

Chapter 212

Rûe

I jump off Ares, landing on my feet softly. I looked around. Aye there was an unmaskable power but there was no such thing as a grave. No tombstone, no indication that this was a grave sight.

The only thing noticable was a small tree emerging from the earth. Scattered dead leaves and a cold chill. I turn to Gorjon and Stefan. "Are you two sure this is Corlette's grave?" I asked with doubt.

"Aye it is." Gorjon answers.

"Would you get these two blasted elves off my back?" Ares asked through the mind link. I rolled my eyes and helped Gorjon and Stefan down.

"You ought to not be so irritated by the two elves Ares. They have done nothing but help us. Your hostility is uncalled for." I grumble in annoyance.

"Aye they have but they have a liking for you that irritates me beyond words. " He whines like a damn child.

"What can I say, I am much more likeable than a brooding dog that has temper issues." I shrugged and walked over to come face to face with him. His red eyes stared at me. "You are one to talk?" He questions with amusement.

I huffed. "Stop your rubbish Ares and shift back into your human form." I demanded.

"So demanding." He jokes, dropping the clothes he had in his mouth to the ground.

"You two turn around, Ares will be shifting back into his human form. Unless you two enjoy watching a naked man?" I laughed when Stefan and Gorjon swiftly turned around, the tips of their pointy ears red.

"No milady we do not!" Stefan squeaked.

I could feel Ares's freezing glare. I turned to him with a smirk on my face and shrugged. "What?" I asked innocently.

"I do not enjoy you joking about two male elves watching my naked body." He grumbles with displeasure, red eyes darkening with anger.

My smirk widen. "No?" I asked with fake confusion. "I thought you would like eyes on your magnificent body. " I licked my lips as an image of his naked body emerged in my mind.

"The only eyes I want on my body are none other than yours. If anyone that is not you wishes to look, then their eyes would be out of their sockets in seconds." He mind links.

I giggle. "How savage and beastly. And so arousing." I mind linked back before backing away from his beast.

He shakes his body, bones breaking. The sound fills the silence of the forest. I looked at Ares with fascination as he slowly began to turn back into a human. When he was fully flesh and bones, I let my eyes drop to his enormous size cock. Oh how I missed it.

"Witch." Ares says with warning.

I looked up innocently. "What?" I tilt my head. "Can I not look at what belongs to me?"

Fire coils through my very being when his cock springs up, hard as a blasted rock. He gives Gorjon and Stefan a side eye and clenches his jaw as if in pain. "You are playing with fire." He grumbles.

I clicked my tongue, fluttering my lashes, beckoning him with my eyes to come to me. "Then I would not mind getting burned." I admitted. He growls, eyes flashing between red and his original color. He takes a step forward only to have a sweet feminine voice stop him.

"You two ought to take this somewhere else. Preferably not beside my grave. I would like to keep it sacred and not filled with bodily fluids." The voice does not hold hostility but mild amusement.

I snap my head to the sound, my eyes falling on a blonde fair woman. Her dress, dark blue run all the way to her ankles. It was surprising since many witches, especially dark witches loved to dress with little clothing.

Was this Corlette? If so then she is certainly very different than Mericel's dark features.

Still, why was she looking more human than spirit?

"Are you Corlette?" I asked. Ares quickly begins to throw on his clothes and I stifle my laughter at the embarrassment I could feel radiating from him.

"Aye I am. And you must be Rue? I have been waiting for you." She smiles. The question feels more like a statement. "You have grown to be a fine woman. Just like your mother." She smiles sadly.

I took a step forward. "You knew my mother and I?"

She nods, warm brown eyes saddening. "Ester was a close friend of mine even though she was a white witch. I have known you since you were a babe." She admitted.

"Then why do I not remember you?" I asked, not quite believing her.

"Because your mother thought it would be best to not have a dark witch around your innocence. I guess it was for the best since my sister did not quite like the idea of being friends with a white witch." She smiles tight-lipped. Then her eyes flickered with a light. "Do you remember a blue butterfly you chased around when you were little?" She asked with excitement.

"Aye." I nodded remembering the beautiful rare butterfly. I always thought it was kind of my guardian angel since it would always be around me wherever I go. Then one day it just vanished and I never saw it again.

"That was me, well I should say that was one of the easiest things I could conjure up." She giggles. "That was my only way to visit you."

I tried to wrap my head around the thought of a butterfly being the source of a dark witch. What was even more strange was the thought of my mother being friends with a dark witch.

"I know what you are thinking. I was not always one." She smiles sadly. "I was forced by my sister. I had no choice."

"Everyone has a choice." The words came from Ares who was now fully clothed and came to stand beside me.

Corlette's gaze snap to him and she smiled sadly. "Not when the choice was to die or live."

Ares raises a brow with fake confusion. "You look pretty dead to me?"

"Ares!" I hissed.

"It is fine. He has a point. My sister knew eventually that she would kill me. I was so naive to think that blood was thicker than water. Or should I say power? But I was wrong. My sister lusted for power. The power that she chose instead of me." Corlette murmurs with sadness.

"If what you say is true about being friends with my mother then why had you not done anything to stop your sister from murdering my parents?" I asked, blinking the angry tears away. If she had grown some balls perhaps she would have done something to stop Mericel.

"Because it was too late." She admitted her voice was thick. "It was already too late to stop her."