

## Chapter 205

Merichel

As the trees made way to a clearing I felt the unmistakable sensation of magic. I looked around, noting how the grass covered where I remembered their house used to be.

I stayed a couple of feet away from the clearing, and tapped the bark of the tree with my nails. I hum, turning to the crow on my shoulder. I blew a breath towards it, smiled and whispered. "Go."

I turn my eyes towards the clearing as the crow flew off my shoulders, crying as it headed towards the clearing. I smirked before it completely wipes off my face. Shocked, I took a step back.

The crow now lay dead on the ground, its wings spread out on the grass. My fingers curl into a fist as I gritted my teeth in fury. She dared, even in death, to kill one of my children!

I take a step forward, arms outstretched a bit away and fingers pointed to the ground as I chant. The wind whooshed around me, flinging my hair over my shoulders as I chanted.

"Come." I whispered, turning my fingers towards the clearing. The branches above me crack as the sound of my crows get louder. I lift my head, eyes turning white as I chant. I could sense her magic, strong but not as powerful as me. No one was!

My crows finally come in my vision, circling around above. My lips turn into a nasty smile as their eyes turn red. "Go." I whispered, snapping my head back to the clearing.

They let out a caw as they flew towards the clearing. I chant louder as I walk forward. As soon as the crows near the clearing, they began to drop dead one after the other. Furious and beyond enraged, I chant louder, cursing the damn witch who continues to mock me even in death.

I halt, breathing heavily as I take in the sight of my dead crows painting a picture of black on the ground. I growled in displeasure, clicking my tongue. I underestimated the bitch. Like mother like daughter I see.

I could feel the book of spells close by, I could already sense the power it held. I will not give up until that book is in my grasp. My fingers come to curl around the pendant around my neck. The small potion bottle that contained Ares's blood. The blood of an immortal.

I moved the pendant around my neck and brought the bottle to my line of vision. I stared. Power was in that bottle, power that was all mine. I chant, watching the small cork move out of the bottle and levitate above it. I breathed in the scent of the powerful rich blood.

"I am the most powerful witch alive. No one can stop me from claiming all the power in the world. No one." I uttered before bringing the opening of the bottle to my lips. Closing my eyes as I tilt it, I let some of the blood slip past my slightly parted lips.

Moving the bottle away from my mouth, my tongue darts out to lick the blood off my lips. I chant, watching the cork secure itself back into the bottle. "Nothing tastes better than blood that holds power." I smirked and placed the pendant back around my neck.

My long nails tap on the small bottle as I took a step forward. One more step and I will be in the clearing. I began to chant as I felt the blood of Ares mixing with my own until I could feel his power coursing through my veins.

I lift my hand and outstretched it until my long black fingernail was technically touching the barrier around the clearing. I watch as the tip of my nails began to bend until it melts. I smirked before retracting my hand. "Ester darling, I see you are not happy that I am visiting you today." I spoke and summoned one of my crows.

This one name was Ghost, he had a liking for lost souls that lingered on earth. He could spot them quickly, something I have used him for occasionally when I want to suck some of the souls power. There is nothing more delicious than a wandering soul.

He settles himself on my shoulder, pecking my cheek in greeting. "I have a soul for you today Ghost. One that is not too friendly. She has murdered your family." I nudged my head to the dead crows on the ground.

Ghost flaps his wings and he lets out an angry caw. I place my finger on my lips. "Shh boy we do not want to disturb the soul lingering around here now do we?"

He stops and waited for me to continue. "Show me where she is Ghost." I whispered. Ghost quickly taps into my energy then taps into my mind. My eyes turn white as I now see through his vision. "How lovely." I whispered as he looked around the clearing.

His vision lacked color, like the early mornings before the sunrise. All souls have different auras. Some white, pure, while some black, dark. This is how he spots them, through their auras.

I smirked when his vision settles on a white figure, shaped as a woman. She stood a few steps before us, supposedly a few feet away from where her house was. "You did well Ghost." I praised as the figure stood still with no lack of confidence.

"You are no match for me Ester! Not when the blood of the immortal is in my veins. You are nothing compared to me!" I roared and began chanting as I focused on the barrier around the clearing. It was strong but so was I.

Ghost flew away to settle on a branch above me. Little by little the barrier finally cracks until a gush of wind so strong nearly has me losing my footing. I grit my teeth. She was fighting back. "The book will be mine Ester." I growled, adding more power as I chant with more force. After what felt like hours the barrier finally breaks.

I cackled, pushing one foot forward then the other when I did not feel anything that would alarm me of danger. "How disappointing. I had really thought you would put up more of a fight." I clicked my tongue as I glared at where her soul stood.

"I do not have to, my daughter will. You will not defeat her Merichel. She will have you begging for mercy." And for the first time the soul of Ester speaks to me. Now that I had broken the barrier she had used mostly all her magic on, she no longer can do much harm to me.

"Do not kid yourself Ester, I have Rue where I want her. She is nothing just like you are. You both are nothing." I snarl. I looked around for any sign of where the book was buried. I remember Cylester's memory. He dug a hole and placed the book inside a box then buried it.

I hummed. "Mind telling me where the cat buried the book?" I asked her.

"You very know well that I would not tell you." She hisses. I tilt my head studying her then I throw my head back cackling. "It is buried where you stand is it not?" I snapped my head to where I could still see her aura.

She does not answer, leading me to cackle even more. "Step aside Ester, or should I say float away?" I cackled, stepping towards her spirit.

The wind picked up speed. Knowing it was her doing I rolled my eyes. I chanted and the wind calmed down. "You should know by now, you are no match for me." I shook my head in mock disappointment.

I halt for a second and stared at her aura. "Your soul is trapped here, is it not?"

She does not answer but she does not have to, I already know it by her silence. "Wonder who trapped your poor soul here." I tap on the pendant. "Was it your oh so lovely daughter?" I cackled.

"You are wrong Merichel. My soul does not rest until I know you are dead." She hisses.

I sigh. "I am disappointed, really. And here I thought we were somewhat friends."

"You are no friend of mine." She continues. Growing bored of the conversation I began to chant.

Her aura moves away from the spot. I could feel her anger at being forced to move but she was unable to retaliate. Not when the magic she possessed went all towards the barrier.

I walked to where she stood a few seconds ago and knelt down. I paced my palms on the ground and began chanting. The earth rumbles before the dirt gives away. The box in Cylester's memory comes in my vision.

I cackled, flicking my finger and watched the box open. The book greets me. I smirked, reaching inside and grasping the book. Rising to my feet I began to walk away. "Even with the book of spells in your grasp you will never be the most powerful Merichel. Rue will come for you and she will have you begging on your knees." Ester spits.

"Rest your soul Ester, are you not tired of spitting out gibberish?" I cackled as I walked away from the clearing.

Ghost caws before landing on my shoulder. I smirked, all my plans are finally clicking into place.