

Chapter 176

Rûe

It feels like a tiny spark until it's heated with a burning passion. Our lips pressed together, so hot and unbearable. By just the soft skin of our lips pressing together has my entire body going ablaze. My lips part without thinking and Ares nips my bottom lip teasingly.

A low rumble beneath me has my eyes widen in alert. I sensed it, his wolf. He was about to lose control. I push myself off of him not wanting to do something we both would regret later on.

My bare feet touched the damp earth and I scowled at Ares who lifted himself on his forearms. He stared at me, emotions unrecognizable. But his wolf, oh his wolf, it was peeking out behind the depths of his emotionless facade. We both knew that we were doomed.

I pointed an accusing finger at him, my scowl deepening. "You! You blasted dog took advantage of me!" I gritted out.

I felt ashamed that the feeling of his lips on mine made me lose my common senses. Blast I could still feel the tingling.

He raised a thick dark brow, his blue eyes as if having a battle with his wolf switched from red back to blue. It was frightening but I held hope that he would not harm me.

He then rose to his feet not once uttering a word to me but his eyes stayed glued to my rather tense form. More specifically my lips. I draw in my bottom lip between my teeth and he follows that action. His wolf flashes, the red darker than before.

He grits his teeth and when my violet eyes drop to his hands I nearly look for a means of escape. His knuckles were white from how hard he clenched his hands into a fist. He looked ready to pounce on something. Hopefully not me.

"Milady your boots are no more." It was Stefan who got me out of the trance I had been stuck in.

Boots. My eyes widen for I had been too focused on the kiss Ares and I shared to remember that my boots were in danger. I gasp spinning around and drop to my knees, careful not to fall into the quicksand.

I reach over slowly and when I felt my fingers tightly wrap around the little bit of the boot that peeked out I pulled. I simply cannot walk barefoot. What if there are nasty things on the ground? I cannot bear the thought of getting dirtied.

"Leave it." Ares spoke with a rumble of anger in his voice. I shook my head and tugged more harshly.

The tips of my fingers touched the mud and I shrieked in disgust pulling my hands away completely. I watch the remaining of my boots get eaten by the quicksand. I blinked trying to see if I imagined this. Nothing. My boots had been eaten.

"Elf lead the way to your cabin, the more we waste time here the more we are open to enemies and deadly creatures." Ares grumble. I hear his boots hit the dirt as he walks away.

I lift my head and glared at his retreating back. "You have no sympathy, I have no protection for my beautiful feet and you show no empathy. Stupid mutt." I hissed.

Stefan darts his yellow eyes between us, uncomfortably wringing his hands together. "Milady perhaps you should not provoke him, he seems to be in a foul mood all of a sudden." Stefan whispers. Gorjon nods in agreement, eyes darting nervously to Ares.

Ares halts, his back still faced us. "Tis just a damn boot witch. There are other things that hold more value. If you want to stay here and weep for your lost boots then so be it, I am not staying here to protect you from deadly creatures." He grumbles.

His head turns to the side and he looks us over his shoulder. His eyes flashing in anger and irritation. "Now I'm done wasting time, show me to the cabin!" He roars. Surprisingly birds scatter away from the branches at his loud tone.

Gorjon nods and swiftly starts walking. Ares waits for him to walk past and then follows not once turning around to see if I was okay or trailing behind him. Dirty dog.

I humphd rising to my height. Stefan arches his neck to peer up at me. I pout staring at Ares's back. "Why is he mad? He was not the one sinking into dirty mud. The audacity of mutts these days. Can you believe it Stefan?"

Stefan pale cheeks redden with a faint blush. Even the ends of his pointy ears tinged red.

"Milady men are complicated. Your lover looked tense after kissing you. The only explanation I could think of is that he was having a hard time holding himself back from doing more. The look he sent you was not innocence or anger, it was pure lust. He is only mad because you had accused him of taking advantage of you. Or perhaps it was the secret you let out." Stefan said in one breath. He shrinks as if waiting for me to gouge out his eyes.

I snort which is not at all pretty for a beautiful woman like me to do. "Wanted to do more?" I giggled. "That kiss was just a mistake. Stop jesting Stefan and let us be on our way, we need to catch up with that dirty dog."

I walked ahead of Stefan, following the trail Gorjon and Ares left. "You are a strange being milady." Stefan says behind me. I do not answer, occupied with my jumbled thoughts.

If what Stefan had said was in fact true, then Ares is not the only one who wanted to do more.

Stupid dog will ruin everything.

"Oh and Stefan." I murmur slapping away a branch.

"Yes milady?" He questions behind me.

"Make it the last time you refer to him as my lover for I will cut off your tongue the next time." I said sweetly, giggling when I heard him whimper. Of course I would not kill him, he was cute and I loved cute.

ARCS

"Sir if I must say, your woman is something else. How did you manage to catch her?" The elf named Gorjon questioned out of curiosity. He turned to stare at me and the glare I sent him made him turn around quickly.

"Sorry sir just wanted to make conversation." He apologizes quickly.

The wound those dark witches caused still stung and unfortunately my heart was still beating rather fast from the kiss Rue and I shared moments ago. That blasted bitch had caused this. If it weren't for her soft plump lips this would not have happened.

I felt my cock stir as I remembered how soft her lips were and being this close, her body felt small and warm. The complete opposite to how she portrayed herself to be. I grunt forcing the image out of my mind.

How is this possible? How can she be the one who cured me? In fact how I was cured seemed to be a blur, all I remember is white hair. My eyes widen in realization. "Blast how could I not have known it was her?"

Rue was the only person with rare colored hair.

Ironic, a witch who murders the werewolf kind long ago healed a sick wolf who turned out to become immortal. I snorted. It is no wonder she knew of my immortality. She must be kicking herself for making a wolf immortal not knowing that one day we would become enemies.

"Serves the bitch right." I grumble under my breath.

"Sir are you alright?" Gorjon asked with uncertainty.

"Just lead me to your cabin." I hissed, glaring down at him.

He flinches and points ahead with a shaky finger. I lift my head and I am stunned at the sight of a small cabin hidden behind some thick trees and bushes.

It was not what I was expecting as a matter of fact I was expecting something smaller to accommodate the elves height. But this cabin looked big enough for humans.

Its wood looked old but the tiny money plant growing at the sides made it seem lively somehow. Strange how the windows looked dark. I could not see anything that showed a peek of inside.

"This is our cabin sir." Gorjon murmurs in pride.

"Oh Stefan you are a funny fellow." Rue's laughter flutters behind me. My heart thuds and my wolf howls in pleasure. Her laugh was beautiful.

"I am glad I made milady laugh." The elf Stefan says pleased. I grit my teeth and my knuckles turned white. I will kill that small man for talking such a way with my mate.

"We have water if you want sir, to cool you down." Gorjon's terrified voice pulls me out of my countless ideas of murdering the small man that seemed to make Rue laugh.