

## Chapter 227

Merichel

"What is with the long face sweeten?" I asked, cackling as I ran my finger down the crystal ball. My nails drag over the clear crystal glass as I watch the scene inside.

The vision of the snakes emerging from the earth was the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in the many years I have been walking through this earth. The wolves were pitiful. Crying for mere snakes? And these were the useless dogs I would rule over?

I lift my gaze to Zefer who did not look pleased that I injured his kind. His face was twisted in a sour scowl, his lips thin with a frown. He oddly looks like I had given him something not to his liking to eat.

"You need to show them who is superior. Do not let your heart soften for those dogs who abandoned you the minute they realized Ares was alive." I told him, tapping my finger on the glass ball.

I usually do not use it but tonight I wanted to see these imbeciles without seeing through one of my crows' vision. I did not want any of them near that little witch that refuses to give up. She was an issue I long to put down six feet under like her blasted mother.

Zefer looks like he was ready to dispute but he presses his lips together in a tight line and refused to utter a word. How ridiculous he is now, far from the man he portrayed to be years ago. He now resembled a dog with its tail tucked between its legs. I would not be surprised if he was currently missing his balls too.

I snorted a chuckle when the thought came to mind. I peered at Zefer and muffled my cackles at the image of him with no balls surfaces in my mind. Distracted by the amusing image, I am only pulled out by the flicker of a flaming orange coming from the crystal ball.

The little distraction only brought on a fuming anger within me after seeing what was happening. The little bitch was setting my snakes on fire.

I watch with rage when she quickly puts up a barrier and I am shocked when my snakes could not seem to break through. A low chuckle has me moving my attention on the brat.

Dark eyes, mocking me, peered into mine. "Did you let a mere girl beat you to your own spell?" Zefer taunted and kicked up his leg on the table, his boots near the crystal ball. "How am I to trust that you can handle her when it is time?" He folds his arms across his brawn chest as his eyes lit with resentment.

Gritting my teeth and I fisted my hands. My long pointy nails dig into my palm and draw out blood. "Shut your bloody mouth!" I roared. The crystal ball shatters and sends pieces flying all over. Zefer nostrils flared in hissing anger as he clenches his eyes shut to keep the glass from piercing through.

I push the wooden chair back and it screeches as I rise to my feet. The closed window yanks open and hauls in a gusting wind. My crows came flying in, cawing as they entered through the now opened window. One by one they landed on every furniture and anywhere they could.

I slammed my fist on the wooden table, anger streaming in my blood that I did not care that glass pieces penetrates through my flesh. Zefer peels his eyes open, his resentment clear in their depths. "You have some bloody nerve to mock me!" I roared as the wind picks up speed. It howls and tosses my hair over my shoulders. Still Zefer seemed to be unfazed as he stare at me blankly.

"I made you!" I hissed, pointing my finger at him. His eyes swim with anger but he does not say not. "I am the reason you are still bloody king!" I continued as the sound of lightning cackles through the tense area.

I lowered my voice, placed both of my palms on the wooden surface of the table and looked down at him. "I can easily break you and do not forget it." I hissed and the table callapses until it is all but pieces. One of my crows flew over to me and lands on my shoulder, its claws wrapping around the bone of my shoulder to keep itself steady.

Straightening, I turned around to leave. Before I depart I uttered over my shoulder. " If you do not stop taunting me and man up I will leave you to fend for yourself. In the meantime try removing the stick that is far up your ass."

"You fucking bitch!" Zefer hisses. "You cannot leave me to fend for myself. Have you not seen what she has done to your snakes?! How am I supposed to fight her and my nephew off? I am not immortal like Ares!"

I suppress the need to roll my eyes. And here I thought he would fight his own battles after mocking me. The man had been living under his brother's shadow for so long that he never got out, not even when we killed him. How disappointing. At least he was good at one thing, fucking.

"Oh stop whinning like a big baby that got his moma's titties taken away from him. I have not said I would leave you to fend for yourself, it is merely an option if you do not cease mocking me. Besides, I could not have Rue set her sights on such a low being like you, she needs someone of equality, me." I cackled and walked out of the door. My crows caw as they followed me and left Zefer in the room alone.

When I was out of his earshot and walking down the dark corridor I hissed. "I need her dead, there is no other option. I want her dead!" I roared as an image of Rue setting my snakes on fire emerges into my mind. Nothing less than death is up for discussion. She will die by my hand. And by my hand only.