Witch 20

Chapter 20 Nightingale

"Please don't be impulsive, Your Highness, I don't mean to hurt you, I just came here to talk with you."

Heck, was this a way to tell people you want to talk with them? Roland swallowed his fear and slowly turned around. Under the threat of a dagger, he could only give way to the pressure and do what the other side wanted.

In the light of the dim candlelight, Roland could see the other – she was sitting on his bed, her body hidden under a robe and her head covered with a hood, so he could not see her real appearance. Her shadow which was thrown by the candlelight occupied more than half of the wall behind her.

"Who are you?"

"I do not have a name, but my sisters call me Nightingale." She stood up and straightened out her robe, then she squatted down on one knee, and unexpectedly gave a standard noble bow, "First of all, I'm here to express my gratitude to you Roland Wimbledon, Your Highness."

Show your gratitude? Roland noticed that some lines of her gown, due to the firelight, gave off a unique flash; they formed a pattern of three parallel triangles with an eye in the middle triangle... it seemed he had already seen it.

" The pattern on top of the coin... It is the Eye of the Holy Mountain, which is the insignia of the Witch Cooperation Association."

In his mind, Barov's words appeared once again, "You're... a witch!?"

"Ha ha ha!" she issued a series of light laughter, "Your Highness is really knowledgeable."

Hearing the other side reveal their identity, Roland breathed a sigh of relief, she was not an assassin sent by his brothers and sisters, "Why has a witch like you come to this remote town in the Northern Mountain area? I do not know where you heard the news from, but your ability to arrive is too slow. If I really wanted to hang her, she would have been dead long ago. "

"I know. And if you had really done it, I would never talk with you..." Nightingale sat back on his bed, "The Witch Cooperation Association does not like to intervene in world affairs, especially with things related to the kingship. Honestly, for a witch to kill a prince, it would not be such hard work, but I want to honor the Witch Cooperation Association. However, if you leave a bad second impression I can still kill you."

This was a hanging threat. Roland tried to ease the mood, "The witch, she is alive and well."

"I know that, and in addition to her, there is another little girl." she nodded, "I came to this place a week ago, but I did not show myself to you. But I have seen everything you have done. Although I do not quite understand why you are not showing the usual malice against witches, no matter what, on behalf of the Witch Cooperation Association I have to thank you. "

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"Since a week ago..." Roland rubbed his forehead, but also "everything he had done was seen by her?" This implied that she was always following him, but he and his guards were completely unaware of her? "Well stop, saying that you wanted to talk to with me wasn't only for saying 'thank you', right?"

"Are you already tired of talking with me?" asked Nightingale while taking off her hood, "See, I do not look that awful, I will not scare you away, Your Highness."

She was far more than 'not that awful', you could simply only call her beautiful. As her hood fell, her golden hair instantly cascaded down like a waterfall; the candlelight reflected by her hair made him feel dizzy; with her aquiline nose and her sparkling eyes, instead of Anna's and Nana's slightly childlike look, her features revealed a more mature charm. In this dim light, he could not take a close look, but her well-proportioned facial features were sufficient proof of her beauty.

Step by step Roland slowly went over to her, and in the end they were sitting on the bed side by side. Not because he was attracted to her, that would be even dangerous, no, he just simply felt that the other side had no malicious intent.

"Now you can talk."

"Sure enough, you're not afraid of me." Nightingale's voice sounded a little happy, "You and I have already seen those people who react differently... They hate us because they are afraid of us. I can see the fear in their eyes but in you... "She couldn't help herself, she had to reach out and gently stroke his cheek, "Roland, I only see curiosity."

Roland embarrassedly coughed twice, and then moved his head away from her hand. Hey, don't change the atmosphere so much, just a moment ago you were still an assassin, how can you so suddenly completely change your style?

Fortunately, the other quickly restrained her emotions, "I came here to tell you that I want to take Anna and Nana with me."

"No!" Roland became frightened, and impulsively responded. Then he was worried that if he refused her altogether, she would be annoyed, so he added, "They have a very good life here, no one can hurt them. Besides, where do you want to take them? There is no other place safer than here. "

"I will take them to the Witch Cooperation Association. After all, their home is there," despite Roland's denial Nightingale didn't got angry, instead she still continued to talk with him in a calm tone, "The other members of the Witch Cooperation Association are their companions, and there will be no discrimination or persecution, and they... no longer need to disguise themselves."

"You and the Witch Cooperation Association don't have a fixed home? A month ago, my guards discovered your hiding camp in the forest. They found footprints leading to the north... But in the north, there are only the endless mountains! "

"You're right, the Witch Cooperation Association is hiding somewhere in the mountains, for us witches it is absolutely safe there."

"Like a wild man living in the mountains during the winter, in the end where would you be safe? Do you have clean water? Do you have enough food? Is there a warm shelter? And the Months of the Demons is coming, the entire north-west will become a dangerous place, in the end what – "here Roland suddenly

paused, what was is it again, what had Barov said? "only at the Holy Mountain can a witch obtain real peace. The purpose of the Witch Cooperation Association is to find the Holy Mountain together." To hell with it, don't do that... "Are you going into the impassable mountain range in search of the Holy Mountain?"

"I am afraid that I can't give you an answer," Nightingale smiled, but her look clearly told Roland that he had guessed correctly.

"If so, I will never agree." Roland flatly overruled their plan, "It is only two months until the entire outside world is full of demonic beasts, even when you can avoid the humans in the mountains, you cannot hide yourself from the demonic beasts. How about this idea, instead of looking for the Holy Mountain during the winter, you all come to Border Town to get through the winter, and when winter has ended you all can try to find Holy Mountain again. "

This time it was Nightingale's turn to be stunned, "The Witch Cooperation Association should be moved here? You... really are an interesting person," for a moment she thought over it, but in the end, she still shook her head, "Your Highness, even if you are not afraid of us witches, you can't guarantee it for your people. I'm afraid once we are exposed to the eyes of everyone, the Church's minions will soon come to knock on your door. "

As long as the witches can help us smoothly get through the Months of the Demons, they will realize that the witches are not the evil ones. Just before Roland could open his mouth to speak, he was stopped by Nightingale, "In addition, there is another reason why I want to take the girls away, Anna will soon turn into an adult."

"Adulthood?"

"Yes," it seemed that she could see the doubt in Roland's mind, so Nightingale calmly explained, "Adulthood is the first hurdle all witches need to cross, the later they cross this hurdle, the harder it becomes to bear. Generally, people usually turn into witches at a younger age than Anna. Your Highness, do you know why we can be regarded as the devil incarnate?"