

Mated To The Werewolf King - 1 Novel by Demiah13 |

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CHAPTER

1

Prologue

I pant allowing her to descend and take in my harden c*ck. Her sharp nails trail along the hard planes of my chest, dragging them teasingly as her heated core wraps around my length.

I could feel her walls stretching to accommodate me, her breathing shallow as a moan slips pass her juicy lips.

" That's right little witch take all of me." I breathed out.

She was tight, hot, and wet. I nearly collapse at the amount of pleasure I felt just by being inside her.

"You're mine." I said in a rough possessive tone as my c*ck break through her maidenhead. Her thighs shook, a painful gasp slips past her lips and those beautiful violet eyes stared at me with submission. My wolf howled in pleasure.

I nearly came undone just by the look she sent me. It was almost enough to send me over the edge. Her lips part, red from my kisses and nibbles. "I'm yours Ares. All of me."

- Ought - need/should
- Aye- yes
- Tis - It is

Rûe

My fingers curl around the door frame as my little head peeks to look at the huge man talking to mother and father. He was tall and surpassed father by more than a head foot.

I knew it was very unlovely for me to be eavesdropping on their conversation. But I was very much intrigued.

Mother was known for her skillful making of healing potions and other witchcraft expertise. I was very certain that these strangers were here for either one.

"Ester please, our son is dying! I cannot go another day seeing him suffer." The woman cries beside the tall man. Her flaxen hair flows down her back in silky waves. *Her hair is very much beautiful.*

Mother was usually cool and collected but today I noted that she seemed a bit skittish. Father was also not in the slightest relaxed.

"King Zachary, my wife is trying her very best to see that your son is healed. Please I ask of you to give her a few more days. The boy's sickness is not easy to be cured." Father all but begged.

King?

My mouth formed an 'o'. He must be the werewolf king father and mother had been yapping about earlier.

Now I see why they were uneasy. The man screamed power and the woman wasn't far behind. The man named Zachary had hair the shade of night, dark and hunting.

His broad back is powerful. They were both cloaked in red, the color of blood with golden drawings of wolves imprinted into the fabric. The fabric looked rich, worth more than what mother and father make in a month.

"Isabela, my potions have never failed me. I will promise you this. I will cure your son of this ugly sickness that has plagued him." Mother's voice is sincere though she looked the slightest bit afraid to speak.

"You ought to quicken this up Ester. My son cannot die. He is to be the next werewolf king after my husband. " The woman Isabela cries. "He is my only child, I cannot lose him."

Mother sighs in sadness and walks over to her table of potions. She grasp one of the tiny bottles and examines the crystal blue liquid.

She shakes it slightly and the liquid turns purple. She ambles back to the strangers, her form very much nervous.

"Take this potion and give it to him every two days. It will help him regain his strength until the potion is ready. I am only missing but one ingredient." Mother urged and pushes the potion in Isabel's hands.

Mother's silver eyes turn in utter pity. "I am sorry that I cannot do more at this moment." She whispered and forced out a tiny smile.

"We will leave you to it then Ester and Michael. We will return on the night of the full moon. By then I expect the potion to be ready." The man Zachary said with authority. His power had me shaking in my little boots.

Mother nodded whilst father looked doubtful. Full moon was in two days. The man Zachary and Isabella turn to leave. In her grasp the now purple potion could be seen.

"Isabela." Mother said, gaining back their attention. The woman Isabela turns around.

Mother's posture straightens with determination. " I will not fail you."

Isabela nods. "I trust you Ester." She says and turns around to leave.

My eyes widen as my little feet carry me away from the door. I knew that eavesdropping was not a pretty trait. Father would be displeased if he knew.

I watch as the two strangers leave. Their footsteps fading. If they may have noticed me then they certainly didn't show it.

Their son is sick. Is this why mother had been very frantic with her latest potion?

"Rue, darling come here this instant." Mother's voice calls out. I cringe inwardly for I knew father had probably taken my scent. He was a werewolf after all.

My head bowed as I nervously twisted my hands in front of me as I entered the room. "Look up darling before you walk into another table like the last time." Mother says with a hint of humor.

I did as I was told and strutted over to them. "Oh darling, have we not warned you of eavesdropping on our conversations?" Mother questions, fingers brushing through my unnatural white icy colored hair. My hair color was rare and not the same as mother or father's.

I pouted and turned my head to the side. "I was only intrigued, is all."

"Rue, you could've gotten yourself killed today. These guests were not some measly people, they are powerful and not to be taken lightly. What if something had gone wrong?" Father scowled.

"It was just a peek father, nothing more." I defended. "And nothing would have gone wrong for I am too beautiful for anyone to do harm." I turn to him and huffed.

Mother laughs lightly while father's scowl deepens. "Rue you must understand that your beauty will not save you from these kind. My kind and yours. You are still part werewolf, a hybrid. These people do not like hybrids."

Mating with a witch who is considered a werewolves enemy was frowned upon. Even though mother created healing potions for their kind they had still not accepted her as one of their own.

The only reason they had let such an atrocious thing to happen was because father was a good Beta. He would do anything for his kind. It is why the king had granted him his wish to mate with a witch. On one condition, we were to live far away from the pack.

"Tis not my business that they hate me. They are only jealous because I am far more beautiful than they are." I shrugged.

Mother smiled and hugged me." Oh my darling, yes you are more beautiful and do not let anyone tell you different." She whispered, kissing my cheek lightly. We witches do not ever think that we are less than others. We simply think we are more beautiful and more powerful.

"Ester perhaps I should go to town to seek the last ingredient you are missing." Father suggested scratching the back of his head in thought. His hair the color of dried wheat. His eyes the color of the ocean when the sky is cleared.

Mother nods, her red hair bobbing as she nods furiously. "Yes you should. I cannot fail the king and queen for they will have my head. Full moon is just in two days, the werewolves will be out to hunt. If I cannot make this potion before then, then I would be the prey."