

Chapter 181

Rûe

"Stefan?" I question, trailing my hands down the window. I had been transfixed at the sight of Ares punching the tree for the longest while.

He was angered, yes, and somehow watching how he brutally pounded that poor tree made me more aroused. Damn dog.

"Yes milady?" Stefan answered beside me. He too had been staring at Ares who had been going at it for hours. His anger seemed to not lessen. Should I be worried?

I sighed. It would not matter, it was not my job to ease his anger. I needed to find a way out of this place soon. I was afraid I would eat my own words and give in to him sooner than I thought.

"You mentioned a herb garden before. Do you mind bringing me to this garden of yours?" I asked, dropping my eyes to his smaller figure.

His head tilt up, yellow eyes peering up at me. He nods. "It would be my pleasure to show milady the herb garden. It is just outside, in the backyard." He answers.

I turned around, my back to the window, to Ares as I nodded and stride over to the door. I could feel his eyes on me as I left the room. The dog knew I was watching him.

Stefan's soft footsteps followed me and when I halted he ran straight into my legs with an ooph. I turn around glaring down at him. "Stefan, watch where you are going." I hissed.

He shakes his head. "Sorry milady if you had not stopped suddenly-

He stops when he sees my glare. Smiling nervously he gulps. "It is my fault milady I should have watched where I was going." He apologized.

I huff, folding my arms under my breast and skirted my eyes around the small cabin. It did not make sense for such small beings to have a cabin this size.

I had all but thought of the cabin to be the size to accommodate a normal human. The very thought has me contemplating how Stefan and Gorjon manage to build such a cabin.

"Where is your brother?" I asked. Stefan did not have time to answer as Gorjon made his presence known. He shoulder open the old worn out wooden door and dragged in a dead baby deer.

If I had eaten breakfast already I would have certainly thrown up all of it. I looked closely as he dragged it in, barely able to until Stefan ran over to help him.

The deer was strange, black, eyes white and scary looking. But what made it all the more strange was the wings on its back.

"You got a good catch Gorjon." Stefan praised. Gorjon nods grunting as they dragged the deer to the kitchen area. I am careful to not let my feet touch the blood which was oddly purple as I followed them.

"Odd creature." I murmur as they dropped it in the middle.

Stefan hears me and turns to me, smiling. "Aye you are right milady, it is odd, a lot of things in this forest are odd looking."

"This took me almost an hour to catch. It runs fast like the wind, do not mind its size." Gorjon grunts and pulls the arrow protruding from the belly of the animal.

I nudged my head to the bleeding animal. Disgusted beyond belief. "What will you do with it?" I question intrigued.

"To eat milady. It tastes just like bacon when cooked properly." Stefan replies while fetching for a knife.

I almost barfed. To save myself from such disgusting act I walked out of the back door. "I will leave you two to it then. I will go to the herb garden." I yelled over my shoulder.

I cringe inwardly when my feet touch the dirt. Nasty. At least it is better than watching them cut open that odd looking deer.

"Wait milady do you not need me to show you where it is?" Stefan yells behind me. I turn around to stare at him in the doorway.

"It is fine Stefan, I can find it on my own." I turned around and started walking. Only got two steps in before I whirled around again. Looking at Stefan sheepishly I question. "Where is it again?"

"It is just up ahead milady, take a right and the scent of the herbs will be strong enough to lure you to them." He yells.

I nodded and continued on my way. Stefan was right, a few minutes of walking and the pungent scent of rosemary and basil was in the air. I followed the aroma until I came to a small clearing filled with different kinds of herbs.

I walked further stopping by some rosemary and mint. I hum crouching to touch the leaves while my eyes skirt around the area that reminded me of a magical place in a children's book.

I bit into my bottom lip. Perhaps I should have brought a satchel or something to collect these.

I pluck a mint leaf and brought it to my nose. I always loved the smell and the way it soothed me. It was also one of the ingredients I often use to weaken my wolf, the other was a tad bit of wolfsbane.

Stefan had planted many herbs but from what I am seeing and smelling wolfsbane was nowhere to be found. I grumble under my breath, raking my brain for any potion that could weaken my wolf. I came up with none.

A twing snaps and I rise to my feet quickly and whirled around. Ares.

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Her eyes. They glowed yellow. Like a wolf. And her scent. It was stronger than before.

I shook my head. That is impossible. How can she be a wolf and a witch? That would mean she would be what we call hybrids. They were hard to control.

They are untamed and do not like the thought of listening to an alpha or someone superior which leads to a big issue. Some later turn into rogues because of their will to not follow the rules.

Perhaps this explains why she had such ill intents for the wolf people, she did not want to be one.

I sighed and looked down at my bleeding fist. Punching the bark of a tree for hours would do that. I needed to let out my anger from her pushing me away earlier.

Not only was I angry that our bond was growing stronger the longer we stayed close but I was beginning to be irritated that all I wanted to do and think about was marking and claiming her as mine.

I was beginning to not care that she was a witch and had been murdering my kind for years. I was beginning to want her.

She saved us. She is the reason we are alive Ares. Perhaps she is not bad. Alchemy murmurs.

He had begun speaking a couple of minutes ago, it seemed that the wound was healing and whatever toxin the witch used was fading away. I could certainly feel Alchemy almost at full strength.

I snorted. She killed our kind Alchemy.

That was weeks or days ago Ares, perhaps she has changed. He suggested.

I sighed. Even if we mate her, our people will not accept her.

The scent of cinnamon wafted through my nose. Tingles so powerful raked over my entire being. I turn around and see the vision of white past and disappear behind thick trees. Rue.

And it is clear she does not want me. I finished. Alchemy does not respond but I could feel his sadness at my words.

I stared at where Rue had disappeared. I wonder what our little witch is up to. I decided to follow her, intrigued.

And for blasted sake these woods were unfamiliar and held dangers. I needed to be there if she so happen to get into trouble.