

## Chapter 229

Rûre

"Get him inside now!" I rush, rose to my feet and run towards my cabin. The entire space was cramped with many children. Their wide innocent eyes were everywhere, including on my rushing form.

They began to move out of my way, eyes widening in shock as they stared at me. Perhaps it was my rare hair color that had shocked them or it was knowing that I was the infamous Rue that were in their nightmares. Sadly I could not change what happened in the past but I could certainly change the future.

My feet work to get to the kitchen swiftly. It was not that difficult to get there since the children gave me room to pass without a hassle. They stuck to each other like I was a virus that they did not want touching them far less brushing them a bit.

I knew I left many of my potions and herbs in one of the draws. I was certain but I was not sure that the specific potion I was looking for was still hidden there. If it was not, then I was not a hundred percent sure that I could cure the wolves.

I began to dig through the draws, my hands rummaging through endless herbs and crystals. I could hear the sharp painful gasp of the wolves as they struggle to enter the already cramped room. Perhaps I should have left them outside but with the chill of the early morning would only make the silver work quicker.

"Please save him Luna!" A woman's voice cried. I turn around to see two burly naked men placing an unconscious man on the wooden flooring. Another woman was also among the unconscious bodies that were slowly slipping away.

I will admit the pressure was on me and it made me all the more nervous but I knew I had to do something. Turning around to continue rummaging through the endless witch stuff, I tried my best to zone out the cries, not wanting to get even more antsy.

"Rue." Ares called out behind me as I shifted through my remaining potion bottles. I whirled around, glaring at him when I saw he was naked. He had shifted back to his human form and walked towards me with authority as many men behind him rushed in a sickly looking buff male. Great.

Aye it is normal for wolves to not care that they were bare but right now I was not fond of the thought of unmated females seeing what belonged to me. I squinted and spoke in tongues. Quickly his form was covered with new clothes. Smiling in satisfaction I turn back to my task and pulled out the potion bottle I was looking for.

It was white with a resemblance of smoke inside. It was the soul of a young female banshee that I trapped inside not too long ago.

"Did you have to give me a shirt twice my size?" Ares grumbles behind me. Squinting my eyes, I brought the bottle to my eye level and examined it closely. I hummed. If you listened closely you could hear her cries. Aye it was not loud but it was noticeable if you listened carefully.

"That way no one will see your muscles that are only for my eyes to gawk at. And the organ that is only meant for me." I murmur and opened the bottle. Ares sighs behind me but I knew he was not at all mad about the choice of clothing I summoned on him.

I brought the tip to just below my nose and sniffed. I winced at the rancid smell of it. I had trapped her inside after she nearly called an innocent little girl's death. She was a hassle but was also very rare.

I was only thankful that Mericel had not spotted her. Her soul is one of the most powerful ingredients to reverse the effects of silver. Also able to reverse the effects of any poison. I quickly sealed the lid, not wanting her soul to escape.

I turn to Ares. "Just give me a few minutes to whip up the potion and it will be ready." I uttered. I may not have shown it but I was very anxious. Ares could see right through me which was not at all surprising.

"Are you sure you are able?" He asked, scanning my face with worried eyes. I scowl at him and picked up my cauldron. "What are you saying? That I do not possess the power to create a potion that can reverse silver?" I spat and snapped my finger.

The coal pot lit on fire. I huffed and placed the cauldron on top. "Rue, you know I did not mean that. I am just worried it is too much for you to handle. " He murmurs. He sighs when he notices that I was still annoyed.

I summoned water in the pot and began putting in the herbs, all the while anger sparked within me. The dawn was already breaking into the sky and soon the sun would be out fully. I had every intention of going to Mericel as soon as I have healed the wolves.

Ignoring Ares, I opened the potion bottle and took in a deep breath. Now this was the most difficult part. To put the banshee soul into the potion. I could feel not only Ares's eyes on me but the other wolves. They were all transfixed by the way I was creating the potion.

Knowing I was running out of time, I said a quick prayer to the moon goddess and placed my mouth on the opening. "Rue?" Ares asked, confused and bewildered.

I do not answer, not because I was still mad but because I could not afford to make one mistake. I opened my mouth a little, already tasting the bitterness of her soul as she screeched.

Connecting my eyes with Ares's, I began to suck in the soul of the banshee. It was like a cloud of smoke as I filled my mouth with every last essence of her.

My heart pounds when my cheeks began to swell, my gums began to feel like it was melting off and my lungs began to burn. She was fighting back and if she was strong enough she could take over my body entirely.

I could see the worry and panic in Ares's voice, I could hear the loud murmuring of the wolves as they voiced out their shock of witnessing what I have done. They only saw me sucking in what resembled smoke not knowing it was a banshee's spirit.

I could hear her screaming, piercing my eardrums as she calls for death. My fingers grip the edges of the countertop and I tore my eyes away from Ares. I knew he could sense something was up, I knew he could tell that whatever I sucked in was dangerous.

"Rue, I hope for God sake you have not done something dangerous." His voice was filled with dread.

"Rue spit her out! She is trying to take over us!" Ayla snarls.

She was right, the banshee was trying to take over us, my darkening fingers showed that. But I was not willing to let the wolves die. Not when I had done them wrong too many times. This was my only hope for redemption.

"I cannot afford to!" I yelled inwardly.

My insides burned and I could slowly feel my limbs weakening. "She will kill us Rue!" Ayla barked.

"Then that is a risk I am willing to take." I whispered. My lungs burned and my eyes moistened. Aye the banshee was strong but not stronger than my beautiful self.

Putting my face towards the cauldron, I began to open my mouth slowly and released her into the liquid. Her cries of death silenced everyone around as I fought to release her. Her soul latched on to my body, not wanting to let go.

Still I was not willing to have a bloody banshee take over my body, not when I was this beautiful. So with more effort than I was willing to admit I forced her soul to depart from my body and enter the liquid. When I could no longer feel the banshee and the taste of death I croaked out a chant, making sure her soul is mixed into the potion.

Her cries died out as her soul latches on the potion until she no longer had the will to fight it. I lift my gaze to Ares to see that he was silently seething but stood frozen. "Do not ever and I mean ever do that bloody again!" He snarls, eyes turning red.