

Chapter 186

Merichel

I stared at my reflection in the mirror, tilting my head. My fingers reach up to slowly grasp the pendant around my neck. It was the shape of a potion bottle but smaller. Though this bottle did not have toxins but the blood of the immortal one, Ares.

I tapped my long black nails on the bottle and hummed. Today I will be crowned queen of the wolves. The power was just at my reach, I could already taste it. But something was missing. The book of spells.

But that damn cat was as devious as Rue, perhaps even more. I could not wrap around the fact that a mere cat, a stupid kitten can block my scrying. A damn cat. My powers have never failed me before. I am the most powerful witch, no one can surpass me. Yet that damn cat can oddly block the spells I casted.

The door creaks open and one of the dark witches of my coven enters. I turned to face her while playing with the pendant. She bows, hands folded in nerves. She was fairly young, perhaps twenty years. "My queen, you have summoned me?" Her voice was a stutter of nerves that piqued my irritation.

"Darla fetch me one of those rare white foxes. I need it here before sunset." I said smoothly.

Her head lifted and her dark eyes peered at me in confusion. "But they are very rare as you have said my queen. It will take me days or even months to get one of them. And they do not come willingly."

I swallowed my anger and walked over to her. Her eyes fleet away from me and her form visibly shakes. I place a finger underneath her chin and lift her head gently. Her dark eyes snap to mine, fear written in their depths.

"I am to be crowned queen of the wolf people today. So you see I need the fox to make a cloak to show off my beauty. I do not care how you fetch it, just bring it to me in one hour." I spat then smiled, tracing her jaw with a pointy nail. "You are a very pretty girl Darla. I would hate to melt your skin off your pretty little face."

She gulps beyond terrified. "But you gave me before sunset my queen. One hour is impossible."

I whirled around and walked away from her. If this bitch keeps talking I would certainly carve her body with a human bone. Impossible as it is, I will make it possible.

"You are a bloody witch Darla, one tiny fox is not difficult to find." I turn my head to her and dismissed her with a wave of my hand. "Oh and Darla?" I called out.

"Yes queen?" She whispered.

"Fetch two. I want my cloak to be long." I smirked and went back to stare at my reflection in the mirror. I rolled my eyes when I heard the door shut on her way out. "I am the most powerful queen." I played with the pendant.

"I do not think I have seen you with a white cloak before. It is oddly-"

"Alluring." I finished Zefer's babbling. I smoothed my hands down the white fur which was once a fox. Darla was a bit tardy but did end up bringing over the two white foxes. Her face was a painting of her very own blood and scratches on her arms. No doubt the foxes had given her a hassle to capture them.

I was pleased she had killed them before bringing them to me. I would have hated to kill them myself and get dirty hours before my coronation day. I had worked a quick spell to turn them into a cloak and had gutted Darla's belly for bringing them five seconds late. Her guts were in a jar I saved for my spells later on.

I summoned one of my crows, this one is named Gore. He hated it but I rather loved the name which suited him well because of his fascination with eating corpses. Preferably dead wolves. He also loved bringing souvenirs for my spells. Wolves blood is very useful for many spells.

Gore settled himself on my shoulder and pecked me with his beak to wish me hello. I smirked as I peer at Zefer. "Have you summoned the alphas of the other packs?" I question, bringing one of my legs over the other and rest my back against the back of the chair.

He visibly cringes and rakes his fingers through his hair. "Some nearby are here but like I mentioned Merichel, it is impossible for the rest to come. They are too far away."

I clicked my tongue and ran it over the roof of my mouth. Hmmm more dogs to kill, yum. "How assaulting that they cannot make an effort to come to the coronation of their new queen. I shall pay them a visit soon." I rise to my feet and Gore shakes his feathers.

Zefer glowers, his face pinched with hatred. Fool thought I cared what he felt towards me? He was just a stepping stone to what I wanted. Now that I will have it, well maybe he will not only be good for sex but some spell castings that require torture.

"Do you want my people to loathe us? They will wage war against us. Think this through Merichel. I am already granting you as queen and it is already an insult to the wolf community. No less that you are a dark witch. They will not see me as their king anymore but a mere enemy." He hisses, fangs jutting out until they bruise his lips that slowly begin to bleed.

I rolled my eyes, sauntering over to him. "All I hear is blah, blah and blah." I snorted and when I am before him, I reach over and brushed my finger over his bloody lip. I then push it into my mouth and suck. I love power. "Now stop blabbering like a tiny pup. It is already four forty-four. Time is up my sweeten, time to announce your new queen." I smirked.

Oh I love when he gets angry and glares down at me. Such sexy hatred that will do wonders in the bedroom.

Cylester

"Walk like a damn normal human, not someone who has a cone up their ass." Sebastian growls, flashing his fangs. I yawned.

This was getting old, when will he learn that I am not frightened by his pointy fangs? I squint. Wait, is that a piece of lettuce stuck in his teeth? Oh well, better to make him look like a fool than to tell him that he has a piece of vegetable snuggling between his teeth.

"I find that I am walking perfectly fine." I spoke yet wobbled a bit. I was still getting used to these legs and do not get me started on those ten creepy toes.

Sebastian snorted while walking beside me. "Aye like someone having a seizure. Try not to draw too much attention towards us." He said sarcastically.

I turn to glare at him. "You try being a cat your entire life then turn into a human being." I spat.

"Stop it you two, we are supposed to be discreet." Conner hissed lowly and steps between Sebastian and I. He turns to me and looked rather worried. "Are you sure the spell you casted worked?"

He was referring to the spell I casted earlier before they got the announcement that King Zefer wanted all wolves in the throne room. I had drawn some blood from them and drank it while chanting a spell Rue taught me long ago. It worked because I am certain I now smell like a dog.

"Take a sniff?" I raised my hand. Conner's head tilt towards me and he sniffed. He then smirks and nods. "You are good. I cannot even tell if you are human, the scent of wolf is strong to think otherwise."

His eyebrows then furrowed as he looked lost in thought. Right leg then left leg, repeat. I chanted to myself inwardly. "Though I am concerned that as we are not around the book of spells Merichel will have the chance to capture it."

I waved a hand dismissively. "When you two were not around I went to the place Rue and I lived long ago. It was her parents' cabin before she burnt it along with their bodies. That place is sacred to Rue, not only does she draw her powers from there but her mother's magic is still there. I buried the book where Rue burnt their bodies and I have every faith that Ester will guard the book with her soul."

I had every single faith in Ester's spirit. Not only does the place still hold magic but Ester's soul is so restless that she does not allow any witch other than her daughter to step foot around the area. She only allowed me today because she knew my intentions.

"Well that is not creepy at all." Sebastian says sarcastically. I rolled my eyes wobbling as I walked. We were heading to the throne room and something told me that whatever Zefer summoned every wolf for, would not be good.