

Chapter 184

ARCS

I will admit at first I was furious that those elves had not warned us of such fruit before we stumbled upon it. Scratch that before Rue decided to give it a taste test.

But now, well let us just put it this way, I was beyond amused. Especially seeing the most deviously beautiful witch out of her element. She was definitely a sight for sore eyes.

"Put me down you big sexy dog, I need to swim with the bananas." She whines yet despite her words her arms curl around my neck almost to the point where I would think she intended to break it.

At this point whatever gibberish spit out from her mouth was just that, gibberish. Nothing to take seriously. Perhaps I will tease her about calling me sexy when she is sane. "There are no bananas here Rue." I grunt, prying her steel like arms away from my neck. It is of no use for she just curled them back around my neck.

"Well actually there are some around here but it does not look like your normal ban-" The blasted elf named Stefan stopped speaking when I sent him a sharp glare. He was not helping. He averted his strange yellow eyes and looked at his dirty feet.

"Sorry sir." His voice is barely audible.

"What in the world?" Gorjon trails off staring at a dazed looking Rue. He moves out of my way as I walk past, nearly toppling to the side.

Rue's violet eyes snap to his short form and her lips part into an 'o'. "I always wondered if aliens were real and now I have found one. You must be worth a fortune, little alien. But where are your antennas?"

"How is it that she sees Gorjon as an alien but she sees me as a pig's buttocks? That is not fair at all." Stefan complains following me. "I do not even like pigs. Not that I've seen one around here."

Without sparing him a glance I grumble. "If you do not shut up, being referred to as a pig would be the least of your worries for I will turn you into bacon."

That shut him up. I did not like the fool especially since he has been sticking to Rue like damn glue. I think I would rather enjoy turning him into bacon. But something tells me that when Rue becomes sane again she would not be pleased.

That thought irritated me beyond imagination but I eased my raging mind with the thought of knowing that I am her mate. There was no chance for her to find any other male attractive and that pleased me more than I would like to admit.

I intended to bring her to the bedroom, well the sort of bedroom. The bed was uncomfortable to say the least but it should do. Rue needed to sleep cannabis off. Well that is if it is actually cannabis and not something else.

She tilts her head to look behind me, arms circling around my neck more firmly. It felt uncomfortable but I could withstand the feeling of being almost choked. "You, pig butt boy, fetch me some of those delicious berries will you?"

"Milady I do not think you-" Stefan trails off not knowing how to deny her of such fruit. He followed me with his equally idiotic brother beside him who looked utterly lost at what was happening around him.

"You will not be eating anymore of those Rue, you need rest." I grumble kicking the old wooden door open and entered the room that seemed a bit too small for someone my size.

Her violet eyes, so beautiful especially with the natural light gleaming on them, made them look more purple than they already were. They took my breath away and my heart pounds. Ironic that this witch killed so many of my kind but I am here acting like a love sick puppy. And I could not find it in myself to care.

Her bottom lip worked into a cute pout, one I would have kissed away if she was sane and would let me. But knowing her I would properly wake up without a tongue. That would be really disappointing especially for what I already planned to use it for on her seductive body. An image of her round bare buttocks as she slid on her dress emerges in my mind.

I shake my head and planted her on the floor beside the bed. Her arms are like steel, clutching around my neck so tightly, not wanting to let go even with her feet safely planted on the floor. I sighed, bringing my hands to pry her smaller ones off my neck. I was starting to become worried that she would snap my neck for how tightly she held on to it.

Was she not the one who demanded me to place her down on her foot?

"But why not? It tastes so good and I have never felt so alive before." She whinged, eyes flickering back and forth between mine. "Your eyes are so blue. It reminds me of a potion my mother created a long time ago before she was murdered by your parents. They left me orphaned." Her tone had now turned sour. Her arms slacken off and she drops them to her side. I was almost taken aback by how quickly her mood changed.

I wanted to tell her the truth, let her know that it was not my father and mother who killed her parents. But something told me that my words would not get to her especially with her current state. So I pressed my lips into a thin line and stared her down.

"Have a rest Rue." I nudged my head to the makeshift bed. I am aware of the two elves watching, listening and gauging Rue and I's interaction. I do not seem to care, they are not a threat. But they were still very much annoying.

Her violet eyes surprising starts gleaming with a shocking fire of hatred. I did not know if that hatred was pointed at me or the memory of her parents. "I should have never left them that day, perhaps I could have done something, anything even though I was just eight. I should never had cured you, then I would not have to feel such a way for the son of my parents' murderers." Her violet eyes fog with unshed tears and pain.

My heart squeezes uncomfortably knowing she was hurting. "I loved my parents and yours took them away from me. I was left alone with no one." She whimpers.

"Rue." I am surprise to hear the crack in my voice filled with emotion. Either it was the bond or just that I could also understand her pain but all I wanted to do was embrace her and tell her I was here now and she was not alone anymore. I take an involuntary step towards her, feeling the pull to have her back into my arms but she pushes me away and I am surprised by her strength.

She shakes her head. "You are just like them, no different."

She then giggles and it lacks humor. "I was so happy to hear the news of your father's passing, it serves him right. Though I admit I wanted the honor of killing him for myself. I wanted him to suffer the way my parents suffered. But I guess I will just have the privilege of killing your mother when I get out of here."

Her words hurt and I hated to admit it. It was like she was relentlessly slicing through my heart with a dull blade that made it all the more painful. I shook my head at her. "You would not have to because my mother is already dead." I whispered.