

The Purse



The Curse

Angel

Copyright 2010 to Angel.

No part of this work can be copied without the authors consent.

Published by: Wicked Nights

www.wickednights.info



The Past

Cold air threatened to take the breath from her body. The large mass of ground lay blanketed with a soft white snow. *The ritual must be done no matter what.* The she-witch walked across to a place untouched by footprints. She pulled her dagger from its sheath and started the incantation needed to amplify the three ring protective barrier. Ancient words filled the silent air. The wind gusts made it harder on her failing lungs.

This would take everything left of her spa and weaken her body, she had to make sure her body would be safe from any predatory animals. She must be found as she lay. The ritual for the death of a sister and loved one must be carried out in a specific manner in order to ensure her decent into the dark realm of the Oterran witches. Her mind wandered to what would be instead of what was now.

My daughter must have a good life. Her free hand covered the swell of her rounded stomach. Life would come from her once everything was in place and set. She scratched the ancient symbols inside the circle calling upon the curse of her kind. The she-witch called upon all the elements necessary to carry out her spell.

“Earth, wind, fire, water... Bring forth the child of my womb into a peaceful existence. Carry therefore the rites and place one male into a life chained to the full moon...”

The air picked up around her, blowing through her hair, but she continued chanting. Warm water trickled down her legs and pain shot through her stomach announcing the coming of her child. A small regret ripped through her soul, knowing her child would grow old without her. The trinkets she wanted her daughter to have were wrapped in a

black cloth ready for the babe. Her sight allowed her to foresee this day. Another would come and save her daughter once her spirit passed on.

She fell to her knees as her pain worsened. The incantation finished now, her body weak. The child came and the woman cradled the small being in a thick blanket tucking the black cloth safely inside. She curled her body around her child to protect her life as her own body grew cold.

* * * *

His arrow flew gracefully through the air toward the direction of the buck. He would add it to the five others he'd hunted and hoped it would last through the winter. Scott knew he could get out and hunt at any time as long as the weather held but he'd rather not take the risk of his family running short of meat. The winter months weren't kind to this part of the country.

The wind kicked wildly and words ripped foul upon the air grabbing his attention. His gut screamed at him to get out of there as quickly as possible, but his curiosity won over the feeling deep down inside. He moved closer to the woods' edge to see a woman full with child. Alarm rose inside him as her words become clearer. The witch was cursing someone in order to bring her babe in with the ability to have its own power and a safe, sheltered life. He watched another body move closer to the woman as the screams ripped out from her and she doubled over, making it obvious to any onlooker that she was giving birth.

He turned the other way and started back from where he'd come in a hurry. A gnawing sensation worked its way through him. Intuition flashed through him; he should have run the other way when the words first caught his ears. Scott couldn't tell what caused his stomach to heave, but he had to stop every so many feet choking on the alien liquid and this morning's breakfast. He didn't think he'd

make it back to his home before he passed out but he pushed on. He'd die if he allowed himself to stay out in the cold. He stopped one last time and blood spewed from his mouth. He barely had time to clean his mouth off before he plunged through the door.

Inside he crumpled onto the floor. He heard the footsteps of his family walking briskly to see what the cause of the noise was. He knew his mother was the first to see him because she screamed at the top of her lungs, calling for his father. He lost his senses and the world went black.

* * * *

Present Day

Charity watched with growing anxiety as she took in her surroundings. She'd decided to take her vacation with her boyfriend in Hawaii instead of staying home where the weather was getting cold

again. They'd planned to come down here anyway to meet up with some friends for a Christmas party that was 'out of this world,' or so her friends told her. They'd said they had something planned special this year and it would be the best time in all her twenty-five years , one she would she never forget. Other women from her village came down about a week before she and Scott arrived.

If she didn't know any better, she'd say they were more anxious for getting the party started than she was. She was out of her element amongst large crowds. She was perfectly happy with being alone or just with a small handful of people. Her time with Scott and her alone time being curled up with a good book made her life balance out. If she didn't count the odd dreams. She'd found out, when she'd turned eighteen, that her parents had found and adopted her when she was a baby. She'd inquired about her birth parents, but was only told that she was found in the arms of a dead woman just minutes after she was born.

Things were happening to her she didn't understand but wasn't about to share her worry with her boyfriend. He'd been disappearing more than usual lately. It wasn't as if he was good about being around all the time anyway, but his attitude had changed, along with other things. Sex had never been an issue with the two of them. She crooked her lips upward into a half smile. The conversation proved to be interesting enough. They'd talked a few times about the possibility of getting married, but that was as far as it'd gone. She wondered why she even pondered it when he was gone so much.

His absence didn't bother her as much as the excuses he made. He was supposedly working out of town, but when she called him, he wouldn't answer the phone. Something didn't add up. She was bound to get to the bottom of it while they were here in Hawaii taking their vacation. It was nearing Christmas and she didn't want to miss the big party. Scott let her know he'd be gone for a few days once they checked into the motel room. She rolled her eyes and shrugged her

shoulders, pretending it didn't matter whether he stayed or went. She went to take a shower.

* * * *

Scott couldn't help how Charity felt about him being away. He had to feed. The full moon would rise soon. He'd stayed and helped with the luggage, hadn't he? Then why did he feel so much like shit for what he was about to do? It'd been her mother's fault things were the way they were. He'd still be a mortal if it hadn't been for Charity and her Mother. Not that it was her fault. So far she claimed not to know anything about the medallion her mother had given her. She'd said little about the jewelry left behind. Supposedly she had no idea what it was or what it stood for.

He'd known the very minute the magic awoke inside of her. It had called to him, beckoned the curse which lived inside of him. Not that she acted like it mattered. There was a part of him that believed her without a shadow of doubt. She knew nothing of the magic igniting inside her. The wolf inside him, however, wanted her dead. It wanted to see her face the same ashen color as her birth mother's.

The night cloaked him as he swung from tree to tree in search of food not caring whether he found another animal or a lone human. He liked it here in Hawaii. Maybe when it was all said and done, he'd move here permanently. She wouldn't be in his hair anymore and he could do as he pleased. She would expect him to make love to her when he returned, but the beast's wants were taking him over. It was too close to spoil it now. There would be too many witnesses should he try to claim her blood at the party. He was sure, too, that there would be people coming in and out talking to her. He let out a long sorrowful howl into the night time skies releasing his frustration.

* * * *

Charity readied herself to take a walk down to a friend's house that she hadn't seen in a long time. She pondered the possibility that she'd made the wrong choice in a mate. After all, weren't people who were in love supposed to want to spend every moment together? They weren't supposed to keep secrets from each other, and certainly not supposed to stay away from each other longer than they spent time together..

She couldn't figure out why her birth mother's trinkets called to her to wear them, bond with them. A force unknown to her consumed her thoughts. She'd been raised to believe in her intuition; to follow her heart. Her heart told her she'd be devastated if anything bad happened with her and Scott. Logic warned her against getting any more involved with him than she already was. The two had been together, as of this coming Christmas, three years.

No matter what she would confront him about as far as their relationship and how serious he wanted them to be. Her gut told her to be cautious where he was concerned. His aura radiated red and sometimes black. She didn't fully trust someone when their colors were dark. But she loved him despite every bell going off in her head.

It didn't take long to walk to the beach. *It's not where I wanted to go, but I love the view.* The splash of the waves breaking against the shoreline all but sang her to sleep. In some way she had no problem picturing water being her element. Every time she thought about the element, her skin cooled and left her with the feeling of freshness.

Thoughts and worries swirled through her mind. She'd have to make tough decisions, starting now. The wind picked up and blew her hair in as if trying to soothe her.

* * * *

Everyone gathered at the party. She could barely move for the amount of people in the house. Scott stayed by her side the whole time which surprised her. Crowds were not usually his thing. Thinking of him brought her mixed feelings. She glanced up to look at

him and found him staring down at her. A small, tight smile crossed his handsome face. He was uncomfortable despite how his tall, muscular build fit in with the other people.

Charity decided to get away from everyone and told Scott she was going to the bathroom. He nodded once in acknowledgement. She kissed his strong cheek and walked away. The place, she found, was huge in comparisons to her own home. The bathroom was as big as one of her bedrooms. She touched her cheek to smooth the outline of makeup on her face and noticed the darkness under her eyes which was making its way through. *Not enough sleep and too many worries.* A sound caught her ears as she walked out of the room and she walked back to see what caused it.

The men and women were dressed in strange clothing. She counted eleven. They turned and looked at her as if she were a foreign object. They motioned for her to come and join them. It felt right for some reason she couldn't explain. Scott would be waiting for her and at some point come looking. She didn't know what kind of reaction he would have if he caught her chanting with these people and in a joined circle.

She walked with caution to the people standing there and said, "What is this you're doing?" A few of them smiled at her.

"We've cast a circle of power to honor the Gods and Goddess' present during the celebration. It's something we do every year. You're going to fit perfectly. It's almost as if you were meant to be our number twelve."

She didn't think that could be possible, but smiled at them. "I don't know about the meant to be part, but you certainly have me curious about what you're doing. I've never done anything like this."

"That's ok; we'll explain it to you. It's simple, actually. Here's the chant we're going to say. We just finished the prayer and were about to start the actual ritual. You just join hands with the two you decide to stand beside and once we're ready, you say the chant with us. We

say the chant six times. It's a prayer for our kind to ensure fertility in our women and men."

She wasn't sure she totally understood why they would have to do this in order to ensure survival, but she gathered the gist of the ritual. Charity lay the paper down in front of her on the floor and joined hands with the two guys closest to her. Something inside of her clicked and she recognized the jolt of power searing through her.

She closed her eyes after the third time of saying the words and reopened them. Charity gasped when her birth mother's medallion lay flat on her chest. Her lips moved with the words.

* * * *

Scott looked around and wondered why Charity hadn't come back. He walked around, thinking he would find her talking to someone who'd stopped her on her way back. He didn't see her anywhere. He neared the bathroom and united voices caught his ears. Her voice was amongst them saying the same words that had sealed his fate so many years ago. He couldn't believe he'd ever hear those words again. Scott opened the partially closed door and stared wide eyed at the group.

White light surrounded them as they chanted the ancient words. Memories came back to him of the day his life changed. Anger rushed through him. He couldn't control what was happening. He was changing into a werewolf too early. His hands stretched into dark claws. He fought the urge to lay his head back and let the change take place in front of everyone present, but he was losing the battle. Hair flared out in clumps all over his body. His face stretched into the familiar -snout of the wolf. He saw the horror across Charity's face as the blood lust took him over.

* * * *

The chanting stopped quicker than they'd started and she noticed the surprised look on the faces of the group. Charity turned around,

and looked at the shock at the scene unfolding before them. She couldn't believe her eyes. Scott was a werewolf? He'd never told her. He'd *lied* to her. All those times he'd been gone and he'd lied to her.

Charity refused to hold back her thoughts. "You lied to me. All these times of leaving saying you were going on a business trip was nothing more than lies. What else have you lied about, Scott? I can't believe you would want to stay with me, sleep with me, have sex with me, but not trust me? How could you?"

His words were harsh returning to her. "I had my reasons. You were a part of my revenge. Your mother made me this way. It's all her fault. The same words you uttered tonight with these witches and warlocks turned me into the monster I am. I was there the day you were born. I witnessed your mother give birth to you. She cursed me that day. Just as you're cursing others with the poison you spoke. You're a witch. I knew you were. I hate your mother for what she did to me. I've loved nothing more than to see your pain since the day you drew your first breath.

"That's right, Charity get mad, cry for all I care. But don't, for one minute think, you'll live through this. I may be cursed, but I'll have my revenge before the night is out."

Charity stared at him. The hot tears burning her eyes threatened to spill in front of him and she hated that almost as much as she hated him. He never loved her. He *hated* her. It wasn't her fault her mother had done this to him. She didn't even know what he meant about her new found power, but he would suffer for hurting her. She balled her fist and hit him as hard as she could. She was mad and didn't care.

In the next instant, he picked her up with just his claws piercing her side and flung her across the room. Crashing against the wall hurt- pain exploded through her body before blackness engulfed her.

* * * *

The night cloaked him once again as he ran. He allowed the dark feelings of hatred overtake him. He reminded himself that he hated her. Hated her kind, hated the monster in him more than anything. He'd never asked for any of this. He'd just been trying to help provide for his family and got this instead. Feeling safe surrounded by the trees, he stopped to catch his breath and noticed the blood hanging stubbornly in his fur along the path of his claws.

He recalled picking her up and throwing her. He'd wanted to hurt her and so he had. Why did he feel so bad seeing her blood streaked across his claws? He should be thrilled, but all he could feel was remorse. He howled his frustration into the night and was surprised by the fact he heard so many answers.

Mental voices invaded his senses. *Where are you in so much turmoil, brother of the night? Are you alone?* He answered them back and seconds he was surrounded by others like him. He was confused. Wasn't he cursed by the blood of a witch ensuring safety of her race?

It seemed to him the others heard what he was thinking and answered. His questions swirled around.. *As you can see you are not alone, brother. We are cursed by the witches... yes... nothing can be done. It started when an Oterran witch was murdered by a wolf. A curse was formed out of the sorrow of a fallen bloodline. You see, we have hated their kind for many years but can't end what got started. Only the blood of the fallen can remove the curse. Your lady is one of them that can remove it. But she would have to cast the spell in which would lift the curse. I can promise you she'll not know what to do, brother. She just found out she had power and isn't trained in the ways of the Oterran.*

It is said that if an experienced Oterran witch casts a spell to take them back to the time before their blood was killed, the curse can be reversed. Or a wolf has to go back and stop their ancestor in time. Most of the race is barren and only few can even have children. Those that can have children die if the spell isn't cast by a certain

time and the babe is born. You have much to think of, brother. Do not hold it against the one woman who will love you enough to find a way to sacrifice herself to save you. You harbor harsh feelings against the wrong one.

He couldn't believe what he was hearing. All these years he thought she'd cursed him and ruined his life. It started with his kind, the wolves. Had Charity really not known about all of this? Shame engulfed him. He looked down at her blood. The human inside the wolf screamed.

* * * *

Charity didn't know what to think when she awoke. Her fury had been squelched to a point when he'd hurt her. He did the one thing she never thought he'd do; that was draw her blood. He was a werewolf, he hated her, never loved her. All this time she'd been such a fool to think he'd want to spend the rest of his life with her, have children with her. It- had all been a lie; a fantasy concocted in her mind.

She looked into confused, horrified faces surrounding her. "What happened? What's going on?"

She focused in on a man's face close to her. He looked at her as if she'd awoken to a nightmare. "You've been hurt, Charity. We were able to cast a healing spell after we cleaned your wound, but it's still healing. The marks from the wolf's claws went in pretty deep."

She remembered how he'd picked her up and tossed her. She'd been so mad at the time; she hadn't felt the claws pierce her side. But the pain didn't allow her to think for long.

* * * *

He rushed in and went to the room he still hoped that Charity would still be in. He'd hurt her, but didn't know how badly. Luck was with him. He entered the room as a man instead of a beast and looked over at her. As he closed in she flinched from him. She was scared of

him now. He'd done the one thing he'd sworn to her he'd never do-hurt her.

"Charity... baby... I- I'm sorry. I didn't know about the curse or how it was created. I thought your foster parents trained you. I swear to you. Please forgive me. I don't know how I'll make this up to you."

He -saw turmoil cross her beautiful face. He could understand why she would look at him that way. It was his fault and he'd never forgive himself.

"I've loved you, Scott and all you've done is lie to me. You've used me. I can't forgive that. I would have given my life to save you if I'd known what had been done to you."

"I'm begging you, baby. I'll do whatever I have to. I'll marry you, Charity. We'll have babies. I'll tell you how much I love you until you're sick of hearing it..."

He let his voice trail off and stared her in the eyes. He prayed to whatever God would listen that she'd forgive him.

"I don't know, Scott. You hurt me. Really hurt me. I don't know...."

He grabbed her and kissed her. At first she resisted, but she melted into his arms. His pride swelled with her and he didn't care about who was in the room. He pulled her underneath him where their bodies would be touching. Everything would be ok, they'd make it through this. They had to. When she melted even further into his arms, he knew right then he'd never let her go.

