177 CHAPTER 177

That piqued her interest. "What do you want?" 1

She steadied her voice, just as she was taught, no emotions, no looking back, "Bring Zorya back."

Selene shook her head, "He wanted you and you swapped places with Zorya, or she swapped, all that matters is your with me, she stays with him."

She narrowed her eyes, "I'm not asking, mother. Bring her back."

Selene's lips curled, "And if I don't? What do I get out of this?"

Zareal's heart shattered once more at this heartless mother of hers, "she's your daughter."

"I'm aware. Carried you both at the same time."

"Bring her back from that monster, he's done something to her. And I'll do whatever you want, the training, and take over your duties when the time comes."

Selene scoffed, "Tell me something new,

you are going to take over from me when the time comes, so that's not exactly dealing material, your training is non-negotiable too."

Zareal nodded, "And what assurance do you have that I will follow your wishes when I finish them? I won't let you control me mother. Save Zareal, leave her out of all these and I'll willingly submit."

Selene stood properly, "Are you aware of what you're asking?"

"Yes."

"If you do this, and let's say she does return you'd bear both your burdens and hers."

Her face remained stoic "Find her, that's all that matters, not me, not this stupid training, not the rules, my sister. Lord Az is doing something to her, I'm sure of it. Just find her."

"Fine, don't come crying when everything gets too much for you."

"Good. Thank you." Zareal turned to leave

"Wait." Selene stopped, "if it came to the point where the only way to save her is to swap places, would you—"

She cut her off, "Yes." Her voice carried only determination.

"Okay. Then prepare yourself for that possibility."

With her point made Zareal walked away, head held high, her heart turned colder with each step.

She learned at an early age that without power you were useless and she could only trade to get what she wanted, not even family ties were reliable.

The coming weeks she kept true to her words, continued her training diligently, she was still weak, she needed strength, power, she was determined not to be the same when Zorya returned.

Life returned to normal until she caught a whiff of palace girls talking, "Did you hear?" One of them whispered.

"About the other mistress? The one that followed Lord Az right?"

She strained her ears, frozen in her tracks, ensuring they couldn't see her—not yet.

"Yeah. It was really brutal, they said she was like a monster," one of them shivered

"Yeah, who rips out the hearts of others? Heard she does it for sport," one snickered.

"At least, Miss Zareal is nothing like her, who knows what we would have gone through wondering who's head will roll next or not knowing when you'd lose your heart."

"Eishh, it was really scary."

Gasps, "you saw the scene?"

"You saw my sister." Zareal couldn't stop herself from asking.

"Miss." They bowed, "please don't mind our ramblings."

"I asked a question." Her voice was ice cold, words clipped, giving no room for refusal.

"I I. I. I..... I didn't know you were"

A glare from Zareal shut her up, she bowed to them reluctantly, her mouth moved, "the second miss was reported to have brutally killed a person that challenged her."

I nodded, "where?"

"The square, he was an immortal so he stood no chance." She mumbled,

"Okay. Go to the pool of reincarnation and write down your names, accumulate some good deeds as punishment. Do not talk behind your masters back anymore"

Their faces paled, who would have expected that the icy faced goddess who cared about nothing but training would punish them

"We're sorry, please forgive us." They slumped to the floor, heart pounding.

She simply walked out, successfully ignoring them, their cries drowned out eventually as she made her way to the square.

On getting there she let her instincts guide her, after walking for a while she finally stopped at a clearing, a little cottage sat just beyond it.

Walking in she saw a red haired figure munching on something hungrily, its skin patched all over, cut and bruised up.

Sigh.

"You're not her." She threw a potion to the figure and left before they could hold her back, to think those gossip mongrels not only failed to get an accurate gossip, they gave her false information.

She sighed and headed back to her place, she had enough for one day.

On getting back she noticed her mother rushing off somewhere, face tight brows

furrowed.

Something told her to follow and that's what she did.

They found Zorya, lips pale, body thin and barely recognisable, hairs grey. She looked strangely malnourished and beaten.

She was tied to a platform, while Lord Az was just about to dive a knife through her heart.

****** End of Flashback *****

"Hold on." Sage paused her, "He wanted to offer her up for a ritual or to kill her. Which one?"

Don't know, "but somehow he found a training measure that gave him more powers in an exchange for the life of a family. He fell into the dark arts."

"Okay." He nodded.

"We saved her, but at cost."

"The war."

"Yes, mother had me take her away but she locked Lord Az in combat, but he was too powerful, the elder gods noticed and came to help, some immortals too."

She paused, her lips quivering, "When he defeated them all, he came back for us, but somehow they locked him in the eye of zoros and banished him. Nothing was the same after he was gone."

"That much is expected."

"That explains why you tremble at his name but not why you fear our bond. You blame yourself for whatever happened to your sister."

"It should have been me." She mumbled, "she was a little liar, she went in my stead just to protect me and like the coward I was, I watched her get destroyed while I did nothing."

Comment 0

Leave the first comment for this chapter.

Vote

Send Gift

07:12

7/8