

Chapter 159

Rüe

13 years later

A green silk dress hugged my enticing figure. It reaches just an inch above my knees with a split to the side, showing off my creamy flesh. High knee black boots fitted on my feet, the bottom walking over tiny pebbles on the ground.

On my head, a green witches hat covering the top of my lengthy icy blonde hair that whooshed over my shoulders.

The moonlight casted a soft glow on my radiant form, I would be hard to miss. I was a witch and I loved to act the part.

My fingers tighten on the broom as I walked, Cylester on my shoulders. "Rue are you sure you want to enter that bar? You of all people know the kind that goes there to quench their thirst." Cylester questions.

Over the years I had mastered every spell, every potion whether it was healing or toxic. Ten years ago I made a potion that allowed Cylester to speak. I created something no other witch has ever done before.

At first I did not know if it would work only for the negative thought to vanish when Cylester said his first word. Then I had made a potion to suppress my wolf side. I cannot shift but could still hear and smell anything from afar. I did not want to become one of those vicious dogs.

I giggled holding my satchel close to me. "Oh Cylester this is exactly why I am going there, other than to get the alcohol I need for the potion ofcourse."

"Rue you could go anywhere to get this alcohol. I do not want blood on my fur like last time. It took hours cleaning it up." He grumbles but it comes out like a purr.

I pout. "But it was fun to see those wolves bleed out from their eyes."

"You really are devious like they call you." He chuckles in amusement.

"Deviously beautiful." I giggled childishly and started speaking in tongues to mask my scent.

"I will not argue to that." Cylester purrs his yellow eyes with a hint of gold peers at the bar.

The small bar was not really a bar per say. It was more like a tiny cabin, smaller than my own. After my parents were murdered I lived alone. I did not need anyone for I knew how to survive on my own.

The bar was surrounded by thick trees that had no leaves for winter had just passed a few weeks ago. It was night time and the only light was coming from the two small windows at front.

There's a disturbing roar of laughter from inside as we near. I sniff the air. Wolves were definitely inside. I restrain from just burning the bar to ash. I did need the alcohol after all.

"They sound like dying chihuahuas." Cylester complains. He did not like wolves just as I.

I nodded. I couldn't agree more. "Remember, do not speak Cylester for you will scare them." I warned.

"Me speak to a bunch of smelly dogs? I rather get my fur shaved off." Cylester huffs.

My upper lip curl into a smirk. "That could be arranged."

"You wouldn't dare." Cylester voices.

I stop before the door and start to speak in tongues. Instantly the door opens and bangs on the wall. The entire bar goes silent as all heads turn to me. I do love an entrance.

Most were males who did not subtly rake their eyes over my beautiful self. As they should, they should feel privileged to be in my presence. Not many get to live this long without dying.

I took one step inside the bar. The only sound you could hear is my boots hitting the wood beneath them. I smirked and continued my way inside.

"Your kind is not welcomed here." It is a voice of a male's.

I snap my head to the voice. The plump man behind the counter. He looked to be in his late fifties judging by his balding head that had a few strands of grey hairs at the sides. His smoky dark eyes scanned me, resting his ugly eyes on Cylester.

I tilt my head to the side, my lips pulled into a playful smile. "My kind? And what kind is that?" I asked sweetly.

His dark eyes narrow until I barely saw the iris. "Witches are not welcomed here." He spits.

For an old man he was the only brave one to speak up. Then again the other males in the room were too busy drinking in my beautiful self.

I straighten my head and let out a loud giggle that floated through the quiet room. Inside reeked of alcohol and dog. Nasty. I hated nasty.

I purposely lifted my finger and trailed it from my throat to the top of my breast. I could feel their eyes on my creamy breast that peeked out a little from the top of my dress. "Me a witch? This is just a costume darling."

I walked over to the plump man. His dark eyes following my every move as I near him. I rest the broom beside the counter and place a hand on the bar top. My red painted nails tapping on the wood. "Give me a bottle of the strongest alcohol you have."

My violet eyes dance around the many liquor in the bottles. None smelled strong enough for what I had planned. But perhaps I could mix them.

"I do not sell anything to a witch." The older man growls.

I frown, my brows knitting together as I turn to him. "Now is that anyway to treat a customer wolf?!"

Sneakily my fingers push into my satchel to grasp a potion. The older man stays stocked. I pout. "All I wanted was some alcohol to create a toxin that could make a wolf brain turn to mush in a second."

Upon hearing my declaration the entire bar goes into uproar. Men start to rise from their chairs as they flashed their canines at me. I sighed.

This could've gone so much easier if the old fat had just given me the alcohol.

Quickly I pulled out the potion and drop it to the floor. It breaks and the wolves that were charging towards me freeze. They all were frozen. I turn back to stare at the old man and smirked when he could only shift his eyes.

I start to speak in tongues and he was now able to speak. "What did you do witch!!" He growls.

I rolled my eyes and giggled. "Well the potion that accidentally shattered on the floor was something special." I lean forward and Cylester drop down on the counter meowing.

"It delivers toxins in the air that paralyzes anyone within a certain distance." I whispered and winked.

"The only reason I'm not paralyzed was because I made myself immune to it. Perks of creating the toxin yourself." I giggled childishly.

"You fucking bitch I will kill you!" He roars.

I rolled my eyes. "And how would do that wolf? You're paralyzed remember?" I giggled.

The man lips turn into a snarl. "You are not a normal witch."

I looked down at Cylester. "Look Cylester a smart man." I laughed then turn back to face the man. "Ofcourse I am not a normal witch. I am Rue, the most deviously beautiful witch alive." I giggled.

The man looks ready to pee his pants. "Yo-u ar-e-" He stutters.

I nodded and yawned. "Yes yes, the most feared witch for the were kind." I turn back to look at Cylester. "Now enough of this boring chat. I rather not speak to a smelly dog." I grumble and start speaking in tongues for the man not to be able to speak again.

"Cylester go grab that vodka bottle there."

"Rue how can I grab a bottle that is twice my size?" Cylester asked, sits down on his butt and lifts his paw to lick.

"Oh right." I giggle and look at the bottle. I start speaking in tongues and it teleports on the counter, right before me.

I looked at the old man. "Well it was nice doing business with you wolf but now we shall take our leave." I told him but don't get a response for he is paralyzed and unable to speak.

Cylester climbs back on my shoulder as I grab the bottle of vodka and reach for my broom. "Until next time wolves!" I shout as I exit the bar.

"You're just going to leave like that?" Cylester questions as I start speaking in tongues.

The broom in my grasp starts to float. I swiftly sit down upon it, clutching it tightly as I guide it up, far from the ground. I giggle. "Ofcourse not." I start to speak in tongues and the entire bar is set on fire.

"Thought so." Cylester purrs as we fly through the sky on my broom.