



Curse of the Wolves by Jane Doe Chapter 12



Chapter 11

Blakely

Holy Moon Goddess, was I just flirting with Azrael, God of the mother-effing wolves?

Bah, of course I wasn't. He'd made a lewd comment, most likely to stroke his already over-inflated ego, and I simply knocked him down a peg. Really, I was doing the world a favor.

Was there a medal for that? There should be.

It was bad enough he was the most attractive man I'd ever seen, and judging from that smirk he knew it too, but he also held all the power of a god. Beautiful and deadly. A combination my lady parts seemed to love.

Clearly, I needed therapy and a cold shower.

I didn't so much as glance his way until we were both in the kitchens, sitting at the island as we had been mere hours ago. The feast laid out before us spewed steam and a myriad of mouthwatering scents into the air. Once again, there was no meat. I was pleasantly surprised the magically possessed mansion cared about my dietary restrictions.

There were platters of smoked vegetables, heavily seasoned with something that smelled both sweet and savory, along with mashed chickpeas, tofu, and freshly baked rolls. As I bit into one, the salty tang of butter rolled across my tongue. My stomach clenched at the first sign of food. I closed my eyes, and a groan of pure fucking ecstasy escaped my lips.

Orion's spell had really taken it out of me. I hoped the bastard felt its effects too.

A strange sound had me opening my eyes. It was a mix between a cough and someone choking. Azrael's gaze was latched onto my face, eyes shining in that manic way of his. It was unsettling to say

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the least. Heat singed my cheeks as his lips began to curl upwards.

I just knew something lewd was going to come out when he opened his mouth, so as a preventative measure I slammed the knife he'd given me down onto the table in a stabbing motion.

The glimmer of possessiveness in his eyes as he took in the knife threw me off guard. Why the hell was he so attached to this thing? Was he that fucked up in the head that he wanted to keep the object I'd thrown at his face?

He licked his lips at it. Yeah, definitely fucked up.

"So, are you going to tell me what the hell happened this morning?" I asked, spooning some grilled asparagus onto my plate. Drizzled on top was some kind of creamy sauce I couldn't wait to dig into.

Azrael blinked, his eyes focusing as he finally looked away from the knife. For a second I was afraid he was going to go full Gollum on me and wrestle it from my hands, scuttling away as he muttered, "my precious, my precious."

I was pulled out of my daydream and away from my plate of food when he launched into a lengthy explanation about Orion's failure of a spell. By the end of it, disappointment swirled in my gut.

"So, I don't have some kind of epic, god-killing magic?" My shoulders slumped in defeat. Here I was praying the Goddess had blessed me in some way, but no.

Azrael jutted his lower lip out in a full-blown pout. The unhinged part of my brain urged me to lean forward and bite it.

"And here I thought we were becoming friends."

Was this guy serious?

"I shot you in the stomach, threw a knife at your face, punched you in the balls, and tried to strangle you to death."

He tipped his head to the side, his hair falling over his forehead in messy waves. The way his eyes sparkled reminded me of a puppy

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dog and—okay, let's not compare the all-powerful god to something soft and cute.

"What's your point?" He blinked innocently.

The fork I held slipped through my fingers, clattering onto the plate. "What about any of that makes you think we're on our way to becoming besties?"

"Besties?"

"Best friends. Besties. It's the same thing."

He flashed me a heart-breaking grin. "Besties, I like it." 1

This was fucking pointless! With a huff of pure frustration, I continued shoveling food into my mouth until the urge to leap across the kitchen island faded into a mild case of indigestion. Azrael munched happily on one of the rolls without a care in the world.

"Anyway, moving on from our budding friendship, I regret to inform you that you do not have epic, God-killing magic. If you did, Orion would've splattered you along the walls. You simply have abnormally strong willpower and ovaries of steel." 1

I paused mid-chew to make a face at him. "Um, can we not talk about my reproductive organs over dinner?"

"When would you like to talk about them?" He purred, leaning across the counter. My heartrate spiked and I swore the fucker heard it because his eyes darted down to my chest for the briefest of seconds.

"Are you a gynecologist?"

Confusion danced in his starburst eyes. "No?"

"Then never."

We finished our dinner in relative peace. At one point, I went to touch my throbbing head and realized my wrists had healed. It must've been the magic of the godly realm at play, because I'd

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