

Chapter 165

ARCS

"Ares!" A shout of worry. I groan, detaching my lips from the blonde she wolf. She was supposed to be a present since today I have aged another year.

"Ares!" Another shout this time someone different.

Ares something has happened! Conner says through the mind link urgently.

I quickly rise to my feet and stride towards the door. I opened it fiercely, Sebastian and Conner's worried face greeted me. "What is it?" I rushed out.

"Rosy has been captured by Rue." Conner spits. The she wolf I had been kissing a while ago rushes past us in a hurry to get away from angered wolves.

Conner and Sebastian enter inside the room when I back away with my hands clutching my hair. Rosy was a nine year old girl I had saved from vampires a few months ago.

The little girl had looked up to me as a hero. Kind and timid that she was but could be sassy when she felt her father was endangered. She did not deserve to be in Rue's clutches. I only hope the wicked bitch has not killed her yet.

"Are you certain of this?" I asked in a quick breath.

Conner nods and extends his hand. I look down and see a small paper clutched by his fingers. "We got this from a crow, surely a work of a witch." He grumbles.

I reach for it and slowly open it. Come to the willow woods alone prince Ares or else she will be dead before the moon reaches its peak.

Signed Rue.

"As soon as we read the paper, Santos came running towards us. He told us his daughter Rosy has been kidnapped by some witches." Sebastian murmurs.

I grit my teeth, crumpling the paper before tossing it to the wall harshly. Witches? This blasted bitch was working with other nasty creatures like her.

I could only feel fury, hot red and unmanageable through my veins. I will kill her. "Tell Santos I will get back his daughter and do not worry." I growled my canines flashing. " Don't follow me."

Conner eyes widen. " You can't simply just go on your own Ares, this could be a trap. We shall tell Zefe-"

I snap my angry gaze to his. "You will not tell him any of this!Do you hear me?" I roared.

He gulps. "He could help-"

"He will not bloody help! The man does not care, he will not risk going after Rue. Nor will he send other wolves for he will think Rosy was too weak to be captured. Do not forget the man hates weakness." I growled.

Conner nods in understanding." Atleast let us come with you Ares. The witch lives up to her reputation for a reason. Even if you are immortal I'm sure she will still cause you harm."

Conner and Sebastian are the only wolves who know of my immortality apart from Zefer. I trust them with my life as they trust me with theirs.

"Besides you cannot go for you have to be crowned as our new king tonight. The ceremony is only but a few hou-" Sebastian says.

"What king will I be if I do not help my people? I need to save that little girl Sebastian. My people come first before anything else." I grumble.

Sebastian head bends down in shame for ever saying those words. "I am sorry Ares, you are right."

"No one shall follow me. We do not know what Rue will do to the girl if she knows I'm not alone." I growled and started walking out of the room.

"I will kill that witch tonight." I promised.

Please come back to us safely Ares. Conner mind links.

"We shall pray for your safe return." Sebastian says as I disappear from their sight.

I shifted back into my human form a few distance from where I could smell Rosy and the witch. I'll admit I was expecting the witch to smell of dead flowers but the scent I took made my blood hot. It irritated me.

I did not want to show up in my wolf form in case Rue thinks of me as a threat and kills Rosy. I was relieved that I could not smell any blood. It reassured me that the witch hadn't caused Rosy harm.

I put on my clothes that I had in my mouth when I had shifted. My heart rate spiked up for some unknown reason when I heard a giggle that did not belong to Rosy. I could feel Alchemy restlessness.

What is wrong Alchemy? Do you see anything amiss? I asked him as I walked towards the clearing. But he does not answer too busy running around in my head like a dog in heat.

It was dark and only the moonlight lightened the path. I needed to be on high alert, the witch was devious. But I found it difficult to focus, entranced by an alluring scent of cinnamon.

Rûe

"Can I touch him?" The girl I had just learnt was named Rosy asked excitedly as she peers up at Cylester high above the tree branches.

"I do not want you to dirty my fur little girl." Cylester purrs and lays on the branch, swinging his tail.

"Your prince really takes his precious time to come here. Do you think he'll come, I just want to play?" I pout.

It was already dark, the moon was out, wolves howled at a distance. I needed to be careful. I really hope Mericel kept her word and lured Ares to me. If not I'd have to cut her face until she isn't recognizable anymore.

The girl Rosy, annoying that she was, I couldn't seem to want to force her to shut up. I found it quite entertaining that she bothered Cylester.

"Prince Ares will come, I am sure." She says.

I furrow my brow. By her tone I sensed that she had calmed down. She did not sound scared. "Why do you not fear me child? Do you not know who I am?" I tilt my head studying her red curls.

I was seated on a stone with her standing before me. "There is only one woman papa has spoken about who has icy white hair and is a witch. The most devious one? Rue?" She questions.

"The most deviously beautiful." I corrected. "Did he tell you bedtime stories about me? Scary ones hopefully."

She nods then tilts her head, studying me like I had done to her. "But you do not seem all that bad." She says truthfully and winces in pain when she lifts her hand a little.

If only she knew how many of her people I had killed. I had lost count at a hundred.

My eyes dropped to the rope that still bonded her wrist. I started to speak in tongues and watch as it loosens a bit. She looks up at me and smiles thankfully. "Thank you." She says.

I tear my eyes away from her quickly. "Do not thank me yet little wolf for I am about to kill your prince tonight."

Then there's a snap, a twig breaking from someone's foot. I use my senses and giggle when I feel the unmistakable power. No doubt it was Ares.

"Looks like your prince has come to play afterall." I giggled and hopped off the stone.

"Careful Rue." Cylester says worriedly no doubt sensing the power of Ares. I chewed my bottom lip. He surpasses a lot of wolves, even Mericel. I only hope that her potion would work to injure him enough.

I hear his footsteps coming closer to the clearing. It did not sound like paws hitting the ground. I smirk. Stupid mutt didn't come here in wolf form.

I am suddenly hit with the strong scent of peppermint. I found that I loved the scent very much. I inhale deeply, my insides turning to goo.

I spot the tall figure walking, peeking from the shadows until the face of a god comes into view. My breath catches in my throat.

I could never forget those eyes. Blue. The boy I had healed years ago. He was Ares? He was the werewolf prince?

His eyes darken under the moonlight as he stills and stares at me in what I presume was lust. "Mate." He growled.