

Chapter 197

Cylester

Staring at the evil bitch with blood nearly blocking my vision was not what I pictured my night would end up to. I had plans to eat as much bacon as I could before heading to where I buried the book. But now, I cannot do that since I was bond to a rusty chair that smelled of piss. How upsetting.

"You perk my interest Cylester darling. If it were different circumstances I would surely have had you as an apprentice. Too bad you love your little Rue." She cackles.

She had long removed her white cloak, not wanting to dirty it with my blood. What she was clothed in, if you can even call it that, was a see-through lace dress that showed off everything that should be private.

I swallowed down the bile and stared at her head on. My wrist hurt and my handsome face was no doubt disfigured. I was sure, I was spotting a black eye from how swollen and throbbing they felt. Evil bitch made one of the guards beat me to a pulp before dragging my ass in this blasted dungeon that smelled of urine and vomit. Again how upsetting.

"Why do you keep me alive now that you know I have hidden the book from you? Why not just kill me and end both our misery? Because quite frankly I would rather be dead than stare at you any longer." I spat.

Being in her mere presence was making my skin crawl and it was not in a good way. The blasted bitch scent was as assaulting to the nose as the smell of piss and vomit.

The crow on her shoulder cries, its pitch loud and painful to my throbbing ear that the stupid wolf guard had bashed with his fist. The downfall of being human was that I could not scratch out his eyeballs for nearly making me go deaf.

"And your stench Mericel, do you not shower regularly? How nasty for such queen." I smirked. It probably will not benefit me to provoke her so, but seeing her smirking face turn sour with hatred made me satisfied enough to die in peace.

"You smell worse than those darn dogs. How unpleasant." I finished and hissed when the crow on her shoulder left her shoulders to peck at my bloody face. "Blast. Get that damn thing away from me!" I roared, shaking my head, an attempt to get it away.

I know I said I would rather die and face the bitch again but this was not the way to go. I would rather her end me with her magic than have this blasted crow eat my face until it reaches my skull.

Dying looking like a blasted skeleton was unpleasant especially if there would be female cats around my grave.

I twisted my hands, the metal chains keeping me from moving further. I could hear Mericel's cackles over the loud noise of the crows' cries and fluttering of its wings. I shut my eyes, bending my head later regretting it when it pecked at my scalp.

"For blasted sake get this thing away from me!" I cried out, feeling my blood soak the shirt Sebastian had borrowed me. I hope I do not have to pay him back because this shirt is no more. Not even deep cleaning could resurrect it from its death.

"That is enough Gore. I think our friend has had enough. Come on." She speaks as if talking to a lovable pet. I made a mental note that if I happen to turn back to a cat, I would surely find this damn bird and eat it, slowly.

It cries moving away from my body. My shoulders rise and fall quickly as I try to catch my breath. My face was already throbbing from the brutal punches it sadly faced now it had been pecked like it was damn meat.

"Now will you tell me where you have hidden the book of spells?" She questions, not in the fake chirpy voice she had earlier. My oh my, how quickly she can change moods.

I feel laughter bubble in my chest as my shoulders shook before I let it out. Throwing my head back and stared at the ceiling. Well part of it that I could see from my blurred vision. I sighed, stopped the laughter and brought my head back to face her.

"Do you think I would betray Rue and tell you where I have hidden the book of spells? Then you must be more brainless than I thought." I grumble. The crow, Gore, cries as if in warning. I glared at it as much as I could. "Calm down you nasty thing." I spat.

Mericel's eyes darken considerably and her lips curl into a sour snarl of hatred. She marches towards me, Gore's wings flapping in warning. I jerk back when her nasty breath reaches my nose for how close she was to me.

"I have trapped your precious Rue in my enchanted forest. I am sure you have heard the rumors of no being able to escape without dying. With just a flick of my finger I could have her dead in a second. How would you like me feeding you her flesh after I have cut her into pieces?" I flinch at her threat, heart sinking in the pit of my stomach.

Mericel's hands come forward to rest on the armrest and grip it tightly. Her face inches away from my own. I grimaced from both the pain I was feeling and the stench of her. Also having her so close to me was not pleasant to say the least, she was not as beautiful as she was from afar. How disappointing.

"You can save your precious Rue Cylester. You just need to tell me where you have hidden the book." She whispers, comes forward and does the unthinkable, she licks the blood off my cheek. I shivered in disgust, swallowing the bile.

Her eyes flash with something that makes my skin crawl."I will even spare your life if you tell me how you were able to block my scrying."

I scowled, pondering her words. Mericel was nasty enough to go back on her words and kill both Rue and I. Besides I had faith that Rue can handle herself, especially with someone like Ares by her side.

I sighed, sagging in the chair and looked at her defeated. "Fine, I will tell you. I have buried the book." I held back the laughter that threatened to spill out as her eyes flash with intrigue. "Where you will never retrieve it. You will never gain what you seek witch." I snarl.

Her eyes darken, glaring into my soul. I gasp when her hands come either side of my face, nails digging into my scalp. "I tried it the easy way, now on to the hard way." She snarls, the crow flying off her shoulder. Her eyes turn foggy white as she chants a spell.

Like a sharp big needle digging into my skull my eyes closed shut. I groan, the pain almost unbearable. My brain felt like it was melting in my own skull, heart racing like I was running away from one of those hungry dogs. Whatever she was doing to me, would certainly kill me soon.

When I thought it was the end of me, she stops pulling away from me quickly. I gasp for air, my head burning with an unbearable heat. I could feel the blood slip from my ears and nose but I could still hear Mericel's words.

"Even in death Ester still causes troubles." She roars, Gore piercing cries making the pain in my head worse.