

Chapter 234

"Are you not going to help?" The soft voice startled Cylester who stared at the opening of the portal. He was confused as to why it had not closed yet. Perhaps Rue had mixed up the ingredients in this one.

Turning around to see who had spoken to him, Cylester's green eyes fixed on yellow ones across the room. For a second Cylester remained confused until a tiny spark of realization hit him. He had totally forgotten about the elves.

The elf who had spoken darted his nervous eyes around the wolf children, probably frightened that they would do him like they had done to Cylester. But they paid him no mind as everyone stood on edge, words they had spoken before their king left were lodged in their throats.

They were terrified to know what was happening, fearing the worst. And Cylester could not blame them. He too feared what was happening.

"I cannot help like this. I am merely human and cannot fight supernatural beings." Cylester grumbles. As much as he wanted to all but help he very well knew he would be no match.

With fingers instead of sharp nails and normal human teeth instead of sharpened canines then there was zero chance of him actually invoking harm onto anyone. Not when he could not even fight with the body he now possesses.

Being human sucks and he wanted nothing more but to get back his original body. Cylester sighed in defeat and moved away from the portal. His stomach dropped every time he did, fearing that anything could happen the second his back was turned.

Gorjon peered over at the tall man Rue called Cylester. His face was a mixture of alarm and defeat. Gorjon shifted Stefan's head on his lap, the weight finally getting to him and leaving his thigh numb. Stefan murmurs a quick sigh in his sleep and Gorjon only hoped he was having a good dream.

"I can lay him down on the couch if you want?" A feminine voice suggested just above him. The female created a shadow looming over him and his brother that made him stiffen. Gorjon did not trust easily. Being the elder one, he was always very protective over his more carefree brother, Stefan.

Without thinking much of it, Gorjon's arms tighten around his brother while his head tilted up to the giant of a woman looming above him with a small smile, brown hair untamed. Of course the woman was of normal height but being abnormally short made anyone look like a giant to both brothers.

The she wolf smiled, wanting to ease the tension she could sense coming from the elf. "You look uncomfortable with his weight." She pointed out.

With a skeptical scan over the she wolf, Gorjon shook his head in decline. "Tis fine, I can handle his weight."

The lie tumbled out of his lips smoother than he thought. Stefan, even though he was tinier compared to him, did not make him less in weight. Right now his head was weighing down on his thigh like an anvil that would soon make it numb enough to not make him walk for a couple of days.

Seeing that the elf was lying through his surprisingly whitened teeth, the she wolf named Siala bit her bottom lip to stop herself from chuckling. She found it weird that her body tingles when she stared at the elf peering at her with caution. Her wolf was also yapping in her head, she did know what came over her until Siala froze when she heard the word mate.

Surely it was impossible for a wolf to be mated to an elf? She had never heard of such a mated couple before. Her mind was working in circles, trying to justify the spike in her heartbeat and the tingles overwhelming her body just by peering at the elf.

Still, even with jumbled thoughts, she wanted to help the elf seeing that he was indeed uncomfortable with the weight of his brother. She crouched down and brought her hands slowly to touch his. She let out a gasp as their eyes connected. Her heart lodges in her throat as the elf gulps. "Please I just want to help." Siala says lowly.

Gorjon's heart thumps in his chest, not from fear but from something else. He had never felt this way before so he could not put a finger on what he was feeling at the moment. The touch of the female wolf was oddly satisfying and pleasing, something he hardly confesses to. He found himself relaxing at her touch that left a tingling feeling in his entire body. And surprisingly he found himself giving up his cold exterior and welcoming her help with a small nod and a murmur of thanks.

In the far corner, Cylester paced the small space he could. His heart was thrumming with anxiety that made his body hard with unease. He only hoped that Rue was kicking Mericel's ass. He only wished he had made her transform him back into his original self so he could help by scratching the skin off the evil witch.

A scream tore through the tense silence and jump kicked his heart all up in his throat. He swiftly turned to the young wolf that screamed. She was flapping her hands widely as a crow relentlessly tries to peck at her. Not thinking twice Cylester runs over to where Rue left her brooms. Grasping one he bounds over to the girl as others tried to help her from the crow.

With one smack of the broom, Cylester sends the bird flying across the room. It falls ungracefully, trying and failing to right itself. Another hard smack has its neck twisting in an odd angle that lets everyone know it was dead as its body stills. Cylester lifts his head to stare at the wolves crowding the room. "Where did the crow come from?" He asked, voicing his curiosity.

"The portal." A male wolf who was not a hundred percent healed yet coughed out. Cylester froze. For bloody sake, can I not get a holiday? He hissed in his head. He needed to think quickly about how he would close that portal or else this cabin would be nothing but crows eating at everyone.