

Chapter 163

Rûe

"Drink the potion Cylester!" I growled lowly pushing the opening of the bottle to his mouth.

He hisses. "The last time I did, I turned into a duck!" His yellow eyes peer up at me with distaste.

I pouted. "A cute duck. Besides this time I fixed it, nothing bad will happen I promise." I whined, my icy blonde hair containing around my face.

I was kneeled to the floor, forearms on the wooden floor as I tried to force Cylester to drink the potion. Cylester bared his little sharpened teeth. "No thank you, I rather much prefer my paws than waddle like a duck."

I pouted and lift my upper body, my green dress flowing around my legs. "You're no fun. I guess I'll have to look for someone that's more willing." I hummed and Rose to my feet.

I lift my eyes to the burnt ceiling and cringed. "I need to fix this, it is too ugly for my beautiful self."

I hummed and started walking over to the wooden table. A huge book with spells lay open on the wood. It glittered when I peered down. Cylester brushes and purrs on my foot. I place the potion on the table.

"There should be a spell somewhere inside here to fix this ugliness." I grumble as I flipped the pages. This book has been in my family for centuries, its pages old and somewhat dusty.

"Ah ha." I giggled tapping my finger on the paper. I groaned in displeasure when I read what I needed for the spell. "Looks like I am missing one ingredient."

"I'm not going to retrieve it if that's what you're going to ask. I much rather have my limbs intact thank you." Cylester grumbles and jumps on the table.

I pout. "But I do not know where to find it Cylester."

He peers down at the book and purrs. "I suppose I can show you where to get it but on one condition." He steps away from the book and peers up at me. "You will not force me to drink the potion that will turn me into a human or something atrocious."

"Great then we shall go on our way. I promise to not force you to drink anything you don't want to." Ofcourse I lied. As soon as we get back here I'll force him to try the potion.

"I don't believe you but alright I will show you." He grumbles.

I bend down so he could jump on my shoulder. When he is secure I amble towards my satchel with my most toxic potions. I will rather not want to show mercy to a wolf next time. It will not be good for my reputation.

Shall I wear my witches hat today? It will go great with my beautiful green dress.

I reach for the hat and settle it on my head. "I don't know why you insist on putting those hats when you complain about them hiding your beautiful hair." Cylester purrs on my shoulder.

"I must act the part Cylester. Or else what would be the fun in that?" I giggled and stride towards the door. I opened the dark oak stained door and walked outside.

"No broom today?" Cylester asked.

I shook my head, my boots hitting the wooden steps beneath my feet. "I want to stroll through the woods today on foot."

There's a sudden zap in the air followed by the scent of death when I step on the ground. The dried leaves crunch beneath my boots as I halt. This scent was not good.

My violet eyes snap to the side only to see a figure appearing. A woman, a witch, a dark witch. "Who are you?" I tilt my head to the side to study her.

Dark lacy clothes, covering nothing showing her private parts. Brown dark curls falling g around her shoulders, red lips tinted her smirking mouth. Nasty.

She elegantly walks over to me, Cylester stiffens on my shoulders, his nails sharp and jutted out ready to attack anyone who wishes me harm. "I am Wuna, a witch from Mericel coven." She says.

I stiffen hearing the name of the dark witch, who supposedly is the strongest. I rolled my eyes and raised my palm up to stop her. "Do not come any closer, your scent is very unpleasant. I will have to scrub my nose for hours to rid me of that scent."

When she stops and stares at me in shock I sighed. "Look, tell Mericel to stop troubling me to join her ugly coven, I am not interested. I think I much rather my pleasant and beautiful scent." I grumble.

It would not be the first time that Mericel had scent one of her ugly coven witches to try to persuade me into joining them. I turned her down and yet the old hag keeps annoying me. We might have a problem if she continues.

Wuna eyes narrow. "It is different this time, she has something you want. Well she can give you something you want."

I hummed half interested. "And what does she have that I want?"

"She knows that you detest wolves, kill them without mercy. She can give you Ares, prince of the werewolf people. She knows that you want them dead especially him." Wuna says.

It is no secret that I wanted the prince dead more than all the other wolves. He was the main reason why my parents were dead, if my mother did not have to make a potion to heal him, she would be alive. My dad would be alive.

But instead he was healed while my parents suffered at the hands of his kind. They killed them even though all they wanted to do was heal him. I wanted, no needed to kill him, show him no mercy.

I giggled staring at Wuna. "If I cannot get Ares who is Mericel to get him? I have been after that mutt for years, never had I ever seen a glimpse of his face. Those royal mutts sure know how to hide their tales between their legs." I snorted.

Her blue eyes glistened with mild irritation." Mericel is the most powerful witch, she knows how to lure him to you. Tonight is the full moon which is best to capture him. Come to Witches hallow before six. She will not disappoint you."

"Full moon is when the wolves are at their strongest. Do you take me for a fool? There are rumors that Ares is the most powerful werewolf, surpassing his uncle. His power will only strengthen on a full moon. So tell your old hag that I think I'll pass." I waved off and turn around to leave. Her next words had me stiffen completely, halting in my tracks.

"She knows who you really are Rue, we all know. Did you really think a spell would've worked against Mericel? We know you are the daughter of Ester and Michael. The witch and the werewolf that are rumored to have been killed by wolves. This explains your fascination with them. Is it fascination though or pure blood lust?" Wuna asked in a cackle.

How could Mericel find out? I had casted a spell to rid everyone's memory of me. No one remembers me or where I came from.

None remember where Ester and Michael lived, hell no one remembered they had a daughter. They only remember me as a young girl who lived on her own.

I had survived my younger days by tricking people with magic to capture their gold coins. I still do it occasionally when I'm bored. I had forced some vampires to build my cabin, since they were quick.

In return I paid them with wolvesbane. I had burnt the house I had grown up in and had taken everything my mother and father owned.

If Mericel found out, wouldthat mean the wolves had found out as well? Perhaps the spell was not strong enough to surpass Mericel dark magic.

I quickly snap back to face her, my face in a frown. "How was she able to-" I drawled out.

"Come to Witches hallow tonight, she'll explain everything." And just like that she vanishes leaving her disgusting scent of death.

I waved a hand over my nose ten did it to Cylester. "They sure stink." I gagged.

"Do you think Mericel will help you get Ares?" Cylester questions.

I hummed and turn around to walk, following the little trail into the woods. "She was strong enough to break the spell I casted. If she is that strong then perhaps she can lure Ares to me."

"This sounds fishy to me. Why would she help you?" Cylester asks.

"That's what we're going to find out tonight. Hopefully I don't vomit by their disgusting scent. They really should bathe once in a while." I answered, stepping on fallen leaves and tiny pinecones.