

SHE BELONGS TO THE DEVIL

Chapter 11 - An Evil Witch

In an instant, a girl who was roughly 10 years old was presented in front of the Queen. The girl's mouth and hands were tied by long piece of cloth. Her hair was ruffled and she even had some bruises on her face, probably left by someone when slapping the poor girl.

The General felt piercing pain in his heart when he raised his head to see the girl who was standing beside the Queen. It was Eleanor, his beloved daughter.

Lillian lifted her heavy royal gown and languidly walked behind Eleanor. Then she rested her hands on the girl's shoulder. Her shrill voice pierced the silence in the room, "She was only 6 years old when she was fighting for her life. And look at her now, outlived her fated years by four more year."

Lillian's long and pointed fingernails approached the girl's thin neck. With a flick of her finger, Lillian made a small cut at the side of Eleanor's neck.

Eleanor let out a muffled sobbing through the fabric covering her mouth. Tears started to roll down her cheeks. She was just a child and this cruel behavior from the Queen frightened her to her core. She was shaking like a leaf.

General Osmond was witnessing the Queen's cruel actions on his daughter. He wanted to leap forward and separate the Queen's hand from her body which had dared to wound his daughter. But he knew that it would just take a flick of her hand for Lillian to knock him down. She was one of the most powerful witches in the land.

Osmond would not stand a chance in front of the Queen. And with his daughter standing right in between him and the Queen, his chances of landing

an attack on Lillian was even low. He knew that she wouldn't hesitate one bit to hurt his daughter.

General Osmond had never felt this helpless and powerless in his life. He bowed to the Queen, his head touching the floor and his palms resting on the floor beside his head.

He begged to the Queen, "Please Your Highness, have mercy on me and my daughter. I don't know how the Princess was able to return back to the Palace but I swear upon my daughter's life that I did not try to trick you. I took her to the Devil's Cave and watched her enter the cave."

"Enough with the same old lies! Are you suggesting that the Princess had wings and flew back to the Palace?" The Queen asked with an unyielding voice while also tightening her grip on Eleanor's shoulder. Eleanor's muffled cries could be heard even more.

The General lifted his head to look at Lillian with pitiful eyes, "I'm not suggesting anything Your Majesty. I'm just asserting that I do not have the answer."

General Osmond did not like what he was going to say next but he was desperate to take his daughter away from the witch, "Please give me another chance Your Majesty. Or at the very least let me investigate how the Princess was able to escape from the Devil."

She stared at the General with scalding fury and gritted between her teeth, "You've lost all your chances, you ungrateful bastard."

And in another split second, Lillian waved her hand at the speed of lightening and slammed it on the chest of Eleanor. A dark aura engulfed the room as a dark gust of smoke started to swirl above Lillian and Eleanor.

Eleanor had a stunned look on her face, her eyes wide open and unflinching. The dark smoke was sizzling out of Eleanor's chest. It was dark magic, a prohibited magic, which Lillian had just performed.

General Osmond flung himself towards his daughter after realizing what just happened in front of his eyes. But he was too late. Eleanor fell down on his arms, lifeless.

Osmond felt a burning sensation in his heart, everything around him went blurry and mute. Streams of tears were voluntarily dripping down from his brown eyes and landing on the cold face of his daughter.

He softly shook his daughter's face in an attempt to wake her up, still hoping that she was not dead. He softly mumbled in a weak voice full of sorrow, "Eleanor... Eleanor... Please wake up! Don't leave your father like this. Wake up... Eleanor..."

After his futile effort at waking up his daughter, the General hugged the body of his daughter very tightly and started to cry very loudly. He could not contain his grief anymore.

While the grief-stricken General was crying for his dead daughter, Lillian was enjoying the scene. She was a sadist who thrived on other's pain.

Lillian left General Osmond alone in the room and went outside to find her maid. The maid bowed to the Queen.

"Ida, prepare the carriage to take those two out of the Palace. And make sure the guards stay quiet." She handed two strings of coins to Ida, each with 100 bronze coins tied together. The maid slipped the coins in the pocket of her apron, bowed to the Queen and quickly went away.

Lillian went inside her chamber and stopped in front of Osmond who was still crying his heart out. Then she chanted some mantra and waved her hands at

the General. General Osmond was too sorrowed to notice anything that the Queen was doing to him.

Lillian cleared her throat to get Osmond's attention and spoke, "I have lifted your invisibility spell. If you are asked where you were when the Princess was kidnapped, tell them that your daughter was on the verge of death and you could not attend your duty."

Ida came back inside the room and whispered to the Queen that the carriage was ready. "I have arranged a secret carriage. Go home and arrange a funeral for your daughter."

Then she narrowed her gaze as a warning and threatened the General, "And don't you dare think that you can get revenge. If any soul, living or dead, knows about our little secret, then I will make sure that your whole clan is massacred."

Then she quickly turned around and made her way into her private chamber.

The Queen's threat fueled the already burning rage inside the General's heart. He didn't get a chance to say anything to the Queen but he made a mental oath with himself that he would take his revenge by bringing the downfall of the Queen. What greater punishment would there be for a power hungry Queen?

Ida led General Osmond outside the chamber and to the carriage. He got inside the carriage while holding his beloved daughter's body in his arms. As soon as they got inside, the carriage took off.

Queen Lillian was already brewing another evil plan in her wicked mind.

"I did not want to get my hands dirty with the Princess, but now I guess I have no choice other than dealing with her myself.." An evil smirk slipped out Lillian's mouth.