

Witch's Revenge

"You... You killed her."

"You know it had to be done. And you know you shouldn't have cared for her in the first place."

He knelt down at the witch's body. Her form remained motionless. Blood pooled and spread out from the center of her body. Her unblinking eyes mirrored the eyes of Death, and he closed them himself. With a quivering grasp, he took one of the witch's hands in his own.

"Why... Why did you do it, Master?" He whimpered.

"Speak up, boy. Having emotion for someone like this won't get you anywhere."

"Why did you do it?" The boy's voice suddenly burst through the area, but his gaze remained on the witch. "Why did you kill her?"

"My apprentice, I thought you already knew. Her past, her kin, and she herself were destined for doom." The master leaned down to swipe a smear of the witch's blood on his fingers. "As if by a twist of fate, they made and fell into their own trap. The only thing I find unusual is the lack of flora growing out of her."

"It was because she learned how to love."

"Excuse me?"

"She learned how to love because of me, but you killed her." The boy's murmur transformed into a powerful presence. He stood up and glared at his master, his eyes full of vengeance as magic crackled throughout his entire body. "And now, I'm going to kill *you*."