

Witch 21

Chapter 21 What do you actually desire

When Nightingale finished, the room was silent again, only the occasional crackling of the burning candles were heard.

Roland had a serious look on his face, and he finally had a general understanding of the witches.

Most witches had their awakening during the Months of the Demons. That was, according to legend, when the door to hell was open. Generally speaking, adulthood was the dividing line for a witch, after the age of 18 any woman who hadn't awoken would probably never become a witch, but the women who awoke before they were 18 had to bear a pain, like some spirit was devouring their bodies, every year on the day of their awakening.

This unimaginable pain caused Nightingale's voice to clearly tremble when she came to this part of her explanation. According to her personal experience, it was just like something trying to break out of her body. In every blood vessel, muscle, and tendon, an unbearable pain would arise, and blood would seep out of the skin and one's eyes would protrude out of their sockets...

If you could survive all this, your body would need four to five days to recover, but if you couldn't survive it, you would not only die from miserable torture, but moreover your moment of death would be a spectacle too horrible to endure.

Nightingale had witnessed the death of several companions; their bodies would lose the ability to support themselves, and they would change into round and bulging meatballs. Blood mixed with other body fluids and internal organs would spray out of every possible hole, and the air around the body would turn into black fog. When finally everything possible was violently ejected, only a layer of black, burned epidermis would be left on the ground.

This was the reason why witches were regarded as the devil's incarnate.

Upon the sight of this scene, ordinary people would naturally be terrified, so who would care about the real cause of their death? In addition, the church is adding fuel to the fire, claiming that the witches were possessed by evil spirits, so over time, the witches became evil incarnations.

Regardless of how outsiders viewed them, this kind of torture was real; witches were generally short-lived because of this. Every year it would become harder to endure, so many witches would choose to end their own lives.

When a witch became 18 and turned into an adult, the pain of the devouring evil spirits was known as the most difficult checkpoint to cross. In fact, the magic the witches obtained before the checkpoint was not complete. Only in adulthood would this power become stable. After the stability of their magic, there was a substantial increase in their power, and there was even a possibility of developing new branches of magic.

Unfortunately, the stability process was very painful, the pain of feeling their own body be devoured surpassed the limit what ordinary people could bear, and many witches would die on the day of their adulthood.

Roland, after listening to this explanation was silent for a long time, he only whispered, "In ancient books it is recorded that witches at the Holy Mountain get eternal peace, without having to suffer the demon's torture, is this really true?"

"No one knows this, because the Holy Mountain has only appeared in legends. But if we take them to the camp of the Witches Cooperation Association, their chances of survival will be much greater. If the witches didn't need to hide ourselves, if we could live freely, then the devouring pain of the evil spirits would be much weaker compared to the past. "

For a moment Roland was terribly upset, his plan would not work without Anna's and Nana's help, but because of his plan they would need to bear an enormous risk.

He really couldn't help it. In the end he weakly said, "Anna is downstairs, I'll ask her to come over. If she is willing to, you can take her and leave. As for Nana, I will have to see her tomorrow."

"Thank you for your understanding, I really had the right impression of you," Nightingale stood up to express her gratitude.

At this time Anna had yet to fall asleep, so when Roland went to get her, she was sitting properly at the table copying something. She looked surprised to see Roland. When she heard she had to go to the Prince's room, Anna did not ask any questions and obediently followed him to his room.

When she entered the room to find that there was a person there, the young girl was truly frightened. Roland took her hand and briefly introduced them to each other, and the three encircled a round table and sat down. Then Nightingale repeated the words they had said before, "... in the camp, and there are a lot of people like you, they are your partners."

"This should roughly summarize your case, Miss Anna, though you and I have signed an employment contract, in the case of such a potentially life-threatening situation, I have to respect your opinion. In case you agree -"

"I won't go."

Roland blanked out, "What did you say -"

"I said I won't go," said Anna at lightning speed to interrupt Roland's sentence, "I want to stay here."

"Anna, I'm not lying to you." Nightingale frowned, "I can feel your magic increasing in your body, it's getting close to maturity. Two months after the beginning of the Months of the Demons will be your day of adulthood, if we get you to the camp before then, it will be much safer. "

Anna didn't pay any attention to what Nightingale said. Instead, she turned her head and looked at Roland.

"Your Highness, do you remember when you asked me if I would like to go back to Carl's college, with Nana and the other children to learn together?"

Roland nodded.

"I did not answer, but afterwards you spoke about... living like a normal person, but I do not care about that." said Anna with her smooth and natural voice, "I just want to stay at Your Highness' side, nothing more."

Roland had thought that he understood Anna's personality before, but now he realized that he really did not understand her.

Looking in her eyes, he couldn't read any emotions. There was no dependence

, nor did she adore him, he couldn't see anything... he only could see tranquility all the way to the end.

He remembered the scene when they met for the first time. At that time, she also had her calm expression.

The difference now was that in this moment her face was full of life, just like a budding flower. She still didn't fear death, but right now she wasn't waiting for her execution like last time.

"The devouring by evil spirits will not kill me," said Anna with confidence, "I'll beat it."

Nightingale closed her eyes and took a deep breath, "...Well, that's enough, understand!"

"Will you leave alone, just like that?" Roland asked.

"No, I have a good life here." she drew her hood over her head and stood up, "Anyway, before the end of this month the demon camp will not move."

"Why?" Roland had a surprise, did she also want to monitor them throughout the winter?

"I think people who have not experienced the process of adulthood can't understand how dangerous it is. I myself was on the edge of death again and again, I also witnessed the death of my companions, when that day comes, I may be able to help her. If... "Nightingale shrugged her shoulders," If she cannot make it, I also have experience in handling the funeral."

She went to the door, and retrieved her own dagger, then she turned to Roland and curtsied once again, "In that way, I have to say good-bye." And then her body gradually disappeared into the darkness, like mist, she didn't leave the slightest trace.

Was this Nightingale's ability? Roland looked pensive, there was no sound or trace of her. he was simply a natural assassin. And from the first-hand view he got of her dagger throwing technique, he concluded that she definitely had received training in it. Was the Witch Cooperation Association not only gathering witches, but also developing their own force? Or had Nightingale already mastered these skills before she entered the Witch Cooperation Association?

Roland could not find any useful information from the relevant information of their organization and the memories of the former Roland, but he had the premonition that he would absolutely meet this organization again, as long as he stuck to his path of recruiting witches.

"It's already late, you should quickly go back to sleep," Roland patted the girl's head.

It was somewhat unexpected for him when Anna brushed his hand away and left the room without saying a word.

When the door was closed, and the lights were cut off, she was enveloped by her shadow. She gently leaned herself against the door, and her lake-like eyes were no longer calm.

Anna raised her arms to hide her face, and whispered with a barely audible voice.

“...Fool.”