

Chapter 164

Rûe

The wind howled in anger, past the dying trees. They were black like tar, creepy with branches bared of leaves. The air is stuffy, its odour of decaying corpses.

The ground is damp beneath my boots, moss around the base of the trees. My violet eyes scan the ugly area and noted that there was unmistakably witch dust scattered around. This place reeked of death.

It is no wonder the dark witches come here. It certainly suits them well, ugly and nasty. Smelly too.

Cylester claws pinch through the material of my cloak, touching my bare flesh underneath. The green dress I wore did not have straps, or any material to cover my shoulder.

The silk dress ended just below my knees, a split on the sides to show off my creamy flesh. My knee high black boots fitted my feet, making me all the more intimidating and beautiful.

"Cylester withdraw your claws from my cloak, you are nearly piercing my flesh." I muttered while I amble through the woods. I followed the scent of death and the tiny specs of witch dust.

Cylester purrs. "I don't want to tumble and have my shiny fur get dirty in this nasty place."

I rolled my eyes clutching my broom closer to me. "There is no doubt that these dark witches love nasty." I grumble.

I was late, the sun had already begun to descend. "Must I keep my mouth shut when we arrive?" Cylester questions, retracting his claws a little.

I hummed. Somehow I had an inkling that Mericel knew everything, including Cylester. That old hag, as annoying as she was I'll admit her power is admirable.

"I do not think it matters, the witches know about you, I am sure." I mumbled.

A small and creepy cabin comes into my vision. Its wood looks rotten, dark with moss plastered onto it like paint. Its windows are dark with spiderwebs making its home.

"This must be where Mericel and her little admirers are. Creepy little thing. Hope I do not catch a disease just by looking at it." I murmur. Cylester laughs on my shoulder nearly toppling over.

I am only missing a couple of steps to the creepy cabin when the creaky uncolored door opens. Cylester ceases his laughter, I on the other hand smirk.

Neat trick, too bad I do it better.

A woman, this one blonde walks out. Her dark eyes falling on me and her face pinches in distaste. "You are late, Mericel hates tardiness."

I rolled my eyes, walking over. "The old hag will survive." I brushed past the nasty witch and entered inside the dark and gloomy cabin.

The inside was not a bunch of roses, no it was uglier than the outside. No furniture, no painted wood and no interior art. Bare and creepy. Still I walked forward, the blonde witch following behind me.

"Where is this old hag?" I question. Cylester purrs on my shoulder, his eyes dancing around the ugly place.

"Walk further, you will see." The witch says behind me.

I rolled my eyes and continued walking until I walked straight into what we witches called a barrier. I felt a shift, a tightening feeling as I broke through.

Instantly I see that it was not I and Cylester alone. About twenty witches sat down on wooden chairs, facing forward. They did not turn when I broke through the barrier that had disguised them.

Skulls and bones, I was sure they were real, hung atop the walls. A dark haired witch stands at front, her lacy dress leaving little to the imagination.

Cylester stiffen while I refrain from gagging. The scent of death was more prominent.

"You have finally made it." The dark haired witch mumble unpleasantly. The other witches in the room turn to face me.

I raise a perfectly arched brow. "You are Mericel?" I asked, opting to stay away from their rancid smell by not walking in further.

She nods. I scan her face, my eyes squinting. They say the witch was old, aged by numbers. Yet she looked fairly young, almost my age.

"I will admit, I expected someone more." I drawled then smirked. "Pleasing to the eyes. I am disappointed."

The witches in the room gasp in astonishment. Certainly they were not expecting that.

Ofcourse I just wanted to taunt the old hag, she was not at all ugly. But something told me she enhanced her features somehow. Her dark eyes narrowed into anger before her lips curled into a snarl.

"You will respect me little witch, I will not hesitate to turn you into a rat." She snaps.

I rolled my eyes, feigning a yawn. "All I hear is gibberish." Perhaps I should not taunt a witch that is stronger and promises to help me get the wolf I had been after for years.

Her nostrils flared before she breathed out, calming her vexed features. "I will let your idiocy slide this once."

I am about to retort, probably burn her tongue for calling me an idiot. But Cylester sharp nails dig into the material of my cloak and touch my flesh warningly. I bit my tongue.

I tilt my head to the side and scan her again. "Why do you want to help me find Ares? What is in it for you?" I question and straightened.

"It is no secret that the wolves hold disdain for our kind. Recently Ares has been on a rampage killing my dark witches in search for you. I could kill him myself but I think you would want the honors." She smirks.

I clutched my broom tighter and nodded. "Aye I want the mutt."

"But if I do help you find him, you must give me the book of spells that you hold." She tsked.

Of course she wanted to bargain. I expected nothing less of a dark witch.

I nodded. "If I successfully get him then the book shall be yours." I lied smoothly. I will not have her smelly self touch the book that has been in my family for ages.

She nods and smirks. "Good. I have already scried for him. I have made a very toxic potion that can harm him, make him numb for you to do what you please." She gestured for one of the witches to bring a bag full of potions.

"All you need to do is capture a young wolf to lure him to you. He has a certain soft spot for his younger kind." She says.

Instantly my mood darkens and my teeth grit. "I do not use or kill children for my acts. Even if it is a werewolf." I spat.

Mericel rolls her dark eyes. "The child will not be harmed, it is just to lure him to you."

Perhaps this once I can use a child. It was not like I would kill the thing.

I hummed and clutched the bag the witch gave me. "Tonight is full moon Mericel, all the wolves will be out. How exactly am I going to catch a young wolf that's not with their parents?"

Young wolves tend to stick with their parents like glue that just won't come out.

She smirks and starts to speak in tongues. A child, a wolf by her scent, teleports beside Mericel. My eyes snap to the girl, red fairy hair with mossy green eyes.

Her eyes were wide with fear, moisture already building up. Her wrists were bonded with rope, which looked to be too tight. "Please don't kill me." She hiccups.

Poor girl. I turn to Mericel. "You best pray that what you say is true. Because if I do not kill Ares tonight then mark my words, you will have gained an enemy." I said truthfully.

Then I giggled. "Now tell me how exactly will the stupid mutt know I have captured a young wolf?" I was smiling but if you really looked, you could tell it lacked emotion.

Mericel clicks her tongue. "I do not want to have war with you Rue. I know better than to get you on your bad side."

Good then she knows that I do not care if I have to die in the process but will cause her harm nonetheless.

"Do not worry about that. I know exactly how to lure him to you. I will teleport you to the place where you shall wait with the child. Ares will meet you there, I promise." She says.

I nodded and quickly righted the small girl that she pushes to me. "I have casted a spell on the child to have her listen to your every word. Be reassured she will not run away." Mericel cackles. The rest of the witches join her.

"Please let me go, papa needs me." The soft cry of the girl is heard.

"Hush girl I will return you to your ugly father as soon as I'm done killing your prince." I said as Mericel starts speaking in tongues and I find myself being teleported into the woods with the child by my side.

"Well atleast we are in better looking woods. Not smelly too." Cylester speaks.

"I was beginning to think that you had grown mute." I joked.

"A kitten that speaks?" The young girl gasps, turning to stare at Cylester on my shoulder.

"I am no kitten kid." He hisses in vexation.