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Days passed, and due to her commitments, Jenezzier could only come to the library to read for a short time, specifically the book that had awakened that strange feeling in her.

The book, written as a romantic novel, told a story based on an old popular folklore legend from a couple of centuries ago.

The plot narrated the love that blossomed between a fairy and a wizard, ending in an unexpected conclusion.

Jenezzier tried to sit in a very comfortable spot, but away from other people, so she wouldn't be interrupted and could read peacefully and with dedication during that short available time.

The story began in the traditional way, like any fantastic tale:

In a forest, called Alvhanord lived a wizard, known and admired by the locals, but despite his popularity, he led a solitary life. Deep in his heart, he longed to find the love of a woman who could be his ideal companion.

In another very distant forest called Aldawjor, located about ten thousand fairy feet away, mythical beings lived, mainly a group of fairies who...

"This is just the beginning..."

Read the full novel today."



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Vocabulary.

Open	Hawbryr
Soul	Awnimae
Ancestors	Zhewncei
Anchoring	Clavvato'in
Anchor	Clavvato
Art	Aryttem
Throw away	Vocktare
Lock	Blokkarye
Granted	Conggerido
After	Postlluego
Float	Vollariem
Immortal	Inmotelutz
Distant	Reuttiratio
Literary	Lyttherariem
Master	Qowrü
Allow	Accedhere
Ritual	Ryttualk
Return	Backtuurn

Complete Vocabulary from the Trilogy Books “El Dragón del Rey”.

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Main Characters

Jenezzier Alvhanord: A name and surname invented by the author, in reference to Jennifer Alvarado.

Draven Rowjlland: Name of Old English origin (surname invented).

Titania: Name found online, based on one of the main characters from Shakespeare's play.

Secondary Characters:

Laurem: Mother of Jenezzier, name found online.

Oddhelyn: The librarian, a character invented in reference to the name Odily, the author's sister.

Lyvette: Character invented in reference to the name Iveth, an excellent writer, colleague and friend of the author. (Xiomara Iveth Roca).

Xhyaren: Character invented in reference to the name Karen.

Shyarelhyn: Character invented in reference to the name Karelyn.

Xhyarell: A young rose seller, in reference to the name Ariel, the author's son (name invented).

Aldawjor: The spectral being in charge of nature's balance and order, name invented and derived from the word "alfajor".

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Extras:

Derwyme: Prince in Draven's story invented and modified from the name Darwin, a good friend of the author.

Lyoreenna: An ancient sorcerer with the power to control time and create portals. Character invented and derived from the name Lorena.

The spectral elves, unicorns.

The fairies (names and characters invented):

Abyguiell, the golden-colored fairy (inspired by Abigail).

Gyennezet, the scarlet-colored fairy (inspired by Genesis).

Beatzrys, the pink-colored fairy (inspired by Beatriz).

Nayalhye, the sapphire-blue fairy (inspired by Nayely, an old ex-student in English class).

Lhyzvet, the silver-colored fairy (inspired by Lisbeth, an old ex-student in English class).

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Languages Used in This Story:

Drekiena: A language created by the author, found in the Dragon of the King Trilogy. (El Dragon del Rey – Spanish version).

Latin

Welsh

Geographical Setting:

Taken from the map created for the Dragon of the King Trilogy.



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Acknowledgments to the Reader:

Thank you for embarking on this adventure alongside Jenezzier and discovering with her the secrets hidden within these pages. Your time and imagination are the true enchantments that bring this story to life. I hope that when you close this book, you'll also find your own clues leading to the love and mystery that make life magical.

I would also like to warmly invite you to share your thoughts on amazon.com, on my website, or through social media.

Visit our official site: **alexleira.com**

Find me on social media:

[@alexleiraautor](https://twitter.com/alexleiraautor)

- Facebook
- YouTube
- X
- TikTok
- Instagram

Or feel free to write to us at:

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Sincerely,

Alex Leira

Alex Leira

Biography.

Alex Leira is a writer with a diverse and creative background. His artistic journey ranges from teaching English to performing as a musician in bands and orchestras. Over the years, he has discovered his voice through writing, which has led him to explore a variety of literary genres.

His pen flows between poetry, children's and young adult stories, romantic intrigue, and chilling tales of horror. He has also ventured into the creation of sagas that explore imaginary worlds and unforgettable characters.

Before fully dedicating himself to writing, he captured moments as a professional photographer and told visual stories as a television cameraman. These varied roles have enriched his perspective and influenced his storytelling, adding depth and authenticity to his work.

From a young age, Alex Leira devoted himself to writing song lyrics and poetry, though with time he lost touch with that gift. However, during the pandemic, he took advantage of the isolation and began writing novels and short stories.

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He is currently working on an erotic novel, a ten-book saga already in draft form awaiting its moment to come to life, and a second romantic novel that is already underway. In addition, he's developing a second horror novel with a thriller and suspense twist, as well as a poetry collection covering multiple themes.

He plans to translate each of his books into English and is seeking collaborators interested in helping with this project. He also has in mind a couple of self-help books and a religious-themed book that exists as a nearly completed concept. Whenever possible, he designs his own book covers and layouts, often with help from close family members. He hopes to soon finish the third installment of his trilogy *The Dragon of the King*.

He has also written a few short phrases and reflections. Like every writer's dream, he would love for one of his novels to be adapted for the big or small screen. That hope is one of the driving forces behind his passion and dedication to writing.

We invite you to explore his world through the pages of his books, where imagination and emotion intertwine to offer you a unique experience. Welcome to his literary universe!

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