

Mated To The Werewolf King

CHAPTER

6

Rûe

"I am twelve." He answers and touches the knee that was injured a few seconds ago. His finger trembles showing his weakness. "Thank you for healing me."

He then lifts his gaze to mine and looks me over in curiosity. "Why can I not take your scent? Even if you are a witch I should be able to."

"Ease your mind wolf. I have masked my scent. " I told him then felt a sudden shift of power crackling through the air. I do not know if the boy noticed. My eyes quickly turn to the potion bottle with the glowing flower.

I am surprised to see it is floating a few inches above the ground. I am mesmerized and feel a sudden pull. A voice taps into my head. It is not alarming and not one I would recognize as my wolf.

Father had told me when I reach the age of eleven I would be able to tap into my wolf's side and communicate. So for sure it was not my wolf, it is impossible, I am only but eight.

'Give him the potion. Let him drink it.'

The voice is a whisper. The soft feminine voice should scare me yet I felt soothed. I cannot hear anything but that voice. Everything else fades around me as the voice pulls me in further.

Unknowingly my fingers clutch the bottle and I remove the cork. The scent was very different when I had first taken it. At first its scent was

not strong enough to be detected but now it reeked of copper. Odd, yet it was a pleasant smell.

I move my eyes away from the glowing bottle and peered at a very shocked and slightly scared boy. His blue eyes dotted with fascination. "Drink this." I told him very firmly.

Somehow I trusted the voice and somehow the wolf trusted me. With little hesitation he opens his mouth as I poured the now gold liquid into his mouth. He gulps it while staring at me with what I noted was trust.

The bottle was now empty so I retract my hands, placing it on the grass. "Why do you trust me wolf?" I voiced out my curiosity. The voice in my head fades into nothing but quietness inside my head.

He shrugs his bony shoulders. "To be honest with you, I do not know. We are enemies but yet I do not feel resentment towards you."

I nod and gasp when his eyes turns wide with shock then he bends over in pain, clutching his stomach. "What is wrong?" I asked frantically.

He gasp for air. "My entire body is on fire." He cries out. I look down at the healing potions I layed down on the grass.

My violet eyes scan them over to see if they could ease his pain. But I am afraid I do not even know how to stop something I had caused. Perhaps I shouldn't have given him something to drink that I did not know what it was.

I scoot closer to him and place my palm atop his bony shoulder. "Lay down on your back. It will ease the pain a bit." I said softly.

He said that he trusted me even though we were enemies. Now I have given him something I do not know myself and it is causing him pain. *I will right this.*

He grunts slowly falling on to his back. His palms still clutched his stomach as he peered at the clear sky. It was already late in the afternoon and I should be on my way before the moon is high above the sky.

Yet I stay here with this wolf. I couldn't help but feel that whatever magical potion that was in the bottle led me to him. I only hope that it was not something to kill him.

"Does it still hurt?" I asked in worry as I peered at his small form. He was really bony, face pale of any blood, sweat glistening his ashen flesh. Yet his blue eyes were still lively. He was a fighter Aye.

He nods not able to speak as he arches his back off the ground in pain. I look him over and use my heightened senses to see if anything was amiss in his body. I am stunned to smell the dark magic fading. His wolf was also getting stronger. The toxin was being removed.

I stare at him in shock. *He was healing.* His blue eyes found mine, pain etched into them like deep blue swirls of agony. "What is it?" He gasped out and screamed aloud.

I looked around frantically afraid another wolf had heard him. If they saw me like this beside him, they would automatically think I was killing him. And I would be dead before I could explain. Death is not an option for my beautiful self.

I turn back to stare at him and watch as he shivers in pain. "Do not fear wolf. You are healing, death is fading away from you. A miracle." I whispered in amazement.

Mother had informed me of dark witches magic, their magic could be very lethal. Especially if the dark witch is powerful. To heal from their magic would take a miracle.

His eyes widen. "You are saying that I am no longer dying?"

I nod touching his shoulder. The scent of death was slowly fading away. What remained was something more powerful, more powerful than that of the werewolf king and queen. Whatever was in that bottle made this young wolf stronger than any normal wolf.

I look away from him seeing that the sun had begun to dip. *I needed to leave this place, father should be on his way.* Today he was supposed to go to the meeting the wolves held every full moon.

But he chose not to go, instead he went to look for more of the rare ingredient mother needed. I only hope he was a tad bit late, I did not want him to know I was out late.

The wolf's painful cries had subsided but his breathing was still harsh. I opened my satchel and quickly started putting the potion bottles back inside. "I must leave wolf. Do not fear for you are no longer dying."

He slowly sits up and stares at me, wincing slightly in pain. "Do you have to go?"

I nod. "Aye." I rise from the ground, pulling the straps of the satchel over my shoulder. My green dress had gotten dirty but I don't seem to care. "Perhaps we will see another time. For now I must leave. I must ask of you that you do keep our meeting a secret. For no one should know of what has healed you."

The boy was now no ordinary wolf. That golden flower had made him become immortal. I sensed it. *But I should keep this a secret for they will use him for his power.*

He nods. "Aye I will not tell a soul that I allowed a witch to heal me. An eight year old witch I might add." He gives a lopsided smile. I had no doubt that the wolf would grow to become handsome.

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I look into her pretty violet eyes and smile when she turns around to run. Her icy blonde hair whooshing around her shoulders as her small frame becomes distant.

"Wait! I do not know your name little witch!" I shout and I am surprised at how powerful my voice is. It is not weak anymore.

She turns around, her cute face smiling. "It is Rue!" She shout then disappeared behind the thick trees before I could tell her mine. *Rue*. I tasted the name on my tongue. *A beautiful name.*

Perhaps we will meet again.

Witches were our enemy and not to be trusted with one's life. But this young witch healed the deep cut I had gotten from escaping my room. Because of my weak body I had fallen not so gently out of the window.

Knowing that mostly every wolf was in the throne room for the meeting I did not have to worry about being caught. So on weak legs I treaded through the woods and made sure to stay clear of the patrolling wolves.

They would no doubt let father know of what I had done and I'd get an earful. I felt the earth beneath my foot as I treaded through the thick foliage until it cleared to a beautiful meadow.

By then the cut on my knee had begun to sting more as blood occasionally dropped out. So I decided to rest there only to have a small witch come up behind me without me knowing.

At first I was surprised at how white her hair was and the odd color of purple in her iris which was rare. And what confused me more was that she had no scent.

But then not only did she heal my knee she healed me completely. This little witch that I should despise saved my life.

I looked at where she disappeared a few minutes ago. Her icy hair and violet eyes still in my memory as I stood up. It would get dark soon and I was sure Lucia had noticed my absence from my room.

It was only time until my father sent wolves to look for my whereabouts. So with that thought in mind I started for the castle. My steps stronger than before.