

Chapter 175

Rûe

"Milady please stay close by." Stefan says and turns around to stare at me.

"There are dangers in these woods." He whispers then turns back around to stare at the front.

The way he spoke, like he knew something we do not. We had been walking for a couple of minutes now with no sight of the shack Gorjon and Stefan was talking about.

I slapped a branch away from me, cursing softly as some rebellious branches slapped at my thigh. The further we walked the thicker the trees and the bushes got.

They were thick, luscious green, easily to get lost in. The earth beneath our feet seemed damp as if it had rained earlier. But it had not from what I remembered, which made it all the more confusing.

"I do not understand this elf-like creature. Why does he keep acknowledging you but not me?" Ares murmurs behind me. "I am getting annoyed." He huffs.

I hiss slapping away another branch. I turn to Ares but still kept walking. "Are you jealous that I am getting the midget attention dog? Envy does not look good on mutts." I muttered.

"Milady please watch out for any sign of quicksand-"

Stefan was too late. I felt my feet sinking into wet dirt. It was thick and heavy, clamping around my boots like steel.

I sucked in a much needed breath and looked down. The mud reached my ankles but I could clearly see myself sinking down further.

"Milady!" Stefan shouts as I hear his quick running footsteps.

"Rue!" Ares shouts rushing towards me.

He stops, eyes dropping to stare at the mud which now I know was quicksand. I squeal in shock when the mud swallows another inch of me. My heart thuds and without thinking I try to move.

It is fruitless for I sank further. Stefan reaches beside me, careful to not fall into the quicksand. "We will get you out milady." He promises wiping his sweaty forehead.

Ares turns his attention to the small man and storms towards him. "You, you blasted asshole! Did you lead us here on purpose so we both could have sank into this!" He roars pointing a finger at the quicksand.

My eyes dart around me. If only I had magic, I could have easily chanted a spell to get out of this grave situation. "No sir, I promise sir, this was not our intention at all! We did not know it would take her!" Stefan rushes out.

"What my brother is trying to say is that this quicksand the odd human girl is sinking into is not normal quicksand. It only swallows souls that have deep secrets." Gorjon explains.

I snap my eyes to his and dart my eyes around the three of them. How could they just stand there and not help me? Instead they are talking about secrets and a whole load of bullshit. I glared at them all.

"What! Why are you imbecils just staring at me like I am a whole different species!? Everyone has secrets, we all do!" I roared. "Now help me get out of this nasty mud!"

Gorjon and Stefan looked at each other, then their eyes flickered back to me. They shook their heads in sync. "We elves do not keep secrets and we certainly do not lie. It is not in our nature. We only know this because there's a witch who informed us about it long ago." Gorjon replies.

Witch. There is another witch here. I will have to ask them about this after I have gotten out of this blasted quicksand.

I turn to Ares since he was the only one I could count on to help me. He would, right? I am his mate whether he likes it or not his wolf will not allow him to make me die.

"Get me out of this stupid quicksand you blasted dog!" I roared and my eyes widened when I felt myself sink deeper. It was crawling up my legs almost halfway to my knees.

I feel the blood drain from my face. I cannot die like this. It would be such an ugly way to go. I am too beautiful for this fate.

Ares raises a brow and has the audacity to cross his arms over his chest. He peers down at me with a smirk then like a switch his mouth sets into a thin line and he glares at me.

"I think I like you this way, afraid for your life. Is that not how you liked it, having my kind afraid that they would be one of your next targets? How does it feel to be in this position, feeling what they felt while you slaughtered them?" His voice is void of emotion and it sends a chill down my spine. This time not in a good way.

My heart drops. Will he let me die here? I would not blame him, I had been merciless to his kind. But that did not give him no right to have me die this way! I will die a legendary death, whatever it may be. But never this way.

I swallowed my emotions and glared at him. He does not react or show that he cares. "Stefan and Gorjon do you mind pushing this brute into this lovely quicksand? I would love to see if an immortal can survive being suffocated." I roared swishing around to get free.

Stefan and Gorjon dart their eyes between Ares and I and step back when Ares sends them a chilling glare. Ares then turns to me and sighs when he notices my failed attempts at freeing myself.

"Stop moving!" He hisses then turns to Gorjon. "Do you know how she could get out of this?" He points at the quicksand.

Gorjon scratches his stubble jaw in thought. Then as if getting an answer from heaven he points a finger to the sky. I look up expecting some kind of miracle. Nothing. I drop my eyes to stare at Gorjon and glare. "This is no time for jokes you imbecil!"

Gorjon flinches and nods quickly. "Yes I remember the witch saying that in order for the person that is trapped to get free they must let out one secret while someone that is not trapped pulls them out. I do not know if it is true but we can test this theory."

Ares nods while I on the other hand gulp a huge lump in my throat. Let out one secret. Ares comes closer towards me, careful to not end up in the quicksand. He looks down at me.

"Are you ready?" He questions. Let out a secret or die? Secrets are kept hidden for a reason.

I chewed my lower lip and peered at Ares. I cannot trust this dog with my secrets even if it would be only one. I gasp when I feel myself sink another inch.

Quickly I nod and outstretched my hands for him to take. There was no way my beautiful self would die like this. Ares nods and his fingers firmly wrap around the bone of my wrist and he looks down at me expectantly.

Blast. I gulp. "When you came to rescue Rosy, it was not the first time we met." I gulped and he starts tugging. The dirt loosens a bit. He peers down at me in confusion but he continues to tug. I licked my bottom lip and continued.

"We had met in the forest when we were children. You were sick and smelled of death." Ares's grip nearly loosens as he stares at me in shock.

He tugs me up harder and I could feel myself being lifted, only that I could feel my feet slipping out of my boots. I looked down.

"Wait my boots!" I cried out.

"Leave it Rue! Continue to let out the secret." Ares groans tugging me forward. I nodded feeling myself loosen out of the quicksand the more he tugs.

I stared at him, my violet eyes piercing his blue ones. "I was the one who cured you. I gave you a potion to drink and it turned you immortal. I saved you from dying." I let out.

He looked like he had seen a ghost. His entire features showed how shocked he was by that revelation. But still his hold grew more firm and with one final tug he pulled me out.

My feet came out of my boots and with the force he used we both fell with a humpth only that we landed in the most shocking way. I had somehow ended up on top of him with my lips pressed on his when he fell backwards.