



205 MARIE VS CHERRY

CHERRY'S POV 1

Once Cherry was done talking to Uther she turned away from her mirror and sat down to deliberate.

So Xaden was going to the isle of lycanthrope. No one ever went there and made it alive. Cherry herself had hired the best people and sent them out to hunt for the isle. But none had made it alive.

Everyone who performed the dark arts or dabbled in it knew that the Isle of lycanthrope was a holy grail.

Everyone wanted it. The average wolf had heard mere stories of it and it had become a myth to the regular wolves.

But to the witches and those who were spiritual and had any form of magic knew better.

It was craved to be important. Craved as something the gods themselves had left as a way for the people to find.

In her wildest dreams, she had never believed this would fall into her arms, but here it was.

With Xaden going she had a chance she was most certain of.



That wolf loved that Jasmine.

She still hung in between life and death. The royal blood was not easily killed.

But Jasmine was the Heir—the actual heir—. She was not just royal blood, which is why she had used her most powerful spell to ensure that she died. But she had not expected her to hang on; she still struggled to be alive.

And Marie had said it, Jasmine was extremely powerful. Her powers had not yet manifested.

And yet she still struggled to live.

She had to make sure that no one ever knew her plans. Or they would be ruined.

She was also certain that it was Marie who had told Xade about the Isle of lycanthrope. 1

She had to meddle with her plans before she did.

She had seen Xaden and she knew the zeal he carried.

He was an exception and she had a feeling that he would possibly make it out alive.

She had to take advantage of this opportunity. 1

If she had the Cup of life in her hands then she had the upper hand over everyone.

She began to imagine herself as a ruler.



She would finally take over the throne and claim what rightfully belonged to her. Instead of still having to hide around while she made love to her sister's husband

The King was an apt lover.

But she needed to secure her tie to him, and that was why she was doing her best to get pregnant.

Once she was pregnant then, she would reveal her true self to her stupid sister.

That thief! 2

But it was fine Everyone else around her would know who she was. What belonged to her would soon come to her.

Then she felt a shift of energy In her room.

She turned around and before she had even seen who it was, she already knew the person.

It was Marie standing In the center of her bedroom.

Her beautiful long dreadlocks hung behind her back in their usual fashion.

And above all, she did not look pleased.

"Marie what a pleasant surprise," Cherry said with a very fake smile. "What do I owe this sudden visit?"



Marie was in front of her in barely a split second and then she held her throat and squeezed it hard. 1

Cherry choked and tried to hold Marie's neck so that she could be freed from her grip.

She tried to use her dark magic to attack Marie, but Marie was way stronger than her.

"Please you are killing me." Cherry managed from her firmly tightened throat.

Marie used her power to raise her in the air; cherry was choking and could feel her life being taken away from her.

"How dare you?" Marie demanded.

Cherry choked bitterly trying her best to breathe.

She used magic to try and hit Marie, but Marie wove her hand to the side without even looking back, and she focused on Cherry.

Further pressing her neck.

Cherry's face became almost like her name, going red like a fresh cherry.

Then Marie tossed her aside on the ground. 1

Cherry breathed heavily, coughing brutally once she was down on the floor.



She held her throat and massaged the place Marie had so forcefully held.

She looked up at Marie who was standing before her, her face emotionless.

"I shall ask you again. How dare you?" Marie demanded. 1

Cherry knew what she was talking about, but she made a frivolous attempt to play confused.

"I do not understand what you mean-" Cherry tried to lie, but then Marie's face turned to thunder and she looked at her with rage.

"And yet you pretend like you have no idea what I speak of," Marie demanded, reaching out for Cherry again.

But Cherry was terrified and scooted to the other end of the room away from Marie.

She was breathing so hard, and she put her hands around her neck to protect them from Marie even though it would not stop her from attacking her if she wanted to.

"You sent that girl after Jasmine," Marie said.

"You knew how important she was to me. You know that I need her."

"I did not mean to," Cherry said rising to her feet.

She walked to her dresser and sat down by the



glass, and then she very gently massaged her neck before waving over a beautiful white rose.

The white rose withered and went dead, and then she put it over her neck; her neck healed instantly.

For magic, if one thing was to be made, another was to be taken. Hence why, the flower had to die in order to heal her neck.

Then Marie walked up to where Cherry sat down by the mirror.

"You went too far," Marie said. "I taught you magic. Anything you did, I know. Anything you think you can do, I know. And anything you do, I can do it much much better."

Marie turned Cherry to face her. "Now tell me, what the hell were you thinking?"