

Chapter 210

Rûe

"Is there not a way you could tell?" He asked confused and takes cautious steps forward.

I hummed and racked my brain. There was one way I could tell. I thought and snapped my head to the fallen trees. My hands outstretched as I started to speak in tongues. I could feel Gorjon and Stefan's confused gaze piercing the side of my skull.

I watch as fire engulfed the fallen trees, eating them until they turned like charcoal. Stefan let's out a shriek of fear while Gorjon just sucks in a sharp breath. I flicked my hand and the fire dies out. My heart thumps as I draw my hands back and stare at it like it was some sort of alien.

My magic was back but it was rather different. Different in a good shocking way. I was more powerful, one could tell. The bent and dead trees can attest to that. "Our power is back." Ayla says.

"Aye but I do not remember being this powerful." I admitted turning my hands as if looking for clues or something amiss. It is the same as it always has been, unscarred and creamy smooth. The only difference was my nail polish had already begun chipping.

"It is the sort of power I was talking about prior to you letting me free. This power has always been hidden deep within you. You unleashing me undoubtedly unleashed it. Mating with Ares only added to that. The power that is within you is what Mericel loathes. It is the power she cannot obtain on her own." Ayla finishes happily.

I nodded in understanding. The power coursing through my veins felt foreign yet familiar, like it was always meant to be in me. My head turns to face the other side and my eyes fall to the fallen trees. My eyes draw back to my hands and a thought comes to mind.

Curious to see if the thought was actually true I decided to test the theory. Outstretching my hands I focused on the trees below. I let the magic run through my body, let the feeling of being grounded settle over me as I flicked my hand. Without even having to chant up a spell the trees began to be engulfed with searing hot fire.

Shocked and beyond excited I let out a giggle. "Rue, love, I know you have missed your magic but could you try not to burn down the entire forest until we are actually out?" Ares mind linked with a hint of humor.

My lower lip worked into a pout. "Fine as you wish. " I flicked my hand and the fire died out.

Suddenly there is an odd feeling settling in my body. Like a calling. It felt like I was being drawn to something. I snap my head forward and tried to focus on the feeling of power. A witch's power.

I had an inkling it was the witch Corlette's magic I was sensing. I looked down at the two elves whose mouths were parted in shock and eyes wide as saucers. Noticing my gaze on them, they let out an embarrassed chuckle and faced forward. I sensed their fear.

"How about we skip the long run to Corlette's grave and be there in a second?" I asked with a slight smirk.

"What do you mean?" Ares asked through the mind link.

I rolled my eyes and let out a huff. "I am going to teleport us to the witch of course."

Welcome back magic, oh how I missed you dearly. I thought smugly as I began to set my intention on the magic I felt ahead. With one flick of my finger we had teleported to the source of the magic.

Mericel

I flicked my finger, slamming the door with a loud bang. I made my way to the desk ahead, a smirk on my face. The room was dimly lit with candles of all kinds and sizes lining the walls on thin shelves.

Ghost caws as he enters through the opened window and settles himself on the head of the chair. The chair was tucked under the desk. It was night, the chill and the dark skies told one of the time.

The clock in the room ticked. The time was coming for the spell to be casted. There was nothing anyone could do to stop me from harnessing more power.

I set the book of spells onto the desk and flipped it open. It was dusty for an old book but the words, scribbles and images could still be seen. I trailed a finger down the words that had been written with black ink. I cackled. "At last I have you in my grasp." I whispered into the quiet room.

Ghost caws, flapping his wings before relaxing. I lift my eyes to him and smirked. "Everything is coming along, Ghost. No one will be able to stop me now."

As the words left my mouth the door opens not so gently. It startles Ghost and has him flying away into the opened window, into the night. I sighed, rolling my eyes as I turned around. "Zefer? For whom do I owe this pleasant surprise?"

His eyes, blood red glared into my soul heatedly with a hatred that did not faze me. He storms towards me, canines jutting out as he snarls. "Save it!"

I stayed rooted to where I stood and without a blink of my eye I stared at him head on as he wraps his big hand around my slim neck. He adds pressure wanting me to have a reaction but my face stays stone cold.

"You have done nothing but brought me trouble! You have made my people hate me, wish me dead. Yet you do nothing but go out the entire day and do God knows what, while I suffer the hate in my very own home!" He hisses, squeezing my neck.

"You know how many alphas are trying to conspire against me? I am not bloody immortal like Ares." He hisses, his wolf at the surface.

I rolled my eyes and started to speak in tongues. With a hiss and a groan, Zefer lurches away from me, grabbing unto his hand that I intentionally burned. "For one." I pointed at him as he rubs his hand, glaring at me in hatred. "Your people have always hated you, nothing could change that."

I shook my finger when he made a means to come forward. "Ah ah ah." I whispered smugly. "Two." I turned around giving him my back not at all frightened of him. "I was out all day retrieving this." I placed my palm on the book.

I feel him come behind me, until he is beside me. He looks at the book. "What is it?" He asked out of curiosity.

I turn my head to him and lift my hand to palm his jawline. "That my sweeten, is our key to endless power." I whispered, drawing my eyes back to the book. Tonight I will harness its power when the clock hits eleven eleven.