

## Chapter 185

ARCS

"Uh we shall leave you two to your conversation." Gorjon mumbles, perhaps sensing the change in the air. It was thick with tension. He all but pulls his brother along with him, disappearing out of the door. Honestly speaking, I had forgotten they were here.

Rue stares at me with a mixture of shock and disbelief. Then her rare eyes scan my features as though searching for any lies in what I had spoken.

"How disappointing." She finally says moving her eyes away and settles it on the dirty window that overlooks the forest.

The greenery was beautiful there was no doubt about it. But it was certainly not the least welcoming with what lies within it. I had a feeling the witch Rue mentioned named Mericel was very powerful to even create such a place that we read in fairytale books. But then again humans thought us wolves, witches and vampires were just myths.

Her eyes drew back to me and this time they glinted with an emotion I never thought I would see in their depths. She felt sorry, she felt my pain. She hid it well but I could surely see it. I could feel it.

"So you are like me then? Orphaned?" Her voice is low, almost exotic if it were in other circumstances.

"You could say that." I shrugged. "My uncle raised me after my mother killed herself a few days after my father was murdered." I spoke and felt the energy shift in the room. I then chuckled but it lacked humor.

"It's not like he had time for me, I basically raised myself. He treated me like dirt underneath his shoes. Honestly I would not be surprised if he played a part in trapping me in here. He certainly did not want to step down from the throne." I cannot believe I was telling her this while she was high like a kite. There was a twenty percent chance that she would remember it but that's even pushing it.

She waved her hand dismissively, returning back to her chirpy self from earlier. Those fruits really were working a number on her rather quickly. I am not even sure I could consider them fruits. "Oh well then I'll just kill your uncle when I get out of here, problem solved." She giggled.

I almost got whiplash by her change of mood but obviously this was Rue. She was already different than most women I knew and certainly being high she would definitely be extra. But her words, she had not mentioned killing me like she normally would. That piqued my interest. "What about me? Will you not kill me when we get out of here?" I could not help question.

A part of me was intrigued, the other part was plain out fawning over the thought of her not wanting to kill us anymore even though it would be impossible. That part was mostly my wolf. Okay I admit we both had grown a sudden attachment to the witch.

Her eyes twinkle and she smirks, looking at me beneath her lashes like a seductress would do. I clench my fist at my sides. She was a troublesome little witch when she was high. I had no doubt the little devious witch knew what she was doing. To me to be exact. My heart racing could certainly judge for that.

"Now why would I do that when you look so handsome? Though you probably reek of dog but we could fix that." She then hummed and tapped her index finger on her chin. "Come to think of it, you are the most handsome man I have ever seen." She tilts her head and smiles. "I always knew you would grow out to be handsome."

She then giggles. "A boy I saved from dying how fitting to be mated to you. If only we had met in different circumstances where I was not your enemy." She smiles almost sadly then goes back to being cheerful.

Her mood changes were honestly giving me a headache. She waved her hand. "No matter we will just have lots and lots of angry sex to make up for that."

Her words had me gulping and I found my eyes straying to follow the gleam of sweat that rolled down her neck to disappear between her breasts. I gulped. Her skin was so creamy and unscarred.

She was perfect in all ways and for a second I wondered why such a beautiful being could end up being so devious. Her features certainly didn't match the front she put on. But there was a saying that a pretty face didn't make up someone's heart.

I guess in her case it was true. Or perhaps, Rue was more than what people painted her to be. And that intrigued me beyond imagination. She was more than a devious witch, the young girl who saved me had a heart back then. I just needed to dig deeper to find it. That would be a challenge but I was certain it would be worth it.

She giggles, getting me out of my train of thoughts. My eyes snap back to her violet ones that now gleamed seductively. "I am feeling rather hot right now." She whispers and brings her hand by her side where the zipper was.

She slowly starts tugging it down all the while looking at me. Blast this Rue was even more devious but in a more seductive way. I swallowed hard. How did we get from talking about killing my already dead parents to this?

I shake my head to rid myself of these thoughts that would certainly make her blush. This was the cannabis talking not Rue. Regaining my voice I asked. "What are you doing?" Of course I damn knew what she was doing, I was no saint.

But I would not let her do something she would regret afterwards. Besides I would very much want her to be sane when I do those naughty things to her body. That way I would know her screams of pleasure would be honest.

I reached over and placed my hand on top of hers, stopping her all the while keeping my eyes away from some of her exposed flesh. She pouts and I groan lowly. She was devious. Fucking blasted devious. "Leave your clothes on Rue." I demanded.

"But why? I thought we could have angry sex right now?" She sucks in her bottom lip and flutters her lashes. Usually I hated women using this act as seduction but with Rue she nearly had my balls exploding. I blamed the mate bond but of course I knew it was anything but.

I shook my head. I needed her to rest before I actually took her up on that offer. I would certainly be an asshole if I did and would not forgive myself. Neither will she.

"You are not in your right mind right now. Perhaps another time. But for now, rest." I spoke, staring into her eyes that sucked me into them.

They reminded me of the violet flowers I used to pick for my mother when I was a child. It was before I had gotten sick. They were her favorite and oddly mine too. Now I know why. My soul had already known that someday I would fall in love with violet eyes too.

Her pout turns into a frown and her eyes sadden. She blinks and like an arrow shooting straight to my heart, her eyes gleam with tears. Blast. Her change of emotions were not at all pleasant. I will cut down that bush of cannabis fruit before she eats those blasted things again. A high Rue was as confusing as a rubik's cube.

"Are you saying that I am not attractive enough?" She sniffled. Honestly the question set me back until my brain was as blank as a new sketchbook. When did I ever say she was unattractive? She was so attractive that my balls had begun to swell until they hurt. And my cock well, it was better if I kept it to myself.

"I did not say that Rue-" I am cut off with a glare. She huffs whirling around to face the bed and settles herself unto it. "You know what, I do not care. You clearly like your bitches when they smell like dogs." She spat, curling herself into a ball and she forces herself to sleep, zoning me out completely.

I had a feeling Rue would someday be the death of me. Hopefully that will not be soon.