

Chapter 178

Rüe

My stomach drops and disgust crawls on my skin like tiny needles. I stared at the small bed made of straw and twigs. This is surely not comfortable. I could already hear my back groaning in pain.

My eyes dip to stare at Stefan who looked at the makeshift bed proudly. It was only supported by four very thin rectangular pieces of wood. I doubted it could hold up my weight.

"Stefan?" I began softly.

He lifts his yellow eyes and smiles. He reminded me of Cylester. Oh Cylester I hope you are safe, I'll be home soon, I promise. "Yes milady?"

"What is the meaning of this?" I gritted out and pointed at the makeshift bed.

It did not even have a cover to protect the skin from the twigs and straw. My beautiful skin could get scratches or hives. I shivered at the very thought.

"A bed?" He asked and walked over to it. He puffed his chest out. "Do not worry milady I built it myself and it is very strong." He rest his small body on the wooden post and the bed groans before collapsing.

I let out a cough, fanning my hand over my face.

Stefan jerks away and stares at his masterpiece in shock and devastation. Poor guy thought he had done a stable bed. He looks over at me, his cheeks red from humiliation and he lets out an embarrassed chuckle. "I had built this years ago perhaps it has done its time."

I nodded not believing him the slightest. My eyes flicker back to the collapsed bed and I breathed out a sigh. It didn't look too bad, I could cover it with some leaves and place my cloak to shield my flesh from anything disastrous.

I hummed. "I suppose a few leaves could make this comfortable enough to have me resting atop of this stupi-"

I stopped seeing the flicker of sadness on Stefan's face. I groaned. Why did he have to look so adorable? "I mean this master piece of a bed." I nodded. Stefan smiles.

"Yes I will go retrieve those leaves right away." I turned around only to jerk back at seeing a bare broad chest blocking my way out.

I trail my eyes up and tear them away quickly, not wanting to stare at Ares too long. His mere presence does something to me and undoubtedly his gaze would make me feel it more intense.

"What are you doing here you stupid dog?" I asked, gluing my eyes to his chest. I refuse to look him in the eye.

"The elf said this is my room." He grumbles and his voice has me quivering in a good way.

I gritted my teeth. It seem the quick kiss Ares and I shared somehow made the bond grow a tad bit stronger. I swear I could hear his heartbeat and he could hear mine.

Wait his room?

My eyes snap to his and I scowl. "Your room? This is where I will be sleeping dog. Find another room to put your fleas in."

"Sorry milady." My eyes fall to Gorjon who was struggling to come around Ares. After a few struggles he finally frees himself and enters the room.

"We only have one room in this cabin and Stefan and I have already agreed to give you two the room. We will take the living room." He finishes on a quivering voice because of my sharp glare.

"The dog will not be staying anywhere near me. He shall sleep beside you two." I ground out, eyes flashing in vexation. Ares did not utter a word which irritated me. I found that I enjoy when we bicker.

Gorjon squirms, backing away only to stumble on Ares who pushes him aside. "Please milady, he cannot stay with Stefan and I." He pleads.

My glare intensified. "And why not?" I spat.

"Be-cause." He stutters and looks around the room frightened. His yellow eyes fell on his brother. "Because Stefan farts in his sleep. We elves fart out toxic gas that can cause burns on flesh." He rushes out.

"Wait what, I did not know-" Stefan begins only to stop when Gorjon sends him a sharp glare. He quickly nods. "Yes yes, our farts are very toxic and I unfortunately fart when I sleep."

I raised a brow and peered at a nervous Gorjon. It was very obvious that they were just terrified of Ares and did not trust him to sleep near them. I could not blame them, Ares has a very fiery temper that you would want to stay clear of.

"Really? If what you say is true then why do you want to sleep beside your brother? Will the gas not affect you as well?" Of course I already knew that they were lying but the rubbish they were spitting out was oddly amusing.

Gorjon eyes widen slightly and he gulps, shaking his head. "No milady. Since we are the same kind we are immune to the toxicity. "

"Enough." Ares finally grumbles, voice low and dangerous. He had everyone in the room anxious, sadly including me.

"Witch I am staying in this room, if you do not like it then I suggest you find somewhere else." His tone did not leave any room for argument.

I finally lift my eyes to his and glared. He glowers down at me not once moving his eyes away.

"Well Stefan and I will go cook that broth we had promised you both. " Gorjon says softly and leaves the room rather quickly with his brother in tow. Ares and I do not answer too busy glaring at each other, none wanting to back down.

"Do you think they will damage our cabin Gorjon?" Stefan's worried soft voice whispers as he walks away. Clearly not knowing that I could hear them.

"Hopefully not, I would hate it if they broke our windows." Gorjon whispers back until their soft footsteps disappear.

"I am taking this room." I hissed. "Find somewhere else to scatter your fleas."

His blue eyes narrow dangerously. "I rather not." He says bluntly. "Besides do you not think the injured needs the bed more than an evil bitch?"

My eyes drop to stare at his bare shoulder and noticed a green salve on his wound. Hmm perhaps Gorjon had done it for him, no wonder they were outside for a couple of minutes.

I looked down at my dirty feet and cringed. I was ashamed. My beautiful self with such nasty dirt on my feet was not something I liked. "I am injured? dog, my feet is still red and raw from walking on twigs." I pointed at my feet.

He snorted. "Right." He said without emotion. He then bends his head until we are now eye level. "But I am still sleeping in this room. If you do not like it then you sleep with those blasted elves." He hissed then sidestepped me.

I whirled around to stare at his back, well glare. "Fine since you do not want to give up the room then you shall sleep on the floor."

He snorted. "We shall see about that."

I cannot believe we were arguing for a damn collapsed bed that was not comfortable at all. Perhaps I shall burn Mericel's face before killing her, she deserves it for making me go through this horrible experience with a stupid mutt.