

## Chapter 220

Rûe

The sight of three men hanging upside down made my confusion ring in my head. "Where in the bloody fuck is Cylester?" I murmur walking towards the three men whose blood dripped into tin cans.

It is then I took a whiff of a familiar scent, coming from the dark haired man. His dark hair is the color of charcoal and when he grunts in pain and opens his eyes, the green emanating from his pupils made me suck in a breath. "Cylester!" I let out confused and shocked.

"Took your bloody time!" He groans in pain.

"You are human? When the bloody hell did that happen?! Did Mericel curse you? Should I cut her tongue?"

Cylester grunts in pain cutting me off. I nodded swiftly and came closer to him until we were almost chest to chest, thighs. "Right, I will heal you quickly." I spoke, rested my palms on his legs and closed my eyes. I began to focus my energy to his while chanting.

I could feel the heat of my touch seep into his body and the white flaming energy begins to heal his being. "This will hurt a bit." I whispered and continued to chant.

Being able to heal through just a touch was very rare for witches and most did not succeed. But with the power coursing through my body made it all the more easier.

Cylester lets out a hiss, his body convulsing as my magic heals him. After a few shouts and grunts he was healed. I step away and spoke in tongues to free him from the confines of the chains. He falls with a thud on the floor nearly falling on the almost filled can. "Rue a warning next time!" He hisses, grunting with his cheek plastered to the floor.

I am utterly surprised by how deep his voice is. "Your voice Cylester! How did this happen?" Questions upon questions were on the tip of my tongue but he cut me off, lifting his head to motion at the two hanging wolves. "Release and heal them and then I will answer all your questions."

I rolled my eyes, smirking slightly. "Still so bossy. I missed it. I missed you." I admitted. "Even though you shart in the furthest to reach places whenever you were mad at me."

Cylester rolls his eyes and slowly rises to his feet while I make my way to the two wolves. I hum watching their still bodies. I tilt my head. Will they recognize me?

"Their blood is filled with wolfsbane." Ayla said.

I nodded. "Even though I will heal them, they need to drink medicine to remove the toxin from their blood." I spoke aloud, knowing Cylester was listening.

"The man injected them with it. Asshole had been draining us of our blood." Cylester grunts coming to stand beside me.

I nodded. "Aye Ragus is known for that."

I could sense Cylester confusion. "You know him?" He asked as I brought my hands to rest on the two wolves.

I nodded. "Aye I do. I killed his woman a couple of years ago. Annoying bitch deserved it."

"But I do not know him." Cylester murmurs more to himself.

"Of course you do not. I do not tell you every idiot I killed or stumbled across. Do not worry it is not as though I kept secrets from you, it is just that they were not worth remembering or speaking of." I said with a wave of a hand and began to chant.

Soon the wolves began to shift until their eyes flickered open. A little on edge, I step back. Their eyes connect with mine and they widen in disbelief. "Well hello there boys. How's it hanging?" I joked, nudging my head to the chains that were still wrapped around them.

ARCS

I paced the small cabin floors, my fear spiking with each step. I groan in anger, tugging my hair harshly as my wolf threatens to be released. It has been more than ten blasted minutes and she still has not come back yet.

Did they catch her? Drain her of her blood? Worse, did they kill her? My heart rate spikes at the last thought until I eased my mind when I remembered that I would have certainly felt it if she were dead.

"Sir, perhaps we can make some tea to relax you?" The elf Stefan suggested as he made his way to Rue's kitchen.

I stopped pacing and set my steel-like eyes unto him. "I do not want bloody tea. I want my mate!" I hissed in rage.

Stefan shrinks back while Gorjon leans on the opposite wall, legs crossed and arms crossed. He nudges his head to the door. "Well go ahead and fetch her."

I narrow my eyes. "Are you being smart with me elf?" I took a threatening step forward. Of course I would not harm him but the look of terror on his face always amuses me. His form quickly straightened almost like he was standing for attention as he shook his head and his hands.

"No, no, no sir. Never mind carry on the pacing!" He rushes out.

"Oh perhaps this is a special tea milady makes! It smells lovely." Stefan's voice drew my attention away from Gorjon. The protest on my tongue was too late as both Gorjon and I witnessed Stefan gulping down one of Rue's potions.

When he had finally gulped down all, he burps. "It tastes really goo-" His words slurred until his body sways. He shakes his head, closing his eyes while reaching out his hand to steady himself only to fall face first on the floor. A second later a loud snore comes from his sleeping state.

I rolled my eyes pinching the bridge of my nose. Rue had better hurry up and come back for I feared that my patience would run thin and I would kill those damn elves. "Bloody idiot." I murmur while Gorjon rushes towards his brother.