

Chapter 161

Rue

I stirred the potion in the cauldron, giggling when it makes the sound of firecrackers.

Cylester meows as he enters through the opened window. I peer at him with a raised brow. "Cylester did you get the last herb I sent you out for?"

He purrs and saunters over to me, jumps on the counter and gags. A handful of basic leaves comes out of his mouth. I cringe. "Did I not warn you to stop swallowing the herbs I send you out for? They could be toxic Cylester."

He simply stares at me with his yellow eyes. "I had no choice this time, wild dogs were chasing me. I swallowed them by accident when I run away." He then lift a paw to start licking.

I clicked my tongue, not believing a single word he said. Cylester had a habit of eating anything, this time was certainly no different. "Throw them in the pot." I instructed him stirring the liquid that was quickly turning purple.

He only turns around, swishing his tail as he saunters over to windowsill. He lies down and lets the sun beat on his fur. He enjoys his sunbathing. "I will not risk my fur burning off like the last time."

I blew out a breath, the lock of icy blonde hair that was in my face move away. "You make it sound like I put you in danger all the time." I huffed, picked up the soggy herbs and threw them in the cauldron.

Quickly I bent down as the sound of fireworks disturbs the silence. "Rue I think you over did it this time!" I hear Cylester shout.

"No it's fine!" I shout and crawled away from the cauldron that was busy sending out little sparks.

"The ceiling is on fire." Cylester deadpans falling on his paws elegantly beside me.

I turn around quickly and peer up. The ceiling was indeed on fire. "Blast." I hissed and start to speak in tongues quickly. The fire dims down until there was nothing left but a burnt ceiling. It wasn't bad enough to worry about but it still looked ugly.

I had to fix this soon, I hated ugly.

I turn to Cylester, eyes narrowed in accusation. "This is all your fault." I accused and rise to my feet.

"How is this my fault?" Cylester questions following after me as I walked over to the cauldron. The sparks had settled down and what was left was a now green liquid in the pot.

"Your saliva mixed with the herb made it more extreme." I told him and bend down to sniff the potion I had created. It smelled of pepper. Good it was done.

"Or maybe my saliva was the missing ingredient." He answers and jumps on the counter beside the pot. "This definitely is not a pleasing scent." He complained.

"What exactly is this potion for?" He asked when I put the fire off beneath the cauldron.

I dipped the wooden spoon in the liquid and gave it one last stir. "Well I have been trying something out and wanted to see if it works." I drawled out.

He purrs watching me pick up an empty potion bottle and a plastic pipette. "That did not answer my question Rue. Honestly I am now frightened."

I rolled my eyes and began to fill the potion bottle with the liquid that I collected using the pipette. "Oh hush Cylester, you know I will never harm you." My eyes twinkle as I looked at the liquid filling up the small bottle. "Intentionally." I whispered.

"I'm not frightened at all." He mumbles sarcastically.

I smiled and push the opening of the potion bottle to his mouth. "Drink." I instructed.

Quickly he backs away, hair raised in warning on his back. "What is this potion Rue?"

I sighed placing the potion down on the wooden counter. "You know how I've been trying to turn you into a human." I started and see he looked displeased.

"Yuck a human? I rather not." He hisses.

I groan. "Cylester not for the rest of your life, just for a few hours. I think it will come in handy someday. You know stray dogs won't chase you again and you won't be forced to swallow the herbs."

I bring the potion bottle to his mouth again. "I promise it will not kill you. You know that you mean every thing to, I won't harm you." I promised. Cylester and I have been on our own for years. We survived together, did everything together. He was not just a pet to me but family.

He grunts and opens his mouth so I could slowly push the liquid into his mouth. When the bottle was empty he sits down on his butt and starts to lick his paw. "I admit it doesn't taste bitter."

I nodded giggling in excitement. "See nothing bad hap-"

I am cut off when Cylester starts to quack lick a duck. His eyes widen and he quacks again. Startled, he moves backwards only to fall down on the floor. Rushing to him in worry, I gasp upon seeing white feathers instead of fur.

He was turning into a duck. He looks at me accusingly as he fully turns into a duck. I bend down beside him, lifting my finger to my lips and hummed. "Perhaps I added too much herbs."

He quacks angrily and louder than necessary. "Okay okay, I know you are mad. I will fix this don't worry." I rise to my feet and walked over to the front door and grasp my broom. Reaching for my green cloak, I wrapped it around my shoulders.

I looked down at Cylester that had followed me. "I will be back, I run out of the crystal salt. Stay here, I don't want anyone to see you incase they capture you for their dinner." I warned. Upon hearing my words Cylester quickly waddle to hide underneath the small wooden table.

"I will be back soon." I promised and opened the door.

The little bell chimes as I push the door of the store to get out. "Pleasure doing business with you." I shout over my shoulder at the elderly woman inside the shop. She was human thankfully and not a smelly dog.

"Come on little wolf, we just want to have some fun." It's a voice of a male. Gruff and annoying. A wolf? I sighed. Blasted and I did not even bring my satchel of potions with me. I hmmm. Perhaps I can still cause the nasty thing pain.

"Please I am waiting for my mate, please don't." The female voice pleads. I click my tongue, clutching the bag of crystal salt in my hands and my broom in the other. My boots hit the pavement as I make a turn and come face to face with three male wolves and a small she wolf.

The men were pushing her roughly to the wall. Yet everyone who passed acted like it was normal. Disgusting people. Perhaps they were afraid to go against three male wolves. I sighed, the sight was ugly.

"Unhand the she wolf." I said in a bored tone as I strutted over to them, making sure I left a good distance between us. I did not have my potions that helped me kill them quicker.

All heads turn to me, one in particular, a male with abnormal yellow eyes smirks at me. "If we get you instead we'll happily leave her be. You are much more beautiful than she is." He licks his lips.

Me? Get bedded by a nasty wolf? Disgusting. Just thinking about it has my stomach unsettling. Perhaps I should just leave the female wolf to get ravaged by the three mutts. That is what their kind do anyway. Nasty and vicious, disgusting beings.

But then her eyes filled with tears as they pressed her harder on the wall in warning and I decided to help her this once.

I looked at the three makes and tilt my head to the side. "You must not know who I am dog. I am no bitch." I stated. I straighten my stance and giggled. "I am Rue, the most deviously beautiful witch alive."

Their eyes widen in terror as they back away from the she wolf. "Uh uh, not so fast." I giggled childishly as they stumble in fear. My features harden and I start to speak in tongues.

All three males clutch their heads as they screamed in pain. I might not have my potions with me but I could still do some serious damage to those wolves. They fall to their knees as the female wolf quickly move beside them and comes to me.

"You see I do not like to see anything ugly, next time try not to make y'all barbaric ways show in my presence." I giggled and walk passed the three wolves who were groaning in pain on the ground. I was sure I left damage to their brains.

"Wait! I haven't thanked you yet!" The female wolf shout to gain my attention. I halt. "You are lucky I did not do you the same for I am in a good mood." I turn to stare at her now pale face. I smile.

"Give my regards to your king and prince for me would you? Tell them to stop sending weak mutts behind me and come to me themselves. I simply just want to play." I giggled and winked as I went on my way.

I started speaking in tongues and the broom in my hand starts to float. Hopping on, I giggled as I make my way home. Flying high above was something I always loved to do.