

Chapter 191

Rûe

I pictured dirty waters, tall grass growing around and dead flowers. But now staring at the stream in amazement is far from what I had imagined.

There was no dirty water but it was crystal clear, like clean glass. Wild flowers peeked through the short grass, their petals dancing from the soft breeze. There were different shades, beautiful and unique in their own way.

For a second, just a second I pictured Ares and I, on the grass or in the stream. It would not matter where, it only mattered that we would be near. I imagine resting my head on his lap as he tucks a beautiful flower behind my ear. Or our naked bodies pressed so close that there would no longer be so much as space between us as we relaxed in the water.

"What are you thinking of?" His lips brush my earlobe as his hot breath fan against the side of my face. Goosebumps rise on my neck and tingles create havoc on my skin. He steps forward his chest now pressing to my back. He was so close.

I was about to answer when Stefan turns to stare at us and whispers lowly. "Stay on high alert. This place is known to conjure thoughts into your mind to lure you to the water. Be as silent as you can and let Gorjon and I collect the water."

I nodded and watch him slowly set his bag down and dig into it. He pulls out two empty bottles, walks over to Gorjon and hands one of the empty bottles to him. They began to collect the water, being as silent as possible.

Conjure thoughts he said? I looked at the water and an image of Ares hands trailing down my neck to between my breasts flashes in my head. I had the sudden urge to make that image turn to reality.

"I can smell your arousal little witch." Ares murmurs. But his voice seemed to be just a faint whisper as I stared at the stream.

An image of Ares dipping his head to one of my dusted pink nipples in his mouth emerges in my mind and I take a step forward unknowingly. I could feel my own nipples harden underneath my dress and if it were not for the cloak everyone would surely notice them.

It was like the image was beckoning me towards the water that looked all the more inviting. I hear a soft whisper of my name behind me but I am too lost to answer. Stefan and Gorjon blur out of my vision as I reach beside the stream.

Without being aware my fingers grip the satchel strap, move it off my shoulders and throw it away from me. I heard the soft thud as it landed softly on the grass but I did not turn back to see where exactly. I kneeled down beside the water, watching my reflection.

Until I hear a loud cry above. It sounded like a crow. Piercing as it is, I did not expect what was about to happen. As if time froze when I was now staring at what seemed to be a white snake. It was twice the size of me with its head emerging out of the water.

Its red like eyes haunted me and before I could move away its head came towards me like a blur, wrapping its long body around my torso and pulling me into the cold water. I hear a loud shout, a cry of shock as I am pulled further down into the water.

The snake's body continued to wrap tightly around my body and I feared I would either get cracked ribs or ripped into two. My screams, I forced down wanting to hold on to as much air as I can. My heart leaps when the snake continues to pull me in further. My nails try to pierce its skin but to no avail.

Is this how I die? Before kissing that damn dog one last time?

I lift my face to look above, the sunlight striking into my eyes as I am pulled further down. My lungs had already begun to burn. I would soon have no choice but to let go. Perhaps this is what I deserve for killing all those wolves before.

When my hopes have fled and my mouth starts to open to let the water in, it is then red eyes appear into my line of vision. I could recognize those eyes anywhere. Ares.

He was swimming down to me so quickly that I would mistake him as those mythical creatures called mermaids. Pure rage and panic on his face as his canines extend. With a new sense of hope I began to lose consciousness.

ARCS

Can this little witch stay out of trouble at least for once? Is she somewhat a magnet to disaster?

My heart pounds into my chest as the snake wraps its long body around her and in a swift action pulls her into the water. "Rue!" I shout running towards the stream. I hear the shock yells coming from Stefan and Gorjon but I do not acknowledge them as I dive into the water without caution.

I was shocked by how cold it was as it envelops around my body. But that only fueled my rage as my wolf began to panic that our mate was drowning.

Fear that I never felt before made my limbs work quickly as I swam further until I spotted the unmistakable rare white hair.

Her eyes filled with dread stabbed me right through my heart. Her eyes flicker as if losing consciousness. My eyes darted down to look at the snake, its eyes mocking me as it drew my mate further down.

Rage started a burning fire in my veins. I could feel my wolf wanting to emerge. My canines extended and my nails drew out ready to tear the beast into pieces.

Please stay with me Rue. I pleaded inwardly as her eyes close.

My nails worked quickly as I began to tear the damn beast off my woman. My teeth sinking into its flesh as I tear off a huge chunk out of it. Its blood tasted like how I imagined poison to taste, bitter and unsettling.

Its scarlet blood slowly started to paint the water around us as I continue with my actions until the beast began to slowly untangle itself from Rue. I wrap one arm around Rue's torso and quickly swim up.

I looked at the bottom, trying to locate the blasted snake but it seemed to have vanished. Not wanting to linger on the beast I continue to make my way up, firmly holding unto Rue, afraid she might slip back under.

I sucked in a huge gulp of air as I came to the surface. I quickly pushed Rue onto the grass and pulled myself out of the water. "Milady!" Stefan rushes to her side followed by his brother.

"Move." I barked, removing her cloak with quick fingers. I brought my ear down to her lips and used my hearing. My fingers touched her chest where her heart rest and felt a huge relief as I heard the faint pound of her heart. She was still alive.

Stefan and Gorjon gave me room, realizing that I needed space. Working quickly I pinched her nose as I brought my lips down to hers and blew. I moved away, interlocked my hands, pressed them down on her chest and pushed. I continued the steps over and over until I heard a gurgle then watched her spit out some water.

She coughs, sucking in some air as her violet eyes lock with my blue ones. I smirked, pushing some of her wet strands away from her face. "You know, I do not think I will ever get tired of saving your ass."

I bend my head, lips brushing against hers but not going further to kiss her. My eyes are still open and so are hers as I stared into them intensely. "Try not to get into trouble anymore, will you." I smiled against her lips and pulled away. My wolf easing knowing that our mate was safe.