

Chapter 236

Mericel

I let out a grunt as I stumbled onto the wooden chair. My hands come to clamp around the branch protruding from my stomach. My chest rises and falls as I draw in sharp breaths to ease the pain.

"That dumb bitch." I grunt, pulling out the branch. A scream tore through my throat as it pained. How could I have made her do this to me? I murmur under my breath as I wince while looking at the wound.

"Aye, powerful witch right? I was a fool to believe your dumb sayings of ruling over everyone. I was a damn fool to believe your words in being unstoppable. Look now Mericel, you are bleeding on my damn floor!" Zefer growls with an impatient tone leaking in the depths of his voice.

I lift my eyes from my bleeding side and scowl at Zefer. The bloody audacity! "You have the nerve to speak to me in that tone! I have protected your bloody ass for years. No more!" I growled and flicked my finger as I chanted.

Zefer's eyes widen as he roars, coming over to me. "You bitc-

He vanishes as I teleport him to Ares.

"Deal with your bloody problems on your own." I grumble pressing my fingers to my wound. I needed to do something quickly before that little bitch comes here. I had surely underestimated her.

Zefer

"ch...." I drawled out confused when I noticed that I was now outside in the open and not in the confines of the room I was previously in. I grit my teeth and looked around the fighting wolves and corpses. No one seemed to have noticed my arrival, which was good.

"Zefer!" A loud growl penetrates through the mind-link connecting the pack.

My skin crawls as my entire body freezes. I could feel the powerful presence behind me, looming like an approaching war. Ares.

I turn around and come face to face with a familiar black beast. Jaws snapping, saliva running down the sides of his mouth as he rumbles out a growl. He took a step forward, snarling as he rose to his full height.

"I have been waiting for you." He snarls as his sharp teeth peek out. His jaws snapped as if he could already taste my blood in his mouth. "I am ready to take back what is rightfully mine." Ares snarls running towards me full force.

His huge beast knocks into me, temporarily knocking the air out of my lungs as he sends me flying up in the air. I shift into my wolf, shaking my fur as I land on my fours. "You will have to kill me first for I am not stepping down from the throne. I am meant to be king." My pride would not allow me to back down. Even in the middle of fighting wolves and corpses, I would not back down.

Ares snarls coming towards me with snapping jaws. "Who said I was taking the throne without killing you?" He snarls as his teeth plunge into my neck. I am quick to move aside before the bite became fatal.

I could feel the blood oozing out of the wound he had imposed on my neck. The warm liquid made my irritation grow even more. I growl, digging my sharp nails into his side. Ares, he does not flinch away, instead, his jaws lock around my back leg, drawing out a pained growl from me as the bone snaps.

Rüe

I looked over at the war and my stomach clenched in unease as more and more dead arise from the earth, barreling towards the wolves. Aye they looked harmless but something told me Mericel had something up her sleeve when she summoned them. Not wanting the worst to come, I began to rack my brain for a way to stop them.

Seething as a corpse bite off the skin of a copper-colored wolf, I hissed. I opened my palm to face the dark sky and start to speak in tongues. Thunder began to roll and lightning began to strike. Some wolves back away, probably terrified of what was happening.

In the midst of the chaos, I could definitely spot my beast of a mate fighting with a slightly smaller wolf. He looked like he had the upper hand so I had no worries. I knew it was Zefer just by his sloppy fighting skills as Ares snapped his huge jaw around his leg and tugged.

I had an inkling of how he teleported here but I do not dwell on his and Mericel's failed alliance. Smiling proudly as my mate threw Zefer around like a rag-doll, I lift my head to the sky to continue my chanting.

The thunder grew louder as I flicked my finger. I snap my head to face the war and chant louder. Lightning struck the corpses, snakes and lingering crows, turning them to dust as the wolves took more steps back. I smiled in satisfaction when those that emerged out of the ground were less than ten. Knowing that the wolves could take care of the rest I decided to set my focus on Mericel.

I turn to the castle. Using my wolf's senses, I sniffed, knowing I had wounded her and the scent of her blood would be powerful. "She is upstairs." Ayla snarls, furious that Mericel was trying to escape us.

"For a powerful witch she is not that smart." I deadpanned and chanted. I teleported in the hallway, where her scent overpowered behind a dark oak door. From how strong the scent was, I knew she was bleeding profusely. The hag likely did not have the strength to teleport somewhere further.

I giggled while I skim my fingers over the stone walls. "Oh Mericel. Come out, come out to playyyy!" I sang while tapping my nails over the walls.

"You know, I still stand by the first words I said to you." I snorted and flicked my finger towards the oak door. It burst open, moving off its hinges and slid across the room.

The room is slightly dim from the still darkened sky but I could spot a figure sitting on a chair. "I was expecting someone more...." I drawled out as I took a step inside the room. My eyes fall into her dark angry ones and I smirked. "Pleasing to the eyes. I am disappointed." I finished.

Her ugly eyes glared into my soul, lips curling into a snarl as I flicked the light on. "You think you have won?!" She asked before letting out a cackle.

I sighed with a feign of exhaustion. "Sorry I did not get the memo....I have not?" I asked sarcastically while slowly walking over to the empty shelves. I kicked some scattered books aside as I trailed a finger on the dirty wood.

I scrunch my nose and bring my finger to my line of vision. "What kind of queen does not clean her surroundings?" I asked and turned to face her.

I shook my head in disappointment. "You dark witches are still so nasty." I snorted and fully turn to her.

I lean my back on the shelf, fighting the urge to not wince knowing that I was dirtying my beautiful green dress. I fold my arms across my chest and clicked my tongue as my eyes drop to the blood pooling at Mericel's feet. "You are making a mess of yourself." I giggled.

When Mericel unsurprisingly does not join my laughing fit, I sighed. "You know the days I spent in your blasted enchanted forest, I dreamt of different ways I would kill you." I moved off the shelf and took a step forward.

Her dark eyes fall to my feet as a flicker of fear pass in her eyes before she masked it quickly. "I came up with so many, I thought I would go mad." I giggled without an ounce of humor.

"I dreamt of forcing acid down your throat until your blood boiled." I looked at her and faked a wince when I heard the leap of her heart. "I know, it sounds painful."

"You know what is even more painful?" I asked while taking another step forward.

"What?" She gasped out, pressing her hand to her wound as her eyes calculated my next move.

"Growing up without parents." I snarled while the calm in my voice disappears and is replaced by deadly blood lust. "I am going to make you suffer more than my parents did when they died. You will beg for mercy." My voice does not have any calmness, just pure hatred. Pure deadly hatred.