

Chapter 213

Rûe

There was certainly a lot of doubt lingering in my mind about Corlette's words. How could I fully trust her when I do not know her? I have only recently learned about her. The woman is Mericel's sister for crying out loud, that alone should be a red flag.

But then again, one should not condemn someone because of the blood running through her veins, the very same blood running through that of a wicked witch.

"You say that you were too late to stop her?" I asked her. The doubt in my voice was swimming in every word. Even a deaf man would understand, if not by the feeling then of the look in my eyes.

"Had I known she was working with Zefer I would have put two and two together and realised sooner that she was up to no good. Perhaps her secrecy and blatant late night spell work should have alerted me. However I looked past it and focused on my own problems." She spoke in a soft tone. The way she said problems ticked me.

"Problems? What problems does a dark witch have other than cleaning up after themselves following slaughtering innocents?" I spat. She flinches, eyes downcasted to the ground.

I guess I should not call the kettle black when I was no different. Admittedly it was in my past and I would atone to my sins. The sins I have regretted since meeting my mate, Ares.

"Milady perhaps you should not-" Stefan began but one death stare from me has him swallowing his words, eyes quickly darting away from me. He and his brother stood afar, gauging and listening to our conversation but not saying anything until now.

I know what he was about to utter and perhaps I agree with him. But my ego was too high up to be knocked down a notch. At least not when I was raged and confused about everything. Night had also fallen and there was a slight chill in the air, perhaps that fed my irritation even more.

I glared at Corlette and felt a warmth of tingles on my shoulder. My eyes move away from her and connect with a hand that certainly belonged to Ares. My eyes lift to his. He shakes his head. "Calm down love, you cannot get the answers you seek if you are being your usual self." He mind links to keep our conversation private.

My eyes narrowed. "What do you mean by my usual self?" I question with accusation. Of course I am not mad at him, just irritated by this entire situation that has me confused.

The corners of his eyes crease when he smiles brightly. "It is not a secret that you can be a little mean around the edges." He lifts a brow. "Perhaps try speaking in softer tones?" He suggested.

I huffed, rolling my eyes as I focused my attention back to Corlette. But she so happens to be already staring at me, to be more precise, she was staring at Ares and I. The emotion in her eyes was one of sorrow and another of longing. She smiles, it is barely noticeable but is nonetheless seen.

"You two have a special bond. Reminds me of Raquel and I." She then laughs which is kind of odd considering she is somewhat a ghost. Then again being able to see and hear her was even more odd, perhaps even creepy to one who has not seen such things before.

Who is this Raquel she speaks of? Is it the wolf she was mated to? The question was on the tip of my tongue but she continues before I even have to ask.

"Rue, I did not mean to offend you. It was not my intention. You see my problems were personal, something that I suppose caused my demise." She smiled with a far away look in the depth of her eyes.

"Raquel was my mate. It is rare for a witch to be mated to a wolf nonetheless a dark witch. So you could imagine my surprise when I found out I was mated to one. Well perhaps I should say he found me." She giggles.

"I remember a trusted warrior named Raquel. He would lead my father's army whenever needed be." Ares cuts in, more curious than wanting to actually cut her short. "The name is still foggy since I spent my younger days sickly but I do remember his red flaming hair."

Corlette nods, her eyes twinkling. "Aye his hair was as red as a raging fire. Must have explained his temper." She joked. I stayed quiet because I still could not seem to wrap my head around the thought of a dark witch being mated to a wolf.

They were so evil that the moon goddess would shun them, not gift them with a mate. Curiosity started swimming in my head yet I kept my mouth shut, wanting her to continue.

"My sister was always one to love the thought of being in control. She strived to be the most powerful for centuries, the most beautiful. She hated the thought of losing control, of less power and she loathed it when I betrayed her to become friends with a white witch." Her eyes downcasted in sorrow.

She lifts her eyes, draws in a breath and continues. "I was stupid to think that Mericel would accept Raquel or at least accept that I would be happy. He and I were in love and I admittedly was sneaking behind her back to meet him in our spot.

I had promised him that I would talk to her, tell her that I would no longer partake in dark magic to be with him. Little did I know that she was already waiting for me, accused me of betraying her again for a man who does not love me before slaughtering him before me. Then she murdered me, her own flesh and blood and trapped me here." Her voice is a choked gasp as if recalling the events.

"So you see, It was already too late to save Ester because I was already dead." She finished.

"For centuries I followed her, did everything for her. I let her take my womb so that she could cast a spell to have us live for years on end. Only to be betrayed by her in the end. You must think I deserve it for foolishly following her around like a lost puppy and giving her everything she asked for." She whispered in regret.

"Crap, this is so tragic." Sniffles come from Stefan who reddens in embarrassment when all eyes snap to him.

I too could not help but feel the pain she must have gone through in the hands of her sister. The blood that was supposed to connect them with love was broken by greed for power.

"We do not think you are foolish at all Corlette. I would have done the same for someone I love dearly." My eyes flick to Ares who already had his eyes set on me.

"Now enough about me, I have been waiting for you Rue." Corlette said.

I turn to her. I find it strange how she kept repeating that. "What do you mean you have been waiting for me?" I asked. She was utterly confusing me and I did not like it one bit.

She smiles. "Before perishing, I had a special gift. I dreamed of future events that would happen. Only that I could not control it and the visions would only come rarely. Now in death, I do not have to sleep to see them. So you see Rue, I knew one day you will get trapped here and be the one to end Mericel." Her eyes drop to my stomach and something flashes in their depths.