

## Chapter 183

Rûe

Calm down heart, this dog is used to flatter women. The thought of him even uttering those words to another woman that is not me makes me furious.

I shook my head sadly. "You do not want me Ares. I have killed your people, remember? I have heard their cries of agony as I burned their flesh. Heard their howls of pain as I made their brains turn to mush. I am merciless. Your people will not accept me nor will you forgive me for my past."

"I am very aware of the horrible things you have done to my kind Rue. And I am willing to push this aside and forgive you if it must be. So will my people. Besides from what I sensed in the room earlier, you are not only a witch but part wolf." Ares states, staring at me dead in the eye.

My heart begins to pound and sweat coats my skin. He cannot know I am a hybrid, at least not yet. I still cannot trust him with such information that could potentially hold a threat towards me.

"Have you gone mad dog? Part wolf? I am purely a witch and nothing more." I lied and looked around the area for a means of escape or distraction.

A bush filled with what looked like red berries just a few feet away from him drew my attention. "Oh look berries." I murmur sidestepping him and stride over to the bush.

Looking closely it is the only normal looking thing I've seen so far in this disgusting place. It looks more appetizing than the dead deer.

I reached out, plucked one and pressed it a bit. It was a replica of raspberries but I could not be so sure. "I think I can sense a wolf Rue and your eyes glowed yellow. The color of a wolf. There is no doubting it." He says behind me.

My skin prickled with anxiety. "That was the reflection of the sun. And since you and I had been quite close it would be understandable that you sensed a wolf on me." I sounded dumb to my very own ears but I was unwilling to admit defeat.

"Sure. Whatever you are hiding, maybe one day you will tell me in your own time." He says.

I do not answer, instead I push the raspberry or whatever it is into my mouth. It does not taste bad but it is not sweet either. It is better than the deer that Stefan says tastes just like bacon. Which I highly doubt.

"Are you not cautious with the things you eat here? This could be poisonous Rue." Ares murmurs coming beside me.

I stiffen not expecting him to be this close. Putting some distance between us I plucked another berry, shrugging while I push it into my mouth to eat. "It does not taste like poison, so I am sure it is not." I mutter pushing in another. The taste was now becoming addicting.

"Do you want one?" I asked outstretching my hands with the berry in my hand.

"Perhaps not. I do not like berries." He answers. I could feel his stare burning the side of my face. I try to ignore it as I eat the berries.

"Why did you come here?" He asked.

I swallowed the fruit and picked another. "I remembered Stefan and Gorjon mentioning a herb garden. I came here to pick some herbs to try to see if I could make a potion to get out of here." I uttered.

I did not have the spell book but I am hopeful that I could do a potion even without my powers. Right? I must ask Stefan about the witch he mentioned, perhaps she could help us somehow.

"The faster we get out of this horrible place the quicker I can find a way to break our bond without harming us." I said softly. I turn to face him and smiled sadly. " You will not have to deal with me anymore."

He scowls down at me."I-

"Milady, milady! Breakfast is ready!" Stefan shouts, running towards us. He halts when he spots me beside the berry bush. His yellow eyes drop to my hands and when he notices the berry his eyes widen.

"Did you eat this concoction milady?" He asked with a slight pitch to his voice.

My brows furrowed as I stared down at the fruit. Its name is rather strange. "I did eat it. It tastes really good. Did you plant it yourself Stefan?" I asked, bringing my eyes to Stefan's. He looked like he had seen a ghost.

"What is the matter elf?" Ares questions with a slight edge to his voice.

"Do you feel any way milady?" Stefan asked in worry.

I shook my head. "No, I am feeling the same. What is wrong? Is the fruit poisonous?"

Stefan scratches his point ears. "You see this fruit is what humans consider to be cannabis. But cancan is somewhat different, it is stronger and makes you hallucinate. It also makes you speak the truth. There is no cure or a way out of it. It has to wear off on its own."

By the time he was done speaking my stomach had already begun cramping in fear. I had eaten more than ten of these. "Stefan, is there any chance someone can overdose on this?" I asked, throwing the fruit I had in my hand onto the ground.

He shook his head. "No milady it is not harmful and you can eat as much as you want. Though it is not advised since the effects will last longer."

Blast I am screwed. I began to sweat. Heart racing as Stefan's head suddenly began to look like he had two. "How much time does it need for it to kick in?" I asked and I was surprised to hear my voice slurred.

"Usually in two minutes." He answered with a cringe.

"Why do you blasted elves have such fruit planted here?" Ares snarls.

Stefan back up a little and stares at Ares in fright."It is not us sir. We found this here when the evil witch created us and left us here to rot. I will admit that Gorjon and I enjoyed the fruit occasionally. The experience is somewhat thrilling." He gulps when he sees the sharp glare Ares sent him.

I giggled and pointed at Stefan."You look like a pig's ass. Wait, do pigs have asses?"