

Mated To The Werewolf King

CHAPTER

3

ARCS

"Prince Ares you cannot come out of bed. You are too weak my child." Madame Lucia protested pushing my weak body to the mattress.

I glared at her in defiance as much as I could. "Lucia tonight is the full moon, what remains of my wolf is seeking to emerge. My wolf is restless. Please Lucia I need to feel the earth one last time before I go."

Her azure eyes narrow. "Nonsense child, you will not die! King Zachary and Queen Isabela are seeking for a cure."

My face sadden. I was at the brink of death. I could feel it and I was certain they could smell it. Wolves' senses were heightened. Death clung to the room, its scent putrid.

It is not long until my soul will rest beneath the earth. I just want one last time to feel the dirt and leaves beneath my bare feet. I only needed this.

She sighs and sits on the bedding beside me. Her palms come to rest atop my hand. "Please do not fret my child. Your mother and father will do anything in their power to see that you are healed from this ugly sickness."

I turn my head away to stare at the cream colored walls. "Lucia there is no time left to look for a cure. My wolf has grown very weak and I fear that I will not live much longer." I said in a painful whisper.

I could feel the burn of the sickness crawling through my entire body, plaguing me. I had not been outside for months because of this, what

remained of my wolf was restless. I wanted to at least feel the wind swapping against my body.

I could only stare at the light seeping through the window and some days I opted to turn around from it. I would hear the laughter of the pack kids, those my age.

There was nothing more painful than knowing that there was no possibility that you could go outside and enjoy the sun beating down on your back. Or shift into your beast to feel the wind brush through your fur. Usually you are able to shift when you turn the age of twelve but since I have royalty blood, I was able to shift when I was eleven.

Lucia sighs, squeezing my hands. "I heard rumors about a white witch creating a healing potion for you. If it is who I think, then you have naught to fret for she is the best witch to trust. Perhaps the only."

I clenched my eyes tight when a shooting pain slice through my abdomen. "I do not want to talk about this anymore Lucia. I want to be left alone." I grumble on a pained gasp.

Beaded sweat coated my skin, Lucia dabs it with a cloth, her face pinched in worry. "Are you alright to stay by yourself? I do not have anything important to tend to-"

"I'm fine Lucia, I'm not dying yet." I smile though it does not reach my eyes. She does not comment on my blatant lie.

"Do you need anything? Perhaps something to eat to regain your strength?" She asked hopefully, brushing the hair on my forehead.

She was a woman of age, forty five. She was more on the plump side with lines around the edges of her grey eyes. She had been taking care of me from when I was a wee babe. Now she is taking care of me, when I was on the brink of death.

I nodded, coughing. "Aye, I would love it if you made that special mushroom soup."

Her brows furrow before she nods. I knew why she had hesitated to agree to make the soup. It took at the very least an entire hour to be cooked properly.

And this is exactly why I opted to make her cook it. I had every intention to escape the coffins of this room that mocked me of my incoming death.

Rûe

"Now Rue do not stray too far, remember tonight is full moon. The wolves will be out, do not forget they hate half breeds, especially witches even though you are only part." Mother warned as she mixed the liquid in the cauldron before her. A green aura emitted from it.

She had finally gotten the last ingredient to make the healing potion. Her hands were frantic as she mixed up her herbs. Her red hair high atop her head set in a bun while loose tendrils plaster on her forehead. She was tired aye.

I rolled my eyes in irritation. "Aye mother I know of the dangers lurking in the woods. You seem to forget that even though I am eight, I can still hold my own with someone twice my size. "

Mother did not know this yet but I had been practicing spells in the arctic since I was seven. I was well educated in everything concerning witchcraft. I also knew how to make potions and use the deadliest ones when necessary.

She nods sweeping the back of her hand against her sweaty forehead. "Aye very well, you can go ahead. But be back before the sun set on the horizon. Your father will be back then and he would not be pleased to know that you have gone out. You very well know how protective he

is." She laughs, throwing in some white dust. It creates the sound of dried leaves being licked by fire.

I nod. "I promise I will be back before father even knows I am out." I promised putting in some powerful potions inside my satchel. They were for fear that I ran into vicious wolves on the way or worse, rogues.

I had been treading through the woods for what felt like hours. I was careful as to not make any dirt ruin my pretty green dress. *I hated anything ugly.*

On the way I had collected enough herbs to make healing and toxic potions. I had a tendency to experiment with the herbs. I was always curious as to what I can create, whether it is toxic or for healing.

Being part wolf helped me with my senses. I was always amazed at how I could smell a plant that was toxic five minutes away. I could also hear the running of wild animals or the cry of crows high above my head louder than a normal witch or human.

Aye I was blessed and beautiful, there was no denying it.

The sound of running water is louder than the sound of the scampering animals in the forest. The trees were more lush and green than those that were close to home. I must've entered another territory. I was far from home, this much I could tell.

Don't matter, no one will dare lay a finger on my beautiful self. If they do and ruin my dress I'll cast a spell to make their eyes melt.

I amble on, intrigued to know where the sound of rushing water was coming from. My booted feet stepped on curled up brown leaves that were half embedded into the damp earth.

I hear the crisp snap of dry twigs underneath my boots as I followed the sound of running water. It was calming and something else pulled me to it. I did not know what exactly but I felt the need to go there.

I could see it now, peeking through the now dense trees. A waterfall. One so beautiful that it couldn't possibly be real. But as I stepped towards it, kneeled down by the edge and dipped my fingers into the cool clear water, I knew it was real.

I felt the power, tickling my fingertips and running up my arm. This water was not normal. Aye it was real but it was full of magic. I looked at my reflection in the water, watching my violet eyes turn lighter than usual. My icy blonde hair sweeps back.

I peered down at my fingers that were dipped into the water. My lips part when what resembled glowing tiny orbs circle around the tips of my fingers. They were white but afterwards they started to turn like the color of gold.

The gold orbs emerge together and what looks like a glowing gold flower floats to the surface. It was beautiful and I could feel its power. I never felt this before.

It felt like my hands had a mind of it's own because I felt my fingers dig into my satchel and pull out an empty potion bottle. The flower was the size of a fingernail, tiny and could easily fit inside the bottle.

Somehow I knew I was supposed to take it. So without very much thought I dipped the bottle into the water and captured the flower along with the water. Whatever it was, I knew it was something out of this world.

I push the cork into the bottle to seal it and lift it to stare at the glowing gold flower. It looked like a rose of some sorts but it definitely was not just that.

I stand up and push the bottle into my satchel. As I had done so the most shocking thing happened. What was once a waterfall was now a dry patch of grass.