

## Chapter 231

"You nearly died a few minutes ago and the wolves have not healed a hundred percent yet and you want to wage a war on a dark witch who now possesses more power?!" Ares snarls.

He did not mean to shout in anger but the fear he felt for her safety removed any thoughts of being calm. He wanted nothing more but to lock his mate up in a room and keep her from any harm. But with her capabilities, it would obviously serve fruitless, not when she could be in a different room with a snap of her fingers.

His mate was powerful aye, but she had a huge weight on her shoulders, one he did not want her to carry on her own. She needed to heal completely before thinking about going after a dark witch who knew how to play her cards right.

That dark witch had Zefer on her side, a man corrupted by his need for power, a man who would do anything for it. He did not deserve to be regarded as his uncle, he never was and never will be. Dethroning him would be easy, something Ares was looking forward to.

But even with the thirst for Zefer's blood Ares could not fathom the thought of endangering Rue or the wolves just for his blood thirst. He would rather they heal first then they can come up with a plan to take down the corrupted bloody idiots.

Rue's eyes narrowed, not liking Ares's tone. It felt like he was regarding her as a baby, one who could not understand fully. She loathed it but decided to not argue with him on it. Arguing with Ares always tore her insides apart and left it feeling empty. She hated the feeling entirely and wanted to save herself from that sensation.

"I want her dead Ares!" She said, throwing her hands around she looked at the wolves who were pretending to not be listening. But Rue knew better. With their ears perked facing their side and their eyes quickly tearing away from the two mated couples, Rue definitely knew they were listening.

"Look around, She nearly murdered the entire pack! She needs to be stopped sooner than later!" The more she spoke the more anger leaked out. She was done waiting for Mericel to attack, she was going after her with Ares's approval or not.

Ares's eyes glowered down at her. "Aye and I want her dead as well but not to the extent of your wellbeing. At least heal first Rue!" He hisses. The thought of even a scratch on her pretty face unnerved him until he felt his nails extended.

Even his wolves grew restless by the thought of his mate fighting with not a hundred percent health. But the look of determination in his mate's purple eyes showed him that she was not going to back down anytime soon.

"I am healed Ares! I can take her!" Rue argued. She hated that Ares spoke as though he doubted her capabilities. Nothing stung more than your own mate thinking you do not have it in you to take down your enemy. It was a blatant diss to her, even though that was not his intention at all.

Ares lets out a puff of irritated air already sensing that Rue would do anything to have her way. The only way Ares could possibly tame the little witch was in bed, where he made her submit to him using his cock, mouth and tongue. Other than that, then the witch could match him strength for strength and power for power.

Still he was not willing to give up. He gestured to the wolves that were slowly regaining their consciousness. Sure some were not bitten and harmed but the majority were, and they were bloody weak. How were they supposed to go against a witch that can conjure up anything in a second?

Of course he had faith in the power Rue possesses and the strength the wolves show when they fight for the safety of the pack but there was still a tiny voice in his head that had doubt. Not when the odds were not in their favor at this time.

Rue though felt angry and wanting revenge was all that clouded her mind at this time. Nothing could move her from such thoughts, not even Ares. She made up her mind, the wolves were healing and there was nothing holding her back. She was going after Mericel with or without Ares and the wolves. She will take care of Mericel on her own.

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In a dimly lit room sat Mericel on an old wooden chair. The cushion under her bottom felt old too with its frays touching her skin through her knitted dress that showed off her loveliness. What she could feel more was knowing that Rue was coming her way. The power was close, she could feel it.

She snorts and rose to her feet and looked out of the tall glass window. The sun was just peeking out and casted over her frame. Mericel shut her eyes for a quick second and sucked in the fresh warm air of the morning. It was as though it was speaking to her, warning her of an upcoming war.

Peeling her eyes open she glared north, where she could sense the undeniable power. Speaking in tongues the barrier she placed around the castle shatters and is now open for any trespasser to come through. "I have made it easier for her to come." Mericel says softly, already sensing Zefer's presence behind her.

"Was that a good idea?" Zefer asked with doubt. The thought of his nephew teaming up with a witch just as strong as Mericel made him uneasy. He knew he was no match for Ares's power. The boy was an immortal while Zefer was living on Mericel's blasted spell that now he noticed did not serve him. Aye he was not aging and his power grew but it did not compare to Ares's, not even the slightest.

Mericel whirled around with a crow on her shoulder whose eyes bored into Zefer's eyes. Even the bloody crow knew he was getting closer to his doom. "We will just have to wait and see." Mericel lips curled into a cruel smile. Her eyes were dark with bitterness and the intentions behind it were far worse.

"Wait here." She told Zefer and did not wait for him to answer before teleporting into her old cabin. The witches she had recruited and did all of her dirty work were waiting for her already. They formed a circle around her and looked at each other knowing that something was up.

"We have an enemy coming towards us." Mericel yelled and looked around. The young faces that greeted her were masking their real ages. Those witches were certainly younger than her but all passed a thousand years. They should be in their graves by now but the potion she fed them did not allow their demise. Yet.

"Rue the most devious witch has broken the spell that created the barrier around the enchanted forest." Mericel continues to spit out like she had acid in her mouth. The witches gasp looking around and murmuring amongst themselves.

"She is on her way to the wolves castle. I need you to fight alongside me. If you do not then surely she will come for all of you too. She is devious and is known to kill without mercy, I am trying to save you by giving those willing to fight alongside me a chance. With our combined power she will be no match. Let us kill her once and for all!" Mericel shouts as the crow on her shoulder caws.

She could not help but want to cackle at the silly witches who thought that she had the best intentions for them. They were merely there to serve as a distraction for Rue so she could escape if it comes to that. They would not stand a chance against Rue but they could lend some help by being bait.

The witches who thought Mericel would not betray them nodded with agreement. Because Mericel was right, Rue would come to destroy them next. It was better they take care of her before it comes to that. With a powerful witch like Mericel they had no worries of not winning.

"We will follow you Queen Mericel." One witch with auburn hair spoke up and bowed her head.

Mericel smirked and quickly teleported everyone inside the room she had been waiting in. Zefer, who stood frozen before the glass window, slowly turned around and examined the many dark witches that crowded the room.

Even with so many he still could not ease the frozen fear in his heart at the sight of a witch dressed in green staring into the very window he was just looking out through. She had somehow just teleported there and quickly snapped her eyes to his and even though the distance he could see the wicked anger in the depths of her eyes. This was the Rue Mericel had been talking about, her power spoke volumes.

"What is it?" Mericel asked Zefer, stepping away from the group of the dark witches. Zefer's eyes spoke of his fear and the stillness in his body was alarming. His lips part and he uttered the name of their worst nightmares. "Rue. She is here."