

Chapter 180

Rûe

Hot. That is how I felt as sweat coated my skin. My eyes fluttered open, blurry at first as they adjusted to the sunlight streaming through the entire room.

My eyes zeroed in on the worn out wood and I cringe inwardly. Such nasty thing. My violet eyes skirt around the room. Some places were definitely wet from the rain last night.

Rain last night. Cold. Freezing.

My eyes snap down and they widen upon seeing a big hand wrapped tightly around my waist. Legs thrown over my own that locked me in an embrace.

It is no wonder I was hot, the brute was nearly crushing me with his weight and overbearing heat.

"Ares." I hissed under my breath, not wanting to wake up the elves. I would rather be caught dead than have them witness Ares and I this close.

Ares stirs but does not try to untangle himself away from me. His scent was suffocating, wrapping around me just like his blasted limbs. If only I could recite a spell and have his damn hands burning.

"Ares." I hissed again, impatient and for blasted sake his body touching mine was utterly leaving my brain in a mush.

The tingles were too much, his scent was too much and his heat was too much. I needed him away from my body before I did anything I would later be embarrassed of.

He grumbles something incoherent under his breath and pulls me impossibly closer. His fingers pressing into my waist and breath fanning the sensitive flesh of my neck.

His canines extend and they teasingly trace my neck. I shivered but it was not because I was scared, no it was because it excited me and just by the warm feeling in my belly I knew he was arousing me.

"Ares." This time my voice came out as a moan, a plea.

He hums, continuing to trace his canines on the tender flesh of my neck. "You smell good." He grunts.

"Divine." His tongue darts out to lick my skin.

I shuddered, goosebumps rising on my skin. I cannot believe a dog was the one arousing me like this. I should feel ashamed but I was not.

"Taste so good." He groans, squeezing my waist. I gasp, turning around in his arms. He takes that chance to push my legs apart using his knee, pushes me on my back and settles between them.

I let out an embarrassing moan, welcoming him with open legs. His eyes were wide open, red like his untamed wolf.

He presses his lower half to mine and I let out a shocked gasp. Never had I felt a cock so aroused and close to my private regions.

"I want you witch." He growls and it is purely his wolf speaking. Rough and husky. Yet when he brings his lips to mold against mine it is soft and tender, taking my lips between his like I was a delicate flower.

I moan, opening my mouth for his tongue to delve in and taste me. He groans in pleasure and brushes his tongue against my own, fighting for dominance. The only problem was that I was not one to submit.

I thread my fingers through his hair, locked my legs around his hips and sucked his tongue slightly. He grunts, pushing his aroused manhood to my heated core that felt like it was leaking onto my cloak.

Still I would not submit. I tugged his hair, teasingly touching the pointy tip of his canines with my tongue. I brought my hips forward wanting friction as I began to roll my hips.

I mewled as tingles of pleasure race in every part of my body. I wanted more and by the low growl that escaped Ares's mouth I knew he wanted more also.

He leaves my lips and starts to trail soft kisses along my jawline to the curve of my neck where he is supposed to mark me and it is then a very excruciating sharp pain stabs at my temples.

I gasp in pain as my body starts to burn with a fire so unbearable that I was shocked when I managed to push Ares off of me.

I hear the thud and the curse but I cannot focus or watch him as I sit up and clutch at my head. I screamed in agony, wrenching myself away from the bed and land on the floor. I clench my eyes shut.

Rue.

A voice, female and weak whispered calmly.

"Stop." I whispered curling into a ball as I clutched at my head in pain. My insides were on fire, raging and burning like lava.

Rue.

Again another whisper but this time the voice is growing stronger, more demanding.

Please stop. I whispered inwardly.

I do not want to be one of you. I pleaded.

It is too late. You have trapped me long enough. This is us Rue. This is who we are.

I shook my head and felt someone's fingers wrap around my arms. I could hear his calls, Ares's calls. His worried voice, confused at what was happening. He felt helpless.

But I cannot answer him as I thrash in pain and trapped inside my own mind.

Our mate. Mate him Rue, set me free once and for all.

I shook my head. No, please I cannot be one of these nasty dogs. I pleaded.

You cannot weaken me forever Rue. This is who we are. We are wolves. It is only a matter of time until I am at my full strength. It is only then you will not be able to stop me.

I gasp as the presence of my wolf vanishes and the pain subsides. My heart was pounding in my chest and I could faintly feel the hands holding me in their arms. By the tingles I knew it was Ares.

"What is wrong with milady?" Stephan whispered.

When did he get here?

"Perhaps this is one of women's hormonal nonsense. The one where they bleed through their centers." It is Gorjon who speaks and if I was still not in pain I would cut off his blasted tongue.

"Rue. Please let me know what I can do to ease your pain?" Ares's voice pleads as he swipes some of my white icy hair behind my ear.

I open my eyes to glare at him. His eyes widen in shock and disbelief but I do not give him the chance to speak or tell me why I was so shocked.

"You can help me by staying the hell away from me." I spat.

From what I understood being close to Ares was waking up my wolf quicker than I thought. If I so happen to let my guard down again and we mate, there would be no turning back.

My wolf will be too strong to weaken with just a potion. She was already difficult to weaken to begin with. I can only imagine when Ares marks and mates with me.

When?

I cannot believe I was considering sleeping with a dog.

Ares scans my features and he nods. Without saying a word to me he lets me go and I find myself falling back onto the floor with a soft thud. I watch his retreating form leave the room before he slams the door rather harshly. It nearly comes off its hinges.

"Milady perhaps you should not have spoken so ill to him, he looked rather worried and afraid when you were writhing in pain." Stefan murmurs softly.

"Yes my brother is right milady. The man looked ready to give his life if it were to save you. You should not have been so harsh on him." Gorjon agrees with Stefan.

I pout, forcing myself into a sitting position. " You two will not understand why I have forced myself to treat him so. But perhaps it is for the best for him to resent me."

How could I simply make him mate with such a devious person like me who has done nothing but kill his kind?

It is your kind too Rue.

I sighed and looked at my hands. My hands were stained with many deaths of wolves. I am far from a perfect mate. I do not deserve Ares. And for that I cannot let my guard down again.