

Chapter 230

Rûe

The taste of the banshee's soul still lingered like a bad tang that would not go away soon enough. I was fighting the urge to vomit not wanting to dirty myself or Ares who was now beside me.

His hands come to softly touch either side of my face and his brows furrow while his piercing eyes examine every inch of my features. "Are you okay?" He asked in a tender soothing voice that made the burn in my throat lessen.

My mouth parts to answer him, finally regaining my breath. "Aye I am fine do not worry." I assured. I pull away to glance at the potion. The smell of herbs and something bitter rang in the air. With the wolves heightened senses I knew the odor was bothering them, I could tell with the way their noses scrunched up in repulse.

Ares moves away so I could see the potion better. It had turned an impossible shade of dark grey which reminded me of the mud I was sinking into inside the enchanted forest. Not an appetizing color or smell but would have its benefits to heal them. "It is ready." I coughed, pressing my palm to my mouth.

My lungs were healing back quickly thankfully with the help of my wolf's capabilities. Still, I hated the burning in my throat that prevented me from sounding like my once beautiful self. The groggy mannish voice was not at all pleasant to hear.

Cylester, who was fighting off some young wolves, got up from the couch. They were using him as a cushion and a trampoline which was oddly amusing. The scowl on Cylester's face showed his irritation. The children pouted and whined when he moves away from them. I could not help but feel a pang of jealousy. Here they were favoring his presence but looked at me like someone in their nightmares. Aye I suppose I was.

Cylester bounds over to me and takes a whiff of the potion. "Nasty." He shivered with a repulsed look in his eyes. "Are they supposed to drink that?" He asked with a grimace and a low grumble. "Thank God I am not a wolf."

The sun had just peaked out and winked into the room. With more light emanating around I could see every wolf clearer and surely they could see me. I nodded, answering Cylester. "Aye. Grab some empty potion bottles so I can distribute it." I said in a hurry when another wolf collapses and a sharp cry broke the silence.

Cylester nods sensing the urgency and rushes to get what I have asked for. "Do you need help love?" Ares asked, bounding his hand on the small of my back in support.

I turn to him. "Aye grab some plastic cups in the drawer." I pointed to a drawer a bit further from me. "I do not think I have enough potion bottles for everyone." I say lowly as I scan over the many wolves. Some looked deathly white, fighting off the silver in their blood while some wept for those on the floor unconscious. Mostly were women as they shed tears for their slowly dying mates. My heart pains.

I coughed again. "Are you sure you are fine?" Ares demanded. He acted neutral but I saw right through him, he was anxious and worried for me. I nodded quickly. "Aye I am, please do not worry." I pleaded with my eyes. Him being antsy only fed to my own.

He searches my eyes then lets out a puff of air, sighing then nods. "Fine." He utters lowly and heads over to the draw with the plastic cups.

Cylester comes bounding towards me with the basket of empty potion bottles. Smiling to him gratefully, I took them and murmur a quick thank you. With his help we began lining the empty potion bottles on the table. Working a quick chant the empty bottles began to fill with the potion while the liquid in the cauldron descended.

"Distribute it to those who needs it most first." I told him while looking around. Cylester nods and quickly sets off with a good amount of potion bottles in his hands. Just then Ares comes back with plastic cups and helps me line them up.

"Wait! Are we just going to trust that the witch has done a healing potion and not something to further harm them?" The voice belonged to Sebastian. It was unsurprisingly filled with accusation and anger.

"Shut your bloody mouth Sebastian!" Ares roared, crumbling a plastic cup in his hand. "Our people are on the verge of death and the only thing you could think of is that my mate is not to be trusted?! She nearly died creating the potion to save our people, what more can you ask for?! We do not have time for your doubt, we are running out of time as it is. If you do not have anything to say that would help further then I suggest you shut your bloody trap!" His voice held authority, one that shook peoples cores with fear and intimidation.

Sebastian who had once stood tall and brave shrank under Ares's fury glare. He bares his neck in submission and nods once. Sighing with unrest anger Ares's eyes snap to Conner who was comforting one of the crying mates. "Conner come help distribute the potion to the wolves that were bitten." He commands.

His eyes that were still red scan over the room. "Those who had not been bitten come and help distribute the potion to the sick. Our people need you now." He spoke with so much power that even I wanted to bow to him. He then turns to me. "Do not take Sebastian's words to heart, he means well. He just does not trust easily but I am sure he will come around." He says softly, searching my eyes for the anger I felt hearing Sebastian's words.

Tearing my gaze away, I shrugged. "Aye, I understand him completely." I murmur then continue to line the plastic cups and rest of the potion bottles with Ares's help. After working a quick chant the liquid in the cauldron is dried out and filled into each cup and bottle equally.

The relief I felt when the unconscious wolves began to regain consciousness felt like a spark of hope. Knowing that the potion I created healed them eased my mind entirely. For what felt like years but merely hours I smiled. My heart easing from the weight it felt seconds ago. The praises from the wolves came after and my cheeks could not hide how flustered I felt when they stained with an impossible red color that was darker than the blood of a vampire.

Now that the wolves were healing slowly but surely it was time to set my attention on someone else. Mericel.

I turn to Ares. "I am going after her now and no one can stop me." Even with a slight burn in my lungs I would not waste any more time. I wanted her to pay for all the bloody hell she has put me through and I would not settle for less. Mericel would die by my hand today and no later.