

Mated To The Werewolf King

CHAPTER

5

Rûe

Death. The scent clung to the air. It was putrid and my heightened senses made it all the worse. I amble through the woods finding myself following the scent of death.

I didn't know why but I felt an unmistakable pull. The sound of the leaves dancing on the branches as the breeze brush passed relaxed me all the more. It was like a continuous chant pulling me in further.

The earth beneath my boots was not damp anymore and the trail I followed was cleared of crazy roots that usually peeked out from the dirt.

The more I walked the more the scent of death got stronger and the more I got further away from home.

I could only hope that no wolves could take the scent of me, they would surely not be happy to know a hybrid was lurking inside their territory.

Without knowing my mouth parts to start speaking in tongues. My scent masked instantly. I had learned quite a few spells and mastered the art of masking one's scent.

My violet eyes danced around the area searching for the scent that would make anyone vomit but it only seemed to intrigue me.

"Ouch." It is a faint whisper barely loud enough to hear. A boy, the deeper voice was certainly not one of a girls.

I snap my head to where the sound came from, noting that there was a power along with the scent of death. I stroll along the path, keeping my satchel close to me.

I didn't know why I was so intrigued. The trees soon separated until the clear view of a meadow was in its place. Wild flowers, purple and pink scattered around peeking through the tall grass. It was beautiful aye.

But what caught my attention was not the beautiful flowers, it was a boy. Seated in the middle of the meadow, his head bent as he examined his knee.

His back was faced to me, but from where I stood peering at him, I could clearly see that his health was not the best. His black hair messy and matted and as I got closer the strong scent of death filled my nostrils.

I wanted to turn around and leave him be, I had never converse with anyone other than my parents. I was not accustomed to mingling with strangers, especially boys. They always managed to play in dirt and anything ugly. I hated ugly.

Yet that boy had a certain pull to him. That I wanted to find out. *What was I suppose to say?* I was uncertain how to make him know of my presence.

The boy was surely a wolf, the scent was still there even though he was dying. I could still feel his power. He must be of high rank.

"You are dying." I mumbled as I halted behind the boy. I see him visibly stiffen and with little strength rise. He turns to me, his deep blue eyes are the first thing I notice.

He looked to be a little older than I, judging by his height. But then again everyone towerd over me. I was tiny for an eight year old.

I prayed I'd grow up to be taller. Most witches are pretty short in their youth and grow taller when puberty hits.

His eyes narrow. "You are unfamiliar. You do not belong to the midnight park."

I do not hear any hostility, just pure curiosity in his weak voice. I smile. "Good, at least you are still aware for a dying wolf."

My violet eyes scan over his very thin bony frame. He did not remain long. "You do not remain long until you perish wolf." I told him and looked at his injured knee.

The cut was not fatal but it looked irritated. Usually wolves are able to heal up their wounds in less than a minute but since his wolf is weak he cannot.

"I can heal that if you want." I pointed to his injured knee. His blue eyes fell to his knees.

"Pray tell how will you be able to heal this wound? I'm also curious as to how none of the patrolling wolves had detected you?" He questions lifting his gaze to mine. He coughs, pressing his palm to his mouth.

When he retracts the palm there is visibly blood. I use my senses and I am confused by the dark magic that is strongly mixed into his crimson blood.

Pure blooded wolves will not detect the dark magic nor will a white witch like my mother. Dark witches have a special power to mask their magic when used.

It was only because I was part witch and wolf I could sense the lingering bitter scent. Their poisons were very difficult to cure. Perhaps this is why mother struggled to find a cure.

"You have been poisoned wolf. Sit down, let me heal your knee before it gets an infection." I told and watch as he weakly follows my instructions.

He looks up at me and squints from the sunlight striking his eyes. "You have not answered my question." He coughs. "I had an inkling that I was being poisoned." He grumbles.

I kneel down beside his injured leg and open my satchel. "I am a witch wolf, even at my age I am well educated in the making of healing potions."

Perhaps it is better I not tell him about being part wolf.

He raises his brows and coughs. "Witches are not welcomed in the wolves territory. If another wolf had found you here you would have been dead."

"Aye I know of the risk of coming here. But perhaps it was for a reason." I mumbled.

The dirt dirtied my knees yet I could not seem to be mad. I search through my satchel and carefully dumped the bottles of potions on the grass beside his foot.

"I am surprised you are trusting me to heal your wound. Now knowing that I am a witch you should be calling your pack to execute me." I mumbled scanning the many potion bottles scattered on the grass.

The one where I found in the magical place glows and my brows furrowed. I still do not have a single clue as to what it was or what to use it for. All I knew was that it was of great importance.

The wolf notices my line of vision and grows curious. "What is this one? It glows does it not? I am not sure if it is my sickness that has me hallucinating." He tries to laugh but it comes out like a dry cough that I sensed hurt his chest.

I nodded to answer his question and grasp the purple potion beside it. "Aye it is glowing, you are not hallucinating." I examine the potion then gave it a firm shake. It quickly turns green while I chant in tongues.

The wolf's eyes widen in startlement. I smile. "This will burn a tad bit." I warned him.

I remove the cork and directed the opening above his injury. "How old are you little witch?" The wolf questions.

I raise my eyes to meet his while the liquid seeps out of the bottle to fall onto his injury. He grits his teeth, clenches his eyes tight and grunts. "I am eight." I informed him.

He opens his eyes and his blue eyes lock into mine in surprise. "You are only eight yet you talk as if you are older?"

"I am very advanced for my years wolf. I am after all a witch. How old are you?" I looked down at his injury, smiling when the deep cut quickly closes. What remains was smooth skin that was not scarred.