

Chapter 192

Rûe

I am very aware of the blue eyes peering down at me. I am very aware of the pounding of my heart, not from nearly dying but from the close proximity of Ares and I. And I am blasted aware of the way he can take full control of my body with just one look.

He pulls away fully, the little droplets of water from his hair falling on my face gently. Perhaps I had judged those wolf people too soon. They do not seem all that bad, especially my immortal man. Everything goes quiet in my head as I come to the realization that I just referred to Ares as my man.

He must have noticed the change in my eyes or the blush now coating my once cold cheeks because he smirks and brushes a thumb over the heated soft flesh. "You blush easily. Wonder what you are thinking of in that cute little witchy head of yours." He murmurs as if fascinated by the contrast of my blush and my original skin tone.

Finally finding my own voice after that coughing fit and silence, I spoke up with a slightly husky tone. "Nothing that revolves around you dog." I place my palms flat on his chest and push. Of course I had no strength and could definitely not push him myself but he gets the hint and moves away. A soft smile on his face at my words and actions.

He gives a deep low chuckle and rises to his feet. He clearly was as wet as I from being in the water moments ago. The only difference was that I was not only wet from the water on my body but the slick warmth between my thighs. The one he created all on his own.

"I would disagree little witch." He outstretched his big hand that would no doubt engulf my smaller one. His eyes flashing with a secretive gleam.

He nods at his hand. "Come on, we should get out of here before another snake comes out of these waters. I do not think your ego would allow me to rescue you again." He grins when I send him a scowl.

I put my much smaller hand in his, noting how warm and amazing it felt wrapped around my own. He helps me to my feet and drops his hand at his sides. I looked down at my soaked clothes and fixed my cloak back in place.

At least I got the bath I wanted.

"We have collected the water, we should be on our way before it gets dark. The way to Corlette's grave is a long one." Gorjon mumbles.

I tear my eyes away from my clothes to stare at him and his brother who had the faces of fear. I had completely forgotten they were there. Perhaps I was too much in my own little world that revolved around Ares.

I nodded not wanting to stay here any longer. This place was beautiful surely but that was just a facade. There was pure evil in the stream, I could now sense it, saw it. Stefan pushes the now filled bottles in the bag and takes a hold of it before following his brother.

"Can you walk?" Ares asks, scanning his eyes over my body. The act was definitely innocent but it did not help the slight tingle in my lower belly. It only ignites it all the more.

Without even thinking my lips parted into a smile. "Why?"

He shrugs all of a sudden looking nervous. "I would not have a problem carrying you. Well, unless you are heavy." He smirks but I could see the way he gulped.

"I thought you wolves were strong enough to carry any weight?" I teased and started to walk ahead. Stefan and Gorjon were just up ahead. It was like they knew we needed some space. Not that we needed right now. "Perhaps another time dog." I say over my shoulder, careful not to shout in case I attracted another beast.

It does not take Ares long to catch up to my strides as he is now beside me. I could feel his burning stare on me but I refused to admit that I was having trouble walking. My head was pounding and the more I walked the more I saw a bit blurry.

I gasp when I feel arms circle around my waist and in one swift move lift me up into a strong set of arms. One big hand under my thighs, near my bottom and one slightly under my neck. He deliberately held me like a damn baby. "I can walk on my own Ares." The low tone of my voice spoke exactly what I did not want him to think. I wanted him to carry me.

"Sure." He murmurs, pulling me more flush to him. The fight left me because if I was being honest, I did not want to fight at all. Being in his arms was what I needed at the moment and I did not care that he was slowly breaking the barriers around my heart. Damn dog.

Cylester

That damn witch was not kidding when she said she wanted to have a word with me after Zefer announced her as queen. She called me over as soon as the angry silent wolves departed from the throne room.

They all bowed to her but their faces showed exactly how they felt. They all loathed Mericel without a doubt. I would not be surprised if the wolf people surge into war against the so-called king and queen of wolves.

"Why so shy all of a sudden darling? Come on, step a little closer. I do not bite." She smirks.

My skin crawled in disgust. She had the audacity to call me darling in the presence of king Zefer. Not that he seemed to mind, which told me they were both using each other for gains. Clearly Mericel helped Zefer obtain the crown. It all makes sense now.

I took a step forward like she instructed since her dancing eyes turned to a mean glare of impatience. We were still in the throne room. Everyone had left, leaving Zefer, Mericel and I alone.

Sebastian and Conner had no choice but to leave also, taking Rosy with them. It was not like they could fight Zefer and Mericel on their own, not with how she easily killed Rosy's father minutes ago. They would be no match.

Mericel leaves Zefer's side and walks the remaining steps to reach me. Her eyes gleam with fascination as she peers into my eyes intently. There was just something about her stare that made the little hairs on my arms and neck stand on end.

This would be a good time to be a cat, I would surely have scratched out her eyeballs.

My heart drops when her lips curl into a nasty smirk. She reaches out and drags a sharp long nail down my jaw to my neck.

Not enough to draw out blood but enough to threaten me as she stops and adds more pressure on where she could feel my pulse. Her eyes follow her movements with an odd look of evilness. Her dark eyes lift to mine, cruel and threatening.

"Did you really think I would not know who you are, Cylester?"