

Chapter 211

Cylester

There is only little of my limbs I can move and that little was only my mouth. I could feel the blood slowly flowing down my hands, dripping into the metal can with a maddening sound.

I grunt, peeling my eyes open. It is blurry at first but I managed to blink it away. I let out a pained breath, my vision trying to adjust to the metal chains wrapped tightly around my ankle.

The fucker whose name I cannot remember had taken the three of us down easily with an impossible speed. Now we were hanging upside down like rats as our blood filled the metal cans. How daunting.

I tore my eyes off the chains that were so tight that the skin around my ankles began to redden. I glance over at Sebastian and Conner, both still knocked out from the large amount of wolfsbane they injected into them.

The sound of the door creaks open makes me glance towards the sound. I could hear rowdy cheers of some sorts followed by bellowing laughter that mocked me. The sound faded when the door slammed shut and the sound of chains followed next.

"How are my generous boys doing? Have any of you woken up yet?" A voice whistled followed by a belly chuckle. Soon foot falls on the creaking staircase follows after. Next, boot clad feet come into my vision as he descends the staircase.

But with an impossible speed his slow footsteps turn like a flash of blur as he now stands before me. "Oh our unique one awoke. How surprising that you woke up before the mutts."

He runs a finger down my bleeding arm, collects some blood and pushes the finger in his mouth. "Hmmm. I see why they enjoyed your blood. It has a tang of sweetness."

In a flash he moves away from me and is now beside Conner, my eyes following his every move. "Ah, it seems I had put too much wolfsbane this time." He grunted as he kicked his abdomen. Conner lets out a grunt but does not wake up.

In a second the man goes to an old wooden table and flashes back to Conner. In his hand a silver blade. He lifts it, ready to pierce it through Conner's flesh. "I would not do that if I were you." I said, loud enough for him to hear.

The man stops, the pointy end just a second away from Conner's flesh. His head snaps to me, dark beady eyes narrowed. His pale complexion is almost white as snow but I suppose it is not to be shocking when he is nothing but a vampire.

His lips cracked into a smirk. "Why? Is there some massive lord that would have my head?" He mocked.

The blood I have left was quickly filling my head as I am upside down, looking on. "You could say that. A king. The king of wolves will have your head. And the witch by his side will make you suffer." I tried to make my words coherent. I suppose the blood rushing to my head was bad enough to make my tongue heavy. Then again I was already on the brink of death.

The man snorted and burst into laughter. It seems my words had amused him. "Do you mean Zefer and Mericel? I kid you not, the witch is the one who sent you to me. A debt that was long overdue to be paid."

It feels like a task to laugh but I managed to, chuckling in a pained gasp. "You have no idea what you have got yourself into." I groaned as I slowly blacked out. I knew she was coming, I could already sense her. Rue. She is coming.

Mericel

I chant dipping my finger in the bowl filled with the blood of a virgin I collected earlier. I lift the finger, dark blood dripping down as I begin drawing a pentagram on my bare stomach. I cackled.

My eyes glance at the clock. Eleven o'nine. Two more minutes until the spell is complete. I tear my eyes away and look down at the opened book of spells. The words could still be seen by the dimly lit room lightened up by the candles that surrounded me in the shape of a pentagram. I was naked, knelt down as I waited for the witches hour.

Zefer had left minutes ago, leaving me alone to do what needed to be done. He was a fool to think that I was doing this for us when in reality I was doing it for my own gain. That would be foolish of me if I ever were to make such a being hold power above my own. I am no fool.

I begin to speak in tongues. The wind picks up and thunder begins to roll in the heavens. The clock ticks, another minute has passed. Dipping my finger in the blood, I start to make it drip onto the book as I chant.

Lightning lit up the darkened sky. I cackled, bringing my finger to my chest to draw a cross on my chest. Another tick from the clock, it is time. Closing my eyes, I outstretched my hands out to the heavens and began to speak in tongues.

The candles on the walls begin to out one by one. The books neatly stacked on the shelves, fall on the floor with a thud. The breakable ornaments shattered, the glass shreds flying everywhere. I cackled, chanting louder.

Opening my eyes I drop them to the book. Power. I breathed it in and focused my intentions on the opened book. My words were now shouts and not soft murmuring as the book began to slowly dissipate until what was left were tiny shreds of paper.

My hair flung behind my shoulder and the walls cracked. A storm brew, thunder and lightning overpowering my chanting. The shreds of paper hover before me. I smirked. The power was mine.

I sucked in a sharp pained gasp, snapping my head back as the shreds began to quickly descend to the blood on my stomach and enter within me. I screamed, taking every spell, every chant within my entire body. The candles surrounding me began to burn with a raging fire as the shreds continue to make their way inside my very being.

I gasp in a sharp breath, still continuing to chant even though the pain was unbearable. I let out a piercing scream. The candles blow out, the storm stops and the wind calms down. I slump down, turning on my back as my weak body takes the last bits of the book of spells within me.

Fading into darkness, my eyes flicker closed but a smile emerges on my face. I could feel every spell inside my body, all the power was truly mine. It was all mine. Finally.