

## Chapter 8

Zefer

I hear cheers as Mericel teleports me back into my chambers. I had taken a quick bath in Ester and Michael's bathroom a while ago. Their bathroom was small but it had to do. I did not want anyone to take the scent of a dead wolf on my skin.

I quickly got dressed and then felt the push of someone trying to communicate through the mind link. Zachary. My eyes turn foggy awaiting his words.

Brother you must come down now! We have good news! He says happily . I nearly cringe at his voice.

I will be down in a minute. I answered trying to keep the disdain from my voice.

You must hurry!

My eyes turn back to its original color. I swept a hand through my hair and touched the toxin potion in my pocket that Mericel had given me.

This one was intense and was supposed to weaken Zachary tonight so I could kill him. Well technically it would be Mericel since I could not touch silver.

I proceeded out of my chambers and walked down stairs. The air stinks of celebration, happiness. Disgusting. The first I see is the bony dark haired boy being lifted off the ground by some wolves. He was being cheered. Ares.

I grit my teeth but forced out a smile as I reached beside them. "What is going on?" I asked Zachary as he smiles at his son. Eyes teary as he holds his sobbing mate by his side.

He turns to me when he hears me. "A miracle has happened Zefer. Ares has been healed completely. He is not dying anymore."

"Then this is a means to celebrate for it is a miracle." I nodded and smiled. I look at Ares as he chuckles with the wolves. "Prince Ares will live!" One cheered. Idiot.

"The king's heir will live!" Another cheer. Incompetent bastards.

I turn back to Zachary, my face grave. "But I am sorry to cut this celebration short. We must talk in private Zachary. It is something important and grave."

He stiffens hearing the urgency in my voice. He looks down at his mate that nods. "Go, I will stay with our son." She smiles at him. He nods bending to kiss her lips. Yes fool kiss your mate for you will not be able to kiss her another time. It will be your last.

"We will talk in the study." He says walking past me to head upstairs. I nod following behind him.

"I hope this news you are about to give me won't be too grave." He mumbles opening the door to the study.

"Aye it is grave." I told him closing the door behind me. He sighs and walks over to the window to look out. "Can I not take a break?" He questions staring out of the window.

I walk over to the shelf with many bottles of liquor. I took two glasses and poured the liquor into them. I look behind me and see that Zachary is still looking outside the window.

I quickly pulled out the toxin and poured it into one glass. Mericel had masked the horrible scent so there was no way he'd notice. Swirling the liquid in the glass I walk over to him.

"This is what comes with being the king of werewolves." I joked giving him the glass with poison. "Cheers to Ares being healed." I smirked and brought the glass to my lips just as he does.

He drinks the liquid in one gulp and turns to me. "What is the news brother?" He questions.

I pulled the glass away from my lips and stared at him. "I had gotten

word that the vampire king wants to attack tonight." It was a lie.

His eyes widen. "How do you know this?" He questions then lifts his hand to his head and groans.

"What is wrong?" I question as he stumbles, shaking his head. That poison must really be intense to work so quickly.

"Something is wrong brother." He grumbles looking up at me and squints. "My head is pounding, I cannot seem to focus." He admits. Sweat had begun to coat his flesh.

I nod. "Do you feel weak?" I asked and placed the half empty glass on the table. He nods weakly bracing his hand on the desk. "Good that means the poison is working." I smirked.

He stiffened and raised his eyes to mine. "Poison?" He asked and started coughing.

I see his eyes turn foggy, probably trying to mind link the rest of the pack. But it would be fruitless for the poison won't allow him to focus enough. I was right because his eyes turn back to their original shade soon.


He looked at me in pain. "Brother what did you do?" He asked weakly, his lips turning white. The poison could not kill him since he was too powerful but it did weaken him exceptionally.

I reach for the crystal pendulum around my neck Mericel had given me in case I needed her help. I squeezed it twice and Mericel teleports soon after. In her hand a pure silver blade.

Zachary stiffens feeling another presence in the room. He turns slowly to her. It would be pointless for him to try to shout for help, no one will hear him for Mericel had cast a spell around the room. No one could hear.

"A dark witch?" He snarled. Mericel simply smiles as she speaks in tongues. Zachary's body freezes as the blade is quickly lodged into his chest, straight through his heart. If he was not poisoned he would have quickly dodged it. He falls to his knees.

I walk around him, he lifts his gaze to meet mine. Tears of pain and betrayal shined through his eyes that I loathed. "Why brother?" He gasped out as the silver entered his blood.

I bend towards him and kiss his forehead. "Because brother, I simply want to be king." 

I hear the howls of all the wolves as they feel the pain of their king dying. He opens his mouth to speak only for a pain grunt to escape. "You will never be king Zefer." Was the last word he says before he dies.

"Well that's one obstacle out of the way." Mericel cackles. "I should leave before the wolves get here. Come to me tonight sweeten." She says and teleports out of the room.

I stare at Zachary's dead body, quickly tearing my eyes away when the door is burst open and his mate runs in. "Zachary!" She cries going to him. It was like she had not even noticed me standing there. Other wolves followed her, all pale as ghosts. One wolf looks at me.

"What the hell happened?" He asked as he noticed the silver blade in my brother's chest.

"It was a dark witch. We were talking only for her to teleport in front of him. She had quickly plunged the blade into his chest before we could react." I held my hand to show that I didn't have the burnt mark of silver.

Silver burns our skin if touched. So showing them that I had no marks of burnt flesh lets them know that I wasn't the one who killed Zachary. Morons. A wolf cries of pain. "Our king is dead!"

Isabela lets out a scream of sorrow as she pulls her mate's head on her lap.

R0e

The bottles in my satchel clinks as I run towards home. It was already dark. I was late. Father will be displeased.

Something shifts in the bushes gaining my attention. I stop, opening my satchel to look for a dangerous toxin that burns flesh. I look at the

rustling leaves and sighed in relief when a small black kitten jumps out of the bush.

It meows coming towards me. I close the satchel and kneel. "Where is your moma little guy?" I questioned. The kitten looked to be only a month old. Tiny and very cute. I loved cute.

It comes towards me brushing against my foot. I smile, reaching to brush my hand down its fur. I looked around, trying to see if its mother would come out. But there is nothing.

I look down at the kitten. "You're alone, aren't you little guy?" I whispered and checked to see if the kitten was a male or female. It was indeed a male.

I picked him up and he instantly curled in my arms. "Hopefully mother and father let me keep you." I whispered. "I'll name you Cylester." I smile. Cylester meows as if agreeing to the name as it cozies up into my arms. I giggle and start for home.

My steps falter as the cottage comes to view. Why had mom not on the lights? Something was not right. I placed my hands on the satchel, pressing my palms on the leather as I walked up the wooden steps. Cylester lifts his head to peek over my arm.

The old worn out wood creaks under my boots. The smell of blood was very prominent in the air, you could almost taste it on your tongue. It has me on edge. My heart drums in my chest as I open the door.

There is nothing I can see for it is too dark. But fear is clutching me in its depths. I slowly walk to the light switch and flicked it on. I blinked to adjust my vision to the now lit room.

I look around gasping at the mess. Broken vases, potions scattered on the floor. Furniture tossed and torn greeted me. I shift my eyes to the left and pain sliced through me like no other. There mom and dad laid, bleeding out.

"Father, mother?" I question in fear as I stared at their lifeless body on the mat mother had bought just a few days ago. I place Cylester down gently.

I sobbed walking closer towards them. Deep down I knew they were dead but I did not want to succumb to the fact. I kneeled beside them reaching over to touch their cold body. Dad was naked which meant that he had shifted into his wolf before dying.

A loud cry escapes my mouth as I come to term that I no longer had living parents, they were dead. "Mother, Father please come back. You cannot leave me here alone." I begged, shaking mother.

There is nothing but silence except my cries. "Please." I whispered. It is then the image of a dusty brown wolf biting into father's neck bombards into my mind. I gasp in shock and the image quickly disappears.

The wolves. The wolves did this. They killed my parents. I snapped my eyes to the cauldron, noting that the scent of the potion was not strong enough. This meant mother had not had time to finish it.

Realization hit me. The king and queen had killed my parents because mother failed to have the potion ready in time. They always treated mother like an outsider even though she did everything to appease their needs.

Healing them when needed, gave them potions to fight of wolvesbane. Now they treated her so cruelly, killing her in return. For all what father did for his kind, attend meetings, fight for them knowing that when he leaves us there is a chance he will not come back.

He did it for them, for their kind, his kind. Yet they backstabbed him so. I knew wolves were vicious, this is why many other kinds stay far away from them.


But I never knew they could do this to their own kind, especially to someone who only wanted to help. Hate grew in my heart for the kind father put his life on the line for. Heartless dogs. They were all heartless and vicious. None deserve to live. I will bring chaos to them all.

I look down at my parents, tears leaking out of my eyes. If only I was strong enough to bring them back to life. "I will avenge you father, mother. I will rid this world of the vicious kind that has killed you. They

do not deserve mercy." I promised. Cylester comes beside me and rubs around my leg.

I started speaking in tongues and my parents body teleported outside. I could only teleport myself or anyone a few feet away since I am still learning. I picked up Cylester and walked outside the house. My parents are just a few feet away from the house.

I amble down the creaky steps and start speaking in tongues. Mother and father's body quickly lits on fire. I watch as the flames took their body, tears flowing down my cheeks as I nestled Cylester in my arms. A wolf howls from afar.

"I will kill them all." I whispered, lifting my gaze to the moon. 

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