

Chapter 157

Zefer

I shift back to my human form, my bones cracking back into place. I looked down at Michael's dead wolf. Bastard thought he had a chance against me.

Ester coughs, blood spurting out of her mouth as she weakly drags her body to her dead mate. I had teared the flesh of her neck, the witch will not live. Still I watched as she dragged her body to the useless dog, it was amusing.

Merichel had indeed cloaked us as if we were Zachary and Isabela. Ester was surprised to see us, stuttering as she let us in.

She had awkwardly laughed as she blabbed about not yet finishing the potion. Ofcourse I did not care, in fact I was pleased to know that she had not finished it.

The fool did not notice that we were not Zachary and Isabela. At first it was amusing as she nervously chatted but then it soon became boring. I hated boring. Merichel protested but I did not take heed and shift into my wolf.

My coat was not black like Zachary but a dusty brown. I flashed my canines towards her shocked and petrified face. I ran towards her and teared off the flesh of her neck. She had screamed like a banshee. Annoying that she was.

Her mate had come just in time to see me retract from her flesh, blood dripping down my fur to drop on the white mat. He had shifted into his wolf and charged towards me only for my canines to sink into his neck.

My sharp nails had dug into the undercoat of his belly. He had howled in pain trying to sink his teeth into my side. It was fruitless as I toss his body around until I broke his neck. The satisfaction of killing him felt good.

Now I stared at his dead wolf with his mate calling out to him in a weakly voice. Merichel moves from the corner of the room, shifting into her original form. "Did you have to kill them so quick Zefer?" She questions.

Upon hearing her voice Ester snaps towards her in shock. "You. Merichel how could you?" Ester coughed out, blood dropping from her lips.

Merichel meekly rolls her eyes in annoyance. "Ester you could not possibly think that I would allow you to save the boy from my toxins? I will not let a basic witch like you surpass me."

Ester eyes shift in understanding. "So you were the one who poisoned the king's heir? You are helping Zefer to gain the crown?"

I stood bare watching her, she entertained me. Asking questions while on the verge of death? This witch was amusing, perhaps I shouldn't have killed her so quickly.

But before Merichel could answer the witch takes one last breath before dying beside her mate. I throw my head back and let out a boisterous laugh. There was no way Ares would be cured now.

Merichel turns to me and her eyes turn white. She stiffens and starts speaking in tongues. A second later a crow teleports on her shoulder.

I stand watching her as blood dripped down my chest to my cock. It aroused me I'll admit. When I we are done here perhaps I'll fuck Merichel before returning to the castle.

Her eyes turn back to its original color but instead of victory there's worry in its depths. "Do not be so hasty in celebrating." Her voice is urgent.

"What is it?" I grit out. If I have to kill more people today to become king I will.

"My crows have informed me of something of great importance. The young boy, Ares has been healed." She says in disbelief.

"What!?" I roared my canines flashing in anger. "Did you not tell me your toxins are difficult to heal?" I spat pacing. My fingers tugged at my hair in rage.

She nods. "Aye. But he was not healed by something normal. The boy now has a certain power that surpasses his own Father."

My eyes widen as I halt. Surpasses his father? Not even I could surpass Zachary's power. That is impossible. The only way I could've possibly kill him was by using Merichel knowledge of dark magic spells that could weaken him a bit. After all the woman was the strongest dark witch alive.

"I waited thirty years! Thirty damn years so I'd get the chance to kill my bastard of a brother! Tonight is the strongest full moon in thirty years, I will not let this slip away because of a mere child!" I roared.

She shakes her head, lips straight into a frown. "I am surprised as you are my sweet."

I marched up to her, towering over her frame. Stone wants to tear her to shreds and I had to fight the urge to. Unfortunately we needed her to obtain the crown. I was no match for Zachary alone.

"Then do something about it you blasted witch!" I roared.

She doesn't flinch. "It is already too late to do anything now, the boy is immortal."

My eyes widen and I stumble away as if I was struck by lightning. Immortal? That is impossible. I shake my head in disbelief.

"Merichel what you are saying is utter nonsense. Stop with the blasted lies and tell me the truth!" I roared. It takes everything in me to suppress Stone.

Her eyes flash in anger and the walls in the house began to shake. Some of Ester's potions topple down to the floor, shattering and leaving a odor. "I am telling the truth!" She spits.

Her eyes cloud over and she stares at nothing in particular. Minutes past until her original eye color returns. "Perhaps there is a way for you to obtain the crown."

My ears perk up. "Elaborate Merichel." I hissed impatient.

She smacks her lips in vexation but speaks anyway. "Ares is immortal so there is no way we could kill him now. But we could use his powers for our own. The boy does not know the power that he holds, we could use that to our advantage." She nods.

"This does not tell me how I'm going to be king Merichel." I grunt in displeasure.

She rolls her eyes. "Patience sweeten, you are too hasty. If so happen that Zachary dies the crown will go to Ares."

I flashed my canines at that thought. Merichel giggles. "See you are too hasty, calm down sweet. The boy cannot be king until he turns the ripen age of twenty five. But since you're Zachary's only brother, the crown will temporarily be passed down to you until Ares reaches of age."

I narrow my eyes. "I don't want temporary Merichel, I want permanent."

"You are not seeing the big picture here Zefer. Ares posses a great power that we can use. We kill his father and use Ares power to become more powerful than we are now. Ares power will double when he turns twenty five and that kind of power." She draws licking her lips. "Well let's just say no one will be able to stop us."

"I am not willing to give up the throne to Ares when he turns twenty five Merichel. The thought of more power is tempting but not at the expense of being king for only a few years." I grumble.

"Who says that you will pass down the throne to Ares? You see Zefer, they do not call me the most powerful witch for nothing. I created an enchanted forest that every man fears. You enter and never come out. This is my playground. When the boy is almost the age of twenty five we lure him there. This way everyone will think him dead. The crown will remain yours." She explained.

I nodded. "What about the power you say the boy has? Will he be able to leave the enchanted forest? He is now immortal is he not?"

"Aye he has power and it will only get stronger but inside the enchanted forest, power is nothing there. You will be weakened and some die. But your nephew is immortal so he will not but he will weaken. There is no door to exit, no witch has been able to break the spell I casted upon it. No one can, not even an immortal." She boasted.

She then smirks. "Everything will be yours." She cackles.