

## Chapter 171

Rûe

I grit my teeth, eyes flashing in anger as I watch the tiny burnt flesh on my fingers. This is what I get for helping a perverted dog. Such ugly scar is unacceptable for my beautiful self.

Of course I could simply create a potion to cure the ugly flesh but now it is impossible since I am stuck here.

I stiffen when Ares rises to his feet. I avoid looking up at him, though I felt his eyes on me.

I prayed he had not seen the scar the silver left. It would only raise unwanted questions that I did not want to answer.

I dipped the finger back into the water. I hear shuffling until I see Ares's breeches fall around his ankles from my peripheral vision.

My eyes widen, cheeks heating up when I realized he was probably bare like the day he was born. He stepped out of them and I couldn't help but open my mouth to speak.

"What are you doing!" It was supposed to come out like a scowl but it sounded more like a flustered squeal.

He lets out a low rumble of laughter that has my insides heating up. It was the heat of the sun, nothing more.

"I am going to have a bath and clean up the wound. Is that not what you ordered me to do?" He asked.

I scowled and stare ahead, not wanting to have my eyes stray to stare at him. "I do not remember ordering you. For all I care you could die, it will save me the trouble of finding a way to kill you myself." I humphd.

He laughs. I hear the loud splash before I felt the cool water drenching the top of my head until seeping into the material of my dress. I gasp, rising to my feet quickly.

"You blasted mongre!! You have drenched my clothes!" I roared, wiping a hand down my wet face. I looked at his smirking face, squinting when the sun decided to assault my eyes.

"Did you not say you were here to take a bath yourself?" He tilts his head, swinging his hand around to keep him above the water. "You do need it."

I gasp outraged, face hot with fury. "How dare you!?" I roared.

I was surprised to hear the sound of birds flying out as if startled at hearing my loud tone. Strange, I did not see any birds earlier.

"You sounded desperate for a bath earlier." He stated and narrows his eyes. "What, are you afraid that I will drown you? As tempting as that sounds I cannot unfortunately."

I bend over and lift my foot to remove the boot, huffing in anger. He was right. I needed a bath desperately. It was so hot that my skin felt like they were cooking under the heat of the sun.

"I am not afraid of you dirty dog! Now turn around, you will not be blessed to see me bare." I retorted and lifted my other foot to remove the other boot.

Ares raises a brow, rolls his eyes and turns around. I grit my teeth unzipping the zipper sewn to the side of the silk dress. The dress falls limply at my feet.

"Disgusting dog. Of all creatures Mericel could have trapped me with, she chooses to trap me with a dirty dog." I grumble underneath my breath as I drag my silk panties down my legs.

"You are not the only one who is not pleased to be trapped with a creature you hate." I heard Ares grumble but I do not bother to answer. The dog was lucky I do not have my powers for his tongue would have been burnt already.

I straighten my spine sucking in some air. I was now bare and ready to have the cool water envelope around my burning flesh. I looked at Ares, not wanting him to turn around and see me naked.

Seeing that he was still facing away from me I dived into the water. The water sucked me in, wrapping around my body like a glove as I swam up for air.

I gasp, removing the wet icy colored hair out of my face when I resurface.

I blinked and looked where Ares was before I dived into the water. He is not there anymore. He is a bit of a distance away from me, bending his head to stare at his wound as he flings water towards it.

I sighed. Stupid dog. "This isn't the way to wash out the toxin." I murmur as I slowly swim towards him.

I am well aware that we are both naked. I am not stupid to go too close to him. I stop a couple of feet before him and watch as he lifts his head. There is a huge rock behind him, shaped like a mountain.

I sighed, clicking my tongue. Dogs are not the brightest. "Have the water cover you up to the wound. Only then you will dip a finger or two into the wound and clean it." I informed.

I was thankful that the water was not crystal clear here, I would not want the foolish dog to see my beautiful self.

He nods, sinking his body further into the water until the wound is covered. I move my eyes away from him and look around. There are rocks scattered around, all with their own unique shape.

I draw my eyes back to Ares, tilting my head as I study him. He looks focused on cleaning his wound. I did not realize that I had swam close to him, close enough to touch his skin if I reached out.

"Why have you not rejected me?" The words slip past my lips before I could stop them.

I was no fool to know that wolves tend to reject their mates if they are not pleased with who they are fated with. So why had Ares not rejected me knowing that I have killed countless of his kind?

The question has him stopping his focused movements on his wound. He lifts his gaze to mine, eyes burning through my own.

"Rejecting you now will only make me weak and it will not help us get out of here." Was his blunt response.

He was right, rejecting a mate makes the fated ones grow weak until they are just a shell of themselves. The moon goddess had chosen a fated couple for a reason. They are believed to be one soul separated into two that align when it is time to meet.

They are meant to be. Just like my parents were meant to be. I couldn't help but think that the moon goddess had made a foolish mistake mating me to my enemy, Ares. We are not meant to be.

"Why have you not rejected me?" Ares questions with curiosity.

I blanch not expecting him to ask this question. Why did I not? The answer never seems to come to me. I hated his kind, loathed them, killed them yet I could not reject him.

I tear my eyes away from him. "Simple, I do not want to feel the pain of a mate's bond being broken and having to suffer years of being weak until I die. I heard it hurts like a bitch." Why do those words feel half the truth?

Ares cracks a smile. "So I guess we tolerate each other?"

I nod. "I guess we will have to until we get out of here. There must be a spell or a potion that could break the bond without us having to suffer and grow weak."

Ares smile drops, he frowns and dips his head down to go back to cleaning his wound. "Now wouldn't that be fantastic not having to be mated to you again."

Why does his words send a sharp pain to my chest?