131 CHAPTER 131

Ursa's Pov 1

I placed the last bones of my sister, scattered all over the realm. Finally her body was complete, I exhaled, it's been long since I felt this excited.

"I've prepared a feast for your resurrection. A sumptuous one, I need you here, so we can crush all those bastards" I said.

But all that met me was the silence I had long grown accustomed to, well no rush. Decades ago all I had was a single piece of bone, now everything was complete. It was only a matter of time.

A whizzing sound cut through the silence, a slender figure with a wicked smile on her face stepped out of the thin air.

"You're late" my voice was hard, cold even. Sometimes I barely recognized it as my own.

She smacked her lips, "Ran into a few problems" she said nonchalantly.

"Like what?" I asked coldly.

"Nothing of much importance" she

insisted, "I got your stuff" she tossed the vial I had given her back to me.

I raised, observing carefully, a rich scent came through the closed cap. The corners of my lips tilted, "The heart blood of the Oracle" I muttered.

"The one and only." She said smugly, "Told you to have faith in me. It wasn't easy but I raised that brat with my own hands, getting this blood was a piece of cake."

"Good. At least you're useful" I waved my hand through the air forcing her to her knees, her pupils dilated in shock, she dropped with a plop.

"What—"

"Shhh" I placed my elongated nails on her lips, "Don't ruin the mood" I muttered.

Her eyes bore holes into me, Good. At least she knew, one mis-step and she's done for.

"You almost ruined my plan" I raised a brow, waiting for the pathetic excuse she'd drop.

"I never did" she snapped, fire burning in her eyes

"I hate lies Andrea" I raised my hands, folding them slowly, her groans soon turned into screams that sounded like music to my ears.

"Please..." her two hands clutched her heads, "make it stop"

Ahhhhh.

She screamed, louder than a banshee.

Sigh. I released my hold on her. Unlike most witches, I had long transcended the stage of needing to chant to cast a spell, it was only but a waste of time. Except for the special ones of course.

She collapsed to the ground, her chest rising and falling rapidly, still trying to catch her breath.

I raised my hands again, but this time it was swift and merciless. Without giving her time to breath, her pupils bulged, threatening to spill out of their sockets.

The sounds of teeth gnashing filled the air, "please, Ahhhh" she pleaded, her hot tears painting the floor where she was crumpled.

"Pathetic" I spat, releasing my hold on her "not even a shred of will power" I rolled my

eyes.

She sat up, backing away from me like a moth to a flame, looking every bit the disgraceful fly she was. Good, finally put her in her place.

I advanced slowly towards her, each step heavier than the last, I crouched next to her, "Consider this a warning and me letting you off easy for this wonderful contribution"

I sniffed the blood, inhaling its sweet scent greedily, too bad my sister needed it more than me.

Her eyes lowered meekly, but the terribly concealed resentment was quite glaring, I gripped her chin harshly, forcing her to maintain eye contact with me, "Jeopardize my plan without my permission again and this measly punishment will be the least of your worries"

"Yes" her head bobbed rigidly, I let go of her. Standing and dusting off the dust.

I took the vial to Vega's bones, opened the cap and poured it directly on her, a soft dark glow shone on the bones and then the blood dried up within the blink of an eye.

"Good." I burst into laughter, my laughter bouncing off the wall of the cave, "Finally" I yelled into the air.

This was good, the first response in decades, something to show me that she was still there somewhere.

"Wait a little more sister, just one more ingredient and everything for the ritual will be ready."

The bones glowed then purple smoke or rather hue grew from her body, sizzling through the air.

Her essence, I blinked.

It was unmistakable, this was her essence, I just needed to complete the ritual, just one more ingredient. My nails dug into my palms, the stinging pain I felt confirmed this was really true.

Vega was finally alive, I could feel the colour returning to her bones and that familiar purple hue.

I felt something I hadn't felt in centuries, tears— pooled at the corner of my eyes.

Damn.

132 CHAPTER 132

Ursa's Pov 1

"We will push forward." I said slowly

"But, it's too early. They're not ready" Andrea protested.

"You have one week to get them ready. We need to get the last ingredient, the faster the better" I responded.

"Okay." She said reluctantly, "But..."

I shot her a glare, that did the trick, she swallowed whatever it was she wanted to say. Good. She was learning.

I walked towards the cage that housed Vega's first meal, their faces paled on seeing me, like they had seen a demon from hell.

I snorted, my eye following each of their trembling figures till it finally landed on the one man that should have helped me achieve great things.

My blood boiled on seeing the bastard, legs crossed, breathing steady, not even an ounce of fear on his face like someone who has accepted his fate.

"Do you regret it yet?" I spat

His eyelid slowly split open, those green eyes peered into mine briefly, then shut once more dismissively. His face was expressionless and bored.

I gritted my teeth, "you won't be so smug when you find out what I have in store for you"

He ignored me, like he always did, dismissing me without having to open his mouth. I saw red, how dare he, a fucking mutt, ignore me.

I chuckled, calming myself. "You must think your pack is untouchable after they found out about your little clone?" I sneered.

He didn't respond, still sitting in that fucking annoying position, his image a sharp contrast to the other scared wolves. Well I was going to break him.

"Braz. Oh Braz, poor sweet Braz, still hanging onto the hope that your pack will save you one day. Fear not, you'll be the first appetizer for my sister, we've already gotten Lilith's blood, guess how long it'll take us to get the heart of the other Brat?"

Finally his rigid expression cracked, just

slightly that I almost missed it. I chuckled, laughing heartily, seeing his expression every time I gave him feedback on the outside world and how I was going to ruin Goth was suddenly worth it.

"Enjoy the little time you have left, can't say how much longer you've got" I teased, before leaving, not bothering to pay attention to the whimpering and sighs of relief. They should enjoy their lives for now.

I returned to the main hall, the backstabbing bitch was still there, colour had returned to her face, all traces of her pathetic self gone.

"Andrea"

"Mistress" she bowed respectfully,

I raised my brow, what's gotten into her? Didn't just get respectful out of nowhere.

I'll love to see what she's got up her sleeve, hopefully she won't disappoint.

"The children?" I went straight to the point, no need beating around the bush.

"I'll ensure they're taken care of" she replied.

I paused, musing, "their birth may not necessarily be a bad thing" I thought

"He said they cannot be allowed to live," she muttered.

"What's that? Didn't hear you properly" I raised a brow daring her to repeat just what she said.

Her shoulders stiffened, "I'm just saying" she hesitated, dodging my eyes, "His orders were clear, we have to make sure they don't enter this world" she stuttered out, her fear for him overriding her fear for me.

"Oh." I nodded, "what do you suggest we do then?"

She raised her head slowly, doubt written on face, like she couldn't believe I was actually asking for her opinion.

I rolled my eyes, "well?"

"Right" she quickly regained her composure, "We could try to induce an abortion, or even cause her to miscarry" she suggested.

"And how do you intend to carry that out?" I pressed on

"I can have someone infiltrate the pack. Maybe one of them" she continued, eyes flickering towards the cage where I kept Vega's personal stash.

Laughter tore through me, I dried up fake tears, then standing I flicked my wrist, her body crashed into the wall before she could blink, the sweet sound of bones cracking filled the air.

She spat a mouthful of blood, standing with shaky breath,

"I do not care what your arrangement with him may be, or why he thought it wise to include a wolf to our plan" I spat, not bothering to hide my disgust.

Plop. Plop. Plop.

Blood trickled down her face, her back was already drenched, and not with sweat.

"But you will know your place, wolf. How dare you think you can lay a finger on my sister's sacrifice?" My rage was already reaching its peak.

She stumbled backwards, her breath slowing down, "I didn't—"

"Silence." I cut her off, "You will bring me

those mini brats in her stomach and they will serve as nourishment to my sister" I let my word sink deeper aided by the silence, then I continued,

"I don't care if we are going to deliver the whole of Goth to his hands, but we are going to do it MY way"

Her head hung low, her body shaking. Weak, like the rest of her dumb species.

"Did I make myself clear?" I snapped,

"Yes, mistress," she mumbled.

"Louder"

"Yes mistress."

"Good girl." I cackled, "now back to my plans. I have changed my mind" I smirked.

She remained mute, the sound of her shallow breathing pricking my ears, how much I wanted to end her. Too bad she was still useful.

"Rip them out for me"

"What?"

I eyed her lazily, "rip them out of her, dead or alive, I do not care. But ensure they are ripped right through her" I completed, I could

feel it already, the deliciousness of despair, loss, death. All of it, all so near.

The perfect recipe for Vega,

"Noted." She replied, holding back whatever it was she had wanted to say, good for her.

"Proceed with the plan. I need Aella's heart blood in no less than two weeks." I said.

"I will try my best."

"Try?"

She fell to her knees instantly, "no, no, no. I meant I will provide it" she muttered.

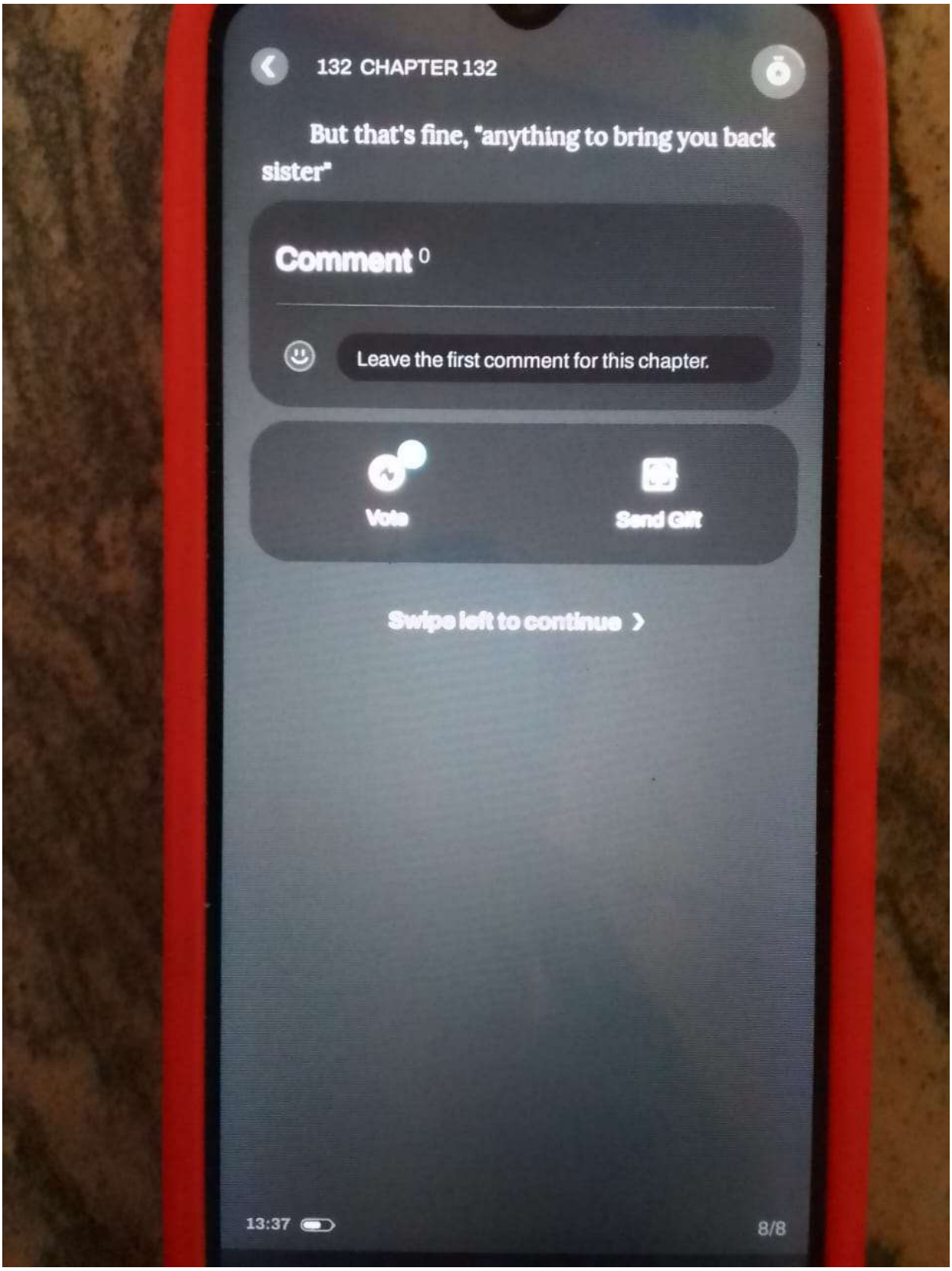
"Good." I slapped her cheeks, "I knew you will not disappoint me." I chuckled.

"Dismissed" I waved her off.

"Thank you." She scrambled off.

I rolled my eyes, watching Vega's bones come together, her flesh was beginning to convene, it seems Lilith blood is more potent than I thought.

As expected, I sighed. I wonder what that man is thinking, I couldn't shake off the feeling that somehow we were just pawns in a much larger game.


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But that's fine, "anything to bring you back sister"
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133 CHAPTER 133

Lilith Flashback 1

I sat at an empty forest, I had found right outside the pack portal. My breath irregular, "Finally" I sighed in relief

To think I finally got rid of that arse that had sworn to not let me rest, who would have thought that me, Lilith Shaw or rather Zareal, would be running and from someone I could barely tell his source of power.

"You don't have to run" Lena grumbled obviously displeased by my recent choices

"You keep saying that cause you're not the one he's stuck to like a glue that won't come off"

"Not that I will complain, give control to me and test that theory of yours" She shot back, not bothering to hide her annoyance

"I'll be damned to let a horny wolf have control of my body. You can't even think properly when he's around you" I snapped, frustrated by her nonsense.

Are all wolves like this? Reduced to an irrational idiot whenever their mates are

around cause mine seems like a special case, something was definitely wrong with mine.

"Not my fault you'd rather deny the connection between us. He's our mate Lilith, you're no longer the goddess , the earlier you understand that the better for us all," she rolled her eyes and pulled up our mental wall

"Fine, keep acting like a bitch in heat" I huffed

"And I'll see what you do when you go into yours" she clapped back.

"keep acting like a brat till i figure a way to reject this cursed bond" i snorted

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I had totally forgotten, meeting my mate was one thing but my heat was another. I had to do something about his proximity before he induced my heat. How the hell did I forget, female wolf 101.

"Stop trying to break our mate bond" she warned "Too bad I don't care what you think" I replied.

While I felt sorry for her about the current situation, she needed to understand, it was not going to happen. If not for my uncertainty about who he was, I would've broken it a long time ago.

I can still remember the killing intent that locked me in place at the mention of breaking our bond, the way the hairs on my arm stood, the shivers that shook my body, my mate was no ordinary man. That much was sure.

I was going to find out what he was and find a way to break this bond without signing my own death warrant, the memory felt way too fresh to ignore. Who did mother pair me with?

"She's not wrong you know?" I heard the ever wise voice of mercelyne, soft and gentle.

"I'm rejecting him the first chance i get" I said flatly

"I'm talking about you being a mortal wolf, a normal wolf. Not the goddess , nothing stops you from enjoying your life with your mate" I could hear the craving in her voice.

We all wanted the same thing, to be loved, to be seen, by one who has eyes only for us, I wont deny craving what Aella shares with Eros, but they both need to understand, we don't have the

same luxury as them, we can't indulge in the same things. What was the point of mating with someone only to abandon them later on.

"I have experienced what it feels like to be abandoned and betrayed, I have no interest in subjecting someone else to that same torture" I said simply.

"He's not Azrathul" Mercelyne muttered

"No. But neither am I"

She sighed.

"You need to let yourself live at times, Zareal. You won't have this liberty forever, we might be lost in the battle to come"

" Which is why I am prepared to go alone, having a mate complicates things. Previously I was worried about leaving Aella alone, but with Eros by her side, my worries are now unfounded." I sighed

"Fine. But he won't give up anytime soon, or do you plan on hiding away forever, I reckon it won't be long before he figures out your current location, what will you do then?" she asked amused

"Uggghhhh, I'm so over him hunting me down like a criminal, even criminals aren't hunted this way, somehow. He's just determined to make my life hell, and somehow Lena has subscribed to helping him achieve that," I groaned.

"Well you keep forgetting her biology as a wolf, it is her nature to crave her mate. She can't fight it" she shrugged

"No. But she can damn well stop letting it control her thought process and functioning," I was beyond irritated.

Aside from the fact that Sage had been stuck to be like a freaking magnet and I couldn't break off our bond even if I wanted. He was a complete psycho, a maniac.

I mean who threatens to pull out their mate's tongue and feed it to them, just because I tried to reject him.

Yeah, I was dumb stricken for four minutes when he first said it, but when he returned to smiling care freely and joking around in the blink of an eye, I realized something.

My mate was a fucking psycho and I'm stuck to a psychopathic maniac as a mate, he was basically a ticking timebomb set to go off at anywhere and time.

Sllussssshhhhhh.

The sound snapped me out of my thoughts, "who's there?" I turned towards it, readying myself.

Tap. Tap. Tap. The sound of footsteps followed, or rather paws. I shot to my feet, my staff materializing. Aella's story about being attacked by a rogue crossed my mind, I stood and stealthily approached the side where the noise had come from.

Silence.

No one was there. Weird, I could've sworn I heard some noise here.

I spotted a thin white paper laying on the ground, looking around and seeing no one, I picked it up.

**** Let's meet, thirty minutes north from here. Let me explain things****

Love mom

I crumpled and stomped on the letter

"You've got to be kidding me"