

## Chapter 167

Rûe

I stirred, feeling a heavy weight draped over my waist. My body felt heavy, throat dry like I had stayed without water for centuries. Had my mouth suddenly turned to the Sahara desert?

My eyelids felt like they were glued shut, lips refusing to open. The heavy weight on my waist pulls me impossibly closer and the scent of peppermint envelopes around me. It was comforting.

My back was pressed to something hard and warm. It made my heart race. Something stirs on my bottom, hard and huge. The weight around my waist tightens.

There is an unmistakable scent of dirt and dried leaves. I feel my brows furrowed in confusion. Why was the smell of dirt so strong?

I clench my eyes then force them open. I blinked. It is blurry at first until my vision clears and I am faced with the sight of trees. They looked lively, thick green leaves hung over the branches. Berry bushes scattered around the area.

I was not familiar with where I was. My eyes tear away from the trees to dart down on what I lay. My lips part for the first time and I gasp. I was on dirt and dried leaves.

Disgusting.

My beautiful self cannot lay on such dirty thing. I try to rake my brain for any possibility of why I had chosen to sleep on the ground which was a huge contrast to my beauty.

I came up short. The only thing I could remember is a piercing pain in my head before darkness.

A groan from behind me has my entire body freezing. It was a rough groan of a male. The weight on my waist tugs me closer. My eyes quickly drop to the weight and another shocked gasp left my lips.

A huge hand wrapped tightly around my waist, little dark hairs peppered around the male's arm. The arm around my waist held me almost in possessiveness. Another groan from the male has me quickly turning my head around to face him.

I'm met with a stubble sharp jaw, trailing up to plump lips then straight nose. Blasted it was the wolf, Ares. As if my ass was lit on fire, I quickly move out of his hold and rise to my feet. Surprising myself by how I did not stumble from being so weak.

My sudden movement makes him wake up as well, his piercing blue eyes snapping to me. My breath catches in my throat, dry as it was, it was starting to water at the sight of him. I shook my head to get out of those nasty thoughts.

He looked confused at first, hair dirtied with dried leaves and tiny twigs. I had an inkling mine was the same. I hope not, my beautiful hair is not to be seen in such a state.

I back away, eyes wide with confusion. What was I doing laying by a dog? Especially on the ground?

Ares grunts then rises to his impressive height. I feel the back of my boots hit the bark of a tree and stop to stare at him in caution.

My eyes trail down his body and I sucked in a sharp breath at the visible sight of something huge pressing uncomfortably to his breeches.

My eyes narrow in vexation, realizing that this huge thing was the one that was poking at my bottom.

"You dirty dog! How dare you come near me with such thing!?" I screeched in pure anger.

His thick brows furrowed before his eyes drop down to stare at his clearly visible erection pressing to his breeches. He tear his eyes away and lift them to mine in amusement.

"Can you blame my cock little witch? You are after all beautiful." He states.

I spluttered, brain turning to mush before regaining my composure. How dare he say such nasty words in my presence!

"You perverted dog! I will make sure to harm you with my most toxic potion when I get a hold of it!" I hissed.

His blue eyes flicker in amusement, his eyes raking over my form. I did not like how his eyes left a heated trail where they raked over.

I open my mouth to speak in tongues, hoping to make his head hurt for nestling his cock on my bottom. Ares stares at me in confusion as he watches my lips part to chant a spell.

"What are you doing?" He asked almost in a bored tone.

I stop realizing that nothing was happening to him. My eyes narrow. Even if the mutt was immortal I could still harm him even if I cannot kill him. Then why is my chanting not working?

I try again, stepping towards him. Only to be disappointed that he has not clutched his head in pain. "Impossible." I muttered.

I stumble away from him and flick my gaze to a nearby berry bush. I had been practicing different chanting spells, some harmful others not so much. My lips part and start to chant. Nothing happens, the bush is still green instead of dying.

Did I not have power anymore?

I snap my eyes to Ares and I find myself stomping over to him. I ignore the electricity zapping between us. "What have you done to me dog!?" I hissed.

He raises a brow and cringes when he shifts his arm. My eyes drop down to his injured shoulder. My senses were not high but I could still smell the bitterness of poison.

"I have not done anything to you little witch." He hisses and lifts his other hand to palm over his injury. "Perhaps ask the dark witch that seemed to have a vindictive over you."

Dark witch? I get a sudden flash of dark hair, dark vengeful eyes. Mericel. Everything comes back to me in a flash and I find myself stumbling away from Ares in shock. Mericel had betrayed me.

Anger coarse through my body, hot like melting lava. When I get a hold of that nasty bitch, I will burn her alive.

I look around the area. Unfamiliar. These woods were not normal, something was wrong. Then my blood ran cold as I remember what Mericel was known for.

She was not only the strongest dark witch but was the first to create an enchanted forest that no one, not a soul could escape.

Everyone feared of being trapped here for it speaks of death and sickness. It is rumored that it weakens those she has trapped inside. Some even perish. It was also rumored that it was home to many inhuman creatures. Creatures that no one wants to see.

If my intuition is right then I was sure she has trapped us inside this enchanted forest. It would explain why I cannot use my magic or why Ares has not healed from that wound yet.

"Can you shift?" I asked, darting my eyes around in caution. I did not have any magic or potions to help me fight off the creatures that are rumored to be ruthless in these woods.

Ares is confused before he tugs his shirt over his head, hissing when he lifts his injured shoulder. I quickly snap my eyes away from him and turn around until my back faced him.

"What are you doing, you dirty dog!?" I screeched.

He chuckles behind me, the sound causing pleasant shivers to run down my spine. I clench my hands and grit my teeth. I hated this feeling, especially for a dog.

"You asked me to shift. Do you really think I'd shift with my clothes on little witch?" He asked in amusement.

I grit my teeth and refuse to answer him. A minute turns into two until I hear his grunt of defeat. "I cannot shift." He grumbles. I hear shifting and hope that it was him putting back his clothes.

This was not good.

"She has trapped us. She has trapped us inside her enchanting forest. There is no way out." I murmur in shock.