

Inhaling deeply, I opened the door to the storeroom. He turned my son into a monster. I'll turn his daughter into a monster. Scanning the shelves, I grab a handful of this a pinch of that and a massup dollop of that, pour them into my cauldron and stir. Racking my brains, I think of the last few ~~to~~ ingredients that will make this potion perfect. I whisper a few words and wave my wand. The potion is ready.

There is one step left in plan. I remember my mother is Hecate. I wave my wand and summon Adriante.

She's here. I'm on the floor. Shattered.

Deep breath. I grab the potion and pour it down ~~to~~ her throat before she has a moment to react. A minstaur writhes on the floor beneath me.

"You will not forget me! You mess with Circe. You pay! You told everyone my son was a monster. Well see how you like it when it's your daughter!" I howled at into the wind, all my grief and anger floating away ~~to~~ with the words.

Rebecca